For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE
BUIES CREEK NORTH CAROLINA

THIS VOLUME PRESENTED BY

Ref.
PN
6101
.F6
v.1

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL UNIVERSITY
BUIES CREEK NORTH CAROLINA

REFERENCE BOOK
Use in library
only

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/cyclopediaofpoet0000reve

LIBRARY
Buie's Creek Academy

FOSTER'S CYCLOPÆDIAS.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS, ... VOL. I.
CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS, ... VOL. II.
CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, ... VOL. I.
CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS AND INDEXES, . . VOL. II.

FOSTER'S CYCLOPÆDIAS.

BY REV. FLON FOSTER, D.D.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS adapted to Christian teaching; embracing Mythology, Analogies, Legends, Parables, Emblems, Metaphors, Similes, Allegories, Proverbs, Classic, Historic, and Religious Anecdotes, &c. Vol. 1.

This volume contains a vast and valuable collection of illustrations. The second volume cannot supersede, but only supplement it.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS adapted to Christian teaching; embracing Allegories, Analogies, Anecdotes, Aphorisms, Emblems, Fables, Legends, Metaphors, Parables, Quotations, Similes, Biblical Types and Figures, &c. Vol. II.

This volume contains the latest and freshest prose illustrations in great variety.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS adapted to Christian teaching; embracing Poems, Odes, Legends, Lyrics, Hymns, Sonnets, Extracts, &c. Vol. I.

This is the only Cyclopædia of Poetry extant, and is the latest and best poetical work for preachers' use. It covers the abstract themes of religion and literature with whole poems and extensive extracts, and makes it possible to study any subject in the poet's light.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS; comprising Descriptive Poems of the Scenes, Incidents, Persons and Places of the Bible. Vol. II.

This book is the poet's commentary on the most interesting historical passages of the Bible; it also contains analytical, authors', descriptive and textual indexes to the entire four volumes.

These works have been proved to be well adapted to their design, and have won a permanent place among the preacher's requisites. Their advantage appears in the following particulars:

1st. *Their copiousness.* Smaller books could only give a few illustrations, and would be confined to the common topics. These works embrace a great variety of every kind, drawn from all available sources, and illustrate an unprecedented number of subjects. No one need look in vain for a beautiful presentation of any moral or religious theme. Their possessor has always at hand the best illustrations, either prose or poetic, which literature affords.

2d. *The excellence of their matter.* The imperishable coined thought of six hundred poets and two thousand prose-writers cannot fail to give these works great interest and value to all readers. Mankind is richer and better because they have lived. Linked with truth, their words become immortal. No books are more important for the library of the student, or attractive for the centre-table of the household. They form a delightful commentary on moral and religious truths.

3d. *Their facility of reference.* A miscellaneous collection of such treasures as these could not be valueless; but the thorough analysis, classification, and alphabetical method here found, make the works easily available. By the various indexes it is possible to find all that relates to any person or subject. The textual index connects about fifteen thousand illustrations with pertinent texts. These indexes must add greatly to the utility of the volumes.

The economy of these books is an important consideration. The preacher must keep himself fresh on all themes: he cannot afford to buy a treatise on each topic. In these works he can turn to any subject he wishes to present, and find the most available *material for use,*—illustrations of every kind, from all sources, and on all themes. One of these in a sermon or speech is often of more value than the cost of the books. We have a great number of assurances from those who have used them, that they *are the most useful books in their libraries, which they would not be without at any price.* Uniform royal octavos, bound in cloth, $5 per volume; sheep, $6; half morocco, $7. Order of your bookseller, or send direct to the publishers.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York and London.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY

First Series

EMBRACING THE BEST FROM ALL SOURCES
AND ON ALL SUBJECTS

BY

REV. ELON FOSTER, D.D.

The pleasant books that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places
Are all to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE
BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
NEW YORK AND LONDON

R
808.8
F754c
V.1

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by
ELON FOSTER
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Printed in the United States of America.

PREFACE.

This work is the result of a purpose to furnish to the Christian public the best thoughts and illustrations of the various themes of religion and life which the poetic literature of all ages affords. Whatever is vital to truth and dear to the human heart, has found its most attractive expression in poetry. The poetic sense is common to men. Poetry is a mighty power for good. It always pleases,

"And comes like the benediction that follows after prayer."

It is one of those rich fields which no scholar, teacher, or preacher can afford to neglect. No single poet or class of poets can with propriety be selected from the great company of singers to the exclusion of the others. The great extent of this branch of literature renders selection and classification necessary. Much of the old poetry is worthless and immoral, wasting itself on love and wine, and could not be safely admitted into the family circle. Scattered indiscriminately, as the gems of poetry are, through a thousand volumes, from Homer to Tennyson, they are not in reach of the masses, or if the works are at hand, the desired poem is not readily found.

This work is a CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY. It is more extensive than any collection heretofore made, embracing more than eighty-six thousand lines, on over three thousand topics, from six hundred poets, a chorus of song, single strains of which have made the earth rejoice.

The method of this work is the same as that of the NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF ILLUSTRATIONS (prose), to which it is a companion volume, yet either is complete in itself. The alphabetical arrangement of topics makes the poems on any subject as accessible as a word in a dictionary, and in the same way. If something on HEAVEN is desired, turn to that word and glance down the phases of the subject. If a satisfactory illustration is not found, turn to the TOPICAL INDEX, page 667, and trace out the synonymous and related subjects or scattered poems. In this way all the poems on any subject may be reviewed or compared. The author's name is affixed to each poem when it is known, and the time and country in which he lived or wrote may

be found by a reference to the List of Authors, page 8. The numeration of each article makes reference specific and easy. The indexes are prepared on this basis. The Index of First Lines, page 673, will enable one to find any particular poem.

The scope of this work embraces not only minor poems, but extracts from the great works of Milton, Pope, Young, Pollok, Bickersteth, and from the dramas of Shakespeare and others. Much new matter from foreign sources, available only through translations, is here presented. The generosity of living poets and publishers has enabled us to draw largely upon the unprecedentedly rich productions of this age.

We bring no perishable wares to the literary market, but the immortal productions of poetic genius in its loftiest flights, laying its offerings upon the altars of humanity and religion. These are the fine gold, the tried gold of literature that never corrupts; the fadeless jewels that the hands of genius have set upon the brow of Truth.

It has been the purpose of the editor to give articles of sufficient length to make the work most valuable as a standard of reference and quotation, and at the same time to adapt it to general circulation. It is hoped that it may be found a *desideratum* for the library of the scholar, or the centre table of the household.

In the production of the work we have received congratulations and favors from most of the living poets or their publishers, including Messrs. Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and others of America; Messrs. Tennyson, Bickersteth, Bonar, Tupper, Mackay, Monsell, Swain, Lord Lytton, Robert Browning, Eliza Cook, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. F. E. Cox, and others of England.*

* The following, similar to many others received, may not be without interest to the public.

From William C. Bryant, New York City.

Mr. Foster has explained to me his plan of collecting from the field of poetic literature, poems and extracts which may serve to illustrate the various topics referred to in the course of "Christian Teaching." The plan seems to me a good one in that it will furnish the teacher with a repository of quotations adapted to his purpose, whatever be the theme of his discourses. I see no objection to the use of the writings of poets in this way. In fact, it is rather a compliment than otherwise.

From John S. B. Monsell, D. D., Guilford, England.

I gladly give you the permission you ask as regards any use of my hymns you may deem necessary for the illustration of your valuable forthcoming work, and feel that you confer the favor when you give me such publicity. I hope you may have every success in your important undertaking.

From Charles Swain, Manchester, England.

I assure you of my best wishes for the success of your publication, for which please place my name as a subscriber. You have my permission to publish whatever poems of mine you choose for your "Poetical Cyclopædia."

We are also indebted to the following Boston Publishers: Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., whose list of poetical works exceeds any other American house; to Messrs. Roberts Brothers, and Lee and Shepard; to the following Publishers of New York city: Messrs. Harper and Brothers, Robert Carter and Brothers, A. S. Barnes, Clark and Maynard, and D. Appleton & Co.; and to the following London Publishers: Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Strahan & Co., Joseph Masters, James Nisbet & Co., Bell and Daldy, Smith, Elder & Co., J. T. Hayes, F. S. Ellis, Chapman and Hall, Longmans & Co., Rivingtons, Murray, George Routledge and Sons, and many others.

At the completion of the work we feel like a child who, privileged to range through a large garden of flowers and gather at pleasure, finds his arms full, while yet the tempting blossoms invite him from all sides. Our arms full of fadeless flowers we present, regretting only that limited space would not allow us to secure more.

> **Like to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,**
> **With all thy richest jewels overcast.**
> **Say, if there be, 'mongst many gems here, one**
> **Deserveless of the name of paragon:**
> **Blush not at all for that, since we have set**
> **Some pearls on queens that have been counterfeit.**—*Robert Herrick.*

NEW YORK, *March*, 1872. E. F.

LIST OF AUTHORS QUOTED IN THIS WORK.

Two numbers connected by a dash indicate the date of birth and death; *b.* date of birth; *d.* date of death; *w.* date of writing.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, France, *d.* 1192.
ADAMS, John Quincy, Quincy, Mass., 1767–1848.
ADAMS, Sarah Flower, Cambridge, England, 1805–1849.
ADDISON, Joseph, England, 1672–1719.
AKENSIDE, Mark, England, 1721–1770.
AKERS, Mrs. Elizabeth Strong, Me., *b.* 1832.
ALDRICH, James, America, 1810–1856.
ALDRICH, Thomas Bailey, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, *b.* 1836.
ALEXANDER, Cecil Francis, Ireland, *w.* 1858.
ALEXANDER, J. Addison, America, 1809–1859.
ALEXANDER, James W., America, 1804–1859.
ALEYN, Charles, England, *d.* 1640.
ALFORD, Henry, England, 1810–1871.
ALGER, William Rounseville, Freetown, Massachusetts, *b.* 1823.
ALLEN, G. N., *w.* 1852.
ALLINGHAM, William, Ireland, *w.* 1860.
ALLIS, A. T., America, *w.* 1865.
ALLSTON, Washington, Georgetown, South Carolina, 1779–1843.
ANACREON, Greece, *d.* 476 B.C.
ANATOLIUS, St., Constantinople, *d.* 458.
ANGELO, Michael, Italy, 1474–1563.
ARIOSTO, Ludovico, Italy, 1474–1553.
ARMSTRONG, John, England, 1709–1779.
ARNDT, Ernest Moritz, Germany, 1769–1866.
ARNOLD, Matthew, England, *b.* 1822.
ATKINSON, Mary E., America, *w.* 1868.
AUBER, Harriet, England, 1773–1862.
AUSTIN, John, England, *w.* 1668.
AYTOUN, William Edmondstoune, Scotland, 1813–1865.

BACON, William T., America.
BAILEY, Phillip James, England, *b.* 1816.
BAILLIE, Joanna, Scotland, 1762–1851.
BALL, William, England, *w.* 1641.
BALLY, George, England, *w.* 1750.
BARBAULD, Anna Lætitia, England, 1743–1825.
BARING-GOULD, England, *w.* 1870.
BARKER, James N., Philadelphia, U. S.
BARNES, William, England, *w.* 1865.
BARNFIELD, Richard, England, 1574–1606.
BARTON, Bernard, England, 1784–1849.
BATES, David, America, *b.* 1820.
BAXTER, Richard, England, 1615–1691.
BEATTIE, James, Scotland, 1735–1803.
BEAUMONT, Francis, England, 1586–1616.
BEDDOME, Benjamin, England, 1717–1795.
BEDELL, C. C., America, *w.* 1871.
BEECHER, Esther C., America, *b.* 1800.
BELL, John Cross, England, *w.* 1869.
BEMBO, Pietro, Italy, 1470–1547.
BENJAMIN, Park, America, *b.* 1809.
BERKELEY, Bp. George, Ireland, 1684–1753.
BERNARD, C., England, *w.* 1870.
BERNARD, St., of Clairvaux, France, 1091–1153.
BERNARD, St., of Cluny, France, *w.* 1145.
BETHUNE, George W., New York City, 1805–1862.
BETHUNE, John, Scotland, 1812–1839.
BICKERSTETH, Edward Henry, London, *w.* 1858.
BLACKLOCK, Thomas, Scotland, 1721–1791.
BLACKMORE, Sir Richard, England, 1654–1739.
BLAIR, Robert, Scotland, 1699–1746.
BLAKE, William, England, 1757–1828.
BOGART, Elizabeth, New York City.
BOKER, George Henry, Philadelphia, Penn., *b.* 1824.
BOLTON, Sarah T., Ohio, *w.* 1860.
BONAR, Horatius, Scotland, *b.* 1808.
BONAVENTURA, John, Italy, 1221–1274.
BORTHWICK, Jane, England, *w.* 1860.
BOURNE, Vincent, England, *d.* 1747.
BOWLES, William Lisle, England, 1762–1850.
BOWLY, Mary, England, *w.* 1847.
BOWRING, Sir John, England, *b.* 1792.
BRAINARD, John G. C., New London, Connecticut, 1796–1828.
BRANDON, Samuel, England, *w.* 1598.
BREITHAUPT, J. J., Germany, 1658–1732.
BRONTE, Anne, England, *d.* 1848.
BRONTE, Charlotte, England, 1824–1855.
BROOKS, Charles T., Salem, Mass., *b.* 1813.
BROOKS, Maria, Medford, Mass., 1795–1845.
BROOKS, Mary E., New York City, *w.* 1829.
BROWNE, T. B., England, *w.* 1844.
BROWN, Frances, Ireland, 1818–1864.
BROWN, Mary Anne, England, 1812–1844.
BROWN, Thomas, Scotland, 1778–1820.
BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett, London, 1809–1861.
BROWNING, Robert, England, *b.* 1812.
BRUCE, Michael, Scotland, 1746–1767.
BRYANT, William Cullen, Cummington, Mass., *b.* 1797.
BUCHANAN, Hamilton, Scotland.
BUCHANAN, Robert, Scotland, *b.* 1835.
BUNGAY, George W., America, *w.* 1870.
BUNYAN, John, England, 1628–1688.
BURGER, Gottfried August, Germany, 1747–1794.
BURGESS, Bp. George, America, *b.* 1809.
BURLEIGH, William H., New York, *b.* 1812.
BURLEIGH, George S., America, *b.* 1821.
BURNS, Robert, Scotland, 1759–1796.
BURTON, John, England, *w.* 1840.
BUTLER, Samuel, England, 1612–1680.

BUTLER, William Allen, America, *b.* 1825.
BYRAM, John, England, 1691–1763.
BYRON, George Gordon, Lord, Eng., 1788–1824.

CAMPBELL, Thomas, Scotland, 1777–1844.
CANITZ, Baron Von, Germany, 1654–1699.
CAREW, Lady Elizabeth, England, *w.* 1613.
CARMICHAEL, Sarah, Utah, *w.* 1865.
CARY, Alice, Ohio, 1820–1871.
CARY, Phœbe, Ohio, 1825–1871.
CASWALL, Edward, England, *w.* 1849.
CAUNTER, J. H., England, 1794–1852.
CENNICK, John, England, 1717–1755.
CHANDLER, C. M., England, *w.* 1860.
CHAPMAN, George, England, 1557–1634.
CHAPMAN, L. M., England.
CHATTERTON, Thomas, England, 1752–1770.
CHAUCER, Geoffrey, England, 1328–1400.
CHELLIS, Mary D., America, *w.* 1870.
CHESTER, J. L., America, *w.* 1840.
CHURCHILL, Charles, England, 1741–1764.
CLARE, John, England, 1793–1864.
CLARK, Luella, America, *w.* 1860.
CLARK, Willis G., America, 1810–1841.
CLINCH, J. H., America.
CLIVE, Caroline, Ireland, 1711–1785.
CLOUGH, Arthur Hugh, England, 1819–1861.
COE, Richard, Jr., America, *b.* 1830.
COLERIDGE, Hartley, England, 1796–1849.
COLERIDGE, Samuel Taylor, Eng., 1772–1834.
COLLINS, Annie, England, *b.* 1627.
COLLINS, William, England, 1720–1756.
COLLYER, William Bengo, England, 1782–1854.
COLMAN, George, England, 1762–1836.
COLTON, Caleb C., England, *d.* 1832.
COLTON, George H., America, 1818–1847.
CONDER, Josiah, England, 1789–1855.
CONGREVE, William, England, 1670–1829.
COOK, Eliza, London, *b.* 1817.
COOPER, Ceorge, New York City, *w.* 1868.
COSMAS, Greek, third century.
COTTON, Nathaniel, England, 1721–1788.
COWLEY, Abraham, England, 1618–1667.
COWPER, William, England, 1731–1800.
COXE, Arthur Cleveland, Bp., America, *b.* 1818.
COX, Frances Elizabeth, England, *w.* 1841.
CRABBE, George, England. 1754–1832.
CRAIG, Isabella, England, *w.* 1856.
CRAIK, Dinah Maria Muloch, Eng., *b.* 1826.
CRANCH, C. P., Alexandria, D. C., *b.* 1813.
CRASHAW, Richard, England, 1600–1650.
CREECH, Thomas, England, 1659–1701.
CREWDSON, Jane, England, *w.* 1860.
CROLY, George, Ireland, 1780–1860.
CROSSMAN, Samuel, England, *w.* 1664.
CROWN, John, Nova Scotia, *w.* 1675.
CUNNINGHAM, Allan, Scotland, 1784–1842.
CURRY, Otway, America, 1804–1855.
CUTTER, William, America, *b.* 1801.

DACH, Simon, Germany, 1605–1659.
DALE, Thomas, England, *b.* 1797.
DANA, Richard Henry, Cambridge, Massachusetts, *b.* 1787.
DANIEL, Samuel, England, 1562–1619.
DANTE, Alighieri, Florence, 1265–1321.
DARWIN, Erasmus, England, 1731–1802.
DAVENANT, Sir W., England, 1605–1668.
DAVENPORT, Christopher, England, 1598–1680.
DAVIES, Sir John, England, 1570–1660.
DAVIS, Thomas, Ireland, 1814–1845.
DAWES, Rufus, America, *b.* 1803.
DENHAM, Sir John, England, 1615–1668.
DERZHAVIN, Gabriel Romanowitch, Russia, 1743–1816.
DE VERE, Aubrey, Ireland, *b.* 1814.
DEWART, Edward Hartly, Canada, *w.* 1869.
DICKENS, Charles, England, 1812–1870.
DICKSON, David, England, 1583–1662.
DIX, John A., New York, *w.* 1863.
DIMOND, William, England, 1800–1837.
DINNIES, Anna Peyre, America, *b.* 1810.
DOANE, Bp. George W., 1799–1858.
DOBELL, Sydney, England, *b.* 1824.
DODDRIDGE, Philip, England, 1702–1751.
DRUMMOND, William, Scotland, 1585–1640.
DRYDEN, John, England, 1631–1700.
DUNN, R. P., America, 1825–1867.
DURYEA, William Rankin, America.
DWIGHT, John Sullivan, America, *b.* 1813.
DWIGHT, Timothy, Northampton, Mass., 1752–1817.
DYER, John, England, 1700–1758.

EASTBURNE, James Wallis, America, 1797–1819.
EASTMAN, Charles Gamage, Burlington, Vermont, 1816–1861.
EDMESTON, James, England, 1791–1867.
EDWARDS, Miss.
ELLIOTT, Charlotte, England, *w.* 1836.
ELWOOD, Thomas, England, 1639–1713.
EMBURY, Emma C., New York City, *b.* 1807.
EMERSON, Ralph Waldo, Boston, Mass., *b.* 1803.
EPHRÆM SYRUS, Greek, *d.* 378.
ERSKINE, Ralph, Scotland, 1685–1752.
ESLING, Mrs. Catherine H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, *b.* 1812.
EURIPIDES, Greece, 481–406 B.C.

FABER, Frederick William, England, 1815–1863.
FALCONER, William, Scotland, 1730–1769.
FARMER, Silas, America, *w.* 1860.
FARNINGHAM, Marianne, England.
FITZARTHUR.
FLETCHER, Giles, England, 1550–1610.
FLETCHER, John, England, 1576–1625.
FLETCHER, Phineas, England, 1584–1650.
FOLLEN, Mrs. Eliza L., Boston, Mass., *w.* 1839.
FORD, John, England, 1586–1639.
FORTUNATUS, Venantius, Italy, 530–609.
FOSTER, F. W.
FRIEDRICH, Jean, Germany.
FROTHINGHAM, N. L., America, *w.* 1860.
FROWDE, Philip, England, *d.* 1738.
FRY, Caroline, England, 1787–1846.

GALLAHER, William D., America, *b.* 1808.
GARRISON, William Lloyd, America, *b.* 1805.
GARTH, Samuel, England, *d.* 1719.
GASCOIGNE, George, England, 1540–1577.
GATES, Ellen H., America, *w.* 1860.
GAY, John, England, 1688–1732.
GELLERT, Chr. Fürchtegott, Germany, 1715–1769.
GERHARDT, Paul, Germany, 1606–1676.
GIBBONS, Thomas, England, 1720–1785.
GILL, George.
GILL, Thomas H., England, *w.* 1860.
GLEIM, Johann Ludwig, Germany, *b.* 1719.
GLYNN, Robert, England, *d.* 1800.
GOETHE, Johann Wolfgang von, Germany, 1749–1832.

Goldsmith, Oliver, Ireland, 1725–1774.
Gould, Hannah F., Lancaster, Vt., *b.* 1792.
Graham, James, Scotland, 1612–1650.
Grahame, James, Scotland, 1785–1838.
Grant, Sir Robert, Scotland, 1785–1838.
Gray, Barry.
Gray, David, England, 1838–1861.
Gray, Thomas, England, 1716–1771.
Greene, Robert, England, 1560–1592.
Greenwell, Dora, America, *w.* 1860.
Gregory the Great, Italy, 540–604.
Grigg, Joseph, England, *d.* 1768.
Grinfield, Thomas, England, *w.* 1836.
Gurney, John Hampden, England, 1802–1862.
Guyon, Jeanne de la Mothe, France, 1648–1717.

Hafiz, Shiraz, Persia, *d.* 1389.
Hale, Mrs. Sarah J., America, *b.* 1796.
Halleck, Fitz-Greene, Guilford, Ct., 1795–1869.
Harris, Thomas L., America, *b.* 1830
Hart, Joseph, England, 1712–1768.
Hartsough, L., America, *w.* 1860.
Harvey, Christopher.
Haskell, Jefferson, America, *w.* 1865.
Hastings, H. L., America, *w.* 1860.
Hastings, Thomas, America, *b.* 1790.
Havard, William, England, 1710–1778.
Hayes, Samuel, England, *w.* 1775.
Heath, Robert, England, *b.* 1625.
Heber, Bp. Reginald, England, 1723–1826.
Heerman, Johann, Germany, *b.* 1630.
Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, England, 1794–1835.
Hentz, Caroline Lee, America, *w.* 1835.
Herbert, George, Wales, 1593–1632.
Herrick, Robert, England, 1591–1674.
Hervey, Thomas Kibble, England, 1799–1859.
Hey, John, England, 1734–1815.
Heywood, Thomas, England, 1600–1649.
Hillhouse, Augustus L., America, 1792–1859.
Hill, Thomas, New Brunswick, N. J., *b.* 1818.
Hodder, Edwin, England, *w.* 1863.
Hodgson, William, England, *d.* 1793.
Hoffman, Charles F., America, *b.* 1806.
Hogg, Thomas, England, *w.* 1811.
Holford, Mrs. M., England, *w.* 1798.
Holland, Josiah Gilbert, Belchertown, Mass., *b.* 1819.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, Cambridge, Mass., *b.* 1809.
Holmes, W., England.
Homer, Greece, B.C. 950.
Hood, Thomas, England, 1798–1845.
Hooper, Lucy, America, 1817–1841.
Horace, Italy, B.C. 65–8
Horne, Bp. George, England, 1730–1792.
Howard, Sir Robert, England, 1626–1698.
Howe, Julia Ward, New York, *b.* 1819.
Howitt, Mary, England, *b.* 1800,
Hoyt, Ralph, America, *b.* 1812.
Hunt, Leigh, England, 1784–1859.
Hunter, William, America, *w.* 1840.
Huntingdon, John, England.
Hurdis, James, England, 1763–1801.
Hurn, William, England, *w.* 1813.

Ingelow, Jean, England, *w.* 1863.

Jenner, Charles, England, 1737–1774.
Jewsbury, Maria J., England, 1800–1833.
John of Damascus, 9th century.
Johns.
Johnson, Samuel, England, 1709–1784.
Jones, Sir William, England, 1746–1794.
Jonson, Ben, England, 1574–1637.
Judson, Adoniram, America, 1788–1850.
Judson, Emily C., America, 1817–1854.
Juvenal, Decimus J., Italy, 40–120.

Keach, B., England, 1640–1704.
Keats, John, England, 1796–1821.
Keble, John, England, 1790–1866.
Kelly, Thomas, England, *b.* 1805.
Kemble, Frances Anne, England, *b.* 1811.
Ken, Bishop Thomas, England, 1637–1711.
Kimball, Harriet McEwen, America.
King, Henry (Bishop), England, 1591–1669.
Kingsley, Charles, England, *b.* 1819.
Kirby, Mary F., America, *w.* 1860.
Knowles, James Sheridan, Ireland, *b.* 1784.
Knox, William, Scotland, 1789–1825.
Kosgarten, Ludwig T., 1758–1818.
Krauth, Charles P., Pennsylvania.
Krummacher, Germany, 1774–1837.

Lamb, Charles, England, 1775–1834.
Landor, Walter Savage, England, 1775–1864.
Lange, Ernst, Germany, *b.* 1711.
Larcom, Lucy, America, *w.* 1865.
Latrobe, John A., England, *w.* 1837.
Layard, C. P., England, *d.* 1803.
Lee, Nathaniel, England, 1658–1692.
Leggett, William, America, 1802–1840.
Leonidas of Alexandria, Greek, 59–129.
Leslie, Mary, England, *w.* 1860.
Lettice, John, England, 1737–1832.
Lillo, George, England, 1693–1739.
Lilly, John, England, 1554–1600.
List, Harriet W., America, *b.* 1824.
Little, Mrs. Sophia L., Newport, R. I., *b.* 1799.
Littlewood, W. E., America, *w.* 1865.
Lloyd, Elizabeth, Philadelphia, *w.* 1848.
Locke, Una, America, *w.* 1860.
Lockhart, John Gibson, Scotland, 1792–1854.
Logan, John, Scotland, 1748–1788.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, Portland, Maine, *b.* 1807.
Loud, Mrs. Margaret St. Leon, Philadelphia.
Lowell, James Russell, Cambridge, Mass., *b.* 1819.
Lowth (Bp)., Robert, England, 1710–1788.
Lucretius, Titus Carus, Italy, 95–55 B.C.
Luke, Mrs. J., England, *w.* 1850.
Luther, Martin, Germany, 1483–1546.
Lynch, A. C., America, *w.* 1855.
Lyte, Henry Francis, England, 1793–1847.
Lyttleton, Lord George, England, 1708–1773.
Lytton, Lord Edward Bulwer, England, *b.* 1805.
Lytton, Robert Bulwer, England, *b.* 1831.

Machen.
Mackay, Charles, Scotland, *b.* 1812.
Mackay, Margaret, *w.* 1832.
Mackintosh, J.
Madden, Samuel, Ireland, 1687–1765.
Malan, C., Switzerland, *d.* 1857.
Mangan, James C., England, *w.* 1845.
Manrique, Jorge, Spain, *d.* 1479.
Mant, Richard, Bp., England, 1776–1848.
Manzoni, Alessandro, Italy, *b.* 1784.
Marsden, England, 1754–1836.
Martin, Theodore, England, *w.* 1838.

MARVEL, Andrew, England, 1620–1678.
MASON, John, England, *w.* 1683.
MASSEY, Gerald, England, *b.* 1828.
MASSIE, Richard, England, *w.* 1854.
MASSINGER, Philip, England, 1584–1640.
MASTERS, Mary, England, *w.* 1758.
MATURIN, Charles R., England, 1782–1824.
MAY, Thomas, England, 1595–1650.
MCCHEYNE, Robert Murray, Scotland, *d.* 1843.
MCKELLAR, Thomas, America, *b.* 1812.
MEDLEY, Samuel, England, 1738–1799.
MELENDEZ, Valdéz Juan, Spain, 1754–1817.
MERCER, Margaret, America, 1791–1847.
MIDDLETON, Thomas, England, 1570–1627.
MILLS, Elizabeth, America.
MILMAN, Henry Hart, England, 1791–1868.
MILTON, John, England, 1608–1674.
MITCHELL, J. K., America, *b.* 1798.
MONSELL, John S. B., England, *w.* 1837–1870.
MONTGOMERY, James, England, 1771–1854.
MOORE, Thomas, Ireland, 1779–1852.
MORE, Hannah, England, 1745–1833.
MORRIS, George P., Phila., Pa., 1802–1864.
MORRIS, William, England, *w.* 1871.
MOULTRIE, G., England, *w.* 1868.
MÖWES, Heinrich, Germany, *w.* 1813.
MUEHLENBERG, W. A., New York City, *w.* 1826.
MUELLER, Wilhelm, Germany, 1794–1827.
MURRAY, Robert.

NABB, Thomas, England, *d.* 1645.
NEALE, Alice B., America, *b.* 1828.
NEALE, John Mason, England, 1818–1866.
NEWMAN, John Henry, England, *b.* 1801.
NEWTON, John, England, 1725–1807.
NICOLL, Robert, Scotland, 1814–1837.
NOEL, Baptist W., England, *b.* 1799.
NOEL, Thomas, England, 1841.
NORTON, Caroline E. S., England, *b.* 1808.

OLIVERS, Thomas, England, 1725–1799.
ORMSBY, A. S., England, *w.* 1871.
ORNE, C. F., America.
OSGOOD, Frances Sargent, Boston, Mass., 1812–1850.
OVID, Sulmo, Italy, *b.* 43 B.C.

PALMER, Phœbe, New York City, *b.* 1807.
PALMER, Ray, America, *b.* 1808.
PATTERSON, S. D., America, *w.* 1860.
PAULIN, George, America.
PAYNE, John Howard, New York City, 1792–1852.
PERCIVAL, James Gates, Berlin, Conn., 1795–1856.
PERKINS, J. H., America, *w.* 1860.
PERSIUS, Flaccus Aulus, Italy, 34–62.
PETER DAMIANI, St., Italy, 1002–1072.
PETER, William, England, *d.* 1853.
PHILIPS, Catherine, London, 1631–1664.
PIERCE.
PIERPONT, John, Litchfield, Conn., 1785–1866.
PLETTENBAUS, Louisa Von, Germany.
POE, Edgar Allan, Baltimore, Md., 1811–1849.
POLLARD, Josephine, New York City, *w.* 1870.
POLLOK, Robert, Scotland, 1799–1827.
POPE, Alexander, England, 1688–1744.
PORTEUS, Bishop Beilby, England, 1731–1808.
PRIEST, Nancy A. W., America, 1834–1870.
PRINCE, P., England,
PRIOR, Matthew, England, 1664–1721.
PROCTER, Adelaide Anne, England, 1826–1864.
PROCTER, Bryan W., England, *b.* 1798.
PROCTOR, Edna Dean, America, *w.* 1870.
PRUDENTIUS, Clement, Italy, *b.* 1650.
PUNSHON, William Morley, England, *w.* 1867.

QUARLES, Francis, England, 1592–1644.

RAFFLES, Thomas, England, 1788–1863.
RAGG, T., England, *b.* 1808.
RALEIGH, Sir Walter, England, 1552–1618.
RANDOLPH, Thomas, England, 1605–1634.
RASCAS, Bernard, Provençe, France.
READ, Thomas Buchanan, Chester, Pa., *b.* 1822.
RICHARDSON, Mrs., England, *w.* 1808.
RIPPON, John, England, *w.* 1844.
RIST, Johann, Germany, 1607–1667.
ROBERTSON, W. B., America.
ROBINSON, Robert, Scotland, 1735–1790.
RODIGAST, S., Germany, *b.* 1650.
ROGERS, Samuel, England, 1763–1855.
ROLLS, Mrs. Henry, England, *w.* 1815.
ROSCOE, William, England, 1753–1831.
ROSSETTI, Christina G., England, *w.* 1870.
ROSSETTI, Dante Gabriel, England, *w.* 1870.
ROWE, Nicholas, England, 1673–1718.
RUCKERT, Friedrich, Germany, *d.* 1867.
RYAN, Richard, Scotland, 18th century.
RYLAND, John, England, 1753–1825.

SAADI, Sheik Moslih Edden, Persia, 13th century.
SACHS, Hans, German, 1494–1578.
SAXE, John Godfrey, Highgate, Vt., *b.* 1816.
SCHILLER, Johann C., Friedrich, Würtemburg, 1759–1805.
SCHMOLKE, B., Germany, 1731.
SCOTT, James, Scotland, 1733–1814.
SCOTT, Sir Walter, Scotland, 1771–1832.
SCRANTOM, E., America, *w.* 1850.
SCUDDER, Eliza, America, *w.* 1865.
SEAGRAVE, Robert, England, *b.* 1693.
SEARS, Edmund H., America, *b.* 1810.
SEIDEL, Germany.
SELWYN, H.
SENECA, L. A., Corduba, Spain, 1–65.
SHAKESPEARE, William, England, 1564–1616.
SHARPE, R. S., England, 1759–1835.
SHEA, John Augustus, Ireland.
SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe, England, 1792–1822.
SHERIDAN, R. B., Ireland, 1751–1816.
SHIRLEY, James, England, 1594–1666.
SHIRLEY, Walter, England, 1725–1786.
SIDNEY, Sir Philip, England, 1554–1586.
SIGOURNEY, Lydia H., America, 1791–1865.
SKELTON, John, England, 1485–1529.
SMART, Christopher, England, 1722–1770.
SMITH, Charitie Lees, Ireland, *w.* 1868.
SMITH, Dirk, Holland, 1702–1752.
SMITH, Elizabeth Oakes, America, *b.* 1806.
SMITH, Horace, England, 1778–1840.
SMITH, S. F., America, *b.* 1805.
SMITH, Sydney, England, 1771–1845.
SMITH, William, England, 1711–1787.
SMOLLETT, Tobias, England, 1721–1771
SOUTHEY, Caroline Bowles, England, 1787–1854.
SOUTHEY, Robert, England, 1774–1843.
SPENCER, William Robert, England, 1770–1834.
SPENSER, Edmund, England, 1553–1599.

SPITTA, Carl J. P., Germany, *b.* 1801.
SPRAGUE, Charles, Boston, Mass., *b.* 1791.
STARKEY, D. P., America, *w.* 1840.
STEELE, Anne, England, 1716–1778.
STEPHEN OF ST. SABBAS, Greek.
STERLING, John, Scotland, 1806–1844.
STILLINGFLEET, Benjamin, English, 1702–1771.
STODDARD, Lavinia, America, 1787–1820.
STODDARD, Richard Henry, Hingham, Mass., *b.* 1825.
STOWE, Harriet Beecher, America, *b.* 1812.
STOWELL, Hugh, England, 1799–1865.
STRODE, William, England, 1600–1644.
STUDLEY, W. S., America, *b.* 1823.
STURM, Julius K. R., Germany, *b.* 1816.
SURREY, Lord, England, 1516–1547.
SWAIN, Charles, England, *b.* 1803.
SWAIN, Joseph.
SWIFT, Jonathan, England, 1667–1745.
SYLVESTER, Joshua, England, 1563–1618.

TALBOT, H. L., America, *w.* 1860.
TALFOURD, Thomas N., England, 1795–1854.
TAPPAN, W. B., America, 1794–1854.
TATHAM, Emma, England, *w.* 1860.
TAYLOR, Bayard, America, *b.* 1825.
TAYLOR, George Lansing, America, *w.* 1865.
TAYLOR, Henry, England, *d.* 1785.
TAYLOR, Jane, England, 1783–1823.
TAYLOR, Jeremy, Bp., England, 1613–1667.
TEGNER, Bishop Esias, Sweden, *b.* 1782.
TENNYSON, Alfred, England, *b.* 1810.
TERESA, St., Spain, *w.* 1582.
TERSTEEGEN, Gerhard, Germany, 1697–1769.
THEOCLISTUS, Greek, 9th century.
THEOPHANES, Greece, *w.* 50 B.C.
THOMAS OF CELANO, 13th century.
THOMSON, James, England, 1700–1748.
THORNBURY, G. W., England, *b.* 1828.
TIGHE, Mary, England, 1773–1810.
TOOKE, Andrew, England, *b.* 1673.
TOPLADY, Augustus Montague, England, 1740–1788.
TOWNSEND, Eliza, America, 1789–1854.
TOZER, A. T., England, *w.* 1860.
TRENCH, Richard Chenevix (Abp.), England, *b.* 1807.
TUPPER, Ellen Isabella, England, *w.* 1865.
TUPPER, Martin Farquhar, England, *b.* 1810.

UPHAM, Thomas C , America, *w.* 1872.

VAN DYKE, H. S., England, 1798–1828.
VAUGHAN, Henry, England, 1621–1695.
VAUX, Lord, England, *b.* 1590.
VEGA, C. Lope de, Spain, 1562–1635.
VERY, Jones, Salem, Mass., 1813.
VON LOGAU.

WALLER, Edmund, England, 1605–1687.
WARD, Thomas, America, *b.* 1807.
WARE, H., Jr., America, 1793–1843.
WARREN, Mercy, America, 1728–1814.
WARTON, Thomas, England, 1728–1790.
WASTELL, Simon, England, *d.* 1623.
WATTS, Isaac, England, 1674–1749.
WEBSTER, John, England, *d.* 1640.
WELBY, Mrs. Amelia B., America, *b.* 1821.
WELD, H. H., America, *w.* 1851.
WELTHEM, Van L.
WESLEY, Charles, England, 1708–1788.
WESLEY, John, England, 1703–1791.
WESLEY, Samuel, Jr., England, 1690–1739.
WHITEFIELD, Frederick, Ireland, *w.* 1859.
WHITE, Henry Kirke, England, 1785–1806.
WHITMAN, Mrs. S. H., America, *b.* 1825.
WHITTIER, E. H., America, *d.* 1864.
WHITTIER, John Greenleaf, Haverhill, Mass., *b* 1807.
WILCOX, Carlos, America, 1794–1827.
WILDE, Richard Henry, Ireland, 1789–1847.
WILKENSON, William C.
WILLARD, Emma, Berlin, Conn., 1787–1870.
WILLIAMS, Isaac, England, *b.* 1800.
WILLIS, Nathaniel Parker, Portland, Maine, 1807–1867.
WILSON, John, Scotland, 1785–1854.
WINSLOW, Harriet, America, *b.* 1824.
WITHER, George, England, 1588–1667.
WITHIUS, Holland.
WOLCOTT, John, England, 1738–1819.
WOLFE, Charles, Ireland, 1719–1823.
WOODBRIDGE, Abby D., America, *w.* 1836.
WOODBRIDGE, Benjamin, America, *d.* 1710.
WORDSWORTH, Christopher, England, *w.* 1865.
WORDSWORTH, William, England, 1770–1850.
WOTTON, Sir Henry, England, 1568–1639.
WULFFER, Germany, 1617–1685.
WYATT, Sir Thomas, England, 1503–1542.

YOUNG, Edward, England, 1684–1765.

ZEHN, Germany, 1615–1719.
ZINZENDORF, Count N. L., Germany, 1700–1760.
ZWINGLI, Switzerland, 1483–1530.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

AARON.

1. AARON Atoning.

See Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the veil appear,
In robes of mystic meaning dressed,
Presenting Israel's prayer.

The plate of gold which crowns his brows
His holiness describes;
His breast displays in shining rows
The names of all the tribes.

With the atoning blood he stands
Before the mercy-seat;
And clouds of incense from his hands
Arise with odor sweet.

Urim and Thummim near his heart,
In rich engravings worn,
The sacred light of truth impart,
To teach and to adorn.

Through him the eye of faith descries,
A greater priest than he—
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies
For you, my friends, and me.

He bears the names of all the saints,
Deep on His heart engraved;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all His love has saved.

In Him a holiness complete,
Light and perfection shine;
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet—
A Saviour all divine.

The blood which, as a priest, He bears,
For sinners, is His own;
The incense of His prayers and tears
Perfumes the holy throne.

In Him my weary soul has rest,
Though I am weak and vile;
I read my name upon His breast,
And see the Father smile.

John Newton.

ABILITIES.

2. AARON, Death of.

With trembling hand
He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe,
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head
The mitre place; while with a feeble voice,
He blessed, and bade him keep his garments pure [raised
From blood of souls. But then, as Moses
The mystic breastplate, and that dying eye
Caught the radiance of those precious stones,
By whose oracular and fearful light
Jehovah had so oft His will revealed,
Unto the chosen tribe whom Aaron loved
In all their wandering—but whose promised land
He might not look upon—he sadly laid
His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,
And with one prayer, half wrapped in stifled
Gave up the ghost. [groans,

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

3. ABILITIES, Concealed.

We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And, therefore, bore it not about;
Unless on holydays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle.

Butler's Hudibras.

4. ABILITIES, Development of.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
Of Nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity, then,
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd

Almighty wisdom; Nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown [power
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things,
For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labor to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. [soul,

Mark Akenside.

5. ABILITIES, Difference of.

Alas! what differs more than man from man!
And whence this difference?—whence but from himself?
For, see the universal race endowed [fixed,
With the same upright form! The sun is
And the infinite magnificence of heaven,
Within the reach of every human eye:
The sleepless ocean murmurs in all ears;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair, [object is laid open to the view
That
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or its influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.
Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;—
Reason,—and, with that reason, smiles and tears;
Imagination, freedom of the will,
Conscience to guide and check; and death
To be foretasted—immortality presumed.
Strange then, nor less than monstrous might be deemed
The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
The excellence of moral qualities
From common understanding; leaving truth
And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;
Hard to be won, and only by a few:
Strange, should he deal herein with nice respects,
And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:
The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here; no special boon
For high and not for low—for proudly graced
And not for meek in heart.

William Wordsworth.

6. ABILITIES, Mistaken.

It happen'd when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout,)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins.
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
"Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame,
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbor wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food,
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood."
The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he loved a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame.
One fault he has, is sorry for 't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The swine with contrite heart allow'd
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbor ne'er was found;
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true he hated sloth like pease.
Apply the tale, and you shall find
How just it suits with human kind.

Jonathan Swift.

7. ABRAHAM, The Sacrifice of.

It was noon—
And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself
And buried up his face and prayed for strength.
He could not look upon his son, and pray;
But with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair, kneeling boy, he prayed that God
Would nerve him for that hour. . . .
. . . . . He rose up and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done.
He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flash
Passed o'er his countenance; and then he nerved
His spirit with a bitter strength and spoke:
"Isaac! my only son!"—The boy looked up:
"Where is the lamb, my father?" Oh the tones,
The sweet, familiar voice of a loved child!—
What would its music seem at such an hour!
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arms and call'd on God—
And lo! God's angel stay'd him—and he fell
Upon his face and wept.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

8. ABSALOM, Death of.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straighten'd for the grave, and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jewell'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the armor of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers, [still
And left him with his dead. The king stood
Till the last echo died; then throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:
"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!
My proud boy, Absalom!
Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee, [dumb
And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from these
And cold lips, Absalom!
But death is on thee, I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shall
To meet me, Absalom! [come
And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token. [gloom,
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering
To see thee, Absalom!
And now, farewell! 'tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer,
My lost boy, Absalom!" [home
He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him from God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

9. ABSENCE, Complaint of.

Like as the culver on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late;
So I, alone now left, disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints, to match that mournful dove.

Edmund Spenser.

10. ABSENCE, Improvement of.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,—
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Frances Anne Kemble.

11. ABSENCE, Similes of.

A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am, without thee!
Thomas Moore.

12. ABSTINENCE, Battle of.

Stand up for the cold-water fight
'Gainst doctor and lawyer and priest;
Stand up and do battle for right
'Gainst foes from the West or the East;
'Gainst foes from the North and the South;
'Gainst foes from above or beneath;
Speak out every man with a mouth
The watchword of "FREEDOM OR DEATH!"

Away with your "moderate" drink!
Your infamous pleading for wine!
The tempter that lures to the brink
Of perdition! The demon malign!
The treacherous, venomous thing
That blushes and laughs in the bowl!
The mocker! The adder whose sting
Strikes mortal through body and soul!
George Lansing Taylor.

13. ABSTINENCE, Habit of.

That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is *angel* yet in this:
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-*night;*
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.
Wm. Shakespeare.

14. ABSTINENCE, Labor for.

Wait, abstainers, every year
Vindicates the glorious plan,
Time rewards each pioneer
Who clears a higher path for man.

Faster, faster, true men gather
Round the standard all unfurled,
Youthful son and hoary father
Haste to bear it round the world.

15. ABSTINENCE, Resolution of.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And songs and dance thy power confess—
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings.
John Pierpont.

16. ACQUIESCENCE, Confiding.

I know not what will befall me! God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitterness than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to drink.
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its brink.

It may be there is waiting for the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strangely sweet
That my lips can only tremble with the thanks I cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know,
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing. I would not if I might;
I would rather walk on in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back, with the whispered word "He knows."

17. ACQUIESCENCE, Entire.

To do, or not to do; to have,
Or not to have, I leave to Thee;
To be, or not to be; I leave,
Thy only will be done in me!
All my requests are lost in one,
"Father, Thy only will be done!"

Welcome alike the crown or cross,
Trouble I cannot ask nor peace,
Nor toil, nor rest; nor gain, nor loss;
Nor joy, nor grief; nor pain, nor ease;
Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,
"Father, Thy only will be done!"
Charles Wesley.

18. ACTION, Appointment of.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns

All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

19. ACTION, Call to.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew.
Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given;
Dew is from earth, but the showers are from heaven.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right?

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah and angels and men.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue
The path by apostles and martyrs once trod,
The path of the just to the city of God.
George Lansing Taylor.

20. ACTION, Duty of.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

21. ACTION, End of.

Go, silly worm, drudge, trudge, and travel,
Despising pain, so thou may'st gain
Some honor or some golden gravel;
But death the while, to fill his number,
With sudden call takes thee from all,
To prove thy days but dream and slumber.
Joshua Sylvester.

22. ACTION, God's Favor of.

When Thou dost favor any action,
It runs, it flies;
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When Thou dost bless, hath twelve: one wheel doth rise
To twenty then, or more.

But when Thou dost on business blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of door.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharo's wheels but logs
And struggling hinders more.
George Herbert.

23. ACTION, Haste to.

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand:
'Twill soon be dark;
Ay! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!
R. W. Emerson.

24. ACTION, Life in.

Festus. The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives,
Like many men's. And yet men love to live
As if mere life were worth their living for.

What but perdition will it be to most?
Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood.
It is a great spirit and a busy heart. [live.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed [seem
Of good, ere night, would make life longer
Than if each year might number a thousand days—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest,—acts the best.

Philip James Bailey.

25. ACTION, Present.

Heart gazing mournfully
Back through past years—
Bringing sad memories,
Laden with tears—
Life's hours wasted,
Talents abused,
Bright opportunities
Blindly refused—
Close up the record
Fraught with such pain;
Years that have vanished
Return not again.
Grasp thou the *Present*,
Be earnest and bold—
Fleeting its moments,
More precious than gold.

Watch and fight bravely
Against sloth and sin;
Pray for the Spirit,
The victory to win.
Cometh the future
Veiled and slow?
Go forth to greet her,
For weal or for woe.
Bringeth she gladness?
Praise thou the Lord.
Bringeth she sadness?
Bow to His word.
O'er Past and o'er Future
Dim shadows recline.
Heart be thou manful;
The *Present is thine!*

26. ACTION, Quality of.

Redeem we time—its loss we dearly buy.
No blank, no trifle, nature made or meant.
Virtue, or purposed virtue, still be thine:
This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the bless'd art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative, to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours:
Immense revenue! every moment pays.

If nothing more than purpose is thy power,
Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed;
Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

Edward Young.

27. ACTION, Record of.

Though history, on her faded scrolls,
Fragments of facts, and wrecks of names
Time's indefatigable finger writes [enrolls,
Men's meanest actions on their souls,
In lines which not himself can blot:
These the last day shall bring to light,
Though through long centuries forgot,
When hearts and sepulchres are bared to sight.
Ah! then shall each of Adam's race,
In that concentred instant, trace,
Upon the tablet of his mind,
His whole existence in a thought combined,
Thenceforth to part no more, but be
Impictured on his memory;
—As in the image-chamber of the eye,
Seen at a glance, in clear perspective, lie
Myriads of forms of ocean, earth, and sky.

James Montgomery.

28. ACTION, Room for.

Through the blue Immense [way
Strike out all swimmers! cling not in the
Of one another, so to sink, but learn [spray
The strong man's impulse, catch the fresh'ning
He throws up in his motions, and discern
By his clear, westering eye, the time of day.
Thou, God, hast set us worthy gifts to earn,
Besides thy heaven and Thee! and when I say
There's room here for the weakest man alive
To live and die,—there's room too, I repeat,
For all the strongest to live well and strive,
Their own way, by their individual heat,
Like a new bee-swarm leaving the old hive,
Despite the wax which tempts so violet-sweet.
Then let the living live, the dead retain
Their grave-cold flowers! through honor's best supplied,
By bringing actions to prove theirs not vain.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

29. ACTIVITY, Christian.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief? [gold.
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night [hours
When death is waiting for thy numbered
To take their swift and everlasting flight;

Wake ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite, [dressed:
And be thy thoughts to work divine ad-
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue, [bind
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind; [view,
Strength to complete, and with delight re-
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above:
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers, [mortal bowers.
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's im-

Carlos Wilcox.

30. ACTIVITY, Incentives to.

Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live!

Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

Up then with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work and pray!

The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies;
The silent toil that is not lost,—
Set these before thine eyes.

The seed, whose leaf and flower,
Though poor in human sight,
Brings forth at last the eternal fruit,
Sow thou by day and night.

Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er:
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.
Make haste, O man, to live!

Horatius Bonar.

31. ACTIVITY, Mental.

There is a fire-fly in the southern clime
Which shineth only when upon the wing;
So it is with the mind: when once we rest,
We darken. On! said God unto the soul
As to the earth, forever. On it goes,
A rejoicing native of the infinite—
As a bird of air—an orb of heaven.

Philip James Bailey.

32. ACTIVITY, Thrift of.

Good striving
Brings thriving.
Better a dog who works
Than a lion who shirks.

Oriental.

33. ADAM AND EVE, Description of.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine,
The image of their glorious Maker, shone
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd),
Whence true authority and men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he, and valor form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works; honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence! [sight
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green [side
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labor, than suffic'd
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline

On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all
In wood or wilderness, forest or den; [chase
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldly elephant, [wreath'd
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded.

John Milton.

34. ADAM AND EVE, Transgressions of.

With fatal and disastrous ease
Lifting her hand into the clustering boughs,
She touch'd, she took, she tasted. One small taste [seem'd,
Sufficed. Her eyes were open'd; and she
The moorings cut which bound her to the shore,
Launch'd on an ocean of delights. Alas,
Perfidious sea, on which the fairest bark
E'er floated suffer'd foulest wrong and wreck!
Awhile as in a dream she stood, but soon
Her scatter'd thoughts recall'd and from the boughs
Selecting one loaden with luscious fruit
She pluck'd it bower'd in leaves, and took her way
To seek her absent lord. Him soon she met
Returning with no laggard steps; for when
The serpent slid with such strange haste away
The loitering minutes hours appear'd, and
A strange solicitude unknown before [then
Began to creep around his boding heart,
And he retraced his path. But when he saw
Eve with flush'd cheek and agitated mien
Advancing, in her hand that fatal branch,
His heart sank, and his lip quiver'd. And when
She told her tale, the serpent's honey'd words,
Her brief refusal, his repeated suit,
Her answer, his reply, her touch, her taste,
Then first upon the virgin soil of earth
Fell human tears, presage of myriad showers.
But when again with pleading eye and hand,
Silent but most persuasive eloquence, [bore,
She pray'd him share with her the fruit she
Then Adam wail'd aloud:
"O Eve, my wife. [hast thou done?
Heaven's last, Heaven's dearest gift, what
Me miserable! Thou hast undone thyself,
Thyself and me; for if thou diest I die,
Bone of my bone, flesh of my very flesh,—
Eve, in whose veins my heart's best juices flow.
What can I do, what suffer for thee? Say
I rigorously refuse this fatal fruit,
What, shall I see thy warm and gentle limbs
Stiffen in death, and live myself? How live?
Alone? Or peradventure God will take
Another rib, and form another Eve?
Nay, we are one. My heart, myself am thine.
Our Maker made us one. Shall I unmake
His union? and transfer from heart to heart
My very life? Far higher I deem of love,
No transferable perishable thing,
But flowing from its secret fountain, God,
Like God immortal and immutable.
But oh, what follows? Adam, be thou sure
Of thy inflexible resolve—death, death:
Both cannot live, and therefore both must die."
So saying, from her hand he took and ate,
Not circumvented by the serpent's fraud,
But blindly overcome by human love,
Love's semblance, which belied its name, denying
The Great Creator for the creature's sake.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

35. ADAM, Conjugal Devotion of.

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined, for with
Certain my resolution is to die. [thee
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

. . . . .

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be severed, we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

John Milton.

36. ADAM, The Fall of.

From the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand; he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,

Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate [soothe
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to
Him with her lov'd society that now
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the earth; but that false
Far other operation first display'd, [fruit
Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eye, she him
As wantonly repaid. *John Milton.*

37. ADAPTATION, Utility of.

A smith at the loom, and a weaver at the forge were but sorry craftsmen:
And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall reach her port;
Yet there be thousands among men who heed not the leaning of their talents,
But, cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end;
And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched beneath the bushel of commerce,
While meaner plodding minds are driven up the mountain of philosophy;
The cedar withereth on a wall, while the house-leek is fattening in a hotbed,
And the dock, with its rank leaves, hideth the sun from violets. [orable use;
To everything a fitting place, a proper, hon-
The humblest measure of mind is bright in its humbler sphere;
The blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt making for the goal,
The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing eloquence,—
What wonder if all fail? the shaft flieth wide of its mark
Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry.
Martin Farquhar Tupper.

38. ADIEU, Import of.

Adieu! adieu! what means adieu!
My soul to God commending you.
Then 'tis the dearest, sweetest word
Love ever spoke or ever heard;
And tho' but used when meetings cease,
And friend from friend departs in peace;
That sweetest, dearest word would tell
Not less for *welcome* than *farewell.*
James Montgomery.

39. ADMIRATION and Esteem.

They say that esteem is a diamond so bright,
It enkindles the eye that by sorrow is shaded;
But glory to me is the sun's dazzling light,
That illumines a world which in darkness had faded.

Esteem is the dew-drop that freshens the flower, [didly shine.
Admiration, the arched hues that splen-
The one is a sprinkle, the other a shower—
Let mine be the rainbow, the dew may be thine. *James Gates Percival.*

40. ADVENT, Awaiting the.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes!

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware, lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eyes, and thus [upon us!"
Cry "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy

That day, the day of fear, shall come: my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride."

Beware, my soul; beware, beware, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light,—the glory of the Son.
Tr. from the Greek by G. Moultrie.

41. ADVENT, Prayer for the.

Come, Lord, and tarry not:
Bring the long-looked-for day,
Oh why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Dost thou not hear the cry?

Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

Come, for thy Israel pines,
An exile from thy fold;
O call to mind thy faithful word,
And bless them as of old.

Come, for thy foes are strong;
With taunting lip they say,
"Where is the promised Advent now,
And where the dreaded day?"

Come, for the good are few;
They lift the voice in vain,

Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

Come, for the truth is weak,
And error pours abroad
Its subtle poison o'er the earth,—
An earth that hates her God.

Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

Come, for the grave is full,
Earth's tombs no more can hold,
The sated sepulchres rebel,
And groans the heaving mould.

Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth—
Sower and reaper thou!

Come, in thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering thy foes before thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

Come, spoil the strong man's house,
Bind him and cast him hence,
Show thyself stronger than the strong
Thyself Omnipotence.

Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace,
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Horatius Bonar.

42. ADVENT, Preparation for the.

Lord, come away,
Why dost thou stay?
Thy road is ready: and thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation, wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly; behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in the way.
Hosanna! welcome to our hearts, Lord, here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that of Zion; and as full of sin. [in.
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell there-
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor.
Crucify them, that they may nevermore
Profane that holy place,
Where Thou hast chose to set thy face.
And then if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of thy Deity,
The stones out of the temple wall
Shall cry aloud, and call
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet.

Jeremy Taylor.

43. ADVERSITY, A Brother in.

When every scene, this side the grave,
Seems dark and cheerless to the eye,
How sweet at such an hour to have
A brother in adversity!

When father, mother, all are gone,—
When burst affection's closest tie,—
How sweet to claim, as still their own,
A brother in adversity!

When frowns an angry world unkind,
And hope's delusive visions fly,
How sweet in such an hour, to find,
A brother in adversity!

And who is this whom still we find,
When father, mother, husband die,
Still faithful, tender, loving, kind?
A brother in adversity!

Jesus! my Lord! ah, who can trace
Thy love unchanging, full, and free;
Or tell the riches of thy grace,
Thou Brother in adversity!

Ye travellers in this wilderness,
Who somewhat of His beauty see;
Forever, oh! forever bless
This Brother in adversity!

44. ADVERSITY, Application of.

I ask
What He would have this evil do for me?
What is its mission? What its misery?
What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk?
How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
Chasten my passions, purify my love,
And make me in some goodly sense like Him
Who bore the cross of evil while He lived,
Who hung and bled upon it when He died,
And now in glory wears the victor's crown.

J. G. Holland.

45. ADVERSITY, Benefit of.

'Mid pleasure, plenty, and success,
Freely we take from Him who lends:
We boast the blessing we possess,
Yet scarcely thank the One who sends.
But let affliction pour its smart,
How soon we quail beneath the rod!
With shattered pride, and prostrate heart,
We seek the long-forgotten God.

Eliza Cook.

46. ADVERSITY, Comfort in.

The man, perhaps,
Thou pitiest, draws his comfort from distress.
That mind so poised, and centred in the good
Supreme, so kindled with devotion's flame,
Might, with prosperity's enchanting cup
Inebriate, have forgot the All-giving hand;
Might on earth's vain and transitory joys
Have built its sole felicity, nor e'er
Winged a desire beyond. *George Bally.*

47. ADVERSITY, Correction of.

When urged by strong temptation to the brink
Of guilt and ruin, stands the virtuous mind,
With scarce a step between; all-pitying Heaven,
Severe in mercy, chastening in its love,

Ofttimes in dark and awful visitation,
Doth interpose, and leads the wanderer back
To the straight path, to be forever after
A firm, undaunted, onward-bearing traveller,
Strong in humility, who swerves no more.
Joanna Baillie.

48. ADVERSITY, Cup of.

My God once mixed a harsh cup, for me to drink from it,
And it was full of acrid bitterness intensest;
The black and nauseating draught did make me shrink from it, [dispensest,
And cry, "O Thou who every draught alike
This cup of anguish sore, bid me not quaff of it, [half of it!"
Or pour away the dregs and the deadliest
But still the cup He held; and seeing He ordained it, [as I drained it.
One glance at Him—it turned to sweetness
Oriental Tr. by W. R. Alger.

49. ADVERSITY, Gain of.

The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But, crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
Oliver Goldsmith.

50. ADVERSITY, Hope in.

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.
Thomas Campbell.

51. ADVERSITY, Hymn to.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frowns, terrific fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they dispense, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity received, [believed.
To her they vow their truth, and are again

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe, [tear.
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen), [mien,
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry, [erty.
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Pov-

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.
Thomas Gray.

52. ADVERSITY, Reviewing.

When we are young, this year we call the worst
That we can know; this bitter day is cursed,
And no more such our hearts can bear, we say.
But yet, as time from us falls fast away,
There comes a day, son, when all this is fair
And sweet to what, still living, we must bear.
"*Bettered is bale by bale that follows it,*"
The saw saith. *William Morris.*

53. AFFECTATION, Ministerial.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learned with labor, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,

To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
William Cowper.

54. AFFECTION, Elevating.

O! there is one affection which no stain
Of earth can ever darken,—when two find,
The softer and the manlier, that a chain
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind.
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined;
The good can only know it; 'tis not blind
As love is unto baseness; its desire
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher.
James Gates Percival.

55. AFFECTION, Filial.

There is a dungeon in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: look again!
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight,
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain,—
An old man and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar: but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet? I know not—Cain was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift: it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No! he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river;—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

The starry fable of the milky-way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds: O, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.
George Gordon Byron.

56. AFFECTION, Inspiring.

I think of thee! my thoughts do twine and bud
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,
Put out broad leaves, and soon there's naught to see
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee
Who art dearer, better! rather instantly
Renew thy presence. As a strong tree should,
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee
Drop heavily down, . . . burst, shattered, everywhere!
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee
And breath within thy shadow a new air,
I do not think of thee,—I am too near thee.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

57. AFFECTION, Instinctive.

My sweet wee nursling! thou art sweet to me
As sun to flowers, or honey to the bee—
Music in summer bowers—the freshening stream
To bright wings dipping from the sultry beam—
Hope to the mourner, to the weary rest—
To the young dreamer, visions of the blest!
What art thou like, nestling in slumbers there,
So meek, so calm, so innocently fair? [there,
What art thou like? A dormouse, sleek and warm,
A primrose cluster, or a fairy charm?
Yes! thou'rt a charm!—a most mysterious spell!
Birds, bees, and flowers, can just as ably tell
Why sunshine, scent, and streams their pleasures be,
As thy young mother why she dotes on thee
With such unmeasured, fond intensity!
I cannot look on thee, but springing thought
Perfumes the air with blossoms fancy fraught!
I cannot think on thee, but life seems bright
With gushing sunbeams, ever new delight!—
Thou darling simpleton! thy vacant eye
As yet to my long gaze makes no reply;
Breathing and crying are thy only speech—
But, oh! for me, what eloquence hath each!
Sounds of my first-born!—how my heart they thrill,
Like the sweet babblings of a hidden rill;
A well of future blessedness art thou!
My morning star, my crown of gladness now!
Mrs. Richardson.

58. AFFECTION, Maternal.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure!
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

. . . . . .

Then thou, my merry love,—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,

With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,—
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

. . . . . .

At length THOU camest,—thou, the last and least,
Nicknamed "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others,
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

. . . . . .

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,—
But in the mother's heart found room for all!

Caroline E. Norton.

59. AFFECTION, Paternal.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me intwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away,

H. W. Longfellow.

60. AFFECTION, Sacrifices of.

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine,
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my Belovéd, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But . . . *so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine [instead
While my hands tremble? Then my soul,
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range. [on me!
Then, love me, Love! look on me . . . breathe
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near, sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

61. AFFECTION, Sudden.

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath
To love me, I looked forward to the moon
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;
And looking on myself, I seemed not one
For such man's love!—more like an out of tune
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste,
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed
A wrong on *thee*. For perfect strains may float [faced,—
'Neath master-hands, from instruments de-
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

62. AFFECTION, Superior.

He who once wept with Mary—angels keeping
Their unthank'd watch—are a foreshadowing
Of what love is in heaven. We may believe
That we shall know each other's forms hereafter,
And, in the bright fields of the better land,
Call the lost dead to us. Oh conscious heart!
That in the lone paths of this shadowy world
Hast bless'd all light, however dimly shining,
That broke upon the darkness of thy way—
Number thy lamps of love, and tell me, now,
How many canst thou relight at the stars
And blush not at their burning? One—only one—
Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time,
And fed with faithful fondness to your grave,

(Tho' sometimes with a hand stretch'd back from heaven)
Steadfast thro' all things—near, when most forgot—
And with its finger of unerring truth
Pointing the lost way in thy darkest hour—
One lamp—*thy mother's love*—amid the stars
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and, before
The throne of God, burn through eternity—
Holy—as it was lit and lent thee here.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

63. AFFECTION, Tenacious.

In my boy's loud laughter ringing,
In the sigh more soft than singing
Of my baby-girl that nestles up into this mortal breast,
And every voice most dear
Comes a whisper—"Rest not here."
And the rest Thou art preparing, is it best, Lord, is it best?

"Lord, a little, little longer!"
Sobs the earth-love, growing stronger:
He will miss me, and go mourning through his solitary days.
And heaven were scarcely heaven
If these lambs which Thou hast given
Were to slip out of our keeping and be lost in the world's ways.

Lord, it is not fear of dying,
Nor an impious denying
Of Thy will, which forevermore on earth, in heaven, be done:
But the love that desperate clings
Unto these my precious things
In the beauty of the daylight, and the glory of the sun.

Ah, Thou still art calling, calling,
With a soft voice unappalling;
And it vibrates in far circles through the everlasting years;
When Thou knockest, even so!
I will arise and go.

D. M. Muloch Craik.

64. AFFLICTION, Comfort in.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall find
Comfort and joy!" Though flesh and [blood rebel
'Gainst heavenward thoughts, and the vexed spirit swell
With anxious tossings, still, the veil behind
Of earth-born mists, the faith-directed mind
Sees throned in cloudless light the Invisible,
At whose right hand delights in fulness dwell,
And bliss for ever lasting. Be resigned,
Thou child of sorrow, to His sovereign will;
Drink, as He bids, the bitter cup, and bear
Thy cross in patience! From the holy hill
A gleam shall cheer thee, till, safe-harbored there,
Thou feel how faintly earth's severest ill
May with the weight of heavenly joys compare!

Richard Mant.

65. AFFLICTION, Compensation for.

Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The Anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night,
And Grief may bide, an evening guest,
But Joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

66. AFFLICTION, Enduring.

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers—
God's breath upon the fire doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the bare anvil, minded so,
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it—
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And, trusting, to the end hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in him and suffer still.

Julius Sturm.

67. AFFLICTION, Eucharist of.

Above the seas of gold and glass
The Christ, transfigured, stands to-day;
Below, in troubled currents, pass
The tidal fates of man away.

Through that environed blessedness
Our sorrow cannot wholly rise,
Nor his swift sympathy redress
The anguish that in Nature lies.

Yet mindful from his banquet sends
The guest of God a cup of wine,
And shares a morsel with his friends,
Who, wondering, wait without the shrine.
Julia Ward Howe.

68. AFFLICTION, Furnace of.

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle, searching process to explore,
Lest the *one* brilliant moment should pass
When in the molten silver's virgin mass, [by,
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his children tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure!
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see His image perfect in the soul?

Not with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror, the refiner's face,
But, stampt with heaven's broad signet, there be shown [grace,—
Immanuel's features, full of truth and
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment, but eternity!"
James Montgomery.

69. AFFLICTION, Heroism under.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near! [come
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can
But shortens my journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this:
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,—
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them, O Lord, in thy sheltering breast.

Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of Thy love turns them all into joy; [them,
And the bitterest tears, if Thou smile but on
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose, [close;
They only make heaven more sweet at the
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.
H. F. Lyte.

70. AFFLICTION, Jesu in.

Jesu is in my heart, His sacred name
Is deeply carved there; but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
E'en all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was J
After where was Es, and next where U, was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart He was I *ease you*,
And to my whole is JESU.
George Herbert.

71. AFFLICTION, Refuge in.

In the dark winter of affliction's hour,
When summer friends and pleasures haste away, [each power
And the wreck'd heart perceives how frail
It made a refuge, and believed a stay;
When man all wild and weak is seen to be—
There's none like Thee, O Lord! there's none like Thee!

Thou in adversity canst be a sun;
Thou hast a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
The peace, the truth, the life, the love of One, [power!
Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can over-
Gifts of a King; gifts frequent and yet free—
There's none like thee, O Lord! none, none like thee!
Maria J. Jewsbury.

72. AFFLICTION, Welcoming.

Come then, Affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend: a friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy. [rain,
We welcome clouds that bring the former
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.
Charles Swain.

73. AGENCY, Free.

Man shall be blessed, as far as man permits.
Not man alone—all rationals, Heaven arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous power
To counteract its own most gracious ends;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice.
That power denied, men, angels, were no more

But passive engines, void of praise or blame.
A nature rational implies the power
Of being blessed or wretched, as we please—
Else idle reason would have nought to do;
And he that would be barred capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss. [doom;
Heaven wills our happiness—allows our
Invites us ardently, but not compels,
Heaven but persuades—almighty man de-
Man is the maker of immortal fates. [crees.
Edward Young.

74. AGE, Approach of.

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat,
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime, [climb."
But said, "The view is poor, we need not
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor, and the gay glazed bed;
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less,
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft,—in short, began to prose.
George Crabbe.

75. AGE, The Dead.

The epoch ends, the world is still.
The age has talked and worked its fill,
The famous orators have done,
The famous poets sung and gone,
The famous men of war have fought,
The famous speculators thought,
The famous players, sculptors, wrought,
The famous painters filled their wall,
The famous critics judged it all.
The combatants are parted now,
Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
The puissant crowned, the weak laid low!
And in the after-silence sweet,
Now strife is hushed, our ears doth meet,
Ascending pure, the bell-like fame,
Of this or that down-trodden name,
Delicate spirits, pushed away
In the hot-press of the noon-day.
And o'er the plain, where the dead age
Did its now silent warfare wage,—
O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
Where many a splendor finds its tomb,
Many spent fames and fallen mights,—
The one or two immortal lights,
Rise slowly up into the sky
To shine there everlastingly,
Like stars over the bounding hill,
The epoch ends, the world is still.
Matthew Arnold.

76. AGE, The Golden.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew; [pursue;
And with a native bent did good
Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere.
Needless was written law, where none oppressed;
The law of man was written in his breast.
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow.
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers, unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd, [tain'd.
And western winds immortal spring main-
In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was the earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys, milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweating through the pores of oak. *Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.*

77. AGE, The Iron.

Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew; [new:
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain,
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the wat'ry plain.

Then landmarks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid,
And that alluring ill to sight displayed;
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betrayed.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from mortal bands;

No rights of hospitality remain;
The guest, by him who harbor'd him, is slain;
The son-in-law pursues the father's life,
The wife her husband murders—he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares;
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And Justice, here opprest, to heaven returns.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

78. AGE, The New.

Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves,—
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves,—
See on the cumbered plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age!
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules!
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries! *Matthew Arnold.*

79. AGE, The Silver.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear;
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted and enlarged the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogged with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds, [beds.
With twining oziers fenc'd, and moss their
Then ploughs, for seeds, their fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labor'd first beneath the yoke.
To this next came in course the brazen age:
A warlike offspring prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

80. AGE, Wisdom of.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it is to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries:
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed, [has made.
Lets in new light through chinks that time

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.
Edmund Waller.

81. AGE, Youth and.

When I was young! Ah, woful *When!*
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house, not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er air cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide.
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Ere I was old! Ah, woful *Ere!*
Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
Oh Youth! For years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit;
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled;
And thou wert aye a masker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve,
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave;
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

82. AGED, Absurdities of the.

Absurd longevity! More, more, it cries;
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind. [fails?
And wherefore mad for more, when relish
Object and appetite must club for joy—
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from without.
Shall folly labor hard to mend the bow,
While Nature is relaxing every string?
Ask thought for joy: grow rich, and hoard within. [cease,
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal; learn e'en now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter.
Divine or none, henceforth, your joys forever.
Of age, the glory is to wish to die:
That wish is praise and promise; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires!

Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Gray-haired authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking! it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and esteem is all that age can hope:
Nothing but wisdom gives the first; the last,
Nothing but the repute of being wise.
Folly bars both: our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our shad-
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines. [ows,
No wish should loiter, then, this side the
grave. [knell
Our hearts should leave the world before the
Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil:
Enough to live in tempest, die in port.
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon,
And put good works on board, and wait the
wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown:
If unconsidered, too, a dreadful scene!
Edward Young.

83. AGED, Death Song for the.

In age and feebleness extreme
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity! *Charles Wesley.*

84. AGED, Flattery of the.

Here is one that wishes to live longer;
Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years; flatters his age
With confident belying, with hopes he may
With charms, like Eson, have his youth re-
stored;
And with those thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he.
Ben Jonson.

85. AGED, Happiness of the.

Behold a patriarch of years, who leaneth on
the staff of religion;
His heart is fresh, quick to feel, a bursting
fount of generosity;
He, playful in his wisdom, is gladdened in
his son's first love;
Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes,
are his delight;
His abhorrence is to strip from life its chari-
table garment of ideal.
The shrewd world laughed at him for honesty,
the vain world mouthed at him for honor,
The false world hated him for truth, the cold
world despised him for affection. [heart,
Still he kept his treasure, the warm and noble
And in that happy old man survive the child
and lover. *M. F. Tupper.*

86. AGRICULTURE, Nobility of.

In ancient times the sacred plough employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind.
And some, with whom compared your insect
Are but the beings of a summer's day, [tribes
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived.
James Thomson.

87. AGRICULTURE, Prayerful.

First offer incense; then thy field and meads
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads;
The spangling dew dreg'd o'er the grasse
shall be
Turn'd all to mell and manna there for thee.
Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil
Shall run, and rivers, all throughout thy soyl.
Wod'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mold?
Pray once, twice pray, and turn thy ground
to gold. *Robert Herrick.*

88. AGRICULTURE, Treasure of.

A vintner at the point of death,
Spake to his sons with parting breath.
"A treasure in our vineyard lies.
Dig for it!"—"Say, where is the prize?"
Aloud they to their father cried.
"Dig, dig!" he said, when lo! he died.

Ere in his grave he long had lain,
They searched and dug with might and main.
With spade, and mattock, and with hoe
The vineyard o'er and o'er they throw.
No clod escaped their zealous toil,
E'en through a sieve they passed the soil,
And drew the rakes across, around,
For ev'ry stone upon the ground;
But of the treasure saw no trace;
Each thought 'twas but a wild-goose chase.

But scarce the sun its yearly round
Had made, when they with wonder found
Each vine-tree bore a three-fold prize.
Then grew, at length, the children wise,
And, year on year revolving round,
Dug greater treasures from the ground.
Gottfried August Bürger.

89. AIM, The Christian's.

Aim at the highest prize; if there thou fail,
Thou'lt haply reach to one not far below.
Strive first the goal to compass: if too slow
Thy speed, the attempt may ne'ertheless avail
The next best post to conquer. Let not quail
Eye, heart, or limb: but still right onward
go; [stow,
The Judge shall heed thee, and a crown be-
And bid thy name the loud-voiced herald
hail.
To the wished mark one racer only came
Of old victorious: to intwine his brow
One only grasped the crown, and won the
game,
Isthmian or proud Olympian. Happier thou
Pursu'st thy course with no uncertain aim,
Secure to seize an amaranthine bough.
Bishop Mant.

90. ALLELUIA, Occasion for.

Alleluia, Alleluia!
The battle now is done,
The victory is won;
Let us joy and sing
Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia!
Suffering death's cruel doom,
Jesus hath hell overcome;
Let us praise and shout
Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia!
He rose the third day, bright
In heavenly love and light;
Let us cry and chant
Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia!
Closed are the gates below,
Heaven's halls are open now;
Let us joy and sing
Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia!
Jesus, by thy wounds, save
Us from the endless grave,
That we may live and sing
Alleluia!

From the Latin, tr. by Horatius Bonar.

91. ALLOTMENT, Diversities of.

Another feature in the ways of God,
That wondrous seemed, and made some men complain,
Was the unequal gift of worldly things.
Great was the difference, indeed, of men
Externally, from beggar to the prince.
The highest take, and lowest—and conceive
The scale between. A noble of the earth,
One of its great, in splendid mansion dwelt;
Was robed in silk and gold, and every day
Fared sumptuously; was titled, honored, served.
Thousands his nod awaited, and his will
For law received: whole provinces his march
Attended, and his chariot drew, or on
Their shoulders bore aloft the precious man.
Millions, abased, fell prostrate at his feet;
And millions more thundered adoring praise.
As far as eye could reach, he called the land
His own, and added yearly to his fields.
Like tree that of the soil took healthy root,
He grew on every side, and towered on high,
And over half a nation shadowing wide,
He spread his ample boughs; air, earth, and
Nature entire, the brute, and rational, [sea,
To please him ministered, and vied among
Themselves, who most should his desires prevent,
Watching the moving of his rising thoughts
Attentively, and hasting to fulfil.
His palace rose and kissed the gorgeous clouds; [sprung;
Streams bent their music to his will; trees
The naked waste put on luxuriant robes;
And plains of happy cottages cast out
Their tenants, and became a hunting-field.
Before him bowed the distant isles, with fruits
And spices rare; the south her treasures brought;
The east and west sent; and the frigid north
Came with her offering of glossy furs.
Musicians soothed his ear with airs select;
Beauty held out her arms; and every man
Of cunning skill, and curious device,
And endless multitudes of liveried wights,
His pleasure waited with obsequious look.
And when the wants of nature were supplied,
And commonplace extravagances filled,
Beyond their asking; and caprice itself,
In all its zig-zag appetites, gorged full,
The man new wants and new expenses planned:
Nor planned alone: wise, learned, sober men,
Of cogitation deep, took up his case,
And planned for him new modes of folly wild; [means
Contrived new wishes, wants, and wondrous
Of spending with dispatch: yet after all,
His fields extended still, his riches grew,
And what seemed splendor infinite, increased.
So lavishly upon a single man
Did Providence his bounties daily shower.

Turn now thine eye, and look on poverty!
Look on the lowest of her ragged sons;
We find him by the way, sitting in dust;
He has no bread to eat, no tongue to ask;
No limbs to walk; no home, no house, no friend.
Observe his goblin cheek; his wretched eye;
See how his hand, if any hand he has,
Involuntarily opens, and trembles forth,
As comes the traveller's foot; and hear his groan,
His long and lamentable groan, announce
The want that gnaws within; severely now,
The sun scorches and burns his old bald head;
The frost now glues him to the chilly earth;
On him hail, rain, and tempest rudely beat;
And all the winds of heaven, in jocular mood,
Sport with his withered rags, that, tossed
Display his nakedness to passers by, [about,
And grievously burlesque the human form.
Observe him yet more narrowly: his limbs,
With palsy shaken, about him blasted lie;
And all his flesh is full of putrid sores,
And noisome wounds, his bones of racking pains.
Strange vesture this for an immortal soul!
Strange retinue to wait a lord of earth!
It seems as Nature, in some surly mood,
After debate and musing long, had tried
How vile and miserable thing her hand
Could fabricate, then made this meagre man:
A sight so full of perfect misery,
That passengers their faces turned away,
And hasted to be gone; and delicate
And tender woman took another path.
This great disparity of outward things
Taught many lessons; but this taught in chief,
Though learned by few: that God no value set, [kind:
That man should none, on goods of worldly
On transitory, frail, external things,
Of migratory, ever-changing sort;
And further taught, that in the soul alone,
The thinking, reasonable, willing soul,
God placed the total excellence of man;
And meant him evermore to seek it there.

Robert Pollok.

92. ALLOTMENT, Thy.

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent,
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hinderance or impediment.
For presently this hinderance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness were a task
So slight, that virtue never could grow strong:
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,
The imposer's—over-burdened thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.
R. C. Trench.

93. ALLUREMENTS, Earthly.

O streams of earthly love and joy,
On whose green banks we dwell,
Gleaming in beauty to the eye,
Ye promise fair and well!

Ye lure us, and we venture in,
Cheated by sun and smiles;
Ye tempt us, and we brave your depths,
Won by your winning wiles.

Too deep and strong for us!—We glide
Down your deceiving wave;
Like men by siren song beguiled
On to a siren grave.

O world, with all thy smiles and loves,
With all thy song and wine,
What mockery of human hearts,
What treachery is thine!

Thou woundest, but thou canst not heal,
Thy words are warbled lies;
Thy hand contains the poisoned cup,
And he who drinks it dies.

O world, there's fever in thy touch,
And frenzy in thine eye;
To lose and shun thee is to live,
To win thee is to die! *Horatius Bonar.*

94. ALLUREMENTS, Fatal.

A fount-o'ershading tree stands near the highway-side, [died.
And many a good fellow, pausing there, has
For in the fountain's depths a dragon lies asleep: [keep.
Sits on the tree a bird, his constant watch to
The bird's sweet song allures the unwary wanderer near: [wakes to hear.
Then sings he loud, so loud the dragon
The thirsty traveller drinks,—the dragon darts aloft,—
And on the tree the fatal bird sings soft.
Oriental.

95. ALLUREMENTS, Looking on.

Turn thou thine eyes from each seducing sight, [tite.
For looking whets the ready edge of appe-
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

96. ALLUREMENTS, Resisting.

Ulysses, sailing by the Siren's isle, [them fast
Sealed first his comrades' ears, then bade
Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,
Lest those sweet voices should their souls beguile,
And to their ruin flatter them, the while
Their homeward bark was sailing swiftly past;
And thus the peril they behind them cast,
Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.
But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used
No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear,
But ever, as he passed, sang high and clear
The blisses of the gods, their holy joys,
And with diviner melody confused
And marred earth's sweetest music to a noise.
R. C. Trench.

97. ALMS, Law of.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
Think Heaven a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favor His:
Write, So much given to God; thou shalt be heard. [gate
Let thine alms go before, and keep Heaven's
Open for thee; or both may come too late.
George Herbert.

98. AMBITION, Cheat of.

What is Ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
Angels of light walk not thus dazzlingly
The sapphire walls of Heaven. The unsearch'd mine [thrones
Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated
Have not such pomp of purple and of gold.
It hath no features. In its face is set
A mirror, and the gazer sees his own.
It looks a God, but it is like *himself!*
It hath a mien majestical, and smiles
Bewilderingly sweet—but how like *him!*
It follows not with fortune. It is seen
Rarely or never in the rich man's hall.
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy
And lifts his humble window, and comes in.
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceilings with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever, as he shuts his 'wildered eyes,
The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay.
He is its slave henceforth! His days are spent [where
In chaining down his heart, and watching

To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye.
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curl'd
Half into scorn—till the bright, fiery boy,
That was a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless *man*.

And what is its reward? At best, a name!
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear, [dead;
Gold—where the senses it should please are
Wreaths—where the hair they cover has grown gray,
Fame—when the heart it should have thrill'd is numb;
All things but *love*—when love is all we want;
And close behind comes Death, and ere we know
That ev'n these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripp'd and naked, to the grave! *N. P. Willis.*

99. AMBITION, Check to.

Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys and be a theme at school.
One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd: [about
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide;
"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul, how small a body holds."
Juvenal, tr. by John Dryden.

100. AMBITION, Christian.

"Ambition is the vice of noble souls!"
If 'tis a vice, then let those souls beware,
Thrice noble though they be, and passing fair
In the world's eye, and high upon the scrolls,
Her favor'd minions where the world enrolls,
Lest it conduct to shame! Be thine the care,
Soldier of Christ, that nobler strife to dare,
Which the rash spirit of the world controls,
And makes ambition virtue! Be it thine
To win thy bright unfading diadem
By works of love! Around *his* brows shall shine [beam,
In heaven from glory's source the purest
Whose aspect here, with beauty most divine,
Reflects the image of the GOOD SUPREME.
Bp. Mant.

101. AMBITION, Curse of.

Woe to thee, wild Ambition! I employ
Despair's low notes thy dread effects to tell;
Born in high heaven, her peace thou could'st destroy;
But for thee, there had not been a hell.
Through the celestial domes thy clarion pealed; [ranged
Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners
And straight were fiends; hurled from the shrinking field,
They waked in agony to wail the change.
Darting through all her veins the subtle fire,
The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath;
To lot of higher beings learned to aspire,
Dared to attempt, and doomed the world to death. *Maria A. Brooks.*

102. AMBITION, Devil of.

How, like a mounting devil in the heart,
Rules the unrein'd ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget [life
The thirst for which we perish! Yet hath
Many a falser idol. *N. P. Willis.*

103. AMBITION, End of.

Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager Ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men [right,
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame? [lies"—
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song. *Edward Young.*

104. AMBITION, Example of.

On what foundations stands the warrior's pride, [cide:
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles de-
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;

Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did not subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground!
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand, [pale,
He left the name, at which the world grew
To point a moral or adorn a tale.
Samuel Johnson.

105. AMBITION, Examples of.

Napoleon, Frederic, Charles, and Cromwell—these [fire,
Swept the earth with a besom dipped in
They would have kings and nations bend their knees; [higher,
Their's was the untamed thirst of something
An energy of hope, that could not tire,
The love of self to deeds of might sublimed,
Ambition wrought to habitudes of ire,
Force, reckless force, unchecked, unbent, untimed, [never climbed.
An aim to gain a height where power had

They sought they knew not what,—they set no bound [ing grew,
To their wide-clenching grasp,—their long-
As grew their empire,—keenly, as the hound
Catches the deer-track in the morning dew,
They snuffed the scent of conquest,—victory threw
Her laurels at their feet—awhile they gave
Blood to the earth like water,—madly flew
Their gore-fed eagles. But the wildest wave [in the grave.
Breaks and subsides at last; their end was

Now they are dust and ashes; other swarms
People the ground they wasted, other men
Rise to be torn and tossed by other storms.
Ambition sleeps a moment in her den
To gain new breath, and fire, and strength; but then [flame.
She blows the embered coals, and they are
So it must be, for it hath ever been:—
Age rolls on age, and heroes are the same,—
The rest, the crowd, the mob, the warlike hunter's game. *J. G. Percival.*

106. AMBITION, Fever of.

Hew Atlas for my monument; upraise
A pyramid for my tomb, that, undestroyed
By rank, oblivion, and the hungry void,
My name shall echo through prospective days.
O careless conqueror! cold, abysmal grave!
Is it not sad—is it not sad, my heart—
To smother young ambition, and depart
Unhonored and unwilling, like death's slave?
No rare immortal remnant of my thought
Embalms my life; no poem, firmly reared
Against the shock of time, ignobly feared,
But all my life's progression come to naught.
Hew Atlas! build a pyramid in a plain!
O, cool the fever burning in my brain!
David Gray.

107. AMBITION, Fling Away.

I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still, in thy right hand, carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, fear not, [try's,
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy coun-
Thy God's, and truth's. *Wm. Shakespeare.*

108. AMBITION, Ingratitude of.

Brutus—The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins [Cæsar,
Remorse from power: and to speak truth of
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base de-
By which he did ascend. [grees
Wm. Shakespeare.

109. AMBITION, Mortification of.

For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes.
There the vile foot of every clown
Tramples the sons of honor down;
Beggars with awful ashes sport,
And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.
Isaac Watts.

110. AMBITION, True.

First, what is true ambition? The pursuit
Of glory nothing less than man can share.
Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests animals might boast,
And claim their laurel crowns as well as we;
But not celestial. Here, we stand alone;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent.
If prone in thought, our stature is our shame;
And man should blush his forehead meets the
The visible and present are for brutes; [skies.
A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
These, Reason, with energy divine,
O'erleaps, and climbs the future and unseen,
The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaves gross Nature's sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition; this is human fire.
Other ambition nature interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man
By pointing at his origin and end: [mand—
Milk and a swathe, at first, his whole de-
His whole domain, at last, a turf, a stone;
To whom, between, a world may seem too small. *Edward Young.*

111. AMBITION, Works of.

It opened the niggard's purse; clothed nakedness;
Gave beggars food; and threw the Pharisee
Upon his knees, and kept him long in act
Of prayer. It spread the lace upon the fop,
His language trimmed, and planned his curious gait,
It struck the feather on the gay coquette,
And on her finger laid the heavy load
Of jewelry; it did—what did it not? [sent
The gospel preached, the gospel paid, and
The gospel; conquered nations; cities built;
Measured the furrow of the field with nice
Directed share; shaped bulls, and cows, and rams:
And threw the ponderous stone; and pitiful,
Indeed, and much against the grain, it dragged
The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool,
Through learning's halls, and made him labor much
Abortively; though sometimes not unpraised.
He left the sage's chair, and home returned,
Making his simple mother think that she
Had borne a man. In schools, designed to
Sin up, and plant the seeds of holiness [root
In youthful minds, it held a signal place.
The little infant man, by nature proud,
Was taught the Scriptures by the love of praise,
And grew religious as he grew in fame.
And thus the principle, which out of heaven
The devil threw, and threw him down to hell, [ment
And keeps him there, was made an instru-
To moralize and sanctify mankind,
And in their hearts beget humility.

Robert Pollok.

112. AMERICA, Fame of.

Land of the West, though passing brief
The record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all
On History's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—
Thine shall be loudest far:
Let others boast their satellites—
Thou hast the morning star.
Thou hast a name whose characters
Of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain,
And warms the coldest heart,
A war-cry fit for any land,
Where Freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone—
It is thy Washington! *Eliza Cook.*

113. AMERICA, Liberty in.

"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind.
Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd, [sect,
But flow for all through nation, rank, and
Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath intwine, [braid,
Nor breathe corruption from the flowering
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
But take her range through all the social frame,
Pure and pervading as that vital flame [part,
Which warms at once our best and meanest
And thrills a hair while it expands a heart."

Thomas Moore.

114. AMERICA, Mission of.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise, [skies!
The queen of the world, and child of the
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime; [thy name,
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire; [fend,
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall de-
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws, [cause;
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise, [skies.
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star, [soar
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind; [bring
Here grateful to heaven, with transport shall
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire; [refined,
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners
And virtue's bright image, enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendor shall flow, [bow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled, [the world.
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread, [strayed—
From war's dread confusion, I pensively
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired; [expired;
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies." *Timothy Dwight.*

115. AMERICA, Prophesy of.

The Muse disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where Nature guides, and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and
The pedantry of courts and schools. [sense

There shall be sung another Golden Age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts:

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring in the last.
George Berkeley.

116. AMUSEMENTS, Empty.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth de-
A little louder, but as empty quite: [light,
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Alexander Pope.

117. ANCESTRY, Boasting of.

Boast not the titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths; they're their possessions, none of yours;
When your own virtues equal'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;
For they are strong supporters; but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds,
Which all men do that urge not their own deeds
Up to their ancestors'; the river's side,
By which you're planted, shows your fruit shall bide;
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree;
'Tis virtue alone is true nobility;
Which virtue from your father ripe will fall;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.
Ben Jonson.

118. ANCESTRY, Pride of.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracy"!
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*,—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it *waxed*, at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!
John G. Saxe.

119. ANGELS, Care of the.

'Tis your office, spirits bright,
Still to guard us night and day,
And before your heavenly might
Powers of darkness flee away.
Ever doth our unseen host
Camp around us, and avert
All that seek to do us hurt,
Curbing Satan's malice most.
And ye come on ready wing,
When we drift toward sheer despair,
Seeing naught where we might cling,
Suddenly, lo! ye are there!
And the wearied heart grows strong,
As an angel strengthened Him,
Fainting in the garden dim,
'Neath the world's vast woe and wrong.
Johann Rist.

120. ANGELS, Existence of.

These stars, though unbeheld in deep of night, [were none,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep; [hold,
All these with ceaseless praise his works be-
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n. *Milton.*

121. ANGELS and Men.

Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad, [flight,
High o'er celestial mountains winged in
And men are angels loaded for an hour,
Who wade the miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
While here, of corpse ethereal, such enrolled,
And summoned to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent, but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles, Raphael sung
Our triumphs, Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign; and are these, O man!
Thy friends and warm allies, and thou (shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brutes!
Edward Young.

122. ANGELS, Ministry of.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case [grace
Of men than beasts. But, oh, the exceeding
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flittering skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard! *Edmund Spenser.*

123. ANGELS, Music of.

The multitude of angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number sweet,
As from blest voices uttering joy, Heaven
With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled [rung
The eternal regions; lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold—
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss, through midst of Heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams; [bright
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took—
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung; and, with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony, they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No voice exempt—no voice but well could join
Melodious part; such concord is in Heaven.
Milton.

124. ANGELS, Office of the.

They are God's minist'ring spirits, and are
His messengers of mercy, to fulfil [sent
Good for Salvation's heirs. For us they still
Grieve when we sin, rejoice when we repent;
And on the last dread day they shall present
The sever'd righteous at His holy hill,
With them God's face to see, to do His will, [meant
And bear with them His likeness. Was it
That we this knowledge should in secret seal,
Unthought of, unimproving? Rather say,
God deign'd to man His angel hosts reveal,
That man might learn like angels to obey;
And those, who long their bliss in heaven to feel, [they.
Might strive on earth to serve Him even as
Bp. Mant.

125. ANGELS, Strife of.

My dwelling had been situate beside
The myriads of a vast metropolis:
But now astonish'd I beheld, and lo!
There were more spirits than men, more habitants
Of the thin air than of the solid ground:

The firmament was quick with life. As when [forth
The prophet's servant look'd from Dothan
On Syria's thronging multitudes, and saw,
His eyes being open'd at Elisha's prayer,
Chariots of fire by fiery horses drawn,
The squadrons of the sky around the seer
Encamping. Thus in numbers numberless
The hosts of darkness and of light appear'd
Thronging the air. They were not ranged for fight,
But mingled host with host, angels with men.
Nor was it easy to discern the lost
From the elect. There were no horned fiends
As some have fabled, no gaunt skeletons
Of naked horror; but the fallen wore,
Even as the holy angels, robes of light;
Nor did their ruin otherwise appear [hate,
Than in dark passions, envy, and pride, and
Which like a brand upon their brow obscured
The lustre of angelic loveliness.
It was not open battle, might with might
Contesting; but uninterrupted war
Of heavenly faithfulness and hellish craft.
By every saint a holy watcher stood;
By some a company of blessed spirits;
Each had their ministry assign'd. And oft
From some superior chief the watchword pass'd,
Or warnings came of stratagems foreseen,
Or tidings from the court of glory sped
From lip to lip more quickly than the thoughts
Which men decipher from electric signs.
Far off their armor gleam'd. On the other hand
The spirits of darkness freely intermix'd
With all; innumerable legions arm'd;
And, baffled oft, to their respective lords
The thrones and principalities of hell
Repairing, better learn'd their cursed lore
To win or storm the ramparts of the heart
Except to treachery impregnable.

E. H. Bickersteth.

126. ANGELS, Two.

Man hath two attendant angels,
Ever waiting at his side,
With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
Wheresoe'er his feet abide.
One to warn him when in danger,
And rebuke him if he stray:
One to leave him to his nature,
And so let him go his way.

Two recording spirits, reading
All his life's minutest part,
Looking in his soul and listening
To the beatings of his heart.
Each with pen of fire electric,
Writes the good and evil wrought;
Writes with truth that adds not, errs not,
Purpose, action, word, and thought.

One, the Teacher and Reprover,
Marks each heaven-deserving deed;
Graves it with the lightning's vigor;
Seals it with the lightning's speed;
For the good that man achieveth—
Good beyond an angel's doubt—
Such remains for aye and ever,
And cannot be blotted out.

One (severe and silent Watcher)
Noteth every crime and guile,
Writes it with a holy duty,
Seals it not, but waits awhile;
If the evil-doer cry not—
"God, forgive me!" ere he sleeps,
Then the sad stern spirit seals it,
And the gentler spirit weeps.

P. Prince.

127. ANGER, Fruits of.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath:
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despite, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life;
All these, and many evils more, haunt ire.
The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsy, and Saint Francis fire:
Such one was wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

Edmund Spenser.

128. ANIMALS, Creation of.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God said, [kind,
"Let the earth bring forth soul living in her
Cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth, [straight
Each in their kind." The Earth obeyed, and
Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limbed and full grown. Out of the ground up rose, [wons
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds up sprung. [appeared
The grassy clods now calved; now half
The tawny lion, pawing to get free [bonds,
His hinder parts; then springs, as broke from
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from underground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould,
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheaved
His vastness: fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land,
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, [fans
Insect or worm: those waved their limber
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,

With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These, as a line, their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First
The parsimonious emmet, provident [crept
Of future; in small room large heart inclosed;
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appeared
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored. The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures knowest, and gavest them names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Milton.

129. ANIMALS, Treatment of.

Verily, they are all thine: freely mayest thou serve thee of them all:
They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness;
Gratitude to their God and thine,—their Father and thy Father,
Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all:
For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying: for burden, but with limits of humanity.
For luxury, but not through torture: for draught, but according to the strength:
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption,
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash;
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite;
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal;
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance;
Behold, he is faint with hunger; the big tear standeth in his eye;
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his burden;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigor,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth unequally with toil;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings—the generous brute is dead!
Liveth there no advocate for him? no judge to avenge his wrongs?
No voice that shall be heard in his defence? no sentence to be passed on his oppressor?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for him;
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own exceeding punishment.
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned. *M. F. Tupper.*

130. ANNIHILATION, Absurdity of.

Why life, a moment? infinite, desire?
Our wish, eternity? our home, the grave?
Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope:
Who wishes life immortal proves it too.
Why happiness pursued, though never found?
Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
For nature never gravitates to nought:
That thirst, unquenched, declares it is not here.
Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
If friend and friendship vanish in an hour?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
Why by reflection marred the joys of sense?
Why past and future preying on our hearts,
And putting all our present joys to death?
Why labors reason?—instinct were as well!
Instinct far better—what can choose can err.
O, how infallible the thoughtless brute!
'Twere well his holiness were half as sure.
Reason with inclination, why at war?
Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?
Conscience of guilt is prophecy of pain,
And bosom counsel to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarred,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on . . . . . these, a thousand pleas uncalled,
All promise, some insure, a second scene;
Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain; were it false,
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope;
The future of the present is the soul. [next!
How this life groans, when severed from the
Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In both parts perishes: life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!
Could'st thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes, how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new as deep!
O, with what thoughts (thy hope, and my despair)

Abhorred ANNIHILATION blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Edward Young.

131. ANNIHILATION, Advocates of.

Are there on earth (let me not call them men!)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts,
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,
Or rock, of its inestimable gem? [these
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish,
Shall know their treasure—treasure, then, no more.
Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? who smother, in its birth, [brutes?
The glorious truth? who struggle to be
Who, through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with reversed ambition, strive to sink?
Who labor downwards through the opposing powers [them,
Of instinct, reason, and the world against
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night?—night, darker than the graves!
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise),
Blasphemers and rank atheists to themselves?
Edward Young.

132. ANNIHILATION, License of.

Duty! Religion!—These, our duty done,
Imply reward. Religion is mistake.
Duty!—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats, away! ye daughters of my pride,
Who feign yourselves the favorites of the
Ye towering hopes, abortive energies, [skies!
That toss and struggle in my lying breast
To scale the skies, and build presumptions
As I were heir of an eternity— [there,
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
As bounded as my being be my wish.
All is inverted; wisdom is a fool.
Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on;
And ignorance befriend us on our way;
Ye new, but truest patrons of our peace?
Yes, give the pulse full empire; live the brute, [man,
Since, as the brute, we die . . . . the sum of
Of Godlike man, to revel and to rot!
Edward Young.

133. ANT, Lesson from the.

Turn to the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labors, sluggard, and be wise:
No stern command, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain, [grain.
She crops the harvest and she stores the
How long shall sloth usurp the useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigor, and enchain thy powers;
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose?
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow, [foe.
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambushed
Samuel Johnson.

134. ANXIETY, Misery of.

Thou hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of the world,
But that which hath vexed thee most, hath been the looking for evil;
And though calamities have crossed thee and misery been heaped on thy head,
Yet ills that never happened have chiefly made thee wretched.
Verily, evils may be courted, may be wooed and won by distrust;
For the wise Physician of our weal loveth not an unbelieving spirit;
And to those giveth he good, who rely on his hand for good;
And those leaveth he to evil, who fear, but trust him not.
Ask for good, and hope it; for the ocean of good is fathomless;
Ask for good, and have it; for thy Friend would see thee happy;
But to the timid heart, to the child of unbelief and dread,
That leaneth on his own weak staff, and trusteth in the sight of his eyes,
The evil he feared shall come, for the soil is ready for the seed,
And suspicion hath coldly put aside the hand that was ready to help him.
Therefore look up, sad spirit; be strong, thou coward heart,
Or fear will make thee wretched, though evil follow not behind.
Cease to anticipate misfortune,—there are still many chances of escape;
But if it come, be courageous, face it and conquer thy calamity.
There is not an enemy so stout as to storm and take the fortress of the mind,
Unless its infirmity turn traitor, and fear unbar the gates.
The valiant standeth as a rock, and the billows break upon him;
The timorous is a skiff unmoored, toss'd and mocked at by a ripple;
The valiant holdeth fast to good, till evil wrench it from him;
The timorous casteth it aside, to meet the worst half way:
Yet oftentimes is evil but a braggart, that provoketh and will not fight;
Or the feint of a subtle fencer, who measureth his thrust elsewhere;
Or perchance a blessing in a masque, sent to try thy trust,

The precious smiting of a friend whose
frowns are all in love;
Often the storm threateneth, but is driven to
other climes,
And the weak hath quailed in fear, while
the firm hath been glad in his confi-
dence. *M. F. Tupper.*

135. APOSTLES, Miracles of the.

For them the fulness of His might is shown
O'erleaping the strong bounds of Nature's law;
Grim Death for them contracts his hasty
stride;
His horrid messengers, disease and pain,
Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,
And leave their prey to ease and thankful-
ness;
For them bright wisdom opens all her stores,
Her golden treasures spreading to their view,
Whilst inspiration's all-enlivening light
Hangs hovering o'er their heads in glittering
blaze; [strain
Warmed by the ray, they pour the sacred
In eloquence seraphic. *Charles Jenner.*

136. APOSTLES, Pre-eminence of the.

Where is the fire which once descended
On thy apostles? Thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.
The sun which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head and wished for night
When he beheld twelve suns for one,
Going about the world and giving light.
George Herbert.

137. APPAREL, Costly.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer
dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on
men; [then.
And, death once dead, there's no more dying
Shakespeare.

138. APPAREL, Poor.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments
poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
Shakespeare.

139. APPEARANCES, Deceptive.

The wicked giant, Bali, had obtained
Supreme control from heaven down to hell;
He all the humbler deities had chained;
Like rain his cruelties unmeasured fell.

The highest gods in fear a session called,
And argued vengeful plans for many an
hour: [brawled
From far below he upward looked, and
An arrogant defiance to their power.

At length divinest Vishnu forward stepped,
While round the senate mighty plaudits
ran, [wept—
And vowed himself—his consort Lakshim
The foe to disenthrone, and ransom man.

The heavenly synod praised him, though they
feared [harms.
His failure through some one of million
On earth, a puny man, he soon appeared,
And, as a beggar, asked of Bali alms.

"What wouldst thou have?" the horrid des-
pot said, [glance.
And gave the shrinking dwarf a scornful
O fool! premonished by no mystic dread,
And reading naught beneath that counte-
nance!

The little timid mendicant replies, [space—
"Give me so much of thy dominion's
The boon is small, but will for me suffice—
As I can only by three steppings pace."

The blinded Bali, mocking gave assent, [eye.
And looked upon him with contemptuous
Swift grew the dwarf through such immense
extent, [the sky!
That *one* step spanned the earth, one *more*,

Then looking round, with haughty voice he
said, [tell!"
"The *third* where shall I take? O Bali,
At Vishnu's feet the tyrant placed his head,
And instantaneously was thrust to hell.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

140. APPEARANCES, Deluding.

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some marks of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beard of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward searched, have livers white as
milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the
weight:

Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head;
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, [on
That seeming truth which cunning times put
To entrap the wisest. *Shakespeare.*

141. APPEARANCES, False.

Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
All gladness and glory to wondering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!—
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er!
Thomas Kibble Hervey.

142. ARGUMENT, Calmness in.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sickness or poverty?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the tower that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit, the sphere.
George Herbert.

143. ARGUMENT, Vain.

It is in vain,
I see, to argue against the grain,
Or like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do;
For when disputes are wearied out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt.
A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.
Samuel Butler.

Like doctors too, when much dispute has passed
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Alexander Pope.

144. ARMOR, Christian.

Christian to arms! behold in sight
The treacherous threatening sons of night;
To arms! or thou art put to flight;
Attest thy glorious chivalry.

Each moment's respite sees thy wrong,
Supinely thou hast dwelt too long.
Thy foes, alas! they grow more strong.
Arise! acquit thee valiantly.

Armor thou hast, oh! haste to use,
Ere thou the skill to use it lose;
Powerless thou art if thou refuse
To arm thee with this panoply.

Though called to wrestle here below
Against a mighty three-fold foe,
Perpetual conquests thou shalt know
Equipp'd thou art invincible.

Great, great shall thy rejoicing be,
Ceaseless thy boast of victory,
'Till thou thy King in glory see,
Through whom thou art omnipotent.
Phœbe Palmer.

145. ARMOR, Dying in.

Oh, is it not a noble thing to die
As dies the Christian, with his armor on!—
What is the hero's clarion, though its blast
Ring with the mastery of a world, to this?—
What are the searching victories of mind—
The lore of vanish'd ages?—What are all
The trumpetings of proud humanity,
To the short history of him who made
His sepulchre beside the King of kings!
N. P. Willis.

146. ARMOR, Ministerial.

When first my soul enlisted,
My Saviour's foes to fight,
Mistaken friends insisted
I was not armed aright;
So Saul advisèd David
He certainly would fail,
Nor could his life be savèd
Without a coat of mail.

But David, though he yielded
To put the armor on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventured forth with none.
With only sling and pebble
He fought the fight of faith:
The weapons seemed but feeble,
Yet proved Goliath's death.

Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armor men provided,
I might have gained the day;
But armed as they advised me,
My expectations failed;
My enemy surprised me,
And had almost prevailed.

Furnished with books and notions,
And arguments and pride,
I practised all my motions,
And Satan's power defied:

But soon perceived with trouble
That these would do no good;—
Iron to him is stubble,
And brass like rotten wood.

I triumphed at a distance,
While he was out of sight;
But faint was my resistance,
When forced to join in fight;—
He broke my sword in shivers,
And pierced my boasted shield;
Laughed at my vain endeavors,
And drove me from the field.

Satan will not be bravèd
By such a worm as I;
Then let me learn with David
To trust in the Most High;
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of prayer:
Thus armed, when Satan sees us,
He'll tremble and despair.
John Newton.

147. ART, Impression of.

Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought, [ate word.
Nor wrong the thought, missing the medi-
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
Beyond mere imagery on the wall,— [mind,
So, note by note, bring music from your
Deeper than ever the Andante dived,—
So write a book shall mean, beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.
Robert Browning.

148. ART, Votaries of.

What is thy worship but a vain pretence,
Spirit of beauty, and a servile trade,
A poor and an unworthy traffic made
With most sacred gifts of soul and sense;
If they who tend thine altars, gathering thence
No strength, no purity, may still remain
Selfish and dark, and from life's sordid stain
Find in their ministrations no defence?
—Thus many times I ask, when aught of mean
Or sensual has been brought unto mine ear,
Of them whose calling high is to insphere
Eternal beauty in forms of human art—[been
Vexed that my soul should ever moved have
By that which has such feigning at the heart.
Richard Chenevix Trench.

149. ARTIFICE, Shallow.

Shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And like a cobweb veil but thinly shades
The face of thy design: alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect mischief!
Thou like the adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller, and, after, hear'st
Not his pursuing voice; e'en when thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess and point the path which thou has't crept.
O fate of fools! officious in contriving;
In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.
Wm. Congreve.

150. ASCENSION, Christ's.

It was a golden eventide. The sun
Was sinking through the roseate clouds to rest
Beneath the Western waves. But purer light
And vestments woven of more glorious hues,
Albeit invisible to mortal eyes, [of God,
Gladden'd the heavens. For there the hosts
Ten thousand times ten thousand, tier on tier,
Marshall'd by Gabriel, fill'd the firmament;
The lowest ranks, horses and cars of fire,
Circling Mount Olivet; and next to these
A body-guard of flaming seraphim,
And hierarchal thrones; and after them
Celestial armies without number stretch'd
In infinite ascent aloft, their swords [scared,
Sheathed by their side (for, like an eagle
No foe on that great triumph moved the wing,
Open'd his mouth, or peep'd), and in their hand
The palm of victory and the harp of praise:
While through their thronging multitudes there oped
A path of crystal glory, all perfumed
With love and breezy raptures, such as heaven
Had never known. But every eye was bent
Upon the Saviour, as He stood amongst
The apostolic group, and lifted up [rose,
His hands and bless'd them, and in blessing
No wind, no car, no cherubim of fire
Ministrant, in His Father's might self-moved,
Into the glowing sky; until a cloud
Far floating in the zenith, which had drunk
Of the last sunbeams, wrapt His radiant form,
And instantly became like light itself,
Then melted into viewless air. But we,
Closing around His path, with shouts of joy
Rose with Him through the subjugated heavens,
The desolate domains of Lucifer,
And through the starry firmament, whose orbs,
Vibrating with the impulse of our march,
Resounded Hallelujahs and flash'd fires
Of welcome—a procession such as earth
Saw never, nor had heaven beheld till now—
Observing each his place, yet each one near
The Prince of glory, who was near to each,
His Omnipresent Eye on every face
Shedding His rapture; ever soaring higher,
And singing as we soar'd, until we reach'd
The confines of the third celestial sphere,
Shut in by gates of pearl, transcending these
Of Paradise, as these surpass the porch
Of the first Eden. There aloof, around,
Thronging the arch on this side and on that,
Was Michael with a host equal to ours,
Sent from the heavenly Zion. Onward still
We swept like clouds over an azure sky,
And to the sound of martial trumpets sang
Exultingly, 'Lift up your heads, ye gates!
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!
Up, and the King of glory shall come in.'
Immediate, like an echo from those ranks
Guarding the heavenly citadel, the voice

Of myriads perfectly attuned as one,
Came back the peal of joyful challenge, 'Who,
Who is the King of glory?'—and from ours
The jubilant response, 'The Lord of hosts,
Mighty in battle against the powers of hell,
Jehovah, King of glory! Lift your heads!
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!
Up, and the King of glory shall come in.'
'Who is the King of glory?' yet again
Peal'd from those opening gates. 'The Lord of hosts;
He is the King of glory,' broke once more
In waves of thunder on those jasper walls,
Which never shook till now. And, host with host [swept,
Commingling, through the portals on we
And through the city of the King of kings,
The streets of golden crystal tremulous
Beneath the nimble tread of seraphim,
And eager principalities and powers,
And cohorts without number, till we came
Into the heavenly temple (space enough
Beneath its comprehensive dome for all
God's ministries and more than all twice told
In order ranged): and then the Great High Priest
Alone advancing with His precious blood
Touch'd, as it seem'd, the spotless mercy-seat;
And lo, the Everlasting Father rose,
Diffusing beams of joy ineffable,
Which centred on His Son, His only Son,
And rising to His bosom folded Him
(If acts of Him the Increate can thus
Be duly in our language shadow'd forth)
And set Him at His own right hand: while clouds,
Breathing Divine ambrosial fragrance, fill'd
The temple, and awoke in every heart
Bliss inconceivable of silent praise.
E. H. Bickersteth.

151. ASCENSION, Hymn of.

"Bright portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold;
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold;
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

The choirs of happy souls,
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless spirits of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arched in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

O glory of the Heaven!
O sole delight of Earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation and our song."
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.
William Drummond.

152. ASCENSION, Results of the.

And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! Hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of glory to come in!
Who is the King of glory? He who left
His throne of glory for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of glory to come in!
Who is the King of glory! He who slew
The rav'nous foe that gorg'd all human race!
The King of glory, He, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumined wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain!
O, the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!
Last gasp of vanquish'd death. Shout, earth and heaven,
This sum of good to man; whose nature then
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose! Then first humanity
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seized eternal youth— [mous
Seized in our name. E'er since, 'tis blasphe-
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was then transferred to death; and heaven's duration
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust. Man, all-immortal, hail!
Hail, Heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man:
Thine all the glory! man's the boundless bliss.
Edward Young.

153. ASPIRATION, Answer to.

Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That HIS prayer, "Come, gracious Allah!" is my answer, "Here am I."
Every inmost aspiration is God's angel un defiled;
And in every "O my Father!" slumbers deep "Here, my child."
Dschelaleddin.

154. ASPIRATION and Attainment.

Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward; and chide the part of me that flags,
Through sinful choice; or dread necessity
On human nature from above imposed.
'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise; but to converse with heaven,—
This is not easy:—to relinquish all
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,

And stand in freedom loosened from this world,
I deem not arduous; but must needs confess
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desire;
And the most difficult of tasks to *keep*
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
Man is of dust: ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
Want due consistence; like a pillar of smoke,
That with majestic energy from earth
Rises; but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts and dissolves, and is no longer seen.
William Wordsworth.

155. ASPIRATION, Heavenward.

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;—
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!
Thomas Moore.

156. ASPIRATION, Higher.

Higher, yet, and higher,
Ever nigher, ever nigher,
To the glory we conceive not, let us toil and strive and strain!—
The agonizèd yearning
The imploring and the burning,
Grown awfuller, intenser, at each vista we attain,
And clearer, brighter, growing,
Up the gulf of heaven wander,
Higher, higher yet and higher, to the Mystery we ponder!

Yea, higher yet, and higher,
Ever nigher, ever nigher,
While men grow small by stooping and the reaper piles the grain,—
Can it then be bootless,
Profitless, and fruitless,
The weary, aching, upward search for what we never gain?
Is there no waiting
Rest and golden weather,
Where, passionately purified, the singers may meet together?

Up! higher yet, and higher,
Ever nigher, ever nigher,
Thro' voids that Milton and the rest beat still with seraph-wings;
Out thro' the great gate creeping
Where God hath put his sleeping—
A dewy cloud detaining not the soul that soars and sings,
Up! higher yet, and higher,
Fainting nor retreating,
Beyond the sun, beyond the stars, to the far, bright realm of meeting!
Robert Buchanan.

157. ASPIRATION, Sympathy in.

Countless chords of heavenly music,
Struck ere earthly time began,
Vibrate in immortal concord
To the answering soul of man.
Countless rays of heavenly glory
Shine through spirit pent in clay,
On the wise men at their labors,
On the children at their play.
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,
Seen the glory, heard the music;
We are wiser than we know.
Charles Mackay.

158 ASPIRATION, Worth of.

Beauty and Truth, tho' never found, are worthy to be sought,
The singer, upward-springing,
Is grander than his singing,
And tranquil self-sufficing joy illumes the dark of thought. *Robert Buchanan.*

159. ASSOCIATION, Adjustment of.

Who, think'st thou, in the courts of Heaven reside?
They, who with malice burn, with envy pine,
Ply the full feast and quaff the midnight wine,
Loose pleasure's daughters, and the sons of pride?
They who from meek affliction turn aside,
Its plaints unheard; and bow at Mammon's shrine,
Moloch's or Bel's; and, blind to truth divine,
Neglect God's mercy, and His power deride?
If such Heaven's inmates, well thou runn'st thy race,
Man of the world! But ah! let conscience tell,
If holy hearts the holy city grace,
What part hast thou therein; and ponder well,
Yea, ponder well betimes that other place,
And who its tenants, and with whom they dwell. *Bp. Mant.*

160. ASSOCIATION, Influence of.

A fragrant piece of earth salutes
Each passenger, and perfume shoots,
Unlike the common earth or sod,
Around through all the air abroad.
A pilgrim near it once did rest,
And took it up, and thus addressed:
"Art thou a lump of musk? or art
A ball of spice this smell t' impart
To all who chance to travel by
The spot where thou, like earth, dost lie?"
Humbly the clod replied: "I must
Confess that I am only dust.
But once a *rose* within me grew:
Its rootlets shot, its flowerets blew,

And all the rose's sweetness rolled
Throughout the texture of my mould;
And so it is that I impart
Perfume to thee, whoe'er thou art!"
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

161. ASSOCIATION, Lesson of.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours have passed away
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.
Thomas Moore.

162. ASSOCIATION, Local.

And who, that walks where men of ancient days [praise,
Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of
Feels not the spirit of the place control,
Or rouse and agitate his laboring soul?
Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,
On Zutphen's plain; or on that highland dell,
Through which rough Garry cleaves his way, can tell
What high resolves rivets to the spot,
Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest sigh,
And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye;
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" expired.
William Wordsworth.

163. ASSOCIATION, Ties of.

Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
Of the same parent-stone, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
With fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
Then, tho' disjoin'd by kingdoms, tho' the main [stars
Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which one possess'd, nor pause nor quiet knew
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found his path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union where we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
Those long-connected scenes where first they
The attention. [mov'd
Mark Akenside.

164. ASSOCIATION, Wise.

As the rose doth its fragrance impart
To the basket in which it is laid,
Whether wrought of pure gold or of braid;
So, receiving wise men in thy heart,
Thou shalt find, when their persons depart,
That their wisdom behind them hath stayed.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

165. ASSURANCE, Blessing of.

Not from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies;
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if the eternal King
Look through the clouds, and bless me with his eyes!
Isaac Watts.

166. ASTRONOMY, Devotional.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity. . . .
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O, what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries there. . . . I feel it at my heart,
My heart at once it humbles and exalts—
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted? or unawed?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all animating birth! [praise!
Work worthy Him who made it! worthy
All praise! praise more than human! nor denied [in sleep,
Thy praise divine! But though man, drowned
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake:
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing (un-
By mortal ear) the glorious Architect, [heard
In this his universal temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul—at once,
The temple, and the preacher! O, how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of night.
Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.
True, all things speak a God; but in the small,
Men trace out Him—in great, He seizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Edward Young.

167. ATHEISM, Blight of.

They eat
Their daily bread and draw the breath of Heaven,
Without or thought or thanks. Heaven's roof, to them,
Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
No more, that lights them to their purposes.
They wander loose about; they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short-lived, short-sighted, impotent to save.
To their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
Destruction cometh, like an armed man,
Or like a dream of murder in the night,
Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking
The bones of all their pride. [ing.
Charles Lamb.

168. ATHEISM, Contradiction of.

"No God! no God!" the simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.

No God astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar:
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts his head,
The Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name.

High swells the deep and vengeful sea
Along its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

169. ATHEISM, Desolation of.

O! lives there, heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for ever more!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?
Oh star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?—
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic's head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heavenward hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field:
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate!
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

Thomas Campbell.

170. ATHEISM, Wilful.

The owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings across the moon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids and shuts them close,
And, hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

S. T. Coleridge.

171. ATHEIST, Caution to the.

Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.

Isaac Watts.

172. ATHEIST, Labor of the.

The unbeliever
Despising reason, revelation, God,
And kicking 'gainst the pricks of conscience,
Deliriously upon the bossy shield
Of the Omnipotent; and in his heart
Purposed to deify the idol Chance.
And labored hard—oh, labor worse than nought!
And toiled with dark and crooked reasoning,
To make the fair and lovely Earth, which dwelt
In sight of Heaven, a cold and fatherless,
Forsaken thing, that wandered on, forlorn,
Undestined, uncompassioned, unupheld:
A vapor eddying in the whirl of chance,
And soon to vanish everlastingly.
He travailed sorely, and made many a tack,
His sails oft shifting, to arrive—dread thought:

Arrive at utter nothingness; and have
Being no more—no feeling, memory,
No lingering consciousness that ere he was.
Guilt's midnight wish! last, most abhorred thought.
Most desperate effort of extremest sin.
Others, preoccupied, ne'er saw true hope;
He, seeing, aimed to stab her to the heart,
And with infernal chemistry to wring
The last sweet drop from sorrow's cup of gall;
To quench the only ray that cheered the earth,
And leave mankind in night which had no star.
Others the streams of pleasure troubled; he
Toiled much to dry her very fountain head.
Unpardonable man! sold under sin!
He was the Devil's pioneer, who cut
The fences down of virtue, sapped her walls,
And opened a smooth and easy way to death.
Traitor to all existence! to all life!
Soul-suicide! determined foe of being!
Intended murderer of God, Most High!
Strange road, most strange! to seek for happiness!
Hell's mad-houses are full of such; too fierce,
Too furiously insane, and desperate,
To rage unbound 'mong evil spirits damned!
Robert Pollok.

173. ATONEMENT, Confidence in the.

My dear Redeemer and my God,
I stake my soul on Thy Free Grace:
Take back my interest in Thy Blood,
Unless it streamed for *all* the race.
I stake my soul on this alone,
THY BLOOD DID ONCE FOR ALL ATONE.
Charles Wesley.

174. ATONEMENT, Completeness of the.

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me—e'en for my soul—was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.
John Wesley.

175. ATONEMENT, Demand for.

With blood—but not his own—the awful sign
At once of sin's desert and guilt's remission,
The Jew besought the clemency divine,
The hope of mercy blending with contrition.
Sin must have death! Its holy requisition
The law may not relax. The opening tomb
Expects its prey; mere respite, life's condition;
Nor can the body shun its penal doom.
Yet, there is mercy; wherefore else delay
To punish? Why the victim and the rite?
But can the type and symbol take away
The guilt, and for a broken law requite?
The cross unfolds the mystery,—Jesus died:
The sinner lives: the Law is satisfied.
With blood—but not his own—the Jew drew near [prayer.
The mercy-seat, and heaven received his
Yet still his hope was dimmed with doubt and fear: [might dare
"If thou shouldst mark transgression who
To stand before thee?" Mercy loves to spare
And pardon: but stern Justice has a voice,
And cries—Our God is holy, nor can bear
Uncleanness in the people of his choice.
But now One Offering ne'er to be renewed,
Hath made our peace forever. This now gives
Free access to the Throne of Heavenly Grace,—
No more base fear and dark disquietude.
He who was slain—the Accepted Victim!—lives,
And intercedes before the Father's face.
Josiah Conder.

176. ATONEMENT, Marvel of the.

What laws, my blessed Saviour, hast thou broken,
That so severe a sentence should be spoken?
How hast Thou 'gainst Thy Father's will
In what offended? [contended,

With scourges, blows, and spitting, they reviled Thee:
They crowned Thy brow with thorns, while King they styled Thee;
When, faint with pains, Thy tortured body
Then gall they offered. [suffered,

Say! wherefore thus by woes wast Thou surrounded? [wounded:
Ah! Lord, for my transgressions Thou wast
God took the guilt from me, who should have
On Thee He laid it. [paid it;

How strange and marvellous was this correction! [tection;
Falls the good Shepherd in His sheep's pro-
The servants' debt behold the Master paying,
For them obeying.

The righteous dies, who walked with God true-hearted:
The sinner lives, who has from God departed;
By man came death, yet man its fetters
God it o'ertaketh. [breaketh;

Shame and iniquity had whelmed me over:
From head to foot no good couldst Thou discover;
For this in hell should I, with deep lamenting,
Be aye repenting.

But oh! the depth of love beyond comparing,
That brought Thee down from heaven, our burden bearing!
I taste all peace and joy that life can offer,
Whilst Thou must suffer!

Eternal King! in power and love excelling,
Fain would my heart and mouth Thy praise
be telling; [nigh Thee,
But how can man's weak powers at all come
How magnify Thee?

Such wondrous love would baffle my endeavor
To find its equal, should I strive forever:
How should my works, could I in all obey
Ever repay Thee! [Thee,

Yet this shall please Thee, if devoutly trying
To keep Thy laws, mine own wrong will denying,
I watch my heart, lest sin again ensnare it
And from Thee tear it.
Johann Heermann, tr. by F. E. Cox.

177. ATONEMENT, Substitution of the.

Look humbly upward, see His will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
His justice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score.
See God descending in the human frame,
The offended suffering in the offender's name:
All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,
And all His righteousness devolved on thee.
John Dryden.

178. ATTAINMENT, Failure of.

If this mute earth
Of what it holds could speak, and every grave
Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame,
To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill
That which is done accords with what is known
To reason, and by conscience is enjoined;
How idly, how perversely, life's whole course,
To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
At her aspiring outset.
William Wordsworth.

179. ATTAINMENT, Mockery of.

There are hopes
Promising well; and love-touch'd dreams for some; [schemes
And passions, many a wild one; and fair
For gold and pleasure—yet will only this
Balk not the soul—Ambition only gives,
Even of bitterness, a beaker *full!*
Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best—Love is a lamp unseen,
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken—
Gain is a grovelling care, and Folly tires,
And Quiet is a hunger never fed—
And from Love's very bosom, and from Gain,
Or folly, or a Friend, or from Repose,—
From all but keen Ambition—will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
To wander like a restless child away.
Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart—
Must canker in its coffer—if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more—
If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears—
If truth, and fervor, must return
And die of their own fulness—if beyond
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself—*what thrice-mocked fools are we!*
N. P. Willis.

180. ATTRACTIONS, Earthly.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honored rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honor, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the idol, but a damasked skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud-swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
Francis Quarles.

181. ATTRACTION, Reversed.

Chains of my heart, avaunt, I say;
I will arise, and in the strength of love
Pursue the bright track, ere it fade away,
My Saviour's pathway to His home above.

Sure, when I reach the point where earth
Melts into nothing from th' uncumbered sight, [birth,
Heaven will o'ercome th' attraction of my
And I shall sink in yonder sea of light.
John Keble.

182. AUTHOR, Fame of the.

He hath built up, glorious architect, a monument more durable than brass;
His children's children shall talk of him in love, and teach their sons his honor;
His dignity hath set him among princes; the universe is debtor to his worth;
His privilege is blessing forever, his happiness shineth now,
For he standeth of that grand Election, each man one among a thousand,
Whose sound is gone out unto all the lands, and their words to the end of the world.
M. F. Tupper.

183. AUTHORSHIP, Benefit of.

It addeth immortality to dying facts, that are ready to vanish away,
Embalming as in amber the poor insects of an hour;
Shedding upon stocks and stones the tender light of interest,
And illuming dark places of the earth with radiance of classic lustre.

315

It hath power to make past things present, and
availeth for the present in the future,
Delivering thoughts, and words, and deeds,
from the outer darkness of oblivion.
M. F. Tupper.

184. AUTHORITY, A Little Brief.

Isabel. Oh! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
For every pelting, petty officer [quiet;
Would use his heaven for thunder,—
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous
bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our
spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Shakespeare.

185. AUTHORITY, Intoxication of.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.
Samuel Butler.

186. AUTUMN, Beauty of.

Mild as the glances of angel eyes,
Soft as the kisses of first-born love, [skies
Down through the blaze of these Autumn
Comes the glad sunshine from realms above.

Beautiful pictures it sketcheth now,
Touched with the glowing hues of old,
Painting the valley and mountain's brow
Over with purple and red and gold.

Whispers of beauty the spirit fills,
Tales of a land that fadeth never,
Sunshine that gildeth the beautiful hills,
Just over the banks of a crystal river.

Beautiful rest for the weary soul,
Earth had no beauty akin to this;
Anthems of gladness forever roll
Over those halcyon days of bliss.

Down the steeps of life's western hill,
Beautiful sunshine of hope and light,
Every shadow and hope dispel,
Lift my spirit from realms of night.

Soft as the beam of Autumn sun,
Sweet as the death of the summer flowers,
Gather thy jewels one by one,
Take my soul to those fadeless bowers.

187. AUTUMN, Lesson of.

The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sowed
Have no riches for reaping:—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year 's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;
The red sun is sinking;
And I am growing old,
And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enough for sad thinking!
Thomas Hood.

188. AVARICE of the Aged.

Of age's avarice I cannot see [be;
What color, ground, or reason there should
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn, what a spring had sown;
And with the providence of bees or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants.
But age scarce sows, till death stands by to
reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,
And to avoid a mischief, makes it sure,
Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
As to be poor for fear of poverty.
Sir John Denham.

189. AVARICE, Disappointed.

"I give and I devise" (Old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to
Ned." [all?
Your money sir?—"My money, sir, what,
Why, if I must" (then wept), "I give it
Paul." [cried,
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold," he
"Not that—I cannot part with that," and
died. *Alexander Pope.*

190. AVARICE, Insatiable.

Canst thou tell me what is insatiable?
The greedy eye of avarice!
Were all the universe a loaded table,
It never, never could fill this!
Oriental.

191. AVARICE, Misery of.

And greedy avarice by him did ride
Upon a camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hang on either side,
With precious metall full as they might
hold,

And in his lap an heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And into hell himself for money sold;
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall balance waide,
His life was nigh unto death's dore yplaste;
And thread-bare cote and cobbled shoes he ware,
He scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet child nor kinsman living had he none,
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his own.
He led a wretched life unto himselfe unknown, [suffice,
Most wretched wight whom nothing might
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise.
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him poor,
Who had enough, yet wished evermore.
Edmund Spenser.

192. AVARICE, Offerings of.

Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou seest the accomplishment of thy desire!
Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain!
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
And showers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.
O souls in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the gods. *Persius, tr. by John Dryden.*

193. AVARICE, Peril of.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil,
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim [devil,
To all things else. Wealth is the conjuror's
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him. [sticks
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take stars for money; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one: her soul, rest, fame. *George Herbert.*

194. AVARICE, Slavery of.

When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st but all in vain:
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes; [wakes:
At his command the unwilling sluggard
What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord: [aboard:
Why rise, make ready, and go straight
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense take [back:
With thy own hands from the tir'd camel's
And with poste-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny: lie and swear;
'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear;
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Persius, tr. by John Dryden.

195. AVERSION, Isolation of.

It needs not guards in front and rear to keep the crowd away;
Aversion to the vulgar throng will hold them all at bay. *Oriental.*

196. BABE, Coming of a.

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung on the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven, [feet,
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

197. BABE, Death of a.

She had seen
All of earth's year except the winter's snows,
Spring, summer, autumn, like sweet dreams, had smiled
On her. Eva—or *living*—was her name;
A bud of life folded in leaves and love;
The dewy morning star of summer days;
The golden lamps of happy fire-side hours;
The little ewe-lamb nestling by our side;
The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts;
The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise:
The quiet spring, the rivulet of joy;
The pearl among His gifts who gave us all;
On whom not we alone, but all who look'd,
Gazing would breathe the involuntary words,

"God bless thee, Eva—God be bless'd for thee."
Alas, clouds gather'd quickly, and the storm
Fell without warning on our tender bud,
Scattering its leaflets; and the star was drench'd
In tears; the lamp burnt dimly; unawares
The little lamb was faint; the weary dove
Cower'd its young head beneath its drooping wing; [fount
The chord was loosen'd on our harp; the
Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry;
And in our souls we heard our Father, saying,
"Will ye return the gift?" The Voice was low—
The answer lower still—"Thy will be done."
And now, where we had often pictured her,
I saw her one of the beatified;
Eva, our blossom, ours for ever now,
Unfolding in the atmosphere of love:
The star that set upon our earthly home
Had risen in glory, and in purer skies
Was shining; and the lamp we sorely miss'd,
Shed its soft radiance in a better home;
Our lamb was pasturing in heavenly meads;
Our dove had settled on the trees of life;
Another chord was ringing with delight,
Another spring of rapture was unseal'd,
In Paradise; our treasure was with God;
The gift in the great Giver's strong right hand; [but say,
And none who look'd on her could choose
"Eva, sweet angel, God be bless'd for thee."

E. H. Bickersteth.

198. BABE, Departure of a.

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,
White buds, the summer's drifted snow.—
Wrap her from head to foot in flowers!
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

199. BABE, Salvation for a.

Sweet babe!
She glanced into our world to see
A sample of our misery;
Then turned away her languid eye,
To drop a tear or two—and die.

Sweet babe!
She tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the portion up;
But turned her little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste—and died.

Sweet babe!
She listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs; then turned her ear
To angel harps and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial—sighed and died.

Sweet babe no more, but seraph now;
Before the throne behold her bow;
To heavenly joys her spirit flies,
Blest in the triumph of the skies;

Adores the grace that brought her there,
Without a wish, without a care,
That washed her soul in Calvary's stream,
That shortened life's distressing dream.

Short pain, short grief, dear babe, were thine;
Now joys eternal and divine;
Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing:
Thine infant spirit soars on angel-wing;
Our dark affection might have hoped thy stay,
The voice of God has called his child away.
Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
Oh! more than Samuel blest, to thee is given,
The God he served on earth, to serve in heaven.

Allan Cunningham.

200. BACKSLIDING, Hopelessness of.

Jesu, whither shall I go,
Thee my Saviour if I leave?
Only Thou canst ease my woe,
Only thou canst pardon give.
None beside can save from sin;
None beside can make me clean.

If I foolishly depart
From the ark of Thy dear breast,
Where shall my unsettled heart
Find a ground whereon to rest?
Whither, or to whom shall I
From myself for succor fly?

Shall I back to Egypt go,
To my vomit turn again,
To my flesh corruption sow,
Live anew in pleasures vain?
No, with sin I cannot dwell;
Sin is worse than death and hell.

Shall I my old toil renew,
Catch an honorable name,
Praise which comes from man pursue,
Idolize and pant for fame?
Who on fame bestows his care,
Grasps a shadow, feeds on air.

If my God I cast behind,
God, the Source of perfect bliss,
Vain are all my hopes to find
True, substantial happiness:

Search the whole creation round,
Can it out of God be found?

No, my God! if from the Way,
From the Truth if I remove,
Must I not forever stray,
On in error's mazes rove,
Rove from peace to troublous strife,
Rove to death from endless Life?

Who would go from health to pain,
Turn from grace to wickedness,
Freedom quit, to hug a chain,
Grieve his friend, his foe to please?
Who, his Saviour God to shun,
Would to his destroyer run?

Charles Wesley.

201. BANISHMENT, An Epilogue.

On a fair ship, borne swiftly o'er the deep,
A man was lying, wrapped in dreamless sleep;
When unawares upon a sunken rock [shock.
That vessel struck, and shattered with the
But strange! the plank where lay the sleeper bore
Him wrapt in deep sleep ever, to the shore:
It bore him safely through the foam and spray, [he lay.
High up on land, where couched 'mid flowers
Sweet tones first woke him from his sleep, when round
His couch observant multitudes he found:
All hailed him then, and did before him bow,
And with one voice exclaimed—"Our king art thou."
With jubilant applause they bore him on,
And set him wondering on a royal throne:
And some his limbs with royal robes arrayed,
And some before him duteous homage paid,
And some brought gifts, all rare and costly things,
Nature's and Art's profusest offerings:
Around him counsellors and servants prest,
All eager to accomplish his behest.
Wish unaccomplished of his soul was none;
The thing that he commanded, it was done.
Much he rejoiced, and he had well-nigh now
Forgotten whence he hither came, and how;
Until at eve, of homage weary grown,
He craved a season to be left alone.
Alone in hall magnificent he sate,
And mused upon the wonder of his fate;
When lo! an aged counsellor, a seer,
Before unnoticed, to the king drew near;
—"And thee would I congratulate, my son,
Who hast thy reign in happy hour begun;
Seen, hast thou the beginning,—yet attend,
While I shall also show to thee the end.
That this new fortune doth not blind thee quite, [bright;
Both sides regard, the darker with the
Heed what so many who have ruled before,
Failing to heed now rue for evermore.
Though sure thy state and strong thy throne appear,
King only art thou for a season here;

A time is fixed, albeit unknown to thee,
Which, when it comes, thou banished hence shalt be. [eye
Round this fair spot, though hidden from the
By mist and vapor, many islands lie:
Bare are their coasts, and dreary and forlorn,
And unto them the banished kings are borne;
On each of these an exiled king doth mourn,
For when a new king comes, they bear away
The old, whom now no vassals more obey;
Stripped of his royalties and glories lent,
Unhonored and unwilling he is sent
Unto his dreary island banishment; [true,
While all who girt his throne with service
Now fall away from him, to serve the new.
What I have told thee, lay betimes to heart,
And ere thy rule is ended take thy part,
That thou hereafter on thine isle forlorn
Do not thy vanished kingdom vainly mourn,
When nothing of its pomp to thee remains
On that bare shore save only memory's pains

Much, O my Prince! my words have thee distrest,
Thy head has sunk in sorrow on thy breast;
Yet idle sorrow helps not—I will show
A nobler way, which shall true help bestow.
This counsel take—to others given in vain,
While no belief from them my words might gain. [there stand
Know then, whilst thou art monarch here,
Helps for the future many at thy command;
Then, whilst thou canst, employ them to adorn
That island whither thou must once be borne.
Unbuilt and waste and barren now that strand,
There gush no fountains from the thirsty sand,
No groves of palm-trees have been planted there,
Nor plants of odorous scent embalm that air;
While all alike have shunned to contemplate
That they should ever change their flattering state.
But make thou there provision of delight,
Till that which now so threatens, may invite;
Bid there thy servants build up royal towers,
And change its barren sands to leafy bowers;
Bid fountains there be hewn, and cause to bloom
Immortal amaranths, shedding rich perfume.
So when the world, which speaks thee now so fair,
And flatters so, again shall strip thee bare,
And drive thee naked forth in harshest wise,
Thou joyfully wilt seek thy paradise.
There will not vex thee memories of the past,
While hope will heighten here the joys thou hast.
This do, while yet the power is in thine hand,
While thou hast helps so many at command."

Then raised the Prince his head with courage new,
And what the sage advised, prepared to do.

He ruled his realm with meekness, and meanwhile
He marvellously decked the chosen isle;
Bade there his servants build up royal towers,
And change its barren sands to leafy bowers;
Bade fountains there be hewn, and caused to bloom
Immortal amaranths, shedding rich perfume.
And when he long enough had kept his throne, [blown:
To him sweet odors from that isle were
Then knew he that its gardens blooming were,
And all the yearnings of his soul were there.
Grief was it not to him, but joy, when they
His crown and sceptre bade him quit one day;
When him his servants rudely did dismiss,
'Twas not the sentence of his ended bliss,
But pomp and power he cheerfully forsook,
And to his isle a willing journey took,
And found diviner pleasure on that shore,
Than all his proudest state had known before. *Oriental, tr. by R. C. Trench.*

202. BAPTISM, Blessing of.

Woe came to man in Eden,
To you comes triumph glad,
Who, at the banks of Jordan,
Are in God's armor clad.

To-day He gives you blessing,
Then see ye prize it well,
And guard it, valiant soldiers,
Against the might of Hell.

To-day the Heavenly Bridegroom
Throws wide for you the door,
And offers you His garlands
Unfading evermore.

For you the guardian angels
In gladness sing above;
God, Father, Son, and Spirit,
Looks down on you in love.

Then go in peace, believers,
Of God and water born,
The Crucified adoring,
Who lifteth up your horn.

And unto God the Father,
Who made you His to-day,
To Son and Holy Spirit,
Unending praises pay.

203. BAPTISM, a Token.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His crown.
Henry Alford.

204. BAPTISM, Vow in.

While in this sacred rite of thine
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine
And seal the cheerful vow.
And may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God!
S. F. Smith.

205. BATTLE, Cause of.

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
Dreams in its easeful sheath; [thought,
But some day the live coal behind the
Whether from Baal's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought, [pen
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:
Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise, [truth;
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
James Russell Lowell.

206. BATTLE, Hymn of.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

207. BATTLE, The Christian's.

How goes the fight with thee?
The life-long battle with all evil things?
Thine no low strife, and thine no selfish aim;
It is the war of giants and of kings.

Does it grow slacker now?
Then tremble; for, be sure, thy hellish foe
Slacks not; 'tis thou that slackest in the fight;
Fainter and feebler falls each weary blow.

Dread not the din and smoke,
The stifling poison of the fiery air;
Courage! It is the battle of thy God;
Go, and for Him learn how to do and dare!

What though ten thousand fall!
And the red field with the dear dead be strewn;
Grasp but more bravely thy bright shield and sword;
Fight to the last, although thou fight'st alone.

What though ten thousand faint,
Desert, or yield, or in weak terror flee!
Heed not the panic of the multitude;
Thine be the Captain's watchword,—Victory!

Look to thine armor well!
Thine the one panoply no blow that fears;
Ours is the day of rusted swords and shields,
Of loosened helmets and of broken spears.
Heed not the throng of foes! [lot.
To fight 'gainst hosts is still the Church's
Side thou with God, and thou must win the day;
Woe to the man 'gainst whom hell fighteth not!

Say not the fight is long:—
'Tis but one battle and the fight is o'er;
No second warfare mars thy victory,
And the one triumph is for evermore!

Horatius Bonar.

208. BEAUTY, Death of.

Toll for the fair!
Go, seek the lonely tomb,
Go, wander through its gloom,
She slumbers there:
Her angel look that melted every soul,
Her eye that rolled its glance of tenderness,
Her form encircled round with every grace,
Now moulder 'neath corruptions sable stole;
The worm is cradled on her forehead fair,
And wantons 'mid the ringlets of her hair,—
Each tint of faded beauty charms no more;
The fragrance of her life, its living rose,
No more in Heaven's own purest crimson glows,—
'Tis livid as the stream that laves th' Avernian shore.

A fleeting day
The cheek of beauty glows,
The voice of music flows,
Then melts away;
Fluttering amid the summer's transient ray,
The gaudy fop expands his shining wing;
In bounding step the merry dancers spring,
Like insects sportive, like the rainbow gay:
Soon o'er this smiling scene the wintry storm
Of dark affliction sheds its lurid gloom,
Wafting upon its blast Destruction's form,
Who calls, with voice of thunder, to the tomb;
Like lightning flashing o'er the sleeper's head,
He wakes them from their dream, then hides them with the dead. *J. G. Percival.*

209. BEAUTY, Excuse for.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals fallen in the pool [gay—
Made the black waters, with their beauty
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you. *R. W. Emerson.*

210. BEAUTY, Exposure of.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall Beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
Where rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! Where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid? [back?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
Or who his spoil of Beauty can forbid?
William Shakespeare.

211. BEAUTY, Frailty of.

Brittle beauty, that Nature made so frail,
Whereof the gift is small, and short in season;
Flowering to-day, to-morrow apt to fail;
Fickle treasure, abhorred of reason:
Dangerous to deal with, vain of none avail;
Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason;
Slipper in sliding, as is an eel's tail;
Hard to obtain, once gotten, not geason:
Jewel of jeopardy, that peril doth assail;
False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;
Enemy to youth, that most may I bewail;
Ah! bitter-sweet, infecting as the poison,
Thou fairest as fruit that with the frost is taken;
To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all too shaken.
Earl of Surrey.

212. BEAUTY, Joy of.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing. *John Keats.*

213. BEAUTY, Lost.

Beauty is but vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as good lost is seldom or never found,
As fading gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So Beauty blemish'd once, forever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.
Wm. Shakespeare.

214. BEAUTY, Moral.

Labor in the path of duty,
Gleamed up like a thing of beauty;
Beauty shone in self-denial,
In the sternest hour of trial;
In a meek obedience
To the will of Providence,
In the lofty sympathies
That, forgetting selfish ease,
Prompted acts that sought the good
Of ev'ry spirit; understood
The wants of ev'ry human heart,
Eager ever to impart
Blessings to the weary soul
That hath felt the bitter world's control.
Here is beauty felt such as ne'er
Met the eye or charmed the ear,
In the soul's high duties, then I felt
That the loftiest beauty ever dwelt.
C. P. Cranch.

215 BEAUTY, Realm of.

For beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child may seek her,
And having found the gem of price, may set it in God's crown.
Beauty nestleth in the rosebud, or walketh the firmament with planets;
She is heard in the beetle's evening hymn, and shouteth in the matins of the sun;
The cheek of the peach is glowing with her smile, her splendor blazeth in the lightning;
She is the dryad of the woods, the naiad of the streams;
Her golden hair hath tapestried the silkworm's silent chamber,
And to her measured harmonies the wild waves beat in time;
With tinkling feet at eventide she danceth in the meadow,
Or, like a Titan, lieth stretched athwart the ridgy Alps;
She is rising in her veil of mist a Venus from the waters,—
Men gaze upon the loveliness, and lo! it is beautiful exceedingly:
She, with the might of a Briareus, is dragging down the clouds upon the mountain,
Men look upon the grandeur, and lo, it is excellent in glory.
There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle beach,
In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dun electric skies;
There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy foliage,
In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and its lake;
There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs, beauty in sun and shade,
In rocks and rivers, seas and plains,—the earth is drowned in beauty.
M. F. Tupper.

216. BEAUTY, Treasures of.

Ye mindeful merchants, that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your gain;
And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo! my love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found;
If saphyres, lo! her eyes be saphyres plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;

If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorned with virtues manifold.
Edmund Spenser.

217. BEAUTY, Truth and.

Thus was Beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely mistress of Truth and Good [one,
In this dark world, for Truth and Good are
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore, then,
O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash, impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good, [these,
To save your search from folly! wanting
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did Fancy mock your vows.
Mark Akenside.

218. BEAUTY, Youthful.

Lo! when the buds expand, the leaves are green,
Then the first opening of the flower is seen;
Then come the honeyed breath and rosy smile,
That with their sweets the willing sense beguile; [praise,
But as we look, and love, and taste, and
And the fruit grows, the charming flower decays;
Till all is gather'd, and the wintry blast
Moans o'er the place of love and pleasure past.

So 'tis with Beauty,—such the opening grace
And dawn of glory in the youthful face;
Then there are charms unfolded to the sight,
Then all is loveliness and all delight;
The nuptial tie succeeds, the genial hour,
And, lo! the falling off of Beauty's flower;
So through all Nature is the progress made—
The bud, the bloom, the fruit—and then we fade.
George Crabbe.

219. BEING, Chain of.

Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd; [strike,
From Nature's chain whatever link you
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
Alexander Pope.

220. BEING, Support of.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all!
Alexander Pope.

221. BENEFICENCE, Blessing on.

"Come, blessed of my heavenly Father, come!
In the high heaven your kingdom is prepared;
Your's is the sceptre and the rich reward;
Haste, for your Saviour calls you to your home:
For I was hungry and ye brought me bread,
I thirsted, and your cooling draughts were mine;
O'er my cold limbs the needed vest ye spread,
A stranger was I, and ye took me in;
I pined in sickness, and ye brought relief;
In the deep dungeon and ye soothed my grief;
For these, my brethren, these, the lowly poor,
Ye sent not cold and empty from your door;
But ye relieved their wants, and heard their plea; [me!"
'Twas done for my sake and 'tis done for

222. BENEFICENCE, Demand for.

The pilgrim and stranger, who, through the day,
Holds over the desert his trackless way,
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,
No sound of life save the camel's moan, [all,
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to
From his tent-door, at evening, the Bedouin's call:
"Whoever thou art, whose need is great,
In the name of God, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"

For gifts, in His name, of food and rest,
The tents of Islam of God are blest.
Thou, who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love?
O Christian!—open thy heart and door,—
Cry, east and west, to the wandering poor—
"Whoever thou art, whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"
E. J. Whittier.

223. BENEFICENCE, Monument of.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross;

Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise? [replies.
"The Man of Ross!" each lisping babe
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon almhouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear, [year.
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a
Blush, grandeur, blush; proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that virtue filled the space between,
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

Alexander Pope.

224. BENEFICENCE, Repayment of.

A beggar asked an alms
One day at an abbey-door,
Said Luther; but seized with qualms
The Abbot replied, "We're poor!

"Poor who had plenty once
When gifts fell thick as rain:
But they give us nought for nonce,
And how should we give again?"

Then the beggar, "See your sins!
Of old, unless I err,
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
Date and Dabitur.

"While Date was in good case
Dabitur flourished too:
For Dabitur's lenten face,
No wonder if Date rue.

"Would ye retrieve the one?
Try and make plump the other!
When Date's penance is done,
Dabitur helps his brother.

"Only, beware relapse!"
The Abbot hung his head.
"This beggar might be, perhaps,
An angel," Luther said.

Robert Browning.

225. BEREAVEMENT, Benefit of.

And first, of dying friends—what fruit from these?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatched from us is a plume
Plucked from the wing of human vanity.
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up;
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love,
For us they languish, and for us they die.
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain? [shades,
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address,
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senseless as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under foot their agonies and groans?
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

Edward Young.

226. BEREAVEMENT, Faith in.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

O, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life, divine, I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasure there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

227. BEREAVEMENT, Lessons of.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

H. W. Longfellow.

228. BEREAVEMENT, Parable of.

We clutch our joys as children do their flowers;
We look at them, but scarce believe them ours,
Till our hot palms have smirched their colors rare,
And crushed their dewy beauty unaware.
But the wise Gardener, whose they were, comes by
At hours when we expect not, and with eye
Mournful yet sweet, compassionate though stern,
Takes them.

Then in a moment we discern
By loss, what was possession, and half-wild
With misery, cry out like an angry child:
"O cruel! thus to snatch my posy fine!"
He answers tenderly, "Not thine, but mine,"
And points to those stained fingers which do prove
Our fatal cherishing, our dangerous love;
At which we, chidden, a pale silence keep;
Yet evermore must weep, and weep, and weep.
So on through gloomy ways and thorny brakes,
Quiet and slow, our shrinking feet he takes,
Led by the soiled hand, which, laved in tears,
More and more clean beneath his sight appears.
At length the heavy eyes with patience shine:
"I am content. Thou took'st but what was thine."

And when he us his beauteous garden shows,
Where bountiful the Rose of Sharon grows:
Where in the breezes opening spice-buds swell:
And the pomegranate yields a pleasant smell:
While to and fro peace-sandalled angels move
In the pure air that they—not we—call Love:
An air so rare and fine, our grosser breath
Cannot inhale till purified by death.
And thus we, struck with longing joy, adore,
And, satisfied, wait mute without the door,
Until the gracious Gardener maketh sign,
"Enter in peace. All this is mine—and thine."

D. M. Muloch Craik.

229. BEREAVEMENT, Parental.

Child, by God's sweet mercy given to thy
mother and to me,—
Entering this world of sorrows, by His grace,
—so fair to see:
Fair as some sweet flower in summer, till
Death's hand on thee was laid,
Scorched the beauty from my flower, made
the tender petals fade.
Yet I dare not weep nor murmur, for I know
the King of kings
Leads thee to His marriage-chamber,—to the
glorious bridal brings.
Nature fain would leave me weeping, love
asserts her mournful right;
But I answer, they have brought thee to the
happy world of light!
And I fear that my lamentings, as I speak thy
cherished name,
Desecrate the Royal dwelling,—fear to meet
deserved blame,
If I press with tears of anguish into the
abode of joy;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing, offer thee
to God, my boy!
Yet thy voice, thy childish singing, soundeth
ever in my ears;
And I listen, and remember, till mine eyes
will gather tears,
Thinking of thy pretty prattlings, and thy
childish words of love;
But when I begin to murmur, then my spirit
looks above,—
Listens to the songs of spirits; listens, long-
ing, wondering,
To the ceaseless glad hosannas angels at thy
bridal sing.

Ephræm Syrus, tr. by Mrs. Charles.

230. BEREAVEMENT, Revelations of.

Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth lift up thine eyes!
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies,
One sun is set,—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heaven ascends,
And meets ten thousand there;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars that seem but points of light
The rank of suns assume.

James Montgomery.

231. BEREAVEMENT, Trial of.

I cannot, cannot say,
Out of my bruised and breaking heart,
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
While blood-drops start
From every pore, as I drag on,
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

I thought but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will;
And that it would be sweet to say,
Whatever ill
My happy state should smite upon,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

But I was weak and wrong,
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;
And Pride alone in me was strong,
With cunning art
To cheat me in the golden sun,
To say, "God's will be done!"

Oh shadow drear and cold,
That frights me out of foolish pride;
O flood, that through my bosom rolled
Its billowy tide;
I said, till ye your power made known,
"God's will, not mine, be done!"

Now, faint and sore afraid,
Under my cross, heavy and rude,
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewed,
The holy words my pale lips shun,
"O God, thy will be done!"

William C. Richards.

Pity my woes, O God,
And touch my will with thy warm breath;
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,
That quickens death;
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
And say, "Thy will be done!"

232. BESETTING SIN, Power of.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us
round,
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our con-
sciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears,
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

George Herbert.

233. BIBLE, A Living.

A living, breathing Bible; tables where
Both covenants, at large, engraven were;
Gospel and law in heart had each its col-
umn,
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O, what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth,
Without erratas, may we think he'd be
In leaves and covers of Eternity!

Benjamin Woodbridge.

234. BIBLE, Blessed.

Blessed Bible! how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What hath earth like this to covet?
O, what stores of wealth are here!
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow;
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
'Till his way was cheered by this?

Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here;
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever sayest "good cheer:"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy ponderings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wanderings,
Speaking life as from the dead.

Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, *deeper* in this heart;
Thou, through all my life will guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Part in death? No! never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then, in worlds above, for ever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be!

Phœbe Palmer.

235. BIBLE, Contents of the.

If thou art merry, here are airs;
If melancholy, here are prayers;
If studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest wit;
If hungry, here is food divine;
If thirsty, nectar, heavenly wine.

Read, then; but, first, thyself prepare
To read with zeal and mark with care;
And when thou read'st what here is writ,
Let thy best practice second it:
So twice each precept read shall be,—
First in the book, and next in thee.

Peter Heylyn.

236. BIBLE, Esteeming the.

This holy book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diadems all the stars of night,
This book outweighs them all.

Ah, no, the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gold cannot purchase health.

But here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest woe,
And those who read this book in tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow.

237. BIBLE, Excellence of the.

Thy thoughts are here, my God,
Expressed in words divine,
The utterance of heavenly lips
In every sacred line.

Across the ages they
Have reached us from afar,
Than the bright gold more golden they,
Purer than purest star.

More durable they stand
Than the eternal hills;
Far sweeter and more musical
Than music of earth's rills.

Fairer in their fair hues
Than the fresh flowers of earth,
More fragrant than the fragrant climes
Where odors have their birth.

Each word of Thine a gem
From the celestial mines,
A sunbeam from that holy heaven
Where holy sunlight shines.

Thine, Thine, this book, though given
In man's poor human speech,
Telling of things unseen, unheard,
Beyond all human reach,

No strength it craves or needs
From this world's wisdom vain;
No filling up from human wells,
Or sublunary rain.

No light from sons of time,
Nor brilliance from its gold,
It sparkles with its own glad light,
As in the ages old.

A thousand hammers keen
With fiery force and strain,
Brought down on it in rage and hate,
Have struck this gem in vain.

Against this sea-swept rock
Ten thousand storms their will
Of foam and rage have wildly spent;
It lifts its calm face still.

It standeth and will stand,
Without or change or age,
The word of majesty and light,
The church's heritage.

Horatius Bonar

238. BIBLE, Family.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently!—Of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Were daily bent; her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy love;—whilst I, a dreamy child,
On breeze-like fancies wandered oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest; yet would the solemn word,
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be

A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart-blessings on the holy dead, and thee!
Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

239. BIBLE, Fulness of the.

There is a lamp whose steady light
Guides the poor traveller in the night:—
'Tis God's own word! Its beaming ray
Can turn a midnight into day.

There is a storehouse of rich fare,
Supplied with plenty and to spare:—
'Tis God's own word! It spreads a feast
For every hungering, thirsting guest.

There is a chart whose tracings show
The onward course when tempests blow:—
'Tis God's own word! There, there is found
Direction for the homeward bound.

There is a tree whose leaves impart
Health to the burdened, contrite heart:—
'Tis God's own word! It cures of sin,
And makes the guilty conscience clean.

Give me this lamp to light my road;
This storehouse for my daily food;
Give me this chart for life's rough sea;
These healing leaves, this heavenly tree.
H. J. Betts.

240. BIBLE, Inspiration of the.

Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not they confirm the cause, [laws.
When what is taught agrees with nature's

Therefore the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors tires,
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
John Dryden.

241. BIBLE, My Mother's.

This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear:
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face,—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!
George P. Morris.

242. BIBLE, Perversion of the.

Many believed; but more the truth of God
Turned to a lie, deceiving and deceived;—
Each, with the accursed sorcery of sin,
To his own wish and vile propensity
Transforming still the meaning of the text.
Hear, while I briefly tell what mortals proved,
By effort vast of ingenuity, [ble;—
Most wondrous, though perverse and damna-
Proved from the Bible, which, as thou hast heard,
So plainly spoke that all could understand.
First, and not least in number, argued some
From out this book itself, it was a lie,
A fable framed by crafty men to cheat
The simple herd, and make them bow the knee
To kings and priests. These in their wisdom left
The light revealed, and turned to fancies wild,
Maintaining loud, that ruined, helpless man,
Needed no saviour. Others proved that men
Might live and die in sin, and yet be saved,
For so it was decreed; binding the will,
By God left free, to unconditional,
Unreasonable fate. Others believed
That he who was most criminal, debased,
Condemned and dead, unaided might ascend
The heights of virtue; to a perfect law

Giving a lame, half-way obedience, which
By useless effort only served to show
The impotence of him who vainly strove
With finite arm to measure infinite;
Most useless effort! when to justify
In sight of God it meant, as proof of faith
Most acceptable, and worthy of all praise.
Another held, and from the Bible held,
He was infallible—most fallen by such
Pretence—that none the Scriptures, open to all,
And most to humble-hearted, ought to read,
But priests; that all who ventured to disclaim
His forged authority, incurred the wrath
Of Heaven; and he who, in the blood of such,
Though father, mother, daughter, wife, or son
Imbrued his hands, did most religious work,
Well pleasing to the heart of the Most High.
Others, in outward rite devotion placed;
In meats, in drinks; in robe of certain shape,
In bodily abasements, bended knees;
Days, numbers, places, vestments, words, and names—
Absurdly in their hearts imagining,
That God, like men, was pleased with outward show.
Another, stranger and more wicked still,
With dark and dolorous labor, ill applied,
With many a gripe of conscience, and with most
Unhealthy and abortive reasoning,
That brought his sanity to serious doubt,
'Mong wise and honest men, maintained that He,
First Wisdom, Great Messiah, Prince of Peace,
The second of the uncreated Three,
Was nought but man—of earthly origin;
Thus making void the sacrifice Divine,
And leaving guilty men, God's holy law
Still unatoned, to work them endless death.
These are a part; but to relate thee all
The monstrous, unbaptized phantasies,
Imaginations fearfully absurd,
Hobgoblin rites, and moon-struck reveries,
Distracted creeds, and visionary dreams,
More bodiless and hideously misshapen
Than ever fancy, at the noon of night,
Playing at will, framed in the madman's brain,
That from this book of simple truth were proved,
Were proved, as foolish men were wont to prove,
Would bring my word in doubt, and thy belief
Stagger, though here I sit and sing, within
The pale of truth, where falsehood never came.

Robert Pollok.

243. BIBLE, Philosophy of the.

The lamp of revelation only shows
What human wisdom cannot but oppose,
That man, in nature's richest mantle clad
And graced with all philosophy can add,
Though fair without, and luminous within,
Is still the progeny and heir of sin.
Thus taught, down falls the plumage of his pride,
He feels the need of an unerring guide,
And knows that, falling, he shall rise no more,
Unless the power that bade him stand, restore.
This is indeed philosophy: this known,
Makes wisdom worthy of the name, his own;
And, without this, whatever he discuss,—
Whether the space betwixt the stars and us;
Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea,—
The solemn trifler, with his boasted skill,
Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still;
Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.

Wm. Cowper.

244. BIBLE, Reading the.

Within this ample volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born
That read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Sir Walter Scott.

245. BIBLE, Rejecting the.

And can then true philosophy reject
As false, a book which the same sterling truths
As reason, following closely, brings to light,
Maintains with such corroborations? Seal'd
With the broad signet of the Eternal One
Stamp'd upon all its pages? Is it true
Philosophy, without examining,
Will scorn a book that purports to entail
Eternal bliss or everlasting woe
On its acceptance or rejection? Oh!
I could almost respond the prophet's words,
Would that my head were waters, and my eyes
Fountains of tears, that I might weep
Nightly and daily through life's passing years
For human blindness and for human sin.

T. Ragg.

246. BIBLE, Responsibility for the.

The Book of God! And is there then a book
Which on its front that awful title bears?
Who hold it, what high duty must be theirs,
And what high privilege, therein to look,
To read, mark, learn, digest! But in this nook
Of earth pent up, and blinded by earth's cares,
Its hopes and joys, if man the treasure dares
To scorn, such scorn shall the great Author brook!—
How longed the holy men and prophets old
God's truth to see! How blest, whom He hath willed
To see His truth in His own book enrolled!
Pure is the Book of God, with sweetness filled;

More pure than massive, unadulterate gold,
More sweet than honey from the rock distilled. *Bp. Mant.*

247. BIBLE, Search the.

Yes, 'tis a mine of precious jewelry,
The Book of God; a well of streams divine!
But who would wish the riches of that mine
To make his own; his thirst to satisfy [ply;
From that pure well; must ear, eye, soul, ap-
On precept precept scan, and line on line;
Search, ponder, sift, compare, divide, combine,
For truths that oft beneath the surface lie.
Yes; there are things which he who runs may read, [part,
Nor few there are, which yield a harder
To mark, discern, and know. With cautious heed, [chart;
'Tis God's command, survey thy safety's
Lest arduous things, distorted, death-ward lead
The mind unlearned, and the unstable heart.
Bp. Mant.

248. BIBLE, Similes of the.

Thy word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks, may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

Thy word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.

Thy word is like the starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.

Thy word is like a glorious choir
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

Thy word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair;
And find, for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.

O, may I love Thy precious word,
May I explore the mine;
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine!

O, may I find my armor there;—
Thy word my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord!
Edwin Hodder.

249. BIBLE, Teachings of the.

The Author God himself;
The subject, God and man; Salvation, life
And death—eternal life, eternal death—
Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds—
Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord:
Star of eternity! the only star [Lord:
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose on Time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still,
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The everlasting hills, pointed the sinner's eye:
By prophets, seers, and priests, and sacred bards,
Evangelists, apostles, men inspired,
And by the Holy Ghost anointed, set
Apart and consecrated to declare
To earth the counsels of the Eternal One,
This book, this holiest, this sublimest book,
Was sent.—Heaven's will, Heaven's code of laws entire [bounds
To man, this book contained; defined the
Of vice and virtue, and of life and death;
And what was shadow, what was substance taught.
Much it revealed; important all; the least
Worth more than what else seemed of highest worth:
But this of plainest, most essential truth—
That God is one, eternal, holy, just,
Omnipotent, omniscient, infinite; [true;
Most wise, most good, most merciful and
In all perfection most unchangeable:
That man—that every man of every clime
And hue, of every age, and every rank,
Was bad—by nature and by practice bad;
In understanding blind, in will perverse,
In heart corrupt; in every thought and word,
Imagination, passion, and desire,
Most utterly depraved throughout, and ill,
In sight of Heaven, though less in sight of man;
At enmity with God his maker born,
And by his very life an heir of death;
That man—that every man was, farther, most
Unable to redeem himself, or pay
One mite of his vast debt to God—nay, more,
Was most reluctant and averse to be
Redeemed, and sin's most voluntary slave:
That Jesus, Son of God, of Mary born
In Bethlehem, and by Pilate crucified
On Calvary for man thus fallen and lost,
Died; and, by death, life and salvation bought,
And perfect righteousness, for all who should
In His great name believe; that He, the third
In the eternal Essence, to the prayer [asked,
Sincere should come, should come as soon as
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
To give faith and repentance, such as God
Accepts—to open the intellectual eyes,
Blinded by sin; to bend the stubborn will,
Perversely to the side of wrong inclined,
To God and His commandments, just and good;
The wild rebellious passions to subdue,
And bring them back to harmony with heaven;

To purify the conscience, and to lead
The mind into all truth, and to adorn
With every holy ornament of grace,
And sanctify the whole renewed soul,
Which henceforth might no more fall totally
But persevere, though erring oft, amidst
The mists of time, in piety to God,
And sacred works of charity to men: [thus,
That he, who thus believed, and practised
Should have his sins forgiven, however vile;
Should be sustained at mid-day, morn, and [even,
By God's omnipotent, eternal grace
And in the evil hour of sore disease,
Temptation, persecution, war, and death—
For temporal death, although unstinged, remained—
Beneath the shadow of the Almighty's wings
Should sit unhurt, and at the judgment-day
Should share the resurrection of the just,
And reign with Christ in bliss for evermore:
That all, however named, however great,
Who would not thus believe, nor practise thus,
But in their sins impenitent remained,
Should in perpetual fear and terror live;
Should die unpardoned, unredeemed, unsaved,
And at the hour of doom should be cast out
To utter darkness in the night of hell,
By mercy and by God abandoned, there
To reap the harvests of eternal woe. [phrase,
This did that book declare in obvious
In most sincere and honest words by God
Himself selected and arranged; so clear,
So plain, so perfectly distinct, that none
Who read with humble wish to understand,
And asked the Spirit, given to all who asked,
Could miss their meaning, blazed in heavenly light,
This book—this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stampt
From first to last—this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and, in the night of time,
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live:
And many to her voice gave ear, and read,
Believed, obeyed; and now, as the Amen,
True, Faithful Witness swore, with snowy robes [life,
And branchy palms surround the fount of
And drink the streams of immortality,
Forever happy, and forever young.

Robert Pollok.

250. BIBLE, Value of the.

"O lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,
But she paused at the wanderer's call,—"My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings,—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtues shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller gray and old,—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on the high-born maiden's mind.
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales, by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!

John G. Whittier.

251. BIGOTRY, Fate of.

The bigot theologian—in minute
Distinctions skilled, and doctrines unreduced
To practice; in debate how loud! how long!
How dexterous! in Christian love, how cold!
His vain conceits were orthodox alone.
The immutable and heavenly truth, revealed
By God, was nought to him: he had an art,
A kind of hellish charm, that made the lips
Of truth speak falsehood; to his liking turned
The meaning of the text; made trifles seem
The marrow of salvation: to a word,

A name, a sect, that sounded in the ear,
And to the eye so many letters showed,
But did no more—gave value infinite;
Proved still his reasoning best, and his belief,
Though propped on fancies, wild as madmen's dreams,
Most rational, most scriptural, most sound;
With mortal heresy denouncing all
Who in his arguments could see no force.
On points of faith too fine for human sight,
And never understood in heaven, he placed
His everlasting hope, undoubting placed,
And died: and when he opened his ear, prepared
To hear, beyond the grave, the minstrelsy
Of bliss—he heard, alas! the wail of woe.
He proved all creeds false but his own, and found [cause
At last, his own most false—most false, be-
He spent his time to prove all others so.
Robert Pollok.

252. BIGOTRY, Infallible.

He was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Samuel Butler.

253. BIGOTRY, Sin of.

O love-destroying, cursèd Bigotry;
Cursèd in heaven but cursèd more in hell!
The infidel who turned his impious war
Against the walls of Zion, on the Rock
Of Ages built, and higher than the clouds,
Sinned and received his due reward; but she
Within her walls sinned more; of Ignorance
Begot, her daughter, Persecution, walked
The earth from age to age, and drank the [blood
Of saints.
Robert Pollok.

254. BIRTHDAY, Consecration for a.

Away with my fears!
The glad morning appears
When an heir of salvation was born.
From Jehovah I came,
For His glory I am,
And to Him I with singing return.

All honor and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son I return;
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

My remnant of days
I spend in His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him.
Charles Wesley.

255. BIRTHDAY, Noting a.

Why should we count our life by years,
Since years are short, and pass away!
Or, why by fortune's smiles or tears,
Since tears are vain and smiles decay!
O! count by virtues—these shall last
When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
May cheer us on a brighter shore.
Sarah J. Hale.

256. BIRTHDAY, Thought for a.

It is my natal day! Another year
Is registered against me in the account
Of time to me entrusted, and the amount
Of that rich talent for my trial here
By one more year diminished. As more near
My reckoning draws, does evil's inborn fount
Within me more subside, and, paramount
To the world's love, the love of God sincere
Reign arbiter?—Oh, may each year, each day,
By Him vouchsafed, to Him its tribute pour,
And His free love with answering love repay:
Worthless, alas! Yet such as may for store
Of blessings given meet gratitude display,
Till the night come, and I can work no more.
Bp. Mant.

257. BIRTH OF CHRIST, Benefits of the.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps and sung:

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye:
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.
Thomas Campbell.

258. BIRTH OF CHRIST, Heathenism at the.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum [ceiving
Runs through the arched roof in words de-
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine, [leaving.
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue:
In vain with cymbal's ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green, [ings loud:
Trampling the unshower'd grass with low-
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest, [shroud;
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand, [eyne;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide. *John Milton.*

259. BIRTH OF CHRIST, Peace at the.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the arm'd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave. *John Milton.*

260. BIRTH OF CHRIST, Welcoming the.

All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn!
In my distress Thou cam'st to me:
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child!
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
Martin Luther, tr. by A. T. Tozer.

261. BLAME, Shifting the.

How backward man himself to blame!
How ready I, like Adam, am
To palliate what I first would hide,
To excuse what cannot be denied,
Or dare with boldest blasphemy
To charge my sin, O God, on Thee!
Charles Wesley.

262. BLESSED, Who are the?

Who are the bless'd?
They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scattered joy for more than custom's sake—
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;
Whose looks have power to make dissensions cease— [peace;
Whose smile is pleasant and whose words are
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
Teachers of truth and ministers of love;
Love for all moral power—all mental grace—
Love for the humblest of the human race—
Love for that tranquil joy that virtue brings—
Love for the Giver of all goodly things;
True followers of that soul-exalting plan
Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man;
They who can calmly linger to the last,
Survey the future and recall the past; [pain,
And with that hope which triumphs over
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain;
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest—
These are the only bless'd! *P. Prince.*

263. BLESSEDNESS, True.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises;
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in th' Paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in th' Paradises,
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Given to thee are those eight Paradises,
When thou the ninth one hast within thy breast. *Oriental.*

264. BLESSINGS, Certainty of.

If what I wish is good,
And suits the Will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood
I know it shall be mine.
Still let them counsel take
To frustrate His decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back
By Heaven designed for me.
If what my soul requires
Evil to me would prove,
His Love shall cross my fond desires,
His kindly-jealous Love.
Charles Wesley.

265. BLINDNESS, Compensation of.

O happiness of blindness! now no beauty
Inflames my lust; no other's good my envy;
Or misery, my pity; no man's wealth
Draws my respect, nor poverty my scorn.
Yet still I see enough! man to himself
Is a large prospect, rais'd above the level
Of his low creeping thoughts; if then I have
A world within myself, that world shall be
My empire, there I'll reign, commanding freely,
And willingly obey'd secure from fear
Of foreign forces, or domestic treasons, [lute,
And hold a monarchy more free, more absoThan in my father's seat, and looking down
With scorn or pity on the slipp'ry state
Of kings, will tread upon the neck of fate.
Sir John Denham.

266. BLINDNESS, Complaint of.

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have
Inferior to the vilest now become [ceased.
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I dark in light exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own; [half.
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!
Milton's Samson Agonistes.

267. BLINDNESS, Cured.

Blind, poor, and helpless, Bartimeus sat,
Listening the foot of the wayfaring man,
Still hoping that the next, and still the next,
Would put an alms into his trembling hand.
He thinks he hears the coming breeze faint
Among the sycamores; it is the tread [rustle
Of thousand steps, it is the hum of tongues
Innumerable; but when the sightless man
Heard the Nazarene was passing by,
He cried and said, "Jesus, thou Son of David,
Have mercy upon me!" and when reouked
He cried the more, "Have mercy upon me!"
"Thy faith hath made thee whole;" so Jesus spake, [God!
And straight the blind beheld the face of
James Graham.

268. BLINDNESS, Duty in.

When I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
Milton.

269. BLINDNESS, Light in.

I am old and blind!
Men point to me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind—
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme to Thee.

O merciful One, [near:
When men are farthest, then Thou art most
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand [been
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go; [throng;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now, [eyes,
When heaven is ripening on my sightless
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre;
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

Elizabeth Lloyd.

270. BLINDNESS, Prayer in.

With the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs [thence
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Milton.

271. BLISS, Sublunary.

Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dream'd
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noontide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone.
Where's now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye bless'd scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end;
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better: or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous [sweep
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample
Strikes empires from the root: each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss. [vain;
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words and
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
Oh had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Edward Young.

272. BODY, The Glorified.

'Tis night: behold, as if by death opprest,
The sun his rays in gloom sepulchral hide!
'Tis day: behold, with renovated pride,
In the magnificence of morning drest,
The sun, rejoicing, lifts his orient crest;
A bridegroom issuing forth to meet his bride!
Thus, like the sun, beneath the ocean tide,
The Christian seeks the chamber of his rest;
Thus, like the sun, to rise!—But not the same
Shall rise, as when his mortal course was run:
To that unearthly, pure, ethereal frame,
That robe of amaranthine radiance spun,
No nearer likeness this vile form may claim,
Than glimmering starlight to yon glorious sun.

Bishop Mant.

273. BOLDNESS, Ministerial.

When young, and full of sanguine hope,
And warm in my first love,
My spirit's loins I girded up,
And sought the things above;
Swift on the wings of active zeal
With Jesu's message flew,
O'erjoyed with all my heart and will
My Master's work to do.

As strong, and glorying in my might,
I drew the two-edged sword,
Valiant against a troop to fight
The battles of the Lord.
I scorned the multitude to dread,
Rushed on with full career,
And aimed at each opposer's head,
And smote off many an ear.

Charles Wesley.

274. BOOK, Dedication of a.

Go, little Book! from this my solitude;
I cast thee on the waters,—go thy ways;
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The World will find thee after many days.
Be it with thee according to thy worth:
Go, little Book! in faith I send thee forth.

Robert Southey.

275. BOOK, Inscription of a.

Like to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,
With all thy richest jewels overcast.
Say, if there be, 'mongst many gems here, one
Deserveless of the name of paragon:
Blush not at all for that, since we have set
Some pearls on queens that have been counterfeit. *Robert Herrick.*

276. BOOKS, Enduring.

Composed of many thoughts, possessing, each,
Innate and underived vitality:
Which having fitly shaped, and well arranged
In brotherly accord they builded up
A stately superstructure, that, nor wind,
Nor wave, nor shock of falling years could move;
Majestic and indissolubly firm,
As ranks of veteran warriors in the field;
Each by himself alone, and singly seen—
A sea of valor, dread! invincible!
Books of this sort, or sacred, or profane,
Which virtue helped, were titled not amiss,
The medicine of the mind: who read them, read
Wisdom, and was refreshed; and on his path
Of pilgrimage with healthier step advanced.
Robert Pollok.

277. BOOKS, Immortal.

The Wise
(Minstrel or Sage), *out* of their books are clay;
But *in* their books, as from their graves, they rise,
Angels, that, side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us!
We call some books immortal! *Do they live?*
If so, believe me, TIME hath made them pure.
In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace—
God wills that nothing evil should endure;
The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,
As the dust leaves the disembodied soul!
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

278. BOOKS, Multiplicity of.

Productive was the world
In many things, but most in books: like swarms
Of locusts which God sent to vex a land
Rebellious long, admonished long in vain,
Their numbers they poured annually on man,
From heads conceiving still; perpetual birth!
Thou wonderest how the world contained them all! [doom:
Thy wonder stay: like men, this was their
That dust they were, and should to dust return.
And oft their fathers, childless and bereaved,
Wept o'er their graves, when they themselves were green,
And on them fell, as fell on every age,
As on their authors fell, oblivious Night.
Robert Pollok.

279. BOOKS, Omniscience of.

In them, we
Who, *but* for them, upon that inch of ground
We call "THE PRESENT," from the cell could
No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar;
Turn, as we list, the globe's great axle round,
Traverse all space, and number every star,
And feel the Near less household than the Far!
There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!
A disinterred Pompeii wakes again
For him who seeks you well; lost cities give
Up their untarnished wonders, and the reign
Of Jove revives and Saturn: at our will
Rise dome and tower on Delphi's sacred hill;
Bloom Cimon's trees in Academe; along
Leucadia's headland sighs the Lesbian's song;
With Ægypt's Queen once more we sail the Nile, [smile;
And learn how worlds are bartered for a
Rise up, ye walls, with gardens blooming o'er,
Ope but that page—lo, Babylon once more!
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

280. BOOKS, Pleasure of.

Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy
Deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge. *John Fletcher.*

281. BRAVERY, Field for.

Dare to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest.

282. BRIBERY, Influence of.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.
Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the
foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the
winds are laid with sound.
But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur snarling at
each other's heels. *Alfred Tennyson.*

283. BRIBERY, Prevalence of.

Inaction now is crime. The old earth reels,
Inebriate with guilt; and vice grown bold,
Laughs innocence to scorn. The thirst for
gold [feels
Hath made men demons, till the heart that
The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels
In worship foul to Mammon, is contemned.
He who hath kept his purer faith, and
stemmed
Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels
Of impious tramplers rescued perilled right,
Is called fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers
Maliciously assailed. *W. H. Burleigh.*

284. BRIBERY, Power of.

The advocate for him who offered most
Pleaded; the scribe, according to the hire,
Worded the lie, adding for every piece
An oath of confirmation; judges raised
One hand to intimate the sentence, death,
Imprisonment, or fine, or loss of goods,
And in the other held a lusty bribe,
Which they had taken to give the sentence
wrong:
So managing the scale of justice still,
That he was wanting found who poorest
seemed. *Robert Pollok.*

285. BROTHER, Memory of a.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all. *Alice Carey.*

286. BROTHERHOOD, Bond of.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through
the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on
from east to west;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the
soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the
energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the
thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots
the instantaneous throe,
Where the travail of the Ages wrings earth's
systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recog-
nizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with
mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child
leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror
and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of
coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his
sympathies with God
In hot teardrops ebbing earthward, to be
drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving
in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct
bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift
flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Hu-
manity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the
gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest
have equal claim.
James Russell Lowell.

287. BROTHERHOOD, Disbelief of Man's.

Early from heaven it was revealed, and oft
Repeated in the world, from pulpits
preached,
And penned and read in holy books, that
God
Respected not the persons of mankind.
Had this been truly credited and felt,
The king, in purple robe, had owned, indeed,
The beggar for his brother; pride of rank

And office thawed into paternal love;
Oppression feared the day of equal rights,
Predicted; covetous extortion kept
In mind the hour of reckoning, soon to come;
And bribed injustice thought of being judged,
When he should stand on equal foot beside
The man he wronged. And surely—nay, 'tis true,
Most true, beyond all whispering of doubt,
That he, who lifted up the reeking scourge,
Dripping with gore from the slave's back, before
He struck again, had paused, and seriously
Of that tribunal thought, where God himself
Should look him in the face, and ask in wrath,
Why didst thou this? Man! was he not thy brother? [thine?
Bone of thy bone, and flesh and blood of
But ah! this truth, by heaven and reason taught,
Was never fully credited on earth.
The titled, flattered, lofty men of power,
Whose wealth bought verdicts of applause for deeds
Of wickedness, could ne'er believe the time
Should truly come, when judgment should proceed
Impartially against them, and they too,
Have no good speaker at the Judge's ear,
No witnesses to bring them off for gold,
No power to turn the sentence from its course;
And they of low estate, who saw themselves,
Day after day, despised, and wronged, and mocked,
Without redress, could scarcely think the day
Should e'er arrive, when they in truth should stand
On perfect level with the potentates
And princes of the earth, and have their cause
Examined fairly, and their rights allowed.
But now this truth was felt, believed and felt,
That men were really of a common stock;
That no man ever had been more than man.

Robert Pollok.

288. BROTHERHOOD, Grounds of.

Are we not creatures of one hand Divine,
Formed in one mould, to one redemption born,
Kindred alike, where'er our skies may shine,
Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn? [twine;
Brothers—one bond around our souls should
And woe to him by whom that bond is torn,
Who mounts by trampling broken hearts to earth,
Who bows down spirits of immortal birth!

Manzoni.

289. BROTHERHOOD, Human.

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland.

James Russell Lowell.

290. BROTHERHOOD, Poet of.

Who feels that God and Heaven's great deeps are nearer
Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh,
Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer
Than that of all his brethren, low or high;
Who to the Right can feel himself the truer
For being gently patient with the wrong,
Who sees a brother in the evil-doer, [song—
And finds in Love the heart's-blood of his
This, this is he for whom the world is waiting
To sing the beatings of its mighty heart;
Too long hath it been patient with the grating
Of scrannel-pipes, and heard it mis-named Art.
To him the smiling soul of man shall listen
Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,
And once again in every eye shall glisten
The glory of a nature satisfied.

James Russell Lowell.

291. BUILDING, Cautious.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest,

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean;

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

H. W. Longfellow.

292. BUILDING, Gradual.

By trifles, in our common ways,
Our characters are slowly piled;
We lose not all our yesterdays;
The man hath something of the child;
Part of the Past to all the Present cleaves,
As the rose-odors linger in fading leaves.

In ceaseless toil, from year to year,
Working with loathe or willing hands,
Stone upon stone we shape and rear,
Till the completed fabric stands;
And, when the last hush hath all labor stilled,
The searching fire will try what we have striven to build.

W. Morley Punshon.

293. BUILDING, Instinctive.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew those holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.
These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass;
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

R. W. Emerson.

294. BUILDING, Neglect of.

Whate'er thou purposest to do,
With an unwearied zeal pursue;
To-day is thine—improve to-day,
Nor trust to-morrow's distant ray.

A certain man a house would build;
The place is with materials filled;
And everything is ready there—
Is it a difficult affair?
Yes! till you fix the corner-stone;
It wont erect itself alone.
Day rolls on day, and year on year,
And nothing yet is done—
There's always something to delay
The business to another day.

And thus in silent waiting stood
The piles of stone and piles of wood,
Till Death, who in his vast affairs
Ne'er puts things off, as men do theirs—
And thus, if I the truth must tell,
Does his work *finally* and *well*—
Winked at our hero as he passed,
"Your house is finished, sir, at last;
A narrower house—a house of clay—
Your palace for *another day!*"

Tr. from the Russian by Bowring.

295. BURDEN, Help with the.

Child of my love, "LEAN HARD"
And let me feel the pressure of thy care,
I know thy burden, child: I shaped it,
Poised it in my own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on I said,
I shall be near, and while she leans on me,
This burden shall be mine, not her's: [arms
So shall I keep my child within the circling
Of "*mine own love.*" Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds, yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough, I would embrace thy care [breast.
So I might feel my child reposing on my
Thou lovest me, I know it, doubt not, then;
But loving me—LEAN HARD!

296. BURDEN, Laying Down the.

Lay down thy burden here;
With such a weary load
Thou canst not climb yon hill,
Yon steep and rugged road.

'Tis rough, and wild, and high,
Thickets and rocks impede;
Scant resting-place between,
How canst thou upward speed?

Lay down thy burden here,
Poor weary son of time;
So shall thy limbs be strong,—
So shalt thou upward climb.

The sun is hot, no cloud
To shield thee from his ray:
It scorches up thy strength;
Stay now, poor climber, stay.

Thou breathest hard, the drops
Are on thy burning brow;
Try not another step;
Lay down thy burden now.

So shalt thou climb yon hill
Up to its steepest height;
Like eagle of the rock,
With easy, joyful flight.

So shalt thou bear the toils
Thy God appoints to these;
So shalt thou serve thy God
In happy liberty. *Horatius Bonar.*

297. BURIAL, Place of.

"O *could* thy grave at home, at Carthage, be!"
Care not for that, and lay me where I fall.
Everywhere heard will be the judgment-call.
But at God's altar, O, remember me!

Thus Monica, and died in Italy.
Yet fervent had her longing been, through all
Her course, for home at last, and burial
With her own husband, by the Lybian sea.

Had been; but at the end, to her pure soul
All ties with all beside seemed vain and cheap,
And union before God the only care.

Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole;
Yet we her memory, as she prayed, will keep,
Keep by this: *Life in God and union, there!*
Matthew Arnold.

298. BURIAL, Sequence of.

Gather up, O earth! thy dead;
Grass! thy peaceful pillow spread,
Add another mortal's bed
To the bed where mortals sleep:
Where they sleep—but not to rise
When morn's sunlight clears the skies,
But to rest—while centuries
Their long-during watches keep.

Centuries shall pass away;
Earth shall hasten to decay;
Days will bring of days the day
When the exhausted cycles end;
Then, earth's every fugitive
Shall appear; the grave shall give
Up its dead, the dead shall live,—
And the Eternal Judge descend.

Day of wonders! day of woe!
Day of evil's overthrow!
Day of joy! when all shall know—
Know and see the Lord of heaven!
Then, O then, may hope appear,
Faith our fainting spirits cheer,
Love dry up the trembling tear,
Whispering sweetly, "Sins forgiven!"
Sir John Bowring.

299. BURIAL, The Christian's.

Cease, ye tearful mourners,
Thus your hearts to rend:
Death is life's beginning
Rather than its end.

All the grave's adornments,
What do they declare,
Save that the departed
Are but sleeping there?

What though now to darkness
We this body give;
Soon shall all its senses
Re-awake and live.

Soon shall warmth revisit
These poor bones again,
And the blood meander
Through each tingling vein;

And from its corruption
This same body soar,
With the self-same spirit
That was here of yore.

E'en as duly scattered
By the sower's hand
In the fading autumn
O'er the fallow land,

Nature's seed, decaying,
First in darkness dies,
Ere it can in glory
Renovated rise.

Earth, to thy fond bosom
We this pledge intrust;
Oh! we pray, be careful
Of the precious dust.

This was once the mansion
Of a soul endowed
With sublimest powers,
By the breath of God.

Here eternal Wisdom
Lately made His home;
And again will claim it
In the days to come;

When thou must this body,
Bone for bone, restore,—
Every single feature
Perfect as before.

O divinest period!
Speed upon thy way;
O eternal Justice!
Make no more delay.

When shall love in glory
Its fruition see?
When shall hope be lost in
Immortality?
Prudentius Clemens, tr. by E. Caswall.

300. BURIAL, The Sinner's.

Wrapt in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him, the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

Laid in a Christless tomb,
There, bound with felon-chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

O Christless shroud, how cold,
How dark, O Christless tomb!
O grief that never can grow old,
O endless, hopeless doom!

O Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know?
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe!

To rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
The lost soul's funeral!

O Christless soul, awake
Ere thy last sleep begin!
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
Burst Thou the bands of sin!
Horatius Bonar.

301. BURIAL-GROUND, Sacredness of the.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within it's walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown [hearts,
The seed that they had garnered in their
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast [grain.
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth!
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!
H. W. Longfellow.

302. BUSINESS, Vain.

The business of the world is child's play mere;
Too many, ah! the children playing here:
Their pleasure and their woe, their loss and gain,
Alike mean nothing, and alike are vain.
As children who, to pass the time away,
Build up their booths, to buy and sell in play;
But homeward hungering must at eve repair,
And standing leave their booths with all their ware. [come,
So the world's children, when their night is
With empty satchels turn them sadly home.
R. C. Trench.

303. BUSY-BODIES, Danger of.

But never more than once,
Let me repeat it, never let the wise
Give females license to frequent his house,
And hold free converse with his wife, for these [hope
To ill are shrewd instructors: through the
Of sordid lucre, one corrupts his wife;
One, who hath fallen from virtue, like herself
Wishes to make her vile; and many urge,
Through wanton forwardness, their pleas to ill.
Hence, the pure fountain of domestic bliss
The husband finds polluted; these against,
Let him guard well his gates with locks and bolts,
For nothing good these female visitants
Work by their converse, but abundant ill.
Tr. from Euripides.

304. CALAMITY, Expecting.

Know, he that
Foretells his own calamity, and makes
Events before they come, twice over doth
Endure the pains of evil destiny.
But we must trust to virtue, not to fate;
That may protect, whom cruel stars will hate.
W. Davenant.

305. CALAMITY, Influence of.

Methinks, if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you here.
Look yonder at the cloud, which, through the sky
Sailing along doth cross in her career
The rolling moon: I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams,
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own;
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.
Robert Southey.

306. CALVARY, Fountain of.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes, and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful,—God will never
Break His covenant in blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.
James Montgomery.

307. CALVARY, Lovely.

When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

James Montgomery.

308. CALVARY, View of.

In weariness and pain,
By griefs and sins opprest,
I turn me to my Rest again,
My soul's eternal Rest,—
The Lamb that died for me,
And still my load doth bear:
To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee,
And find my quiet there.

Jesus, was ever grief,
Was ever love, like Thine?
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief;
Thy life hath ransomed mine
The Crucified appears!
I see the dying God!
Oh, might I pour my ceaseless tears,
And mix them with Thy blood!

My sorrows I forget
In view of Calvary:
I fall, and kiss thy bleeding feet,
And pant to share with thee.
Oh, were I offered up
Upon Thy sacrifice!
Who would not drink the sacred cup,
And die when Jesus dies?

Thou seest my heart's desire:
I would thy cross partake;
I long to be baptized with fire,
And die for Thy dear sake;
I long to rise with Thee,
And soar to things above,
And spend a blest eternity
In praise of dying love.

Charles Wesley.

309. CAPTIVES, Jewish.

We sat by Babel's waters; and our tears
Mingled, in silence, with the silent stream;
For, oh! our hearts went back to happier years,
And brighter scenes, that faded like a dream.

Our harps, neglected, hung upon the trees,
That threw their shadows o'er the waves' dark crest, [breeze,
And sighed, responsive to each passing
That stirred a ripple on its slumbering breast.

But they who led us captive touched the string,
And waked its music with unhallowed hand,
And—mocking all our sadness—bade us sing
The song of Zion in a foreign land.

Oh! never, never!—hushed be now its strains!
Far, far away her exiled children roam,
And never will they sound, on other plains,
The holy music of their native home.

Jerusalem! all ruined as thou art,
Thy temples by profaning footsteps trod,
Still art thou fondly cherished in each heart,
Land of our sires, our childhood, and our God!

And, while we wander from thy sheltering wing,
To lay on distant shores the weary head,
Like houseless doves—alas! how can we sing?
Our harps are tuneless, and our souls are sad!

T. K. Hervey.

310. CARE, Divine.

What then? Why, then another pilgrim song;
And then a hush to rest, divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long!)
And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent; [thorny;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind, [aching;
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and
And then a little water-cruse to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow;
And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins his pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes, his loving-kindness;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then, a deep and darkly rolling river;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile forever and forever!

Jane Crewdson.

311. CARE, God's.

There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None love them best. O vain and selfish sigh;
Out of the bosom of His love He spares—
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die:
For thee He died—for thee He lives again;
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care as if beside
Nor man nor angel lived in heaven or earth:
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth;
They shine, and shine with unexhausted store;
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.
J. Keble.

312. CARE Personified.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
No better had he, nor for better cared; [brent,
With blist'red hands amongst the cinders
And fingers filthy, with long nails unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared:
His name was *Care;* a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose iron wedges made:
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade.
E. Spenser.

313. CARE, Refuge from.

Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's Name,
Supported by His smile.
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His service my reward:
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Thou, O Lord, in tender Love,
Dost all my burdens bear,
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there.
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done.

To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly:
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unspotted I.
Here I find a house of prayer
To which I inwardly retire,
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.
Charles Wesley.

314. CARE, Rest from.

I lay me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part—
I give a patient God
My patient heart;

And grasp His banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after Him.
Found under the head of a dead soldier in Port Royal Hospital.

315. CARE, Sermon on.

All nature a sermon may preach thee;
The birds sing thy murmurs away,—
The birds which, nor sowing nor reaping,
God fails not to feed day by day;
And He, who the creature doth cherish,
Will He fail thee, and leave thee to perish?
Or art thou not better than they?

The lilies, nor toiling nor spinning
Their clothing, how gorgeous and fair!
What tints in their tiny robes woven,
What wondrous devices are there!
All Solomon's stores could not render
One festival robe of such splendor
As the flowers have for every-day wear.

God gives to each flower its rich raiment,
And o'er them His treasures flings free,
Which to-day finds so fragrant in beauty,
And to-morrow all faded shall see.
Thus the lilies smile shame on thy care,
And the happy birds sing it to air:
Will their God be forgetful of thee?
Spegel, tr. by Mrs. Charles.

316. CARE, Succession of.

When one is past, another care we have;
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
Robert Herrick.

317. CAUSE, Finding the.

The wall said to the nail, "What have I done,
That through me thy sharp tooth thou thus dost run?"
The nail replied, "Poor fool! what do I know?
Ask him who beats my head with many a blow!"
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

318. CAUSE, Judging a.

He that of greatest work is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shown
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumptuous in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Shakespeare.

319. CAUSE, Unseen.

We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.
From one stage of our being to the next
We pass unconscious o'èr a slender bridge,
The momentary work of unseen hands,
Which crumbles down behind us; looking back,
We see the other shore, the gulf between,
And, marvelling how we won to where we stand,
Content ourselves to call the builder Chance.
We trace the wisdom to the apple's fall,
Not to the birth-throes of a mighty Truth
Which, for long ages in blank Chaos dumb,
Yet yearned to be incarnate, and had found
At last a spirit meet to be the womb
From which it might be born to bless mankind,—
Not to the soul of Newton, ripe with all
The hoarded thoughtfulness of earnest years,
And waiting but one ray of sunlight more
To blossom fully.
But whence came that ray?
We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
Rather to name our high successes so.
Only the instincts of great souls are Fate,
And all have predestined sway: all other things,
Except by leave of us, could never be.
For Destiny is but the breath of God
Still moving us, the last fragment left
Of our unfallen nature, waking oft
Within our thought, to beckon us beyond
The narrow circle of the seen and known,
And always tending to a noble end,
As all things must that overrule the soul,
And for a space unseat the helmsman, Will.
James Russell Lowell.

320. CAUTION, Wise.

When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
Shakespeare.

321. CENSURE, Lenient.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting
Beholdeth our pitiful life below, [love
From the holy height of their heaven above,
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow? *Mrs. Whitney.*

322. CENSURE, Mitigation of.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's fauts and folly:
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapèd happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco leeway.

. . . . . .

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord,—its various tone,
Each spring,—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
Robert Burns.

323. CEREMONY, Mockery of.

And what art thou, thou idol, ceremony?
What kind of good art thou? that sufferest more
Of mortal grief than do thy worshippers.
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth: [in?
What is thy toll, O adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What think'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Shakespeare.

324. CEREMONY, Religious.

Then ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
While truths, on which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend;
As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand,
Happy to fill religion's vacant place
With hollow form, and gesture and grimace.
W. Cowper.

325. CHANGE, Benefit of.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.
Charles Kingsley.

326. CHANGE, Law of.

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal time to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
No endless night, yet no eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish,
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.
Robert Southwell.

327. CHANGE, Lesson of.

Be not proud, but now incline
Your soft ear to discipline.
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace and sometimes strife;
You have ebbs of face and flowers,
As your health or comes, or goes:
You have hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Numberless as are your hairs:
You have pulses that do beat
High, and passions less of heat:
You are young, but must be old,
And to these, ye must be told,
Time, ere long, will come and plow
Loathed furrows in your brow
And the dimness of your eye
Will no other thing imply,
But you must die
As well as I. *Robert Herrick.*

328. CHANGE, Secret of.

Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.
R. W. Emerson.

329. CHANGE, Tragic.

My hair was black, but white my life:
The colors in exchange are cast!
The white upon my hair is rife,
The black upon my life has passed.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

330. CHARACTER, Accomplished.

His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplished in himself, not in his case:
All aids themselves made fairer by their place;
Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim
Pierc'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.
So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of arguments and questions deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;
That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted.
Shakespeare.

331. CHARACTER, Building up.

So build we up the being that we are,
Thus drinking in the soul of things,
We shall be wise perforce; and while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the will is free,
Unswerving shall we move, as if impelled
By strict necessity along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
Whate'er we feel by agency direct
Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse

Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats
Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights
Of love divine, our intellectual soul.
Wm. Wordsworth.

332. CHARACTER, Grades of.

The scale
Of being is a graduated thing;
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory there is writ
Gradation, in its hidden characters.
The pathway to the grave may be the same,
And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,
With his bowed head, shall bear him company.
Decay will make no difference, and death,
With his cold hand, shall make no difference;
And there will be no precedence of power,
In waking at the coming trump of God;
But in the temper of the invisible mind,
The godlike and undying intellect,
There are distinctions that will live in heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance!
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify him more.
It is life's mystery. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power;
And, as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.
N. P. Willis.

333. CHARACTER, Thought from.

The rascal, thinking from his point of view,
Concludes that all the world are rascals too.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

334. CHARACTER, Vacillation of.

It's my honest conviction,
That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction;
Religious—deistic—now loyal and warm;
Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform:
This moment a fop, that sententious as Titus;
Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus;
Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle;
Then vexed to the soul with impertinent tattle;
Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
To all points of the compass I veer in a day.
Henry Kirke White.

335. CHARACTER, Varieties of.

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
Shakespeare.

336. CHARACTER, Weighing.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
O no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;

A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale; [earl,
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl, [from thence,
All heaped in one balance and swinging
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt; [suffice
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could
One pearl to outweigh,—'twas THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate, [weight,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff [roof!
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.
Jane Taylor.

337. CHARITY, Application of.

What use the preacher's truth and earnest exhortation? [tion.
The hearer makes thereof inverted applica-
A miser listened once to a discourse most moving,
The habit of unstinted charity approving.
He said: "I never was before so much affected:
How beautiful is charity when well directed!
So clear and noble is the duty of almsgiving,
At once I'll go and beg, as sure as I am living." *Oriental.*

338. CHARITY, Compensation of.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing? rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love Divine will fill the storehouse, or thy handful still renew; [feast for two.
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal
For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living gain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.
Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.
Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless longings fill;
Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow. *Mrs. Charles.*

339. CHARITY, Deeds of.

Were we as rich in charity of deed [seed?
As gold, what rock would bloom not with the
We give our alms and cry, "What can we more?"
One hour of time were worth a load of ore!
Give to the ignorant our own wisdom! give
Sorrow our comfort! lend to those who live
In crime the counsels of our virtue! share
With souls our souls, and Satan shall despair!
Alas! what converts one man, who would take
The cross, and staff, and house with Guilt, could make. *Sir E. B. Lytton.*

340. CHARITY, Demand for.

The lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moan'd,
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,
And gazed on the vacant air
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there;
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtains shook,
Her terror was so extreme,
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam; [cried:
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she
"Oh me! that awful dream!

That weary, weary walk,
In the church-yard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things with shady wings,
That came and flitted round;
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom; [pride
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of
We haste to an early tomb!

For the pomp and pleasure of Pride
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;'
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt,
Of such a World of Woe!

Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, and Pain and Want,
But now I dreamt of them all!

For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor,
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famish'd I might have fed!

The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long-forgotten years,
Aye, even the poor, rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!

Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there
As when I passed it by:
Woe, woe for me, if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will ring my sinful soul!

Alas! I have walk'd through life,
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod;
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God.

I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

I dressed as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands
And the tears began to stream,—
Large and bitter and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

Thomas Hood.

341. CHARITY, Description of.

Blest Charity! the grace long-suffering, kind,
Which envies not, has no self-vaunting mind,
Is not puffed up, makes no unseemly show,
Seeks not her own, to provocation slow,
No evil thinks, in no unrighteous choice
Takes pleasure, doth in truth rejoice, [best,
Hides all things, still believes, and hopes the
All things endures, averse to all contest.
Tongues, knowledge, prophecy, shall sink
At the first glance of beatific ray; [away
Then charity its element shall gain,
And with the God of love eternal reign.

Bp. Ken.

342. CHARITY, Heathen.

My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in the Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast,
Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wrack,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks and shows her open side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride. [store,
From thy new hope, and from thy growing
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come, do a noble act of charity—
A pittance of thy land will set him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wrack,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
"'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus away."
What is't to thee, if he neglects thy urn,
Or without spices lets thy body burn?

Persius, tr. by John Dryden.

343. CHARITY, Law of.

A man once sat with his good wife to eat
A hen, of which she was for him the roaster.
A beggar cried, "Some food I do entreat!"
But drove him off the satiated boaster.

He thought not of the old proverbial verse,
"The full should call the empty to their table." [curse,
Soon through his house came hunger as a
To get a single hen he was not able.

From direst poverty he left his wife,
And homeless roamed abroad without a brother;

But she, in order to preserve her life,
In marriage gave herself unto another.

Again she with her husband sat to eat
A hen, which she for him had been a roasting.
A beggar cried, "I some of it entreat!"
"Give him the hen!" said he, too meek for boasting.

As to the beggar with the food she came,
Behold! 'twas he to whom she first was married.
She turned in tears, with thoughts that have no name:
Her spouse in wonder asked why thus she tarried.

She told him, then, in full and frank reply,
All since the first beggar away was driven.
He cried: "Ah God! that first beggar was I;
Praised be the mercies of an all-pitying Heaven!"

"There is a law which orders Fortune's play,
And moves the rich and poor upon its lever;
I begged of him who begs of me to-day,—
May God have mercy on us both forever!"

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

344. CHARITY, Public.

This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rings never at his door;
And the old beggar at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,—
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty-pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity account with Heaven,—
Retaining fees against the Last Assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
Plead his own plaintiff. *Robert Southey.*

345. CHARITY, Superiority of.

Virtue distressed to Faith applied
For strength her woes to bear;
But Faith was weak, and turned aside
With an half-uttered prayer.

Hope o'er the sufferer bent awhile
With wan and doubtful look,
Shed the faint semblance of a smile,
And her departure took.

Virtue despaired—but Charity
In that dark hour appeared;
"Rise, sister, rise! Come, dwell with me;
Lo! see my temples reared."

Lady, there's not a harp in heaven
But chants its lay to thee;
To thee the immortal crown is given,
For thou art Charity!

346. CHARITY, Trifling.

The blessings which the poor and weak can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juices
Renew the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again.

Thomas N. Talfourd.

347. CHASTISEMENT, Benefit of.

I weep, but do not yield;
I mourn, yet still rebel;
My inmost soul seems steeled,
Cold and immovable.

The wound is sharp and deep;
My spirit bleeds within;
And yet I lie asleep,
And still I sin, I sin.

My bruised soul complains
Of stripes without, within;
I feel these piercing pains—
Yet still I sin, I sin.

O'er me the low cloud hung
Its weight of shade and fear;
Unmoved I passed along,
And still my sin is here.

Yon massive mountain-peak
The lightning rends at will;
The rock can melt or break—
I am unbroken still.

My sky was once noon-bright,
My day was calm the while,
I loved the pleasant light,
The sunshine's happy smile.

I said, My God, oh, sure
This love will kindle mine;
Let but this calm endure,
Then all my heart is Thine.

Alas, I knew it not! —
The summer flung its gold
Of sunshine o'er my lot,
And yet my heart was cold.

Trust me with prosperous days,
I said; oh, spare the rod;
Thee and Thy love I'll praise,
My gracious, patient God.

Must I be smitten, Lord?
Are gentler measures vain?
Must I be smitten, Lord?
Can nothing save but pain?

Thou trustedst me a while;
Alas! I was deceived;
I revelled in the smile,
Yet to the dust I cleaved.

Then the fierce tempest broke,
I knew from whom it came,
I read in that sharp stroke
A Father's hand and name.

And yet I did Thee wrong;
Dark thoughts of Thee came in,—
A froward, selfish throng,—
And I allowed the sin!

I did Thee wrong, my God;
I wronged Thy truth and love,
I fretted at the rod,
Against Thy power I strove.

I said, My God, at length,
This stony heart remove;
Deny all other strength,
But give me strength to love.

Come nearer, nearer still;
Let not Thy light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will,
Dissolve this iron heart.

Less wayward let me be,
More pliable and mild;
In glad simplicity
More like a trustful child.

Less, less, of self each day,
And more, my God, of thee;
O keep me in the way,
However rough it be.

Less of the flesh each day,
Less of the world and sin;
More of Thy Son, I pray,
More of Thyself within.

Riper and riper now,
Each hour let me become,
Less fit for scenes below,
More fit for such a home.

More moulded to Thy will,
Lord, let Thy servant be,
Higher and higher still,
Liker and liker thee.

Leave nought that is unmeet;
Of all that is mine own
Strip me; and so complete
My training for the throne.

Horatius Bonar.

348. CHASTISEMENT, Observation of.

Receive thy scourge by others' chastisement;
For such calling, when it work none amends,
Then plagues are sent without advertisement.
Yet Solomon said the wronged shall recure:
But Wyatt said true, "The scar doth aye endure." *Earl of Surrey.*

349. CHASTISEMENT, Views of.

Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise,—
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.
Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure."
Malik from a deeper sense
Uttered his experience:
"He who loves his master's choice
Will in chastisement rejoice."
Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,
And replied, "O men of grace!
He who sees his Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all."

Oriental.

350. CHASTITY, Appearance of.

In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ
Of chastity, as blinds the adult'rous eye;
Not the mountain ice,
Congealed to crystal, is so frosty chaste
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,
And man's proud tyrant, passion.

John Dryden.

351. CHASTITY, Defense of.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liv'ried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

Milton.

352. CHASTITY, Maxim of.

While thirst of praise and vain desire of fame
In ev'ry age is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtship pleased, of silly trifles proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each proud fop bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance,
While vain coquettes affect to be pursued,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd:
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:
In part she is to blame who has been tried,
He comes too near who comes to be denied.

Lady Montagu.

353. CHASTITY, Violation of.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charms can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
And hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
And give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to die.

Oliver Goldsmith.

354. CHEERFULNESS Encouraged.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our best away?
What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope, a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearfully,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

Charlotte Brontë.

355. CHEERFULNESS, Power of.

The stoutest armor of defence is that which is within the bosom,
And the weapon that no enemy can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit:
Catapults in old war worked like Titans, crushing foes with rocks;
So doth a strong-springed heart throw back every load on its assailants.

M. F. Tupper.

356. CHEERFULNESS, Psalm of.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward, nor behind,
I look in hope and fear:
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now, and here.

I plough no more a desert land
For harvest, weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar,
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;
Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringèd lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south winds softly sigh,
And sweet calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong:
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way,
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play:
And all the windows of my heart
I open to this day.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

357. CHILD, Burying a.

J. Amy died—
Dear little Amy! when you talk of her,
Say, she is gone to heaven.
2d Child. They planted her—
Will she come up next year?
1st Child. No, not so soon;
But some day God will call her to come up,
And then she will. Papa knows everything;
He said she would before they planted her.

Jean Ingelow.

358. CHILD, Lesson for a.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you,
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever:
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song!

Charles Kingsley.

359. CHILD, Importance of a.

Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope—thou bright,
Pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep [their gladness;
Thou little potentate of love, who comest
With solemn sweet dominion to the old,
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
With the grave embassage of that dear past,
When they were young like thee, thou vindication
Of God, thou living witness against all men
Who have been babes, thou everlasting promise
Which no man keeps, thou portrait of our nature, [worship,
Which in despair and pride we scorn and
Thou household god, whom no iconoclast
Hath broken! *Sydney Dobell.*

360. CHILD, My Lost.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes,—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair!
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!
John Pierpont.

361. CHILDHOOD, Beauty of.

Beautiful, beautiful childhood! with a joy
That like a robe is palpable, and flung
Out by your ev'ry motion! delicate bud
Of the immortal flower that will unfold
And come to its maturity in heaven!
I weep your earthly glory. 'Tis a light
Lent to the new-born spirit, that goes out
With the first idle wind. It is the leaf
Fresh flung upon the river, that will dance
Upon the wave that stealeth out its life,
Then sink of its own heaviness. The face
Of the delightful earth will to your eye
Grow dim; the fragrance of the many flowers
Be noticed not, and the beguiling voice
Of nature in her gentleness will be
To manhood's senseless ear inaudible.
Nathaniel Parker Willis.

362. CHILDHOOD, Crown of.

The cows are lowing along the lane,
The sheep to the fold have come,
And the mother looks from the cottage door,
To see how the night comes over the moor,
And calls the children home.

Their feet are bare in the dusty road,
Their cheeks are tawny and red;
They have waded the shallows below the mill,
They have gathered wild roses up the hill,
A crown for each tangled head.

The days will come, and the days will go,
And life hath many a crown,
But none that will press upon manhood's brow
As light as the roses resting now
On the children's foreheads brown.

363. CHILDHOOD, Eternal.

Little children, young and aged,
Bear the blessing up!
Pour around the life elixir
From your golden cup!
Love is the divine restorer
Of the souls of men;
This the new perpetual Eden
We must seek again.

Love is the eternal childhood;
Hither all must come
Who the kingdom would inherit
Of the Heavenly Home.

364. CHILDREN, Advice to.

Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to JESUS,
Children of the Lord.

CHRIST is kind and gentle,
CHRIST is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.
C. F. Alexander.

365. CHILDREN, Benefit of.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,
Were there no pants or jackets tearing?
No tiny dresses to embroider?
No cradle for their watchful caring.

No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
With satchels to the school-house hasting;
No merry shouts as home they rush,
No precious morsel for their tasting;

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table:
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able;

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

366. CHILDREN, Blessing upon.

"Suffer that little children come to Me,
Forbid them not." Emboldened by his words,
The mothers onward press; but, finding vain
The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To strangers' hands; the innocents, alarmed
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink, trembling, till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of Jesus, beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cowering, lay their heads upon His breast.
James Grahame.

367. CHILDREN, Christ Blessing.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men, [fold,
How He called little children as lambs to His
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Mrs. J. Luke.

368. CHILDREN, Death and the.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord hath need of these flow'rets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flow'rs she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

369. CHILDREN, Death of.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noonday heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If Heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

370. CHILDREN, Example for.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild:
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind:
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His Glory live.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise;
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley.

371. CHILDREN Jewels.

Pointing to such well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are my jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

Samuel Rogers.

372. Children, Lesson from.

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hope and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
I am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

373. CHILDREN, Mourning for.

M. I heard a bell:
There is a funeral, then, behind the church.
2d Child. Are the trees sorry when their leaves drop off?
1st Child. You talk such silly words; no, not at all.
There goes another leaf. *Jean Ingelow.*

374. CHILDREN, Pleasure of.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.
H. W. Longfellow.

375. CHILDREN, Prayers of.

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest;
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

On the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight's silver bars:
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head drops low;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow;)
"Take our souls:" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war:
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
Then far down the purple distance
All the noise of battle dies.
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

376. CHILDREN, Talents of.

God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.
James Edmeston.

377. CHILDREN, Trust of.

"Now I lay me"—say it, darling;
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head drooped low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep,"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

378. CHILDREN, Teaching.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
James Thomson.

379. CHOICE, Nobility of.

Think not too meanly of thy low estate;
Thou hast a choice; to choose is to create!
Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
Angels approve thee, when thy choice is well;
Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,
Swore to spare Sodom, if she held but ten!
Use well the freedom which thy Master gave,
(Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate a slave?)
And He who made thee to be just and true
Will bless thee, love thee,—ay, respect thee too!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

380. CHRIST, Abiding in.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee;
From this good hour, oh! leave me never-
more: [healed,
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin;
Quench, e'er it rise, each selfish, low desire;
And keep my soul as thine, calm and di-
vine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around
it thrown.

Abide in me. There have been moments blest
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy
power:
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the
hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be:
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer;
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

381. CHRIST, Abiding with.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,
Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with
me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay may be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Henry Francis Lyte.

382. CHRIST, Ability of.

A lowly man—He takes my sins, and bears
the heavy load;
A lowly man—He takes my hand, and leads
me up the road; [tor! God!
And when I know this lowly man is my Crea-
Oh, this hath solved me much dark speech;
and loosed tongues that were dumb!
For all creation round me now a Gospel has
become,
And what had seemed to me before *mere*
wild, confused Babel,
Is now a fire-tongued Pentecost, proclaim
ing—CHRIST IS ABLE!
The thunders, in the crashing skies, an-
nounce it as they roll;
The lightnings on the black storm wall, write
it in vivid scroll;
And stars repeat it, down the dark, in mystic
jewelled light;
The Urim and the Thummim on the breast-
plate of the night;
And strong Orion shouts to me what slum-
bered in old fable,
And echoes from eternal night-vaults answer,
Able! Able!
And comet, cresting bended heavens, waves
echo to the word,
Like waving white plume in the star-mailed
helmet of the Lord;
For all creation its evangel utters forth abroad
Into mine ear, when now I know my Saviour
Christ is God! *W. B. Robertson.*

383. CHRIST, Alone with.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
O Friend divine!
Thou Friend of friends, to me most dear,
Though all unseen, I feel Thee near;
And, with the love that knows no fear,
I call Thee mine.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
Now through my breast
There steals a breath like breath of balm
That healing brings and holy calm,
That soothes like chanted song or psalm,
And makes me blest.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
Thy grace more sweet
Than music in the twilight still,
Than airs that groves of spices fill,
More fresh than dews on Hermon's hill,
My soul doth greet.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
In Thy pure light
The splendid pomps and shows of time,

The tempting steeps that pride would climb,
The peaks where glory rests sublime,
Pale on my sight.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
My softened heart
Floats on the flood of love divine,
Feels all its wishes drowned in Thine,
Content that every good is mine
Thou canst impart.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
I want no more
To make my earthly bliss complete,
Than oft my Lord unseen to meet;
For sight I wait till tread my feet
Yon glistering shore.

Alone with Thee! alone with Thee!
There not alone,
But with all saints, the mighty throng,
My soul unfettered, pure, and strong,
Her high communings shall prolong
Before Thy throne. *Ray Palmer.*

384. CHRIST, Clinging to.

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found her place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblessed,
While she can cling to Thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.

What though the world unfaithful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove;
With sure and certain hope of love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentle tone,
Whispers "Still cling to Me."

Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

They fear not Satan, nor the grave,—
They feel Thee near and strong to save;
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Blessed is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appall,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?
Charlotte Elliott.

385. CHRIST, Confessing.

To tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Nor less to praise Him when He grants
Beyond what I can ask.

My laboring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness He speaks,
And helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
Such secrets to declare:
Like precious wines, their tastes they lose,
Exposed to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear,—
Sweet is the ointment of His name;
Nor life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was,
And blame the song that thus commends
The Man who bore the cross?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints;
Such honor may He give to you!
For such have all His saints.
William Cowper.

386. CHRIST, For Me.

For me He left His home on high;
For me to earth He came to die;
For me He in a manger lay;
For me to Egypt fled away;
For me He dwelt with fishermen;
For me He slept in cave and glen;
For me abuse He meekly bore;
For me a crown of thorns He wore.
For me He braved Gethsemane;
For me He hung upon a tree:
For me His final feast was made;
For me by Judas was betrayed;
For me by Peter was denied;
For me by Pilate crucified;
For me His precious blood was shed;
For me He slept among the dead;
For me He rose with might at last;
For me above the skies He passed;
For me He came at God's command;
For me He sits at His right hand.

387. CHRIST, Friendship of.

Rest of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;

Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry:
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high.
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend!

Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise;
All my endeavor,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend!

John S. B. Monsell.

388. CHRIST, Humiliation of.

Now Thou, by whom the world was made,
Art in Thy manger-cradle laid;
Maker of all things great, art small,
Naked Thyself, though clothing all.

Thou, who both heaven and earth dost sway,
In strangers' inn art fain to stay;
And though Thy power makes angels blest,
Dost seek Thy food from human breast.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. by F. E. Cox.

389. CHRIST, a King.

Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth Thy car;
Prosper in Thy course triumphant.
All success attend Thy war:
Gracious Victor,
Bring Thy trophies from afar.

Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To insure Thy blessed conquests,
Take possession of the right:
Ride triumphant,
Decked in robes of purest light.

Blest are they that touch Thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own Thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain;
Saints and angels,
All who know Thee bless Thy reign!

390. CHRIST, Kingdom of.

O North, with all thy vales of green!
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East! the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of Heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son.
He brings a train of brighter years,
His kingdom is begun.

He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father! haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall strive to pattern theirs:
And He who conquered Death shall win
The mightier conquest over Sin.

William Cullen Bryant.

391. CHRIST, Life of.

No stern recluse,
As His forerunner; but the Guest and Friend
Of all who sought Him, mingling with all
To breathe His holiness on all. No film [life
Obscured His spotless lustre. From His lips
Truth limpid without error flow'd. Disease
Fled from His touch. Pain heard Him, and was not.
Despair smiled in His presence. Devils knew,
And trembled. In the omnipotence of faith
Unintermittent, indefectible,
Leaning upon His Father's might, He bent
All nature to His will. The tempest sank,
He whispering, into waveless calm. The bread, [spare.
Given from His hands, fed thousands and to
The stormy waters, as the solid rock,
Were pavement for His footstep. Death itself
With vain reluctancies yielded its prey
To the stern mandate of the Prince of life.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

392. CHRIST, Litany to.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;

Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul. *Ray Palmer.*

393. CHRIST, Ode to.

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above:
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake, and blow
The mists of earth away;
Shine out, O Light divine! and show
How wide and far we stray.

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear:
Why forward reach, or backward look,
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of Him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a King to reign;
The world's long hope is dim:
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes; life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb; the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains,

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence:
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He:
And faith has still its Olivet;
And love, its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain:
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains; a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness;
Thy grace, the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own:
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong:
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates Thee; who loves, becomes
Therein to Thee allied:
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine!
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most Divine,
The flower of man and God.

O Love! O Life!—our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

The homage that we render Thee
Is still our father's own:
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;

And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine:
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee, all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done:
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given:
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

How vain, secure in all Thou art,
Our noisy championship!
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban:
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, Our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone:
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas-bells,
Thy inward altars raise:
Its faith and hope Thy canticles;
And its obedience, praise.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

394. CHRIST, Offices of.

Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came.—
The joyful news
Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued,
And peace with heaven.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed His blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power;
Oh, make us sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet. *Isaac Watts.*

395. CHRIST, Old Story of.

Tell me the old, old story,
Of things unseen above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child:
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption—
God's REMEDY for sin!

Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that World's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

396. CHRIST, Prepare the Way of.

A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill,
"The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way,"
The word of Jehovah He comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pours the splendor of day.

Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

The beams of salvation His progress illume,
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad. *William Drummond.*

397. CHRIST, Questions about.

Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One,—and "coming, be at rest!"
Hath He marks to lead me to Him,—if He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints, and His side!
Is there diadem, as monarch, that His brow adorns? [thorns!
Yea: a crown, in very surety,—but of
If I find Him, if I follow, what His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear!
If I still hold closely to Him, what hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past!
If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me nay? [away!
Not till earth, and not till heaven pass
Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is He sure to bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims, answer, Yes!

Stephen, tr. by J. M. Neale.

398. CHRIST, Selling.

If to-day thou turn'st aside
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself, and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep—
Thou art one of them that sleep:
Or if, waking, thou dost see
Nothing of divinity
In our fallen, struggling race—
If in them thou see'st no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a future to be won,
Of a future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny:
But if, seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet, if thou art bound to sin,
False to the ideal within,
Slave of ease, or slave of gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold.

A. C. Lynch.

399. CHRIST a Sin-bearer.

Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom save thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee!

Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful tree
Have paid the law's full price,
And purchased peace for me.

Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.

Thy bonds, not mine, O Christ,
Unbind me of my chain.
And break my prison-doors,
Ne'er to be barred again.

Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruisèd soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.

Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains,
And purge away my guilt.

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear, but God.

Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine,
Would have been all too few.

Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of thee.

Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul;
In this I'll live and die.

Horatius Bonar.

400. CHRIST, Sufficiency of.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, He is bread;
If any be a bondman, He, He is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is He!
To dead men, life He is; to sick men, health;
To blind men, sight; and, to the needy, wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Giles Fletcher.

401. CHRIST Suggested.

Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesu's light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think: Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,
What must their Creator be!

If I trace the fountain's source,
Or the brooklet's devious course,
Straight my thoughts to Jesus mount,
As the best and purest fount.

Sweet the song the night-bird sings,
Sweet the lute, with quivering strings;
Far more sweet than every tone
Are the words "Maria's Son."

Sweetness fills the air around,
At the echo's answering sound;
But more sweet than echo's fall
Is to me the Bridegroom's call.

Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.
Angelius Silesius, tr. by F. E. Cox.

402. CHRIST, Star of.

When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks:
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and widely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose:
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!
H. K. White.

403. CHRIST, Telling of.

I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true:
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.
I love to tell the story:
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The Message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

404. CHRIST, Union with. *C. Hankey.*

They love their blessed Leader. Not more close
The branches cling unto the parent tree
Than are His followers bound to Christ. They loose, [free
Like Him, their hold on earthly things. They
Their hearts from the strong bonds of selfishness,
And yield for general good their private weal.
Where'er is want, despondency, distress,
They have the hand to toil, the heart to feel.
'Tis thus the Saviour taught them. They are one
With Him, and in their souls His image bear,
Rejoicing in the likeness. As the sun
Doth spread his radiance through the fields of air,
And kindle in revolving stars his blaze,
He pours upon their hearts the splendor of His rays. *Thomas C. Upham.*

405. CHRISTIAN, Emblem of the.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.
Isaac Watts.

406. CHRISTIAN, Peace of the.

Let not your heart be faint:
My peace I give to you,—
Such peace as reason never planned,
As worldlings never knew.

'Tis not the noiseless calm
That bodes a tempest nigh,
Or lures the heedless mariner
Where rocks and quicksands lie.

'Tis not fallen nature's sleep,
The stupor of the soul
That knows not God, nor owns His hand,
Though wide His thunders roll.

'Tis not the sleep of death,
Low in the darksome grave,
Where the worm spreads its couch, and feeds,—
No hand put forth to save.

It speaks a ransomed world,
A Father reconciled,
A sinner to a saint transformed,
A rebel to a child.

It tells of joys to come;
It soothes the troubled breast;
It shines, a star amid the storm,—
The harbinger of rest.

Then murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few:
Though earth to its foundation shake,
My peace I leave with you.

John A. Latrobe.

407. CHRISTIAN, Pre-eminence of the.

Who is as the Christian great?
Bought and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft and walks with God.

Who is as the Christian wise?
He has naught for all hath given;
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.

Who is as the Christian bless'd?
He hath found the long-sought stone;
He is joined to Christ, his rest—
He and happiness are one.

Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join;
Make the character complete;
All immortal, all divine.

Lo! his clothing is the sun—
The bright Sun of righteousness;
He hath put salvation on—
Jesus is his beauteous dress.

Lo! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesus' breast his head—
Feasts forever on His love.

Angels here his servants are;
Spread for him their golden wings;
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

Who shall gain that heavenly height?
Who his Saviour's face shall see?
I who claim it in His right,
Carist hath bought it all for me.

Charles Wesley.

408. CHRISTIANITY, Mystery of.

The Christian's faith had many mysteries too.
The uncreated Holy Three in One;
Divine Incarnate, Human in Divine;
The inward call; the Sanctifying Dew;
Coming unseen, unseen departing thence;
Anew creating all, and yet not heard;
Compelling, yet not felt: mysterious these;
Not that Jehovah to conceal them wished;
Not that Religion wished. The Christian faith,
Unlike the timorous creeds of Pagan priest,
Was frank, stood forth to view, invited all
To prove, examine, search, investigate,
And gave herself a light to see her by.
Mysterious these—because too large for eye
Of man, too long for human arm to mete.

Pollok.

409. CHRISTIANITY, Progress of.

Now with the cross, as with the staff, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrim, westward bent,
Knocking at all doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and follows some light,
Till all depart, so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To Egypt first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten commandments there did flourish more
Than ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy Macarius, and great Anthony
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing the history.
Goshen was darkness; Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
Religion thence fled into Greece, where arts
Gave her the highest place in all men's hearts.
Learning was posed, philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.
Plato and Aristotle were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell Christ's-cross.
Prayers chased syllogisms into their den,
And Ergo was transformed into Amen.
Though Greece took horse as soon as Egypt did,
And Rome as both, yet Egypt faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. Greece being past her prime,
Religion went to Rome, subduing those
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The warrior his dear scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endured to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.
The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust;

Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
Him in His members, Who for him was slain.
The shepherd's hook grew to a sceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year.
But the empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them
Who were cut short in Alexander's stem.
In both of these prowess and arts did tame
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came:
Which using, and not fearing skill in the one,
Or strength in the other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling the empire knew,
(As dying things are wont,) until it flew
At length to Germany, still westward bending,
And there the Church's festival attending;
That, as before empire and arts made way,
For no less harbingers would serve than they;
So they might still, and point us out the place,
Where first the Church should raise her downcast face.
Strength levels grounds, art makes a garden there;
Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the empire shared with Germany,
But England in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state.

George Herbert.

410. CHRISTIANS, Death of.

Meeting with Time, "Slack thing," said I,
"Thy scythe is dull; whet it, for shame."
"No marvel, sir," he did reply,
"If it at length deserve some blame.
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it."

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
Who above all things lov'd his life;
To whom thy scythe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning knife.
Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
Since, by the cutting, he grows better.

And in His blessing *thou* art blest.
For, where thou only wert before
An executioner at best,
Thou art a gard'ner now; and, more,
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong,
And length of days lengthen the rod;
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that need be,
Which ev'n Eternity excludes!
Thus far Time heard me patiently;
Then, chafing, said, "This man deludes!
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave less time, but more."

George Herbert.

411. CHRISTIANS, Enlistment of.

We leave now behind us
The world and its crowd;
We set now before us
The home of our God.

We take up our cross now
To follow the Lamb,
We close round His banner,
For glory or shame.

We take up the armor
Our Captain hath given,
The sword and the breastplate,
The helmet of heaven.

In faith thus defying
The foe and the sin,
We fight our life's battle;
We fight and we win.

Horatius Bonar

412. CHRISTIANS, Fearlessness of.

Who the Creator love, created night
Dread not: within their tents no terrors walk.
For they are holy things before the Lord,
Aye unprofaned, though earth should league with hell;
God's altar grasping with an eager hand.
Fear, the wild-visaged, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refuged hears his hot-pursuing fiends
Yell at a distance. Soon refreshed from heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles. A soft, solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised:
And Faith's whole armor glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigured with a deathless awe,
A solemn hush of souls, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming: yea, unmoved
Views e'en the immitigable ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial mercy-seat they come,
And at the renovating wells of love
Have filled their vials with salutary wrath,
To sickly nature more medicinal
Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone despoiled traveller's wounds!

S. T. Coleridge.

413. CHRISTIANS, Lights.

Stars are of mighty use: the night
Is dark and long;
The road foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much away,
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long, must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass;

But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that city's shining spires
We travel to.
A sword-like gleam
Kept man from sin
First *out;* this beam
Will guide him *in.*

Henry Vaughn.

414. CHRISTIANS, Name of.

O Antioch, thou teacher of the world!
From out thy portals passed the feet of those,
Who, banished and despised, have made thy name
The next in rank to proud Jerusalem.
Within thy gates the persecuted few
Who dared to rally round the holy cross
And worship Him whose sacred form it bore,
Were first called Christians. In thy sad conceit,
Thou mad'st a stigma of reproach and shame,
This noblest title of the sons of earth;
While, save for this, thy name were scarcely known,
Except among the mouldering vestiges
Of dim antiquity. *J. L. Chester.*

415. CHRISTIANS, Nobility of.

There is a family on earth
Whose Father fills a throne;
But, though a seed of heavenly birth,
To men they're little known.

Whene'er they meet the public eye,
They feel the public scorn;
For men their fairest claims deny,
And count them basely born.

But 'tis the King who reigns above,
Who claims them for His own;
The favored objects of His love,
And destined to a throne.

The honors that belong to them
By men are set at nought:
Whatever shines not they contemn:
Unworthy of a thought!

But ah! how little they reflect!
For mark the unerring word!
"That which with men has most respect,
Is odious to the Lord."

Were honors evident to sense,
Their portion here below,
The world would do them reverence,
And all their claims allow.

But, when the King Himself was here,
His claims were set at nought;
Would they another lot prefer?
Rejected be the thought!

No! they will tread, while here below,
The path their Master trod;
Content all honor to forego,
But that which comes from God.

And when the King again appears,
He'll vindicate His claim:
Eternal honor shall be theirs;
Their foes be filled with shame.

Thomas Kelly.

416. CHRISTIANS, Portion of.

Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave.

417. CHRISTMAS, Glory of.

A Day, a Day of Glory!
A Day that ends our woe!
A Day that tells of triumph
Against the vanquished foe!
Yield, summer's brightest sunrise,
To this December morn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born!

With "Glory in the Highest,"
Archangels tell their mirth:
With "Lord, have mercy on us,"
Men answer upon earth:
And Angels swell the triumph,
And mortals raise the horn,
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born!

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE

He comes, His throne the manger
He comes, His shrine the stall;
The ox and ass His courtiers,
Who made and governs all;
The "House of Bread" His birthplace,
The Prince of Wine and Corn;
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born!

Then bar the gates, that henceforth
None thus may passage win,
Because the Prince of Israel
Alone hath entered in:
The earth, the sky, the ocean,
His glorious way adorn;
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born!

Tr. by J. M. Neale.

418. CHRISTMAS, Hymn for.

Come hither, ye faithful;
Triumphantly sing;
Come, see in the manger
Our Saviour and King!
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord!
Oh, come ye, come hither,
To worship the Lord!

True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven:
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

To Thee, then, O Jesus!
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth!
True Godhead Incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
Oh, come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

From the Latin.

419. CHRISTMAS, Importance of.

Who can forget, never to be forgot,
The time that all the world in slumber lies,
When like the stars the singing angels shot
To earth, and heaven awaked all his eyes
To see another sun at midnight rise
On earth? Was ever sight of equal fame,
For God before man like himself did frame,
But God Himself now like a mortal man became.
The angels carolled loud their songs of peace;
The cursèd oracles were stricken dumb;
To see their shepherd, the poor shepherds press;
To see their King, the kingly sophics come;
And then, to guide unto his master's home,
A star comes dancing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent;
When gold, to make their prince a crown, they all present.

Giles Fletcher.

420. CHRISTMAS, Observance of.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrow bone,
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung:
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord;
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls,
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie,
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in;
And carols roared with blithesome din,
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, oh! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light?
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale!
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Sir Walter Scott.

421. CHRISTMAS, Offerings for.

We come not with a costly store,
O Lord! like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shore of gold;
No weepings of the incense-tree
Are with the gifts we bring;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified:
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

422. CHRISTMAS, Return of.

The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door:
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings: Peace, good-will!

To David's city let us fly,
Where angels sing beneath the sky;
Through plain and village pressing near,
And news from God with shepherds hear.

Oh! let us go with quiet mind,
The gentle Babe with shepherds find,
To gaze on Him who gladdens them,
The loveliest Flower of Jesse's stem.

The lowly Saviour meekly lies,
Laid off the splendor of the skies;
No crown bedecks his forehead fair,
No pearl nor gem nor silk is there.

No human glory, might, and gold,
The lovely Infant's form enfold;
The manger and the swaddlings poor
Are His whom angels' songs adore.

O wake our hearts, in gladness sing!
And keep our Christmas with our King,
Till living song, from loving souls,
Like sound of mighty waters rolls.

O holy Child! Thy manger streams
Till earth and heaven glow with its beams.
Till midnight noon's broad light has won,
And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.

Thou Patriarchs' joy, Thou Prophets' song,
Thou heavenly Day-spring, looked for long,
Thou Son of Man, Incarnate Word,
Great David's Son, great David's Lord!

Come, Jesus, glorious, heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast!
Then David's harp-strings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song.

Tr. from the Danish by Chas. P. Krauth.

423. CHRISTMAS, Song of.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,

And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.
Edmund H. Sears.

424. CHURCH, Ark of the.

Rent were at once the floodgates of the sky,
And burst the great deep's fountains. All was dark,
Thronged with the forms of drowning men: and hark,
O'er the wide earth one agonizing cry!
Then 'mid the swelling surge, careering high,
Fraught with the world's remains, the Patriarch's ARK
Went o'er the waters: for that wondrous bark
Lived in the safeguard of Jehovah's eye.
Past is the plague! But still o'er earth the flood
Of sin reigns paramount: still God provides
An Ark of health for those who walk with God;
His power secures it, and His wisdom guides.
Faith clings obedient to that loved abode,
And o'er the waves the life-fraught vessel rides.
Bp. Mant.

425. CHURCH, Army of the.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of JESUS,
Going on before.
CHRIST, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

At the sign of triumph,
Satan's host doth flee,
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of GOD:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in Charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain;
Gates of Hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Baring-Gould.

426. CHURCH, Assembly of the.

It were a goodly and a glorious sight,
The assembled Church from time's remotest age!
Priest, patriarch, ruler, lawgiver, and sage;
And they who soared the poet's lofty flight,
Psalmist or seer; or fought the Gospel fight,
God's truth proclaimed, or stored the sacred page;
With all of less renown who dared engage
Sin, and were conquerors in the Saviour's might.
Behold them there. They stand before the gate
(In heav'n their names are writ!) for entrance there
What time their Captain comes. Cast off the weight
That stays thy course; like them right onward bear,
So shalt thou swell with them their Leader's state,
Partake His triumph, and His banquet share.
Bp. Mant.

427. CHURCH, Betrayal of the.

Satan. My soul forecasts
The shadows of the future. Is the cup
Of vengeance sweet? Comrades, it shall be fill'd
Full and forever to the cruel brim.
Messiah hath espoused a Bride on earth:
We will defile that Bride. His Church of old
Fell easily in our lascivious arms;
But this chaste matron, nurtured at the Cross,
And overshadow'd by the Dove, and school'd
In suffering, will be far more rigid found:
Yet not impregnable, we copying Him.
Doth He work slowly? slowly we must work:
And secretly? we must in secret work:
And patiently? we patiently must work.
And if at last within His temple courts
His well-beloved, by us betray'd, debauch'd,
Decking herself with scarlet, gems, and gold,
And all the blandishments of harlotry,
Have dalliance with the nations and their kings,
And offer them her honey'd cup of loves,
Drunken herself with sweeter nectarine,
The life-blood of the martyr'd saints of God,
Were not this vengeance which might soothe our pangs
Here, or in dread Gehenna, to recall?
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

428. CHURCH, a Bride.

Clad in a robe of pure and spotless white,
The youthful bride, with timid steps, comes forth
To greet the hand to which she plights her troth,
Her soft eyes radiant with a strange delight.
The snowy veil which circles her around,
Shades the sweet face from every gazer's eye,
And thus enwrapt, she passes calmly by,
Nor casts a look, but on the unconscious ground.

So should the Church, the bride elect from Heaven,—
Remembering Whom she goeth forth to meet,
And with a truth that cannot brook deceit,
Holding the faith which unto her is given,
Pass through this world, which claims her for awhile,
Nor cast about her longing look nor smile.
Alice B. Neal.

429. CHURCH, Conduct in the.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stockings: quit thy state,—
All equal are within the church's gate.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged His temple, so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well:
For churches either are our Heaven or Hell!
George Herbert.

430. CHURCH, Death in the.

Many there are and dry,
Spread through the open vale,
Millions of lifeless souls they lie
Within the Christian pale.
I pass the churches through,
The scattered bones I see,
And Christendom appears in view
A hideous Calvary!

431. CHURCH, A Fashionable.

Look on this edifice of marble made—
How fair it swells, too beautiful to fade.
See what fine people in its portals crowd,
Smiling and greeting, talking, laughing loud!
What is it? Surely not a gay Exchange,
Where Wit and Beauty social joys arrange;
Not a grand shop where late Parisian styles
Attract rich buyers from a thousand miles?
But step within: no need of further search;
Behold, admire a fashionable church!
Look how its oriel window glits and gleams,
Where tinted light magnificently streams
On the proud pulpit, carved with quaint device,
Where velvet cushions, exquisitely nice,
Press'd by the polish'd preacher's dainty hands,
Hold a large volume clasp'd by golden bands.
Park Benjamin.

432. CHURCH, Gates of the.

Thou, too, O Church! which here we see,
No easy task hath builded thee.
Long did the chisels ring around!
Long did the mallet's blows rebound!
Long worked the head and toiled the hand
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand!
Thy gates a pearly lustre pour;
Thy gates are open evermore;
And thither evermore draw nigh,
All who for Christ has dared to die;
Or smit with love of their dear Lord,
Have pains endured, and joys abhorred.
Breviary.

433. CHURCH a Light-house.

The light-house founded on a rock,
Casts o'er the flood its radiant eye,
Firm amidst ocean's heaviest shock,
Serene beneath the stormiest sky.

Though winds and waters rage and foam,
Though darkness lowers like Egypt's night,
Here peace and safety find a home;
In this small Goshen there is light.

Nor for itself it stands alone;
The seaman's friend, it shines from far,
As though an angel from the throne
Came down to be his leading star.

It warns to shun the breakers near,
Smooth into port the vessel guides,
Points where a wider course to steer,
Shows how to 'scape conflicting tides.

Thus built upon eternal truth,
High in mid-heaven, o'er land and sea,
Christ's church holds forth to age and youth
A beacon and a sanctuary.
James Montgomery.

434. CHURCH, Peril of the.

Watch! watch! the subtle peril threats
The freedom of the bride;
The foe, unweary, ne'er forgets
His spirit-snares to hide.

The watchman on the walls can guard
While marshalled armies wait;
But vain are sleepless watch and ward,
If treason opes the gate.

To arms! the martial shout prolong,
Unfurl the flag again;
Give battle to the false and wrong;
God needeth earnest men.
W. Morley Punshon.

435. CHURCH, Pride at.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Edward Young.

436. CHURCH, Redemption of the.

A little flock! Yes, even so;
A handful among men,
Such is the purpose of thy God;
So willeth He; Amen!

Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes His kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

A little flock! 'Tis well, 'tis well;
Such be her lot and name;
Through ages past it has been so,
And now 'tis still the same.

But the chief Shepherd comes at length,
Her feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

No more a lily among thorns;
Weary, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Unfading palms they bear aloft,
Unfaltering songs they sing;
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King.

Horatius Bonar.

437. CHURCH, Spread of the.

The Banyan of the Indian isle
Spreads deeply down its massive root,
And spreads its branching life abroad,
And bends to earth with scarlet fruit;
But when the branches reach the ground,
They firmly plant themselves again:
They rise and spread and droop and root,
An ever-green and endless chain.

And so the Church of Jesus Christ,
The blessed Banyan of our God,
Fast-rooted upon Zion's mount,
Has sent its sheltering arms abroad;
And every branch that from it springs,
In sacred beauty spreading wide,
As low it bends to bless the earth,
Still plants another by its side.

Long as the world itself shall last,
The sacred Banyan still shall spread,
From clime to clime, from age to age,
Its sheltering shadow shall be shed.
Nations shall seek its pillar'd shade,
Its leaves shall for their healing be:
The circling flood that feeds its life,
The blood that crimsoned Calvary.

438. CHURCH, Stability of the.

O where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

A. C. Coxe.

439 CHURCH, Temple of the.

And whence, then, came these goodly stones
'twas Israel's pride to raise,
The glory of the former house, the joy of ancient days;
In purity and strength erect, in radiant splendor bright,
Sparkling with golden beams of noon, or silver smiles of night?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns, each noble slab was brought,
In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn, and on its mountains wrought;
There rung the hammer's heavy stroke among the echoing rocks,
There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge, the rude, unshapen blocks.

Thence polished, perfected, complete, each fitted to its place,
For lofty coping, massive wall, or deep imbedded base,
They bore them o'er the waves that rolled their billowy swell between
The shores of Tyre's imperial pride and Judah's hills of green.

With gradual toil the work went on, through days and months and years,
Beneath the summer's laughing sun, and winter's frozen tears;
And thus in majesty sublime and noiseless pomp it rose,
Fit dwelling for the God of Peace! a temple of repose!

Brethren in Christ! to holier things the simple type apply;
Our God Himself a temple builds, eternal and on high,
Of souls elect; their Zion there—*that* world of light and bliss;
Their Lebanon—the place of toil—of previous moulding—*this*.

From nature's quarries, deep and dark, with gracious aim He hews
The stones, the spiritual stones, it pleaseth Him to choose:
Hard, rugged, shapeless at the first, yet destined each to shine,
Moulded beneath His patient hand in purity divine.

Oh, glorious process! see the proud grow lowly, gentle, meek;
See floods of unaccustomed tears gush down the hardened cheek:

Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke o'erthrew some idol fond;
Perchance the chisel rent in twain some precious, tender bond.

Behold he prays whose lips were sealed in silent scorn before;
Sighs for the closet's holy calm, and hails the welcome door;
Behold he works for Jesus now, whose days went idly past:
Oh! for more mouldings of the hand that works a change so vast!

Ye looked on one, a well-wrought stone, a saint of God matured,—
What chisellings that heart had felt, what chastening strokes endured!
But marked ye not that last soft touch, what perfect grace it gave,
Ere Jesus bore His servant home, across the darksome wave?

Home to the place His grace designed that chosen soul to fill,
In the bright temple of the saved, "upon His holy hill;"
Home to the noiselessness, the peace of those sweet shrines above,
Whose stones shall never be displaced—set in redeeming love.

Lord, chisel, chasten, polish us, each blemish work away,
Cleanse us with purifying blood, in spotless robes array;
And thus, Thine image on us stamped, transport us to the shore,
Where not a stroke was ever felt, for none is needed more.

440. CHURCH, Unity of the.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow:
Part of His host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly:
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore. *Charles Wesley.*

441. CHURCH, Watch of the.

Is the Bridegroom absent still?
Watch thou then, O faithful Bride!
Watch and pray,
Till the day
When the Bridegroom to thy side
Shall in love and glory come
To find with thee His throne and home;
Not to depart again,
Nor leave thee in thy widowhood,
In darkness and in solitude,
Exposed to every foe
Of earth around and hell below;
But over earth to reign!

Is the Bridegroom absent still?
Watch, O blood-bought Church of God
Severed from an evil world,
Walk thou in the heavenly road.
Keep thy garment undefiled,
Of the flesh abhor each spot,
Cast behind thee all of self,
Be time's vanities forgot.
Let the cry be heard, "How long,"
Lord, how long shall evil reign?
When shall sin be swept away,
And this earth be clean again?
Lord, how long shall error spread,
Truth be trodden in the dust,
Hatred flow from tongue and pen,
Hatred of the good and just!
Hatred of the Christ of God,
Of His true and holy word!
Mockery of His holy crown,
Scorn of His uplifted sword?
This the burden of thy cry:
When shall end the age of wrong,
Error, pain, misrule, and lust,
Righteous King and Lord, how long?

Who is she that says in pride,
"As a queen I sit and reign,"—
To me who speaks of widowhood,
Of poverty and grief and pain?
She it is, the harlot-bride
Of the world's Christ-hating King,—
She it is who speaks, in pride
Of her vain imagining;
She the true chaste spouse who mocks,—
Bride of Christ, elect of God,
Who the heavenly Bridegroom loathes;
Scorns, yet dreads His iron rod.
Decked in scarlet, gems, and gold,
Can she be a widow,—she
Who the mystic sceptre sways,
To whom millions bow the knee?

Yet her day is nigh at hand,
And her judgment lingers not.
See the fierce ascending smoke
Of her vengeance, red and hot.
See the mighty millstone flung
By the glorious angel-hand;
Hear the hallelujah rise
From the white, palm-bearing band!
She is fallen, and shall not rise,
She is sunk for evermore,

Hallelujah, let the note
Sound to every farthest shore;
Hallelujah, like the voice
Of the mighty multitude;
Hallelujah, like the voice
Of the roaring waterflood;
Hallelujah, like the voice
Of the mighty thunder-roar;
Hallelujah, for the Lord
Reigneth now from shore to shore.
Let us then rejoice and sing;
'Tis the marriage of the Lamb;
And the bride is ready; raise,
Raise the everlasting psalm!

Horatius Bonar.

442. CHURCHYARD, Elegy in a.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray.

APPENDIX.

Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from Truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters, day by day;
Learnt, since our days were evil, fleet and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

When life flowed by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the world on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

Then gentle hands their "dust to dust" consign,
With quiet tears the simple rites are said,
And here they sleep, till, at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.

An American Poet.

443. CHURCHYARD, Hope for the.

As by the churchyard yew my evening way
I take, and meditate the sacred muse,
To catch thy notes my ears unbidden use,
Sweet Elegist, sublimely solemn Gray!
Yet ah! thy pensive moralizing lay
Were to my heart more grateful; if thy views,
Profusely rich in earth's autumnal hues,
Showed more of Heaven's enlivening vernal day.
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave"—
Lo, from the grave fresh paths of glory rise!
Reviving thence the "flower" shall breathe and wave
With purer sweetness and with lovelier dyes;
And the bright "gem," released from ocean's cave,
Adorn with sun-like ray its kindred skies.

Bp. Mant.

444. CHURCHYARD, Tabernacle in the.

Methinks it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear; [gloom
But the shadows of eve that encompass with
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pen him below
In a small narrow cave and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride?
To the trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! then they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To riches? Alas, 'tis in vain!
Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all the metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is the reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? — the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise.
The second to Faith, that insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us to them both when He rose to the skies. *Herbert Knowles.*

445. CISTERNS, Broken.

This world that we so highly prize,
And seek so eagerly its smile,
What is it?—vanity and lies;
A broken cistern all the while.

Pleasure, with her delightful song,
That charms the unwary to beguile,
What is it?—the deceiver's tongue;
A broken cistern all the while.

And earthly friendships fair and gay,
That promise much with artful wile,
What are they?—only treachery;
A broken cistern all the while.

Riches, that so absorb the mind
In anxious care and ceaseless toil;
What are they?—faithless as the wind;
A broken cistern all the while.

Yes, all are broken cisterns, Lord,
To those that wander far from thee!
The living stream is in thy word,
Thou Fount of Immortality!
Thomas Raffles.

446. CIVILIZATION Perfected.

Bring us the higher example; release us
Into the larger coming time:
And into Christ's broad garment piece us
Rags of virtue as poor as crime,
National selfishness, civic vaunting.

No more Jew or Greek then taunting
Nor taunted; no more England nor France!
But one confederate brotherhood, planting
One flag only, to mark the advance,
Onward and upward, of all humanity.

For fully developed Christianity
Is civilization perfected.
"Measure the frontier" shall be said,
"Count the ships," in national vanity?
—Count the nation's heart-beats sooner.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

447. CIVILIZATION, Triumph of.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought 's a weapon stronger;
We'll win the battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can—
Every woman, every man—
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;
Wait a little longer. *Charles Mackay.*

448. CLOSET, Waiting in the.

Lord, I have shut my door,—
Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise:
Here in this silence they intrude no more.
Speak Thou, and heavenly joys
Shall fill my heart with music sweet and calm,—
A holy psalm.

Yes, I have shut my door
Even on all the beauty of Thine earth,—
To its blue ceiling from its emerald floor,
Filled with spring's bloom and mirth:
From these Thy works I turn, Thyself I seek,
To Thee I speak.

And I have shut my door
On earthly passion,—all its yearning love,
Its tender friendships, all the priceless store
Of human ties. Above
All these my heart aspires, O Heart divine!
Stoop Thou to mine.

Lord, I have shut my door!
Come Thou and visit me: I am alone!
Come, as when doors were shut Thou cam'st of yore,
And visitedst Thine own.
My Lord! I kneel with reverent love and fear;
For Thou art here!
Mary E. Atkinson.

449. CLOUD, Mission of a.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain;
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

450. COMFORT, Common.

There is a heaven yet to rest my soul on
In the midst of all unhappiness, which I look on
With the same comfort as a distressed seaman
Afar off views the coast he would enjoy,
When yet the seas do toss his reeling bark
'Twixt hope and danger. *James Shirley.*

451. COMFORT, Experience of.

I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring;
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes from Eshcol fail.
I've found a Rock of Ages
When desert wells were dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh,—

An Elim, with its coolness,
Its fountains, and its shade!
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade!
O'er tears of soft contrition,
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

My Saviour! Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm!
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.

Jane Crewdson.

452. COMFORT, Religious.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

John Newton.

453. COMFORT, Source of.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, than an angel's mirth?
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?

Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on yon open grave,
And to and fro the tidings run,
"Who died to heal, is risen to save?"

Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends
The very Comforter in light and love descends?

Yet so it is: for duly there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,
Till temper'd by the Saviour's prayer
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
They turn to sweetness, and drop holy balm,
Soft as imprison'd martyr's death-bed calm.
J. Keble.

454. COMFORT, Vain.

So dying men receive vain comforts
From those visitants they love, when they
Persuade them to be patient at the loss of life,
With saying they are mortal too, and mean
T' endure the like calamity; as if
To die were from good fellowship, from free
Intent t' accompany departing friends,
When such last courtesy proceeds not from
Their will, but nature's obstinate decree.
W. Davenant.

455. COMMANDMENTS, Ten.

Thou shalt have no more gods but me,
Before no idol bow thy knee,
Take not the name of God in vain,
Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
Give both thy parents honor due.
Take heed that thou no murder do.
Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.
Isaac Watts.

456. COMMENDATION, Use of.

Praise a fool, and slay him; for the canvas of his vanity is spread;
His bark is shallow in the water, and a sudden gust shall sink it:
Praise a wise man and speed him on his way; for he carrieth the ballast of humility,
And is glad when his course is cheered by the sympathy of brethren ashore.
The praise of a good man is good, for he holdeth up the mirror of Truth,
That Virtue may see her own beauty, and delight in her own fair face:
The praise of a bad man is evil, for he hideth the deformity of Vice,
Casting the mantle of a queen around the limbs of a leper.
Praise is rebuke to the man whose conscience alloweth it not:
And where Conscience feeleth it her due, no praise is better than a little.
He that despiseth the outward appearance, despiseth the esteem of his fellows;
And he that overmuch regardeth it, shall earn only their contempt:
The honest commendation of an equal no one can scorn and be blameless,
Yet even that fair fame no one can hunt for and be honored:
If it come, accept it and be thankful, and be thou humble in accepting;
If it tarry, be not thou cast down: the bee can gather honey out of rue.
With a friend, praise him when thou canst; for many a friendship hath decayed,
Like a plant in a crowded corner, for want of sunshine on its leaves:
With another, praise him not often,—otherwise he shall despise thee;
But be thou frugal in commending; so will he give honor to thy judgment.
Wilt thou that one remember a thing?—praise him in the midst of thy advice.
Expect not praise from the mean, neither gratitude from the selfish.
M. F. Tupper.

457. COMMUNION, Divine.

They know, who thus oppress me,
'Tis hard to be alone;
But know not One can bless me,
Who comes through bars and stone:
He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,
And fills my bosom with delight.

Thy love, O God! restores me
From sighs and tears to praise;
And deep my soul adores Thee,
Nor thinks of time or place:
I ask no more, in good or ill,
But union with Thy holy will.

'Tis that which makes my treasure,
'Tis that which brings my gain;
Converting woe to pleasure,
And reaping joy from pain.
Oh, 'tis enough, whate'er befall,
To know that God is All in all.
Madame Guyon, tr. by T. C. Upham.

458. COMMUNION, Example of.

It happened on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind;
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event;
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The further traced, enriched them still the more;
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him One,
Sent to do more than He appeared t' have done;
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered He should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, He gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all He said,

Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home, The night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say!
Did they not burn within us by the way?"
Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves;
Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aimed at Him,
Christ and His character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,
Found Him as prompt as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.
William Cowper.

459. COMMUNION, Key to.

With what clear guile of gracious love enticed,
I follow forward, as from room to room,
Through doors that open into light or gloom,
To find and lose, and find again in Christ!

He stands and knocks, and bids me ope the door,
Without He stands, and asks to enter in:
Why should He seek a shelter sad with sin?
Will He but knock and ask, and nothing more?

He knows what ways I take to shut my heart,
And if He will He can Himself undo
My foolish fastenings, or by force break through,
Nor wait till I fulfil my needless part.

But nay, He will not choose to enter so,—
He will not be my guest without consent,
Nor though I say "Come in," is He content;
I must arise and ope, or He will go.

He shall not go; I do arise and ope,—
"Come in, dear Lord, come in and sup with me,
Oh, blessèd Guest, and let me sup with Thee,"—
Where is the door? for in this dark I grope,

And cannot find it soon enough; my hand,
Shut hard, holds fast the one sure key I need,
And trembles, shaken with its eager heed;
No other key will answer my demand.

The door between is some command undone,
Obedience is the key that slides the bar,
And lets Him in, who stands so near, so far;
The doors are many, but the key is one.

Which door, dear Lord? knock, speak, that I may know;
Hark, heart, He answers with His hand and voice—
O still small sign, I tremble and rejoice,
Nor longer doubt which way my feet must go.

Full lief and soon this door would open too,
If once my key might find the narrow slit
Which, being so narrow, is so hard to hit—
But lo! one little ray that glimmers through,

Not spreading light, but lighting to the light—
Now steady, hand, for good speed's sake be slow,
One straight right aim, a pulse of pressure, so,—
How small, how great, the change from dark to bright!

Now He is here I seem no longer here!
This place of light is not my chamber dim,
It is not He with me, but I with Him,
And Host, not Guest, He breaks the bread of cheer.

I was borne onward at His greeting,—He
Earthward had come, but heavenward I had gone;
Drawing Him hither, I was thither drawn,
Scarce welcoming Him to hear Him welcome me!

I lie upon the bosom of my Lord,
And feel His heart, and time my heart thereby;
The tune so sweet I have no need to try,
But rest and trust, and beat the perfect chord.

A little while I lie upon His heart,
Feasting on love, and loving there to feast,
And then, once more, the shadows are increased
Around me, and I feel my Lord depart.

Again alone, but in a farther place,
I sit with darkness, waiting for a sign;
Again I hear the same sweet plea divine,
And suit, outside, of hospitable grace.

This is His guile,—He makes me act the host
To shelter Him, and lo! He shelters me;
Asking for alms, He summons me to be
A guest at banquets of the Holy Ghost.

So, on and on, through many an opening door
That gladly opens to the key I bring,
From brightening court to court of Christ, my King,
Hope led, love fed, I journey evermore.

At last I trust these changing scenes will cease;
There is a court I hear where He abides;
No door beyond, that further glory hides.—
My Host at home, all change is changed to peace.
William C. Wilkinson.

460. COMMUNION, Kinds of.

The wild woods are my chosen haunt, and there
I read a fairer tome, a richer page,

Than pen of man has traced with characters
Of reason or of fancy. I become,
In the society of untaught things,
Drawn from my duller and my grosser sense,
And lifted in my longings, and I learn
How little there is great in the pursuit
Of riches, or of honor, how the mind,
Let in the channel of heroic thought
To flow in freedom onward, and pervade
The purer regions of philosophy,
And tasteful and impassioned poesy—
How mind alone is the true worth of man,
And that which raises him above the sense
Of meaner creatures, and permits a hope
Of unembodied being, in a high
And holy dwelling, lifted far above
The reach of tempest, with essential light
Encircled, and with fairest wings of love
O'ershadowed, the reward and resting-place
Of such as hold their journey patiently,
Nor pause nor faint upon their weary way.

The recollection of one upward hour
Hath more in it to tranquillize and cheer
The darkness of despondency, than years
Of gayety and pleasure. Then, alone
We wander not in solitude, but find
Friends in all things around us, for the heart
Sinks not, and in its sinking bends the mind
From its true lofty region, where it lives
Rejoicing in bright energy; and so
All things are open to the searching eye
Of an unclouded intellect, and bring
Their several treasures to it, and unfold
Their fabric to its scrutiny. All life,
And all inferior orders, in the waste
Of being spread before us, are to him
Who lives in meditation, and the search
Of wisdom and of beauty, open books,
Wherein he reads the Godhead, and the ways
He works through His creation, and the links
That fasten us to all things, with a sense
Of fellowship and a feeling, so that we
Look not upon a cloud, or falling leaf,
Or flower new blown, or *human face divine*,
But we have caught new life, and wider thrown
The door of reason open, and have stored
In memory's secret chamber, for dark years
Of age and weariness, the food of thought,
And thus extended mind, and made it young,
When the thin hair turns gray, and feeling dies.

But this communion with inferior things
Shall leave a void behind it, and we seek
The kindred thoughts of other men, and bend
Attentive o'er their written souls, wherein
We see their better moments, when they cast
The slough of earth aside, and tried a flight
On an ascending pinion, and renewed
Their purer being, as the insect bursts
The walls that bound it in its second state,—
It might be a gilded prison-house,
But yet it was a prison: when its wings
Unfolded, and it knew the bliss of air,
And free and rapid motion, it had life,
And floated as a spirit floats away,
And wandered gayly on from flower to flower,
And was so light and so ethereal, man
Selected it the symbol of the soul,
And its free flight through ether, on a wing
That, moving through eternity, will ever
Be active and unwearied, and as bright
In its unruffled plumage, after years
Have gathered into ages, and have gone
Beyond the eldest memory of time.

But yet the pen of Genius cannot cheer
And heighten, like the spirit-speaking eye;
And so we seek the living, and we find
That there are spirits that commune with ours,
As if they were our kindred, and were formed
In the same mould; and when we meet with them,
We cling with childlike fondness, as if life
Had not a charm without them, and the sky
With its ethereal beauty, and the earth
Flowering or fading, and the fairest flow
Of pure and tranquil waters, and the words
Of the departed with their might of thought,
Could be to us no solace, and have power
To lend no high conception, nor subdue
The spirit unto meekness; so we lean
On an accordant bosom, and we love
The beating of a heart that beats as ours,
The speaking of an eye that tells us thoughts
Which harmonize with what we feel, and all
The light of beauty, passion, tenderness,
And purity, and love of great, and fair,
And fitly fashioned things, until we deem
A sole existence is a wilderness,
That yieldeth only terror, and a curse.

James Gates Percival.

461. COMPANIONS, Choice of.

Not with the light and vain,
The man of idle feet and wanton eyes;
Not with the world's gay, ever-smiling train;
My lot be with the grave and wise.

Not with the trifler gay,
To whom life seems but sunshine on the wave;
Not with the empty idler of the day;
My lot be with the wise and grave.

Not with the jesting fool,
Who knows not what to sober truth is due,
Whose words fly out without or aim or rule!
My lot be with the wise and true.

Not with the man of dreams, [lies,
In whose bright words no truth nor wisdom
Dazzling the fervent youth with mystic gleams;
My lot be with the simply wise.

With them I'd walk each day, [learn
From them time's solemn lessons would I
That false from true, and true from false I may
Each hour more patiently discern.

Horatius Bonar.

462. COMPANIONS Gone.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone:
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them!
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown.
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

Thomas Moore.

463. COMPANY, Choice of.

Some love the glow of outward show,
Some love mere wealth and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.
What's all the gold that glitters cold,
When linked to hard or haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the nobler gold
Is truth of heart and manly dealing!
Then let them seek whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

Charles Swain.

464. COMPANY, Vicious.

Avoid a villain as you would a brand,
Which, lighted, burns, extinguished, smuts the hand. *Oriental.*

465. COMPENSATION, Law of.

The poor man counteth not the cost at which such wealth hath been purchased;
He would be on the mountain's top without the toil and travail of the climbing.
But equity demandeth recompense; for high-place, calumny and care;
For state, comfortless splendor eating out the heart of home;
For warrior fame, dangers and death; for a name among the learned, a spirit over-strained,
For honor of all kinds, the goad of ambition; on every acquirement the tax of anxiety.
He that would change with another, must take the cup as it is mixed.
Poverty, with largeness of heart; or a full purse, with a sordid spirit:
Wisdom, in an ailing body; or a common mind, with health:
Godliness, with man's scorn; or the welcome of the mighty, with guilt;
Beauty, with a fickle heart; or plainness of face, with affection.
For so hath Providence determined, that a man shall not easily discover
Unmingled good or evil, to quicken his envy or abhorrence.
A bold man or a fool must he be, who would change his lot with another.
It were a fearful bargain, and mercy hath lovingly refused it. *M. F. Tupper.*

466. COMPENSATION, Moral.

Just, and strong, and opportune is the moral rule of God;
Ripe in its times, firm in its judgments, equal in the measure of its gifts.
Yet men, scanning the surface, count the wicked happy,
Nor heed the compensating peace, which gladdeneth the good in his afflictions.
They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow,
Like wreathed adders crawling round his midnight conscience;
They hear not the terrible suggestions that knock at the portal of his will,
Provoking to wipe away from life the one weak witness of the deed;
They know not the torturing suspicions that sting his panting breast,
When the clear eye of penetration quietly readeth off the truth.
Likewise of the good what know they? the memories bringing pleasure,
Shrined in the heart of the benevolent and glistening from his eye.
The calm, self-justifying reason that establisheth the upright in his purpose;
The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts of the religious.

M. F. Tupper.

467. COMPENSATION Required.

Nothing comes free-cost here. Jove will not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat. *Robert Herrick.*

468. COMPLAINT, Constant.

Ever complaining,
Nothing is right;
Daylight is dreary—
Wearisome night:
Ever rejecting,
Quick to destroy
The little that's left
For our life to enjoy!

Shame on the nature
Thankless and vain,
Shame on the temper
Eager to pain!
Hearts that in selfishness
Only are cast;
Darkening the present
With clouds of the past!

Sad that the summer
Of life should be spent
In blighting the roses
For happiness sent;
Sad that affection
So often should grieve
Over natures that seem
Only born to deceive!
Charles Swain.

469. COMPLAINT, Groundless.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray bank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But if the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in the inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, God!" *E. B. Browning.*

470. COMPLAINT, Lesson of.

A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, quite away his sandals wore,
And on the desert's blistering sand his feet grew very sore.
"To let me suffer thus, great Allah, is not kind nor just,
While in his service I confront the painful heat and dust,"
He murmured in complaining tone; and in this temper came
To where, around the Caaba, pilgrims knelt of every name:
And there he saw, while pity and remorse his bosom beat,
A pilgrim who not only wanted shoes, but *feet.* *Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

471. COMPLAINT, Loss by.

To tell thy mis'ries will no comfort breed;
Men help thee most that think thou hast no need;
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou soon shalt lose a friend and find a foe.
Thomas Randolph.

472. COMPLIMENTS, True.

Throughout the world if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find;
They be good cheap, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only wind;
But well to say and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.
Sir Thomas Wyatt.

473. CONCEIT, Appearance of.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools. *Shakespeare.*

474. CONCENTRATION, Final.

Many things having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. *Shakespeare.*

475. CONDEMNATION, Record of.

And since in God's recording book
Our sins are written, every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew and left undone,—

Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.
C. F. Alexander.

476. CONFESSION, Humble.

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore Thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs.

Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.

These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own,
Humbled at Thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from Thy throne.
J. Taylor.

477. CONFESSION, Romish.

A parent ask'd a Priest his boy to bless,
Who forthwith charged him—he must first confess.
"Well," said the boy, "suppose, sir, I am willing,
What is your charge?" "To you 'tis but a shilling!"
"Must all men pay, and all men make confession?"
"Yes, every man of Catholic profession."
"And who do you confess to?" "Why, the Dean."
"And do the Deans confess?" "Yes, boy they do,
Confess to Bishops, and pay smartly too!"

"Do Bishops, sir, confess? if so, to whom?"
"Why, they do confess, and pay the Church of Rome."
"Well," quoth the boy, all this is mighty odd:
"And does the Pope confess?" "Oh yes, to God."
"And does God charge the Pope?" "No," quoth the Priest,
"God charges nothing." "Oh, then God is best;
God is able to forgive, and always willing;
To Him I shall confess, and save my shilling."

478. CONFIDENCE, Christian.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my soul delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me with the billow's might—
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

Dean of Canterbury.

479. CONFIDENCE, Comforting.

I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head!

He lives triumphant from the grave;
He lives eternally to save;
He lives all glorious in the sky;
He lives exalted there on high.

He lives to bless me with His love;
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed;
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives to grant me rich supply;
He lives to guide me with His eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint;
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives to silence all my fears;
He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart;
He lives all blessings to impart.

He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend;
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to His Name;
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

Samuel Medley.

480. CONSCIENCE, Accusations of.

It is a dang'rous thing;
It makes a man a coward; a man
Cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man
Cannot swear, but it checks him.
'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that
Mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills
One full of obstacles. It made me once
Restore a purse of gold, that by chance I
Found. It beggars any man that keeps it.
It is turned out of towns and cities for
A dang'rous thing; and every man that means
To live well, endeavors to trust himself,
And live without it. *Shakespeare.*

481. CONSCIENCE, Angry.

No; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own. *Charles Churchill.*

482. CONSCIENCE, Conviction of.

There is no power in holy men
Nor charms in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
Nor agony, nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself,
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise,
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself. *Lord Byron.*

483. CONSCIENCE, Court of.

For though the judge, Conscience, makes no show,
But silently to her dark session comes,
Not as red law does to arraignment go,
Or war to execution, with loud drums.

Though she on hills sets not her gibbets high,
Where frightful law sets hers; nor bloody seems,
Like war in colors spread, yet secretly
She does her work, and many men condemns;

Chokes in the seed what law, till ripe, ne'er sees;
What law would punish, Conscience can prevent;
And so the world from many mischiefs frees;
Known by her cures, as law by punishment. *William Davenant.*

484. CONSCIENCE, Destroying.

Nature has placed thee on a changeful tide,
To breast its waves, but not without a guide;
Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,
Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,
As the true current it will falsely feel
Warped from its axis by a freight of steel;
So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced truth,
If passion's lightning fall upon thy youth;
So the pure effluence quit its sacred hold,
Girt round too deeply with magnetic gold.

Go to yon tower, where busy science plies
Her vast antennæ, feeling through the skies;
That little vernier on whose slender lines
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,
A silent index, tracks the planets' march
In all their wanderings through the ethereal arch,
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,
And marks the spot where Uranus returns.

So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,
The living index which thy Maker traced
Repeats the line each starry virtue draws
Through the wide circuit of creation's laws;
Still tracks unchanged the everlasting ray
Where the dark shadows of temptation stray;
But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of light,
And leaves thee wandering o'er the expanse of night. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

485. CONSCIENCE, Diary of.

O treacherous conscience! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song!
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to license, unrecall'd,
Unmarked;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her pen:
She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! The formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp,
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday book from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history; which death shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And judgment publish—publish to more worlds
Than this—and endless age in groans resound. *Edward Young.*

486. CONSCIENCE, Judgment of.

Sceptic, whoe'er thou art, tell, if thou knowest,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rights, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world
Where wickedness shall weep? Why in each breast
Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why Conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horrors gnaw the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires? *Robert Glynn.*

487. CONSCIENCE, Power of.

Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves another self,
A master-self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave:
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds!
Make the past, present, and the future frown?
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long, restless dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life!
E. Young.

488. CONSCIENCE, Remorse of.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the scorpion girt by fire
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,

One and sole relief she knows:
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain.

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt with fire;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for Heaven.
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death.

Lord Byron.

489. CONSCIENCE, Stings of.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
The hoary wretch who on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame;
How wild the fury of his soul careers!
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame.

J. G. Percival.

490. CONSCIENCE, Warnings of.

But conscience, in some awful, silent hour,
When captivating lusts have lost their power,
Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,
Reminds him of religion, hated theme!
Starts from the down on which she lately slept,
And tells of laws despised, at least not kept;
Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
A pale procession of past sinful joys,
All witnesses of blessings foully scorned,
And life abused, are not to be suborned.

Wm. Cowper.

491. CONSECRATION, Call to.

When shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free:
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for Thee.

To rescue me from woe
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursèd death.

Charles Wesley.

492. CONSECRATION, Covenant of.

My whole though broken heart, O Lord!
From henceforth shall be Thine;
And here I do my vow record,—
This hand, these words, are mine;
All that I have, without reserve,
I offer here to Thee:
Thy will and honor all shall serve
That Thou bestow'dst on me.

All that exceptions save I lose;
All that I lose I save:
The treasures of Thy love I choose,
And Thou art all I crave.
My God, Thou hast my heart and hand:
I all to Thee resign:
I'll ever to this covenant stand,
Though flesh hereat repine.

I know that Thou wast willing first,
And then drew my consent:
Having thus loved me at the worst,
Thou wilt not now repent.
Now I have quit all self-pretence,
Take charge of what's Thine own:
My life, my health, and my defence,
Now lie on Thee alone.

Richard Baxter

493. CONSECRATION, Entire.

Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to Thy call:
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

Now, O God, Thine own I am;
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if Thine I die.

Charles Wesley.

494. CONSECRATION, Offering.

Come, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As men's returns, what would become of fools?

What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

But all I fear is lest thy heart displease,
As neither good, nor one: so soft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart: recover these,
And thou may'st offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood
Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and close
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose
Until thou find; and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymn be this:

Since my sadness
Into gladness
Lord, Thou dost convert,
O accept
What Thou hast kept,
As Thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none,)
All were Thine,
Surely Thine alone.

Yet Thy favor
May give savor
To this poor oblation;
And it raise
To be Thy praise,
And be my salvation.

George Herbert.

495. CONSECRATION, Resigned.

I place an offering at Thy shrine,
From taint and blemish clear,
Simple and pure in its design,
Of all that I hold dear.

I yield Thee back Thy gifts again,
Thy gifts which most I prize;
Desirous only to retain
The notice of Thine eyes.

But if by Thine adored decree
That blessing be denied,
Resigned, and unreluctant, see
My every wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
Exalted or cast down;
Thy will in every state I love,
And even in Thy frown.

Madame Guyon, tr. by T. C. Upham.

496. CONSECRATION, Self.

Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to Thee Thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley.

497. CONSISTENCY, True.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

498. CONSOLATION, Christian.

Soon and forever!
Such promise our trust
Though ashes to ashes
And dust unto dust;
Soon—and forever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er;
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more;
When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and forever.

Soon—and forever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the dark clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon—and forever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin,
Where tears, and where fears,
And where death shall be—never,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and forever.

Soon—and forever
The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won.
Soon—and forever
The soldier lay down
His sword for a harp,
And his cross for his crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear

A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
When,—blessed reward
Of each faithful endeavor,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and forever

J. S. B. Monsell.

499. CONSOLATION, Christ's.

In the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my sinking soul:
Thus "the lion yields me honey;
From the eater food is given:"
Strengthened thus, I still press forward,
Singing, on my way to heaven—
Sweet affliction! sweet affliction!
That brings Jesus to my soul!

'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increased brightness play;
'Mid the thorn-brake, beauteous flowerets
Look more beautiful and gay;
So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With His richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer.
Sweet affliction! sweet affliction!
Thus to bring my Saviour near!

Pearce.

500. CONSOLATION, Compensatory.

So, Christian! though gloomy and sad be thy days,
And the tempest of sorrow encompass thee black;
Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds its rays
To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track;
Though thy soul writhes in anguish, and bitter tears flow
O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleeding heart riven,
Check thy murmuring sorrows, thou lorn one, and know
That the chastened on earth are the purest for heaven:
And remember, though gloomy the present may be,
That "the Master is coming," and coming to thee.

S. D. Patterson.

501. CONSOLATION, Hymn of.

As't pleases God, so it pleases me;
Nor am I led astray—
Though heavy clouds are o'er my way,
And biting smoke confound my eyes,
And all's obscure—
Yet I am sure
That God doth clearly see it;
As He may send,
So must it end;
If't must be—then, so be it!

As't pleases God, I am content,
I care not for the rest!
What's not to be—why, let it go—
Th' obedient heart is blest.
Although my mind
Be scarce resigned,
His grace will grant assistance,
I firmly trust—
What must be, must—
'Gainst God there's no resistance!

As't pleases God, so let it pass;
The birds may take my sorrow;
If Fortune shuns my house to-day,
I'll wait until to-morrow!
The goods I have
I still may save,
Or if some part forsake me,
Thank God, who's just!
What must be, must;
Good luck may still o'ertake me!

As't pleases God, so I accept,
For patience only pray;
'Tis He alone, whose arm can help,
Can reach me, though I lay
In anguish sore,
At death's dark door;
There's rescue for the sinner;
I am but dust;
What must be, must;
So be it! Still I'm winner.

Jean Friedrich.

502. CONSOLATION, Time's.

And when Time sweet opiates flings
From his swift, invisible wings,
Bearing from the heart away
Some slight anguish day by day;
Grief, through Memory's medium scanned,
Mellow, sweet, and soft appears;
Though no smile the Past demand,
Still it does not ask for tears.

And when better still than this,
Comes Religion's soothing kiss,
Breathing on the wounded heart
Balm no other can impart,
Grief thenceforth is grief no more;
All its power on earth shall cease,
But shall give, when life is o'er,
Birth to deathless joy and peace.

J. H. Clinch.

503. CONSOLATION, True.

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
The darts of anguish fix not, where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the will supreme,
For time and for eternity;—by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of His perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,

To the dishonor of His holy name.
Soul of our souls, and Safeguard of the world,
Sustain—Thou only canst—the sick of heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine!
. . . . . .
Come Labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath: come disease, and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense:
But leave me unabated trust in Thee,
And let Thy favor to the end of life
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,—
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content!
And what are things eternal? Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists—immutably survives!
What more that may not perish? Thou, dread Source,
Prime, self-existing cause and end of all,
That, in the scale of being fill their place,
Above our human region or below,
Set and sustained; Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity a while
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed—
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting! *William Wordsworth.*

504. CONSTANCY, Friendly.

In bower and garden rich and rare
There's many a cherish'd flower,
Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flits
Within the flitting hour.
Not so the simple forest *leaf*,
Unprized, unnoticed, lying—
The same through all its little life—
It changes but in dying.
Be such, and only such, my friends;
Once mine and mine forever;
And here's a hand to clasp in theirs,
That shall desert them never.
And thou be such, my gentle love,
Time, chance, the world defying;
And take, 'tis all I have, a heart
That changes but in dying.
G. W. Doane.

505. CONSTANCY, Virtuous.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.
Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.
Who, when great trials come,
Nor seek, nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.
Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.
Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; virtue is his sun.
Who when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though man fail him, yet his part doth play.
Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.
George Herbert.

506. CONTEMPLATION, Elevating.

How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The clod we tread, soon trodden by our sons),
How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,
To stop and pause; involved in high presage,
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarged, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To prophesy our own futurities!
To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as desert,
Ourselves the astonished talkers and the tale!
Edward Young.

507. CONTEMPLATION, Votary of.

He sat within a silent cave, apart
From men, upon a chair of diamond stone;
Words he had not, companions he had none,
But steadfastly pursued his thoughtful art;
And as he mused he pulled a slender string
Which evermore within his hand he held,
And the dim curtain rose which had concealed

His thoughts, the city of the immortal King:
There, pictured in its solemn pomp, it lay,
A glorious country stretching round about,
And through its golden gates pass'd in and out
Men of all nations, on their heavenly way.
On this he mused, and mused the whole day long,
Feeding his feeble faith till it grew strong.
George Croley.

508. CONTENTMENT, Contrast of.

Ten poor men sleep in peace on one straw heap, as Saadi sings,
But the immensest empire is too narrow for two kings. *Oriental.*

509. CONTENTMENT, Cultivating.

If we cannot have all we wish upon the earth,
Let us try to be happy with less if we can;
If wealth be not always the guerdon of worth,
Worth, sooner than wealth, makes the happier man.

Is it wise to be anxious for pleasures afar—
And the pleasures around us to slight or decry?
Asking Night for the sun,—asking Day for the star?
Let us conquer such faults, or at least *let us try.*

If the soil of a garden be worthy our care,
Its culture delightful, though ever so small;
Oh then let the heart the same diligence share,
And the flowers of affection will rival them all.

There ne'er was delusion more constantly shown,
Than that *wealth* every charm of existence can buy;
As long as love, friendship, and truth are life's own,
All hearts may be happy, *if all hearts will try!*
Charles Swain.

510. CONTENTMENT Gained.

My conscience is my crown, contented thoughts my rest,
My heart is happy in itself, my bliss is in my breast.
Enough I reckon wealth: a mean the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt, too low for envy's shot.
My wishes are but few, all easy to fulfil,
I make the limits of my power the bonds unto my will.
I have no hopes but one, which is of heavenly reign;
Effects attained, or not desired, all lower hopes refrain.
I feel no care of coin, well-doing is my wealth,
My mind to me an empire is, while grace affordeth health. *Robert Southwell.*

511. CONTENTMENT, Growth of.

O years gone down into the past:
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours of almost ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie;
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth itself went with them, too;
To-day, aye! even this very hour,
Is the best hour I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by,
Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I blindly cry;

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim;
And where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him.

And spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say—
Prayers which I thought unanswered once
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherished once,
Perished untimely in their birth,
Yet have I been beloved and blest
Beyond the measure of my worth.
Phœbe Carey.

512. CONTENTMENT, Profession of.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I seek not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys;
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack;
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantals starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
I see e'en Midas gape for more:
I neither want, nor yet abound—
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship, where I hate;
I fawn not on the great in show;
I prize, I praise a mean estate—
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
A mind content, a conscience clear.
Joshua Sylvester.

513. CONTENTMENT, Nobility of.

Even I—but I can laugh and sing,
Though fetter'd and confined,—

My mind I may to fortune bring,
Not fortune to my mind.

How seldom is our good enjoy'd,
Our ill how hardly borne,
When all our fancies are employ'd,
To kick against the thorn!

But, sure, ourselves aright to see
True wisdom well may bear:
'Tis nobly great to dare to be
No greater than we are.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

514. CONTENTMENT, Natural.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king,
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his muse.

Alexander Pope.

515. CONTENTMENT, Riches of.

In vain do men
The heavens of their fortunes' fault accuse,
Sith they knew best what is the best of them;
For they to each such fortune do diffuse
As they do know each can most aptly use.
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold; each hath his fortune in his breast.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
For some that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough; but wants in greater store;
And other, that hath little, asks for more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches: fools therefore
They are which fortune do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

Edmund Spenser.

516. CONTRITION, Late.

If, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,
A thousand times Thy patient love I tried;
With reckless heart, with conscience hard and sere,
Thy gifts perverted and Thy power defied:
O grant me, now that wintry snows appear
Around my brow, and youth's bright promise hide—
Grant me with reverential awe to hear
Thy holy voice, and in Thy word confide!
Blot from my book of life its early stain!
Since days misspent will never more return,
My future path do Thou in mercy trace;
So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,
That all the trust which in Thy name I place
Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain.

Pietro Bembo.

517. CONTRITION, Power of.

All powerful is the penitential sigh
Of true contrition; like the placid wreaths
Of incense, wafted from the righteous shrine
Where Abel ministered, to the blest seat
Of Mercy, an accepted sacrifice,
Humiliation's conscious plaint ascends.

Samuel Hayes.

518. CONTRITION, Prayer in.

Wretched, helpless, and distressed,
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever panting after rest,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in Thee!

In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find;
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
Take, oh, take the veil away;
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day.

Naked of Thine image, Lord,
Forsaken, and alone,
Unrenewed and unrestored,
I have not Thee put on;
Over me Thy mantle spread,
Send Thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be displayed,
And wrap me in Thy love.

Poor, alas! Thou knowest I am,
And would be poorer still;
See my nakedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel;
No good thing in me resides,
All my soul an aching void,
Till Thy Spirit there abides,
And I am filled with God.

Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In Thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In Thee may I Eden find;
To the dying health restore,
And eyesight to the blind!

Clothe me with Thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me Thy glorious dress,
Endue my soul with Thee;
Let Thine image be restored,
Let me now Thy nature prove;
With Thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley.

519. CONTRITION, Response to.

All night the lonely suppliant prayed,
All night his earnest crying made;
Till, standing by his side at morn,
The tempter said, in bitter scorn,
"Oh! peace, what profit do you gain
From empty words and babblings vain?
'Come, Lord—oh, come!' you cry alway;
You pour your heart out night and day;
Yet still no murmur of reply—
No voice that answers, 'Here am I.'"

Then sank that stricken heart in dust,
That word had withered all its trust;
No strength retained it now to pray,
For faith and hope had fled away;
And ill that mourner now had fared,
Thus by the Tempter's art ensnared,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood and said,
"Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer, that now not any more
It knocks at heaven's gate as before?"
"I am cast out, I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace;
'Come, Lord, oh, come!' I cry alway;
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never until now have won
The answer, 'Here am I, my son.'"

Oh, dull of heart! enclosed doth lie
In each "Come, Lord," a "Here am I."
Thy love, thy longing are not thine,
Reflections of a love divine.
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.
Whom God rejects they are not so;
Strong bands are round them in their woe;
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,
That sighs or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart;
All other gifts unto His foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows;
But love's sweet smart and costly pain
A treasure for His friends remain.

Oriental, tr. by R. C. Trench.

520. CONTRITION, Tears of.

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of Peace!
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat!
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease;
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

P. Fletcher.

521. CONTRITION, True.

My sins, my sins, my SAVIOUR!
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, CHRIST, to Thee;
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace,
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of Thy face.

My sins, my sins, my SAVIOUR!
How sad on Thee they fall,
Seen through thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven;
But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee!

My sins, my sins, my SAVIOUR!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee in the desert
I near Thy Passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody,
That told Thy sorrow there.

Therefore my songs, my SAVIOUR,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness,
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my SAVIOUR,
That live in Thee and love.

John S. B. Monsell.

522. CONVERSATION, Charm of.

And we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd! her voice so cadenc'd in the talking
Made another singing of the soul! a music without bars—
While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we were walking,
Brought interposition worthy, sweet,—as skies about the stars.

And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if she always thought them—
And had sympathies so rapid, open, free as bird on branch,
Just as ready to fly east as west, which ever way besought them,
In the birchen-wood a chirrup, or a cock-crow in the grange.

In her utmost rightness there is truth—and often she speaks lightly,
Has a grace in being gay, which even mournful souls approve,
For the root of some grave, earnest thought is under-struck so rightly,
As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above.

And she talked on—*we* talked, rather! upon all things—substance—shadow—
Of the sheep that browsed the grasses—of the reapers in the corn;
Of the little children from the schools, seen winding through the meadow,
Of the poor rich world beyond them, still kept poorer by its scorn.

So of men, and so of letters—books are men
of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud for future
times to hear;
So, of mankind in the abstract, which grows
slowly into nature,
Yet will lift the cry of "progress," as it trod
from sphere to sphere.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

523. CONVERSATION, Rules for.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please;
All such is courteous, useful, new, or
witty:
Usefulness comes by labor, wit by ease;
Courtesy grows in court; news in the city.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card;
That suits him best, of whom thy speech is
heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure;
(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than show his cards;) steal from
his treasure
What to ask farther. Doubts well raised do
lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak, at once; but husband it,
And give men turns of speech; do not forestall
By lavishness, thine own and others' wit,
As if thou madest thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast.
George Herbert.

524. CONVERSION, Corruption after.

When first, to make my heart His own,
The Lord revealed His mighty grace,
Self reigned, like Dagon, on the throne,
But could not long maintain its place.

It fell, and owned the power divine
(Grace can with ease the victory gain);
But soon this wretched heart of mine
Contrived to set it up again.

Again the Lord His name proclaimed,
And brought the hateful idol low;
Then Self, like Dagon, broken, maimed,
Seemed to receive a mortal blow.

Yet Self is not of life bereft,
Nor ceases to oppose His will:
Though but a maimèd stump be left,
'Tis Dagon—'tis an idol still.

Lord, must I always guilty prove,
And idols in my heart have room?
O let the fire of heavenly love
The very stump of self consume!
John Newton.

525. CONVERSION, Effect of.

Creator! let thy Spirit shine
The darkness of our souls within,
And lead us by Thy grace divine
From the forbidden paths of sin;
And may that voice which bade the earth
From chaos and the realms of night,
From doubt and darkness call us forth,
To God's own liberty and light!

Thus made partakers of Thy love,
The baptism of the Spirit ours,
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
Renewed in purposes and powers;
And songs of joy again shall ring
Triumphant through the arch of heaven,
The glorious songs which angels sing,
Exulting over souls forgiven!
W. H. Burleigh.

526. CONVERSION, Figure of.

A Lord I had;
To Him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle placed my heart. But
He (I sigh to say)
Look'd on a servant, who did know His eye
Better than you know me, or (which is one)
Than I myself. The servant instantly,
Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issued from the
side
Of a great rock. I well remember all,
And have good cause. There it was dipt
and dyed,
And wash'd, and wrung: the very wringing
yet
Enforceth tears. "Your heart was foul, I
fear."
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my lease will bear;
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not denied.
George Herbert.

527. CONVERSION, Gate of.

I stood outside the gate,
A poor, wayfaring child;
Within my heart there beat
A tempest, loud and wild.
A fear oppressed my soul,
That I might be *too late;*
And oh! I trembled sore,
And prayed outside the gate.

"Mercy!" I loudly cried:
"Oh! give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied:
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding woods:
She soothed my aching head;
She eased my burdened soul,
And bore the load instead.

In Mercy's guise, I knew
The Saviour long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in!
Josephine Pollard.

528. CONVERSION Needed.

I need a cleansing change within:
My life must once again begin;
New hope I need, and youth renewed,
And more than human fortitude;
New faith, new love, and strength to cast
Away the fetters of the past.
Hartley Coleridge.

529. CONVERT, An Aged.

Faint, and worn, and aged,
One stands knocking at the gate;
Though no light shines in the casement,
Knocking though so late.
It has struck eleven
In the courts of heaven,
Yet he still doth knock and wait.

While no answer cometh
From the heavenly hill,
Blessed angels wonder
At his earnest will.
Hope and fear but quicken,
While the shadows thicken;
He is knocking, knocking still.

Grim the gate unopened
Stands with bar and lock;
Yet within the unseen porter
Hearkens to the knock,
Doing and undoing,
Faint and yet pursuing,
This man's feet are on the Rock.

With a cry unceasing,
Knocketh, prayeth he:
"Lord, have mercy on me,
When I cry to Thee!"
With a knock unceasing,
And a cry increasing,
"O my Lord, remember me!"

Still the porter standeth,
Love-constrained he standeth near,
While the cry increaseth
Of that love and fear:
"Jesus, look upon me—
Christ, hast thou foregone me?
If I perish, I perish here!"

Faint the knocking ceaseth,
Faint the cry and call;
Is he lost, indeed, forever,
Shut without the wall?
Mighty arms uphold him—
Tender arms surround him,
Held, withheld, and borne through all.

O celestial mansion,
Open wide the door;
Crown and robe of whiteness,
Stone-inscribed before,
Flocking angels bear them,
Stretch thy hand and wear them;
Sit thou down forevermore.

530. CONVERT, Happiness of the.

O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh that all His salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

On the wings of His love
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I!
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.
C. Wesley.

531. CONVICTION Resisted.

In the silent midnight watches,
List,—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating:
'Tis thy heart of sin:
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise, and let Me in!

Death comes down, with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;

At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He knows thee not!
A. Cleveland Coxe.

532. CONVICTION, Strife in.

How shall my cold and lifeless prayer ascend,
Father of Mercies! to Thy seat on high,
If, while my lips for Thy deliverance call,
My heart against that liberty contend?
Do Thou, who knowest all, Thy rescue send,
Though every power of mine the help deny.
Eternal God! oh, pardon that I went
Erring so long! whence have my eyes been smit
With darkness, nor the good from evil known.
To spare offenders, being penitent,
Is even ours; to drag them from the pit,
Themselves resisting, Lord, is Thine alone!
Ariosto.

533. CONVICTION, Surrender to.

I'll give my heart to Jesus,
'Tis all the gift He'll prize;
A broken and a contrite heart
I'm sure He'll not despise.

I'll give my heart to Jesus;
I've nothing else to give
That would be worthy to bestow,
Or Jesus would receive.

I've nothing else to give Him;
No gold, nor gems of worth,
And what would these be unto Him,
The Lord of all the earth?

O take my heart, dear Saviour,
And make it wholly Thine,
That 'mid the jewels in Thy crown
Forever it may shine.
Josephine Pollard.

534. CONVICTION, True.

My crimes awake, and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind;
Guilt meets my eye with horrid glare,
And hell pursues behind.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

Where shall I hide this noxious head?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave?

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to Thy dear wounds I fly;
Bedew me with Thy blood.
Isaac Watts.

535. CORRUPTION, Basest.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves of stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband Nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Shakespeare.

536. CORRUPTION, Extent of.

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length; they spread
Ev'rywhere; and the dew that drops from thence
Hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.
Sir John Beaumont.

537. CORRUPTION, Instigation of.

Satan. Let Baalim his empire raise supreme,
Or empires out of ruin'd empires build,
Each greater than the last (for who can doubt
That God will cross our counsels? vain attempt),
Each worse,—a worse must still be possible,—
Our scale of greatness. Let Apollyon whet
The keen edge of intestine feuds and wars.
Let Ashtaroth in chains of love or lust
Lead forth his groups of willing prisoners,
Gay captives, garlanded with fading flowers,
Behind our chariot wheels. Let Mammon heap
Fuel for fire on stubborn hearts, and there
Foster the secret flame unquenchable.
And last, though loftiest enterprise, be thou,
O Moloch, as a god to men, and grasp
Their conscience with the iron gripe of fate.
We need your banded strength. Nothing, O peers,
Nothing is done while aught remains to do.
. . . . . .
Earth once our trophy, we shall conquer peace,
And soon behold the regions under earth
Abandon'd by their Maker, nothing loath,
Being we leave the walls of heaven unscaled.
Earth, earth must first be ours. But, friends, for this
We must defile mankind ere we destroy:
Evil must go before us, death behind.
God has not yet forsaken man, nor yet
Suffers that we assail the fleshly tent
Of his short pilgrimage. Herein beware.
. . . . . .
Henceforth, O peers,
If men will worship, let them worship us,

Despite the everlasting interdict
Which severs things unseen and seen. Why not?
Let them make images of wood and stone,
Brass, iron, silver, gold, and call them gods,
Adoring us in them by countless names.
My counsel moves your laughter. But if once
The Almighty, jealous of His name blasphemed,
Swear in His wrath that He disowns mankind,
Our work is done, the empire is our own.
E. H. Bickersteth.

538. CORRUPTION, Power of.

Justice herself, that sitteth whimpled 'bout
The eyes, doth it not because she will take
No gold, but that she would not be seen blushing
When she takes it; the balances she holds
Are not to weigh the rights of the cause, but
The weight of the bribe: she will put up her
Naked sword, if thou offer her a golden scabbard. *John Lilly.*

539. CORRUPTION, Price of.

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures,
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader;
Some by a place, as they tend their years or natures;
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices. *Lord Byron.*

540. CORRUPTION, Private.

As some of us, in trust, have made
The one hand with the other trade:
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavor,
The right a thief, the left receiver:
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
Samuel Butler.

541. CORRUPTION, Reward of.

O that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! And how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff of ruin of the times,
To be new garnish'd! *Shakespeare.*

542. COUNSELS, Various.

Not so quickly, fretted spirit,
Lest thy speed but run to waste:
He is steadfast who believeth,
He who trusteth makes no haste.
For the God on whom we call
Will carry us through all;
No plan of His can fail,
Not a wish but must prevail.
He is mighty, He alone;
Let His work be calmly done.

Not so slowly, sluggish spirit,
As if God and time would stay
For thee, the loitering dreamer,
Flinging hours and days away.
Up and toil with all thy might,
Noon is fading into night;
Like the ever-moving wave,
We are rushing to the grave;
Like the swiftly rising dew,
Earth is passing from our view.

Not so gayly, buoyant spirit;
Temper mirth with gentle fear;
Roses wither, leaves are falling,
'Tis not always summer here.
'Tis a brittle, hollow world,
With its brav'ry all unfurled,
Its banners streaming high,
And shouts of revelry.
Its day is coming fast,
And its madness cannot last.

Not so darkly, gloomy spirit;
Here are things of sprightlier hue,
Here are suns, and stars, and rainbows,
And a glorious arch of blue.
Earth is not all tears and woe,
There are bright things here below,
There is verdure on our hills.
There is music in our rills,
There is fragrance in our air;
In our homes the dear and fair.

Not so lightly, jesting spirit;
Do not trifle so with sin;
The gate of life is narrow,
There are few who enter in.
Setting God before thine eyes,
Be boldly good and wise;
Cherish grave and manly thought,
Buy the truth and sell it not;
To thyself and truth be true,
To thy friend be faithful too.

Not so sternly, haughty spirit;
Lay thy loftiness aside;
From thy forehead smooth the furrow,
From thy heart pluck out the pride.
Deal gentle words to all;
Thou, too, mayest err and fall;
Be pitiful and kind,
Leave rugged words behind,
Learn meekly to reprove;
They win who speak in love.

Not so fondly, sanguine spirit;
There is judgment in yon cloud,
There is peril in yon tempest,
And the trumpet speaks aloud.
God is coming in His wrath,
And the lightning ploughs His path;
There is terror on the earth,
And the ruin rushes forth;

There is boding in yon sky,
The Judge is drawing nigh.

Not so hopeless, drooping spirit;
Yon clouds at length will rise;
And, beyond them, in the distance,
Spreads a realm of sunny skies.
God's promise standeth fast,
And the glory breaks at last;
Peace is rising out of strife,
Death is dying into life;
Up springs the eternal sun;
Heaven and earth will soon be one.
Horatius Bonar.

543. COUNTRY, Home in the.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned:
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvian home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
R. W. Emerson.

544. COURAGE, Challenge of.

I said to sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on! 'Thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

I said to penury's meagre train,
Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit which you see,
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

I said to friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure! Oh! why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away." *Lavinia Stoddard.*

545. COURAGE, Christian.

Stand but your ground, your ghostly foes will fly,—
Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye;
Choose rather to defend than to assail,—
Self-confidence will in the conflict fail:
When you are challenged, you may dangers meet,—
True courage is a fixed, not sudden heat;
Is always humble, lives in self-distrust,
And will itself into no danger thrust.
Devote yourself to God, and you will find
God fights the battles of a will resigned.
Love Jesus! love will no base fear endure;
Love Jesus! and of conquest rest secure.
Bp. Ken.

546. COURAGE Defined.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.
As for your youth, whom blood and blows delight,
Away with them! there is not in their crew
One valiant spirit. *Joanna Baillie.*

547. COURAGE, Demand for.

Thy life 's a warfare, thou a soldier art,
Satan's thy foeman, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edged weapon; patience is thy shield,
Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.
To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath.
Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield;
And who the second, basely flies the field.
Francis Quarles.

548. COURAGE, Field of.

Not to the ensanguined field of death alone,
Is valor limited; she sits serene
In the deliberate council, sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides;
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone. *Tobias Smollett.*

549. COURAGE, Humble.

In the good man's breast,
Justice and piety, with valor, reign;
He, though the fabric of the shaken world
Should burst in thundering ruin o'er his head,
Calm and unawed would view the crushing wreck,
Nor shudder at destruction; but to brave
The wrath of Heaven, or rashly to intrude,
Spotted with guilt, into his Maker's sight;
Or lift for mercy a rebellious hand
Dyed with a brother's gore, he justly fears;
Yet, in himself collected, will defy
The taunt of malice, or that groundless right,
The weakest, lightest of mankind assume
To brand with infamy his injured name,
And scorn the coward, daring to forgive.
C. P. Layard.

550. COURAGE, Military.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade,"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd:
Stormed at with shot and shell
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!
Alfred Tennyson.

551. COURAGE, Patriotic.

No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know,
When here stands his country, and yonder her foe;
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
One glance where our banner floats glorious on high:
Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;
Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away;
Roll on, like the thunderbolt over the plain!—
We come back in glory, or come not again.
Thomas Gray, Jr.

552. COURTESY, Graceful.

Study, with care, politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech:
In vain formality with matron mien,
And pertness apes with her familiar grin:
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain:
She moves with easy though with measur'd pace,
And shows no part of study but the grace.
Benjamin Stillingfleet.

553. COURTESY, Inconsistent.

Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows and smiles more fatal than their swords,
Who stifle nature and subsist on art,
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart:
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd and as marble hard:
Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace:"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,

"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine."
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd:
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Edward Young.

554. COURTESY, Pleasing.

Above all things raillery decline;
Nature but few does for that task design.
'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool;
For all must grant it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them smart.
No wit alone, nor humor's self, will do,
Without good-nature and much prudence too,
To judge aright—of persons, place, and time;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime;
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.
Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining, to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favorite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem;
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.
Benjamin Stillingfleet.

555. COURTSHIP, Esteem of.

Women are angels wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.
Shakespeare.

556. COURTSHIP, Gravity of.

Yes! I answered you last night;
No! this morning, Sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above, and laugh below—
Love me, sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes*, or fit for *No*.

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow, whatever lights may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is in us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooing light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*:

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes forevermore.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

557. COVENANT, Sign of the.

So willingly doth God remit His ire,
Though late repenting Him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at His heart, when looking down He saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in His sight,
That He relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein, or beast; but when He brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look
And call to mind His covenant; day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.
John Milton.

558. COVETOUSNESS, Absorption of.

The churl who holds it heresy to *think*,
Who loves no music but the dollar's clink,
Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,
And deems the first of poets first of fools,
Who never found what good from science grew,
Save the grand truth, that one and one make two,—
'Tis he, across whose brain scarce dares to creep
Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep!
Charles Sprague.

559. COVETOUSNESS, Agricultural.

Woe to the worldly man, whose covetous
Ambition labors to join house to house,
Lay field to field, till their inclosure edge
The plain, girdling a country with one hedge:
They leave no place unbought, no piece of earth
Which they will not engross; making a dearth
Of all inhabitants; until they stand
Unneighbored as unblest within the land.
Bp. King.

560. COVETOUSNESS, Degradation of.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low,
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferred our right:
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich,
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.
George Herbert.

561. COVETOUSNESS, Influence of.

O life misspent! O foulest waste of time!
No time has he his grovelling mind to store
With history's truths, or philosophic lore.
No charms for him has God's all-blooming earth;
His only question this: "What are they worth?"
Art, nature, wisdom, are no match for gain;
And e'en religion bids him pause in vain.
Thomas Ward.

562. COWARDICE, Humiliated.

Hamlet. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. *Shakespeare.*

563. COWARDICE, Safety of.

Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running 's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies while
They seem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallant'st course and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest.
That spares th' expense of time and pains
And dangerous beating out of brains;
And in the end, prevails as certain
As those that never trust to fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution.
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And only trembling, overthrow.
Samuel Butler.

564. CREATION, Animal.

Oriel. But now the fourth day closed. And at God's word
The waters teem'd with life, with life the air;
Mostly new types of living things, though some
From past creations, buried deep beneath
Seas or the strata of incumbent soils,
Borrow'd their form. Innumerable tribes
Of fishes, from the huge Leviathan
Roaming alone the solitary depths
To myriad minnows in their sunny creeks,
The ocean pathways swam. Nor less the birds,
Some of entrancing plumage, some of notes
More trancing still, awoke the sleeping woods
To gayety and music. Others perch'd
Upon the beetling cliffs, or walk'd the shore,
Or dived or floated on the waves at will,
Or skimm'd with light wing o'er their dashing foam,
Free of three elements,—earth, water, air.
And, as the fifth day to the sixth gave place,
We gazed in eager expectation what
Might crown our Great Creator's work.

But first
All living creatures of the earth appeared:
Insects that crept or flew as liked them best,
In hosts uncounted as the dews that hung
Upon the herbs their food; and white flocks browsed,
Herds grazed, and generous horses paw'd the ground;
And fawns and leopards and young antelopes
Gamboll'd together. Every moment seem'd
Fruitful of some new marvel, new delight,
Until at last the Great Artificer
Paused in His mighty labors.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

565. CREATION, Attraction of.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,
As the flight of birds o'er the wandering sea:
To the woods, to the dells where violets blow
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if by the forest-brook we meet
A line like the pathway of former feet,
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,
We reach the gray ruins of tower or cot:

If the cell where a hermit of old hath prayed
Lift up its cross through the solemn shade;
Or if some nook, where the wild flowers wave,
Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be stayed,
There our quick spirits awhile delayed;
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,
And win back our hearts to their sympathies.

For what though the mountains and skies be fair,
Steeped in soft hues of the summer air,
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and dreams,
That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,
Where it hath poured forth its vows to heaven,
Where to repose it hath brightly past,
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by that soul, amidst groves and rills,
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,
We, only *we*, may be linked to God!

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

566. CREATION, Blight of.

But these young scholars who invade our hills
Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,
And travelling often in the cut he makes,
Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names.
The old men studied magic in the flowers,
And human fortunes in astronomy,
And an omnipotence in chemistry,
Preferring things to names, for these were men,
Were unitarians of the united world,
And wheresoever their clear eye-beams fell,
They caught the footsteps of the SAME. Our eyes
Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,
And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,
And strangers to the plant and to the mine.
The injured elements say, "Not in us;"
And night and day, ocean and continent,
Fire, plant, and mineral say, "Not in us,"
And haughtily return us stare for stare.
For we invade them impiously for gain;
We devastate them unreligiously,
And coldly ask their pottage, not their love.
Therefore they shove us from them, yield to us
Only what to our griping toil is due;
But the sweet affluence of love and song,
The rich results of the divine consents
Of man and earth, of world beloved and lover,
The nectar and ambrosia are withheld;
And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we thieves
And pirates of the universe, shut out
Daily to a more thin and outward rind,
Turn pale and starve. Therefore, to our sick eyes,
The stunted trees look sick, the summer short,
Clouds shade the sun which will not tan our hay,
And nothing thrives to reach its natural term;
And life, shorn of its venerable length,
Even at its greatest space is a defeat,
And dies in anger that it was a dupe;
And, in its highest noon and wantonness,
Is early frugal, like a beggar's child;
Even in the hot pursuit of the best aims
And prizes of ambition, checks its hand,
Like Alpine cataracts frozen as they leaped,
Chilled with a miserly comparison
Of the toy's purchase with the length of life.

R. W. Emerson.

567. CREATION, Cathedral of.

Here in the silent forest solitudes,
Deep in the quiet of these lonely shades,
The angelic peace of heaven forever broods,
And His own presence fills the solemn glades.
Shall worship only live in pillared domes,
The organ's pealing notes sole anthems raise,
While every wind that through the forest roams
Draws from its whispering boughs a chant of praise?

Here the thick leaves that scent the trembling air
Let the bright sunshine pass with softened light;
And lips unwonted breathe instinctive prayer
In these cool arches filled with verdurous night.

There needs no bending knee, no costly shrine,
No fluctuant crowd to hail Divinity;
Here the heart kneels, and owns the love divine
That made for man the earth so fair and free.

Dear is the choral hymn, the murmuring sound
Of mutual prayer, and words of holy power;
But give to me the forest's awe profound,
Æolian hymns, and sermons from a flower!

Rose Terry Cooke.

568. CREATION, Chain of.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above,
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die);
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool, worked solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.
Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose;
And just as short of reason he must fall
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride,
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favored man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!
Alexander Pope.

569. CREATION, Chaos at.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds and justly chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confus'd, and each disturbed the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix'd,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy, mix'd.
But God, our Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords puts an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sank from ethereal heaven.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

570. CREATION, Conservation of.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launched along
The illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft had swept the toiling race of men
And all their labored monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-tempered change of night and day,
And of the seasons, ever stealing round
Minutely faithful; such the All-perfect Hand,
That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.
James Thomson.

571. CREATION, Description of the.

Meanwhile the Son
On His great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all His Father in Him shone.
About His chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, wing'd spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armory of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirits liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in His pow'rful word
And spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end;
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn.
For Chaos heard His voice: Him all His train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of His might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in His hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot He centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,

This be thy just circumference, O world.
Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void; darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss: but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black, tartareous cold, infernal dregs,
Adverse to life; then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.
Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal first, of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided; light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn,
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birthday of heav'n and earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touched their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and His works, Creator Him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.
Again, God said, let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing; for as earth, so He the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame.
And heav'n He named the firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,
Be gather'd now, ye waters under heav'n,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky;
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste: such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colors, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field; and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit; last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valley and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seemed like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew

On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.
Again the Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of heaven to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n
To give light on the earth; and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern: and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n
T' illuminate the earth and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying His great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies, first the sun
A mighty sphere He fram'd, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field.
Of light by far the greater part He took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither as to their fountain other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence; less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousands stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on th' open firmament of heav'n.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
And lakes and running streams the waters fill:
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armor watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens and shores
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young, but feathered soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens, and soaring the air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build;
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their ways
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast: the swan with arch'd neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit

The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aërial sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl.
John Milton.

572. CREATION, Display of.

The heavens are a point from the pen of His perfection;
The world is a rosebud from the bower of His beauty;
The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom;
And the sky a bubble on the sea of His power.
Sir W. Jones.

573. CREATION, Gems of.

Earth hath its gems around;
Creatures through ether winging,
Flow'rets in glory springing,
Dew-drops upon the ground;
Sparks of the waterfall, insects' wings—
Ay! and a million beautiful things!

Sea hath its gems below!
In grottos, to man forbidden,
Marvellous treasures are hidden—
Pearls and corallines grow;
Deep and dark in the tombs of the wave,
Jewels are hung in palace and cave.

Heaven hath its gems above!
Look! for its arch exalted
With planets and stars is vaulted.
Oh, what spirits may rove—
Gems of the soul—through scenes like these,
Learning eternal mysteries.
Sir John Bowring.

574. CREATION. God in.

The God of nature and of Grace
In all His works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas He who girded like a robe
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither His path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
A highway for their God;
He walks amidst the desert land,
—'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in His strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds,—
O could we catch the strains!—

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night!

In ev'ry stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In ev'ry breeze His spirit blows,—
The breath of life and health,

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!
James Montgomery.

575. CREATION, Psalm of.

Heralds of creation! cry—
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded,—nature heard,
And stood fast upon His word.

Praise Him, all ye hosts above;
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, His will perform.

Birds, on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at His temple door;
Joyful sounds from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

High above all height His throne;
Excellent His name alone;
Him let all His works confess,
Him let all His children bless.
James Montgomery.

576. CREATION, Voice of.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no *real* voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In *reason's* ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

Joseph Addison.

577. CREATION, Work of.

From the throne of the Highest the mandate came forth,
From the word of Omnipotent God;
And the elements fashioned His footstool the earth,
And the Heavens His holy abode:
And His Spirit moved over the fathomless flood
Of waters that fretted in darkness around,
Until, at His bidding, their turbulent mood
Was hushed to a calm, and obedient they stood,
Where He fixed their perpetual bound.

By the word of Omnipotence, valley and hill
Were clothed with the grass and the flower;
And the fruit-tree expanded its blooms by the rill,
And the nourishing herb in the bower;
And the sun of the morning—the fountain of light—
Threw his cherishing rays through creation afar;
And the region of darkness—the season of night—
The sister of chaos—grew beauteous and bright
By the beams of the moon and the star.

By the word of Omnipotence, nature brought forth
The fish, and the beast, and the bird:
And they played in the waters, and browsed on the earth,
And the air by their carol was stirred;
And man, in the image and likeness of God,
Erected his person majestic and tall;
And though, like a worm, he was formed of the clod,
Yet, the favorite of Heaven, he conspicuously trod
The lord and possessor of all.

William Knox.

578. CREATOR, Praise to the.

Adam. These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonics, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.

Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
Milton.

579. CREDULITY, Danger of.

Blessed credulity, thou great, great god of error,
Thou art the strong foundation of huge wrongs.
To thee give I my vows and sacrifice;
By thee, great deity, he doth believe
Falsehoods, that falsehood's self could not invent;
And from that misbelief doth draw a course
T' o'erwhelm e'en virtue, truth, and sanctity.
Let him go on, blest stars; 'tis meet he fall,
Whose blindfold judgment hath no guide at all.
Machen.

580. CREED, The Apostles'.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord;
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary;
Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried: He descended into hell;
The third day He rose again from the dead;
He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty;
From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost:
The Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints:
The forgiveness of sins:
The resurrection of the body:
And the life everlasting. AMEN.

581. CREED, The First.

"What is thy creed?" a hundred lips inquire;
"Thou seekest God beneath what Christian spire?"
Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies
Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice;
When man's first incense rose above the plain,
Of earth's two altars one was built by Cain!

Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we take;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;
The simple lessons which the nursery taught
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,
And the full blossom owes its fairest hue
To those sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.

Too oft the light that led our earlier hours
Fades with the perfume of our cradle flowers;
The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without;
O then, if Reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;
Go to thy birthplace, and if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

582. CRISIS, A Nation's.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, just through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.
James Russell Lowell.

583. CRISIS, A Soul's.

There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed?
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?

Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.
J. A. Alexander.

584. CRISIS, The Important.

At every motion of our breath
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs to the commonwealth of earth;
Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last.

'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye shall see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

This is that moment,—who can tell
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
This is that moment,—*as* we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.

Time past and time to come are not;
Time present is our only lot;
O God! henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than Thine.
James Montgomery.

585. CRITIC, Vanity of the.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise?
E'en he, who would him the most despise?
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own pride and vanity can't see,
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown,
We pull down others but to raise our own;
That we may angels seem, we paint themselves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
John Dryden.

586. CRITICISM, Bitter.

A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His judgment great, and great his candor too.
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
Secure he walked, for nature was his guide.
But now, O strange reverse! our critics brawl
In praise of candor with a heart of gall.
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light;
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night:
Safe from destruction seize th' unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
Charles Churchill.

587. CRITICISM, Laws of.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And, if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit,
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part.
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice;
Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice:
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so, by Heaven!" (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain:
"Then build anew, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men,—for dress
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a crown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire:
How haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire:
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened, (not in vain,) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows:
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main,
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow;
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound. *Alexander Pope.*

588. CROSS, Bearing the.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives, no more to die.

Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away. *G. N. Allen.*

589. CROSS, Benefit of the.

We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
The shining letters "God is love:"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross, it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.
Thomas Kelley

590. CROSS, Boasting in the.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Isaac Watts.

591. CROSS, Changed.

It was a time of sadness—and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these—as given to me
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might
Who says "we walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, My cross I cannot bear!

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see,
Oh, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound,
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptur'd sight,
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One—to whom all the others bow'd the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And—"Follow Me," he said; "I am the Way."

Then speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
A little one, with jewels set in gold;
Ah, this methought I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried—and looked again
To see if any there could ease my pain,
But one by one I pass'd them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptur'd form entwin'd,
And grace and beauty seem'd in it combin'd;
Wondering I gazed—and still I wonder'd more
To think so many should have pass'd it o'er.

But oh, that form, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair,
Sorrowing I said, This cross I may not bear.

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping—I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross—no crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart;
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me."
"My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lighten'd eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepar'd, appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledg'd it the best,
The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confess'd,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!

But oh, how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see;
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me.
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best—because He knows the end.

592. CROSS, Confidence in the.

My trust is in the Cross; there lies my rest,
My fast, my sole delight.
Let cold-mouthed Boreas, or the hot-mouthed East,
Blow till they burst with spite;
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
And join their twisted might.
Let showers of thunderbolts dart round and round me,
And troops of fiends surround me:
All this may well confront; all this shall ne'er confound me.

Francis Quarles.

593. CROSS, Cures of the.

Bitter, indeed, the waters are
Which in this desert flow;
Though to the eye they promise fair,
They taste of sin and woe.

Of pleasing draughts I once could dream;
But now, awake, I find
That sin has poisoned every stream,
And left a curse behind.

But there 's a wonder-working wood,
I've heard believers say,
Can make these bitter waters good,
And take the curse away.

The cross on which the Saviour died,
And conquered for His saints—
This is the Tree, by faith applied,
Which sweetens all complaints.

John Newton.

594. CROSS, Fall and Recovery by the.

Eating of the Tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second Tree prepare,
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

Such the order God appointed,
When for sin He would atone,
To the serpent thus opposing
Schemes yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring,
Whence the fatal wound had come.

Venantius Fortunatus, tr. by J. M. Neale.

595. CROSS, Glorying in the

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring.

596. CROSS, Hope in the.

If the wanderer his mistake discern,
Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return,
Bewildered once, must he bewail his loss
Forever and forever? No—the cross!
There, and there only (though the Deist rave,
And Atheist, if earth bear so base a slave);
There, and there only, is the power to save.
There no delusive hope invites despair;
No mockery meets you, no delusion there;
The spell and charms that blinded you before
All vanish there, and fascinate no more.

Wm. Cowper.

597. CROSS, Pre-eminence of the.

Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be:
Sweetest Wood, and sweetest Iron!
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory!
Thy relaxing sinews bend;
For awhile the ancient rigor,
That thy birth bestowed, suspend;
And the King of Heavenly Beauty
On thy bosom gently tend!

Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold;
For a shipwrecked race preparing
Harbor, like the Ark of old;
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the smitten LAMB that roll'd.

Venantius Fortunatus, tr. by J. M. Neale.

598. CROSS, Rejoicing at the.

The Cross it standeth fast,—
Hallelujah!
The winds of hell have blown,
Yet 'tis not overthrown;
Hallelujah!
It shall stand forever.

It is the old Cross still,—
Hallelujah!
On which the living One
Did for man's sin atone.
Hallelujah!
It shall stand forever.

Old Cross, on thee I lean,—
Hallelujah!
Old, and yet ever new,
I glory still in you;
Hallelujah!
Thou shalt stand forever.

Beneath thy shade I sit,—
Hallelujah!
O tree of health divine,
My refuge, even mine;
Hallelujah!
Thou shalt stand forever.

The blood is on thee yet,—
Hallelujah!
The blood that maketh clean
The soul from stain and sin;
Hallelujah!
Thou shalt stand forever.

And yet beyond thee still,—
Hallelujah!
I look and see a Throne,
Christ's throne and mine in one;
Hallelujah!
Throne and Cross forever.

Horatius Bonar.

599. CROSS, Remember the.

Jesus' holy Cross and dying
O remember! ever eying
Endless pleasure's pathway here;
At the Cross thy mindful station
Keep, and still in meditation
All unsated persevere.

When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,
When thou smilest, when thou weepest,
Or in mirth, or woe, hast part;
When thou comest, when thou goest,
Grief or consolation showest,—
Hold the Cross within thy heart.

'Tis the Cross, when comforts languish,
In the heaviest hour of anguish,
Makes the broken spirit whole.
When the pains are most tormenting,
Sweetly here the heart relenting
Finds the refuge of the soul.

Christ's Cross is the gate of heaven,
Trust to all disciples given,
Who have conquered all their foes;
Christ's Cross is the people's healing,
Heavenly goodness o'er it stealing
In a stream of wonders flows.

'Tis the cure of soul-diseases,
Truth that guides, and light that pleases,
Sweetness in the heart's distress;
Life of souls in heavenly pleasure,
And of raptured saints the treasure,
Ornament and blisfulness.

Jesus' Cross is virtue's mirror,
Guide to safety out of error,
True believers' single rest;
Crown of Pilgrims unto heaven,
Solace to the weary given,
Longed for by the humble breast.

Jesus' Cross, the Tree once scorned,
All with crimson drops adorned,
Laden hangs with rich supplies;
These the souls from death are leading
Who, with heavenly spirits feeding,
Taste the manna of the skies.

Crucified! Thy strength supplying,
Let me, till my day of dying,
Gaze upon Thy dying face!
Yea, Thy deepest wounds desiring,
Thee, though on the Cross expiring,
Ever pant I to embrace.

John Bonaventura, tr. by J. W. Alexander.

600. CROSS, Taking the.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition;
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition;
God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright,

Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain;
I have called Thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me!
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine!

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Henry Francis Lyte.

601. CROSS, Under the.

Oppressed with noonday's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat;
No shade like this for me!

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst;
No spring like this for me!

A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

For burdened ones a resting-place
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!
Horatius Bonar.

602. CROSS, Viewing the.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself most deeply know!
Walter Shirley.

603. CROSS, Way of the.

Through night to light! And though to mortal eyes
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
Good cheer! good cheer! The gloom of midnight flies;
Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through storm to calm! And though His thunder-car
The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,
Good cheer! good cheer! The elemental war
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring! And though the biting blast
Of Eurus stiffen Nature's juicy veins,
Good cheer! good cheer! When winter's wrath is past
Soft, murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace! And though, with bristling front,
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
Good cheer! good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through woe to joy! And though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight finds thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves His sheep;
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through cross to crown! And though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through death to life! And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.
Tr. from the German of Kosegarten.

604. CROSS, Yesterday's.

One cross the less remains for me to bear;
Already borne is that of yesterday;
That of to-day shall no to-morrow share;
To-morrow's, with itself, shall pass away.

That which is added to the troubled past
Is taken from the future, whose sad store
Grows less and less each day, till soon the last
Dull wave of woe shall break upon our shore.

The storm that yesterday ploughed up the sea
Is buried now beneath its level blue;
One storm the fewer now remains for me,
Ere sky and earth are made forever new.
Horatius Bonar.

605. CROSSES, Compensation for.

Heavier the cross, the nearer heaven;
No cross without, no God within—
Death, judgment from the heart are driven
Amid the world's false glare and din.
Oh! happy he with all his loss
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better Christian;
This is the touchstone God applies.
How many a garden would be wasting
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine-juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit;
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea-foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruisèd herbs most fragrant are.
If sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring;
From vales we climb to mountain-crest;
The pilgrim of the desert tiring
Longs for the Canaan of his rest
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying,
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry—
The longer may it dearer be;
And, lest I faint whilst I tarry,
Implant Thou such a heart in me
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for my cross the crown I wear!

Tr. from the German of Schmolk.

606. CROWN, A Starless.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.
Still on we went; my soul was rapt in silent ecstasy:
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.
We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.
Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang; "the glory His alone."
But fairer far than all besides, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.
And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
For every soul they led to Me they wear a jewel now.
And such *thy* bright reward had been if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.
Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."
The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.
I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,

"To live no longer to myself, but Him who
died for me."
And graven on my inmost soul this word of
truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as
the stars shall shine."

607. CRUCIFIXION, Agony of the.

Suspended on the cross! On His pale brow
Hang the cold drops of death; through ev'ry
limb
The piercing torture rages; ev'ry nerve,
Stretched with excess of pain, trembles con-
vulsed.
Now look beneath, and view the senseless
crowd;
How they deride His sufferings, how they
shake
Their heads contemptuous, while the bitter
taunt,
More bitter than the gall they gave, insults
The agony of Him on whom they gaze.
But hark! He speaks, and the still hovering
breath
Wafts His last prayer to all-approving Heaven:
"Forgive them, for they know not what they
do!" *C. P. Layard.*

608. CRUCIFIXION, Cause of the.

I asked the heavens, "What foe to God
hath done
This unexampled deed?" The heavens
exclaim
"'Twas man; and we in horror snatched the
sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I asked the sea—the sea in fury boil'd,
And answered with his voice of storms,
"'Twas man—
My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre
ran."
I asked the earth—the earth replied aghast,
"'Twas man—and such strange pangs my
bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man I
went,
And asked him next; *He* turned a scornful
eye,
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no
reply. *James Montgomery.*

609. CRUCIFIXION, Contemplating the.

O sacred Head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss, till now, was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest!
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedest:
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

The blushes late residing
Upon that holy cheek,
The roses once abiding
Upon those lips so meek,
Alas! they have departed;
Wan death has rifled all!
For weak and broken-hearted,
I see Thy body fall.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour;
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer;
My Shepherd, make me Thine,
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

Beside Thee, Lord, I've taken
My place—forbid me not!
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though Thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold Thee,
In agony opprest,
Then, then, will I enfold Thee
Within this arm and breast!

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

And, when I am departing,
Oh, part not Thou from me!
When mortal pains are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish
By Thine own pain and woe!

REFERENCE BOOK
Use in library
only

Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.
Paul Gerhardt, tr. by J. W. Alexander.

610. CRUCIFIXION, Experience of the.

I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude
I recognize my own.

I see the scourges tear His back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smote and mock,
I feel that I am one,

Around yon cross, the throng I see,
Mocking the sufferer's groan,
Yet still my voice it seems to be,—
As if I mocked alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.
Horatius Bonar.

611. CRUCIFIXION, Lessons of the.

With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On high?—what means my frenzy? I blaspheme;
Alas! how low? how far beneath the skies?
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds;
Draw the dire steel—Ah no!—the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
The falling universe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan not His.
He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, so bought, were bought too dear,
Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise;
Suspend their song; and make a pause in bliss.
Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,
And show to men the dignity of man.
My heart awake,
What can awake thee, unawak'd by this,
"Expended Deity on human weal!"
Feel the great truths which burst the tenfold night
Of heathen error, with a golden flood
Of endless day: to feel, is to be fir'd:
And to believe, Lorenzo, is to feel.
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous pow'r!
Still more tremendous, for Thy wond'rous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, Thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night,
How our hearts tremble at Thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!
Thou rather than Thy justice should be stain'd,
Didst stain the cross; and, work of wonders far
The greatest, that Thy dearest far might bleed.
Bold thought! shall I dare speak it, or repress?
Should man more execrate, or boast the guilt
Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love inflam'd?
O'er guilt how mountainous! with outstretch'd arms,
Stern justice, and soft-smiling love, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, Thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man, inevitably lost.
What but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labor such expedient from despair,
And rescue both! both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the deed!
The wond'rous deed! or shall I call it more?
A wonder in omnipotence itself!
A mystery, no less to gods than men!
Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! there shine
The noblest truths! there strongest motives sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There, nothing but compulsion is forborne.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in His love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? His tenderness on fire?
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praise avert it?—Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!

My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast thro' time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak Thy praise!
Or fathom Thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me;
My sacrifice! my God! what things are these?
O how Omnipotence
Is lost in love! Thou great PHILANTHROPIST!
Father of angels! but the Friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in Thy blood!
How art Thou pleas'd by bounty to distress!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favor, and confound;
To challenge, and to distance, all return!
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
But since the naked will obtains Thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
That noblest hymn to heav'n; forever lie
Intomb'd my fear of death! and every fear,
The dread of ev'ry evil, but Thy frown.
O Thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of Thee.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were,
As wise as Socrates might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

Edward Young.

612. CRUCIFIXION, Litany of the.

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb;
By the flesh, with scourges torn;
By the crown of twisted thorn;
By the side so deeply pierced;
By the baffled, burning thirst;
By the drooping death-dewed brow;
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
By earth, that trembles at His doom;
By yonder saints who burst their tomb;
By Eden promised, ere He died,
To the felon at His side;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow:
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now:
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,—
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave;
By the souls He died to save;
By the conquest He hath won;
By the saints before His throne;
By the rainbow round His brow:
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Henry Hart Millman.

613. CRUCIFIXION, Miracles at the.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? Why fades the light? Declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek, forgiving eye,
Raised from the cross in patient agony?

Bp. Heber.

614. CRUCIFIXION, Mystery of the.

Wonder of wonders! On the cross He dies!
Man of the ages, David's mighty Son,
The Eternal Word, who spake and it was done,
What time, of old, He formed the earth and skies.

Abashed be all the wisdom of the wise!
Let the wide earth through all her kingdoms know
The promised Lamb of God, whose blood should flow,—
For human guilt the grand, sole sacrifice.

No more need altar smoke, nor victim bleed:
'Tis finished!—the great mystery of love.
Ye sin-condemned, by this blood, 'tis decreed.

Ye stand absolved: behold the curse remove!
O Christ! Thy deadly wounds, Thy mortal strife
Crush death and hell, and give immortal life!

Ray Palmer.

615. CRUCIFIXION, Saved by the.

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

Sure never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke

My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.

Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

A second look He gave, which said:
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid:
I'll die that thou may'st live.

616. CRUCIFIXION, Scene of the.

Yet not with man His Holiness could plead;
His own familiar friend a foe He found.
Pagans and Priests uniting in the deed,
His limbs they scourged, His brows with thorns they bound.
In mocking purple, with a sceptre reed,
"Behold the man!" Thy patient, Suffering Love,
Lord, I believe! mine unbelief remove!

The burden of our sin upon Him fell;
Between two thieves they led the Just to death.
The sun withdraws, rocks rent, and earthquakes tell
The world-weight value of His passing breath.
His body to the grave, His soul to Hell
For us descend. Thy saving, dying love,
Lord, I believe! mine unbelief remove!

H. H. Weld.

617. CURIOSITY, Influence of.

See its power expand
When first the coral fills the infant's hand,
Throned in its mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon the ear;
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum.
Each gilded toy that doting love bestows
He longs to break, and every spring expose.
Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of the pictured stores;
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you, and of that to ask.
And when the warning hour to bedward bids,
Though gentle sleep sits waiting on his lids,
How winningly he bends to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more.

Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
It sits dark-brooding o'er his embryo mind.
Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
Arched the broad heavens and spread the rolling earth;
Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run;
Who filled the air, the forest and the flood,
And gave man all for comfort or for food;
Tell him he sprang at God's creating nod—
He stops you short with, "Father, who made God?"

Turn to the world—its curious dwellers view,
Like Paul's Athenians, seeking Something New.
Be it a bonfire's or a city's blaze,
The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze,
A female atheist, or a learned dog,
A monstrous pumpkin, or a mammoth hog,
A murder, or a muster,—'tis the same,
Life's follies, glories, griefs, all feed the flame.
Hark, where the martial trumpet fills the air,
How the roused multitude come round to stare;
Sport drops his ball, toil throws his hammer by,
Thrift breaks a bargain off, to please his eye;
Up fly the windows, even fair mistress cook,
Though dinner burn, must run to take a look.

Charles Sprague.

618. CURSE, A Bitter.

A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fixed on end like one distract—
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban,
And even now my burden'd heart would break
Should I not curse them? Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their choicest prospects murd'ring basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

Shakespeare.

619. CURSE, The Primal.

Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the earth now walk'd, and usher in
The evening cool, when He from wrath more cool
Came the mild judge and intercessor both
To sentence man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,

And from His presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:
Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detain? Come forth!
He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though first
To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd.
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief,
I heard Thee in the garden, and of Thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious judge, without revile replied:
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoic'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
To whom thus Adam sore beset replied:
O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint.
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd: though, should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the sov'reign Presence thus replied:
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before His voice, or was she made thy guide
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, He thus to Eve in few
Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?
To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied
The serpent me beguil'd and I did eat.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment He proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation: justly then accurs'd.
As vitiated in nature; more to know
Concern'd not man (since he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best:
And on the serpent thus His curse let fall:
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shall eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verified
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,
Prince of the air; then rising from His grave
Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd
In open show, and with ascension bright,
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
Whom He shall tread at last under our feet;
Ev'n He who now foretold His fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus His sentence turn'd:
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment He pronounc'd:
Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof:
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field.
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return

John Milton.

620. CUSTOM, Breach of.

But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manor born,—it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance. *Shakespeare.*

621. CUSTOM, Dupes of.

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
Wm. Cowper.

622. CUSTOM, Power of.

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why.
Habit with him has all the test of truth,
It must be right: I've done it from my youth. *George Crabbe.*

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion.
J. Thomson.

As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and manners must alike obey.
Lord Byron.

Custom does often reason overrule.
And only serves for reason to the fool.
Earl of Rochester.

Custom forms us all;
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief
Are consequences of our place of birth.
A. Hill.

623. CUSTOM, Precedent of.

Away with custom! 'tis the plea of fools,
Where crimes enormous, that debase the man,
Rise in their own defence: the long-drawn roll
Where the ascent and fall of states or men
Stand variously portrayed; what is it else
Than a sad series of collective guilt,
Whence custom for each wantonness of ill
May draw the shameful precedent?
C. P. Layard.

624. DANGER, Warning of.

Haste, traveller, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest;
Haste, traveller, haste!

Oh, far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way;
And Christ the Light, thy setting Sun,
Sinks ere thy morning is begun;
Haste, traveller, haste!

Awake, awake! pursue thy way
With steady course, while yet 'tis day;
While thou art sleeping on the ground
Danger and darkness gather round;
Haste, traveller, haste!

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near;
Haste, traveller, haste!

Oh, yes! a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come;
Haste, traveller, haste!

Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way;
Haste, traveller, haste!

Poor, lost, benighted soul! art thou
Willing to find salvation now?
There yet is hope; hear mercy's call;
Truth! Life! Light! Way! in Christ is all!
Haste to Him, haste!
William Bengo Collyer.

625. DARKNESS, Cry in.

Lost in darkness, girt with dangers, round me strangers,
Through an alien land I roam,
Outward trials, bitter losses, inward crosses,
Lord, Thou know'st have sought me home.
Sin of courage hath bereft me, and hath left me
Scarce a spark of faith and hope;
Bitter tears my heart oft sheddeth, as it dreadeth
I am past Thy mercy's scope.
Peace I cannot find; oh, take me, Lord, and make me
From this yoke of evil free;
Calm this longing, never sleeping, still my weeping,
Give me hope once more in Thee!
Tersteegen.

626. DARKNESS, Curtain of.

The glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.
H. Ware, Jr.

627. DARKNESS, Escape from.

Out of shadow into sunlight,
Out of darkness into day,
So, oft, we tread, unheeding,
Our well-appointed way;
Nor dream that after sorrow
May dawn a glad to-morrow.
Mary Dwinell Chellis.

628. DARKNESS, Scattered.

O Thou Patron God!
Thou God and mortal! thence, more God to man!

Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
Thou canst not 'scape uninjured from our praise.
Uninjured from our praise can He escape
Who, disembosomed from the Father, bows
The heaven of heavens to kiss the distant earth;
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul;
Against the cross death's iron sceptre breaks;
From famished ruin plucks her human prey;
Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes;
Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
Deputes their suffering brothers to receive;
And if deep human guilt in payment fails,
As deeper guilt prohibits our despair,
Enjoins it as our duty to rejoice!
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes his delights among the sons of men?
What words are these!—And did they come from heaven?
And were they spoke to man, to guilty man?
What are all mysteries to love like this?
The song of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken heart,
Though plunged before in horrors dark as night!
Rich prelibation of consummate joy!
Nor wait we dissolution to be blessed.
This final effort of the moral muse
How justly titled! Nor for me alone;
For all that read, what spirit of support,
What heights of consolation crown my song!
Then, farewell, Night! Of darkness, now no more.
Joy breaks, shines, triumphs! 'tis eternal day!
Shall that which rises out of nought complain
Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
My soul, henceforth, in sweetest union join
The two supports of human happiness,
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet,
True taste of life and constant thought of death!
The thought of death, sole victor of its dread.
Hope be thy joy, and probity thy skill;
Thy patron He whose diadem has dropped
Yon gems of heaven; eternity thy prize;
And leave the racers of the world their own,
Their feather and their froth, for endless toils.
They part with all for that which is not bread;
They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;
And laugh to scorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How must a spirit, late escaped from earth,
The truth of things new blazing in its eye,
Look back astonished on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our present privilege has passed,
To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,
The same astonishment will seize us all.
What then must pain us would preserve us now.

Edward Young.

629. DARKNESS, Spiritual.

If in thy heart no golden sunlight lingers
To brighten life within,
And to thy ears earth's sweet and joyous singers
Make only doleful din;

If, while the world is robed in peerless beauty,
Around thy spirit coil
Serpents of doubt and fear, and sacred duty
Is heavy, joyless toil;

If when thy knees are bowed in supplication,
Struggling to cast thy care
On heaven, there comes no strength or consolation
In answer to thy prayer—

Seek not to find a reason for thy sadness
In Him who changeth not,
As if His hand withheld the light and gladness
Which thou hast vainly sought.

His loving kindness is a fount unfailing,
Forever full and free;
If life is dark and prayer is unavailing,
The hindrance is in thee.

Is there no foul impurity still clinging
Around thy yielding heart,
Dark'ning thy inner light, and surely bringing
This conscious guilty smart?

Is there no idol shrined within thy spirit,
Where God alone should reign?
No love of wrong, which gives thee to inherit
A legacy of pain?

Are there no works of faith and love neglected,
To thee by Heaven assigned?
No daily Rimmon-worship, undetected,
Blighting thy peace of mind?

Arise and search thy heart—let nothing stay thee;
The fatal cause is there;
This traitor in thy soul may else betray thee
To ruin and despair.

Nor doubt, when thou with heart contrite and lowly
Hast all thy sins confessed,
Thy night shall pass away, and God the holy
Shall hear and give thee rest.

Edward Hartly Dewart.

630. DAUGHTER, Address to a.

Bright as the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny brow:
Bright as the dream flung over thee,
By all that meets thee, now:
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird's;
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words;
I know no fount that gushes out
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be
As beautiful as now:
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow.
I would life were "all poetry"
To gentle measure set,
That naught but chasten'd melody
Might stain thine eye of jet;
Nor one discordant note be spoken,
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
With woman's lot are wove:
Wrought of intensest sympathies,
And nerved by purest love:
By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
Is woman won to heaven.
Her lot is on thee, lovely child
God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air;
Thine eyes' beseeching earnestness
May be to thee a snare.
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow,
But they who kneel at woman's shrine,
Wreathe poisons as they bow;
She may fling back the gift again,
But the crush'd flower will oftenest stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?
Keep thee as thou art now?
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to bow?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim:
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up to Him?
He, who Himself was "undefiled"?
With Him we trust thee, beautiful child!
N. P. Willis.

631. DAVID, Character of.

And lo! the glories of the illustrious line
At their first dawn with ripened splendors shine,
In David all expressed; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See, with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
The God his theme, inspiring what he sings!
Bp. Lowth.

632. DAVID, Psalms of.

See Judah's promised king, bereft of all,
Driven out an exile from the face of Saul.
To distant caves the lonely wanderer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice;
Hear him, o'erwhelmed with sorrows, yet rejoice;
No womanish or wailing grief has part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart;
'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,
Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake.
His soul exults; hope animates his lays;
The sense of mercy kindles into praise;
And wilds, familiar with the lion's roar,
Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before.
Wm. Cowper.

633. DAVID, Triumph of.

One struggle of might, and the giant of Gath,
With a crash like the oak in the hurricane's path,
And a clangor of arms, as of hosts in the fray,
At the feet of the stripling of Ephratah lay.

A hush of amazement—a calm as of death
When the watcher lists long for that spasm-drawn breath,
Then a shout like the roll of artillery rose,
And the armies of Israel swept on their foes.

For a space the Philistines had paused, as in doubt,
Ere the Israelite's triumph rang gloriously out;
Then, scattering his arms on the mountains, he fled,
Till the valley of Elah was strewn with the dead.

The carnage moved on, and alone in the vale,
The Shepherd knelt down by the dead in his mail,
And there, with his arm on that still reeking sword,
Poured forth his thanksgiving in prayer to the Lord.

634. DAY, Beautiful.

O unseen Spirit! now a calm divine
Comes forth from Thee, rejoicing earth and air!
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,
And Thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky
Stands clear and strong, with darkened rocks and dells,
And cloudless brightness opens wide and high
A home aërial, where Thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life;
The ship's white sail glides onward far away
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.
John Sterling.

635. DAY, Beginning the.

Begin the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn!
Join the glad woods and hills;
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Awake, cold lips, and sing!
Arise, dull knees, and pray;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;
Brush slothfulness away.

Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed *with* and *on* Him; He with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let Him go forth with thee.
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be
With God Himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.
Horatius Bonar.

636. DAY, Closing the.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day!

O may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake!

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest!

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive:
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are griev'd
To lie so long of Thee bereav'd.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains!
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart!

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed His vigils keep;
His love angelical instil;
Stop all the avenues of ill:

May He celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Gost!
Bishop Thomas Ken.

637. DAY, Dawn of.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

638. DAY, Kinds of.

There is a precious day;
In youth that day is ours,
When we should dedicate to God
Our life with all its powers.

There is a gracious day,
When conscience speaks within;
'Tis now, for now the Spirit strives,
Convincing us of sin.

There is a holy day,
Of faith and hope and love:
It reaches through our Christian life
On earth to heaven above.

There is a serious day,
When we must yield our breath;
Be born, to die no more, or die
An everlasting death.

There is an awful day,
Of judgment and decree;
Lord! be we all through Christ prepared
That last of days to see.

There is a glorious day,
Of sweet Sabbatic rest:
Oh! may we its eternal length
Enjoy with all the blest!

James Montgomery.

639. DAY, Lost.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise:
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind.
Yet to my hand 'twas given,
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search in vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward,—
For till these heart-strings sever
I know that Heaven's intrusted gift
Is reft away forever.

But where the sea and land,
Like burning scroll, have fled,
I'll see it in His hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets the soul,
What shall it answer there?

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

640. DAY Question for each.

At evening to myself I say,
Soul, where hast thou gleaned to-day,
Thy labors how bestowed?
What hast thou rightly said, or done?
What grace attained, or knowledge won,
In following after God?

Charles Wesley.

641. DAY, Rainy.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

H. W. Longfellow.

642. DAY OF JUDGMENT, Description of the.

That great Day of wrath and terror,
That last Day of woe and doom,
Like a thief at darkest midnight,
On the sons of men shall come;
When the pride and pomp of ages
All shall utterly have passed,
And they stand in anguish, owning
That the end is here at last.
Then the trumpet's pealing clangor,
Through the earth's four quarters spread,
Waxing loud and even louder,
Shall convoke the quick and dead;
And the King of heavenly glory
Shall assume His throne on high,
And the cohorts of His angels
Shall be near Him in the sky.
Then the sun shall turn to darkness,
And the moon be red as blood;
And the stars shall fall from heaven,
Whelmed beneath destruction's flood.
Flame and fire and desolation
At the Judge's feet shall go:
Earth and sea and all abysses
Shall His mighty sentence know.

Then th' elect upon the right hand
Of the Lord shall stand around;
But, like goats, the evil-doers
Shall upon the left be found.
"Come, ye Blessed, take the kingdom,"
Shall be there the King's award,
"Which for you, before the world was,
Of My Father was prepared:
I was naked, and ye clothed Me,
Poor, and ye relieved Me; hence,
Take the riches of My glory
For your endless recompense."
Then the righteous shall make question:
"When have we beheld Thee poor,
Lord of glory? When relieved Thee
Lying needy at our door?"
Whom the Blessed King shall answer:
"When ye showed your charity,
Giving bread and home and raiment,
What ye did was done to Me."
In like manner, to the left hand
That most righteous Judge shall say,
"Go, ye cursed, to Gehenna,
And the fire that is for aye:
For in prison ye came not nigh Me;
Poor, ye pitied not My lot;
Naked, ye have never clothed Me;
Sick, ye visited Me not."

They shall say, "O Christ! when saw we
That thou calledst for our aid,
And in prison, or sick or hungry,
To relieve have we delayed?"
Whom again the Judge shall answer:
"Since ye never cast your eyes
On the sick and poor and needy,
It was Me ye did despise."

Backward, backward, at the sentence,
To Gehenna they shall fly,
Where the flame is never-ending,
Where the worm can never die;
Where are Satan and his angels
In profoundest dungeon bound;
Where are chains and lamentation,
Where are quenchless flames around.

But the righteous, upward soaring,
To the heavenly land shall go,
Midst the cohorts of the angels,
Where is joy for evermo:
To Jerusalem, exulting,
They with shouts shall enter in;
That true "sight of peace" and glory
That sets free from grief and sin.
Christ shall they behold forever,
Seated at the Father's hand,
As in Beatific Vision
His elect before Him stand.

Wherefore man, while yet thou mayest,
From the dragon's malice fly:
Give thy bread to feed the hungry,
If thou seek'st to win the sky;
Let thy loins be straitly girded,
Life be pure, and heart be right;
At the coming of the Bridegroom,
That thy lamp may glitter bright.
Tr. from the Latin by J. M. Neale.

643. DAY OF JUDGMENT. Dies Iræ.

Day of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended.

King of Majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us;
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus! meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me;
By Thy cross and passion bought me;
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, oh, give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers, no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning!

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, oh, save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition!
Thomas of Celano, tr. by John A. Dix.

644. DAYS, Lost.

The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in Hell, who thirst always?

I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
"I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?
"And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith,)
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

645. DAYS, Old.

So many good lessons,
So many good sermons,
And so few devocions,
Sawe I never.
So many empti purses,
So few good horses,
And so many curses,
Sawe I never.

Such bosters and braggers,
So newe fashyoned daggers,
And so many beggers,
Sawe I never:
So many propre knyves,
So well apparrelled wyves
And so yll of theyr lyves,
Sawe I never.

So much strivinge
For goodes and for wivinge,
And so lytle thryvynge,
Sawe I never:
So many capacities,
Offices and pluralites,
And changing of dignities,
Sawe I never.

So much wrath and envy,
Covetous and glottony,
And so little charitie,
Sawe I never:
So many carders,
Revelers and dicers,
And so many yl ticers,
Sawe I never.

Amendment
Were convenient,
But it may not be;
We have exiled verite.
God is neither dead nor sicke;
He may amend al yet,
And trowe ye so in dede,
As ye believe ye shall have mede.
After better I hope ever,
For worse was it never.
(*A.D.* 1568) *John Skelton.*

646. DEAD, Blessed.

O safe at home, where the dark tempter roams not,
How I have envied thy far happier lot!
Already resting where the evil comes not,
The tear, the toil, the woe, the sin forgot.

O safe in port, where the rough billow breaks not,
Where the wild sea-moan saddens thee no more;
Where the remorseless stroke of tempest shakes not;
When, when shall I too gain that tranquil shore?

O bright, amid the brightness all eternal,
When shall I breathe with thee the purer air?
Air of a land whose clime is ever vernal,
A land without a serpent or a snare.

Away, above the scenes of guilt and folly,
Beyond this desert's heat and dreariness,
Safe in the city of the ever-holy,
Let me make haste to join thy earlier bliss.

Another battle fought, and oh, not lost—
Tells of the ending of this fight and thrall,
Another ridge of time's lone moorland crossed,
Gives nearer prospect of the jasper wall.

Just gone within the veil, where I shall follow,
Not far before me, hardly out of sight—
I down beneath thee in this cloudy hollow,
And thou far up on yonder sunny height.

Gone to begin a new and happier story,
Thy bitterer tale of earth now told and done;
These outer shadows for that inner glory
Exchanged forever.—O thrice blessed one!

O freed from fetters of this lonesome prison,
How I shall greet thee in that day of days,
When He who died, yea rather who is risen,
Shall these frail frames from dust and darkness raise. *Horatius Bonar.*

647. DEAD, Censuring the.

Dead. There's an answer to arrest
All carping. Dust's his natural place;
He'll let the flies buzz round his face,
And though you slander, not protest!
For such an one, exact the Best!

Opinions gold or brass are null.
We chuck our flattery or abuse,
Called Cæsar's due, as Charon's dues,
I' the teeth of some dead sage or fool,
To mend the grinning of a skull.

Be abstinent in praise and blame.
The man's still mortal, who stands first,
And mortal only, if last and worst.
Then slowly lift so frail a fame,
Or softly drop so poor a shame.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

648. DEAD, Dirge for the.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must,
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
Shakespeare.

649. DEAD, Forget Not the.

Forget them not: though now their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Though by the hearth its utterance claim
A stillness round.

Though for their sake this earth no more
As it hath been may be,
And shadows, never mark'd before,
Brood o'er each tree;

And though their image dim the sky,
Yet, yet forget them not!
Nor where their love and life went by,
Forsake the spot!

They have a breathing influence there,
A charm not elsewhere found;
Sad, yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream—the ground.

Then though the wind an altered tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Though every flower, of something gone,
A tinge may wear;

Oh! fly it not! no *fruitless* grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,
Still tend their garden bower,
Still commune with the holy dead
In each lone hour!

The *holy* dead!—oh bless'd we are,
That we may call them so,
And to their image look afar,
Through all our woe!

Bless'd, that the things they loved on earth,
As relics we may hold,
That wake sweet thoughts of parted worth,
By springs untold!

Bless'd, that a deep and chastening power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for heaven!

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

650. DEAD, Glory of the.

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,—
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's-nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence into that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

Henry Vaughn.

651. DEAD, Grief for the.

O hearts that never cease to yearn!
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return,
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live, nevermore to die;
And often, when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh!

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim,
(Ah! through how many different graves
God's children go to Him.)

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass;
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry, "Alas"?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,
Whose captives have escaped?

'Tis but a mound, and will be mossed
Whene'er the summer grass appears;
The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose—our tears!

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead
By bending forward where they are;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the Past,
But lo! 'tis all before!

652. DEAD, Happiness of the.

Thou art in heaven, and I am still on earth;
'Tis years, long years, since we were parted here,
I still a wanderer amid grief and fear,
And thou the tenant of a brighter sphere.
Yet still thou seemest near;
But yesterday it seems,
Since the last clasp was given,
Since our lips met,
And our eyes looked into each other's depths.

Thou art amid the deathless, I still here,
Amid things mortal, in a land of graves,
A land o'er which the heavy-beating waves
Of changing time move on, a land where raves,
The storm, which whoso braves
Must have his anchor fixed
Firmly within the vail;
So let my anchor be;
Such be my consolation and my hope.

Thou art amid the sorrowless, I here
Amid the sorrowing; and yet not long
Shall I remain 'mid sin, and fear, and wrong:
Soon shall I join you in your sinless song.
Thy day has come, not gone,
Thy sun has risen, not set,
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of death or change;
Not ended but begun,
Such shall our life be soon,
And then,—the meeting-day,
How full of light and joy!
All fear of change cast out,
All shadows passed away,
The union sealed forever
Between us and our Lord.
Horatius Bonar.

653. DEAD, Invoking the.

There are who fondly call upon the dead
To hear them, and imagine they receive
Some dark response in symbols or in sounds:
But either in their minds their own prayers raise
Distemper'd phantasies, or spirits unblest,
Perceiving that the bond of fealty
Is broken with the One and Only God,
Assume the very lineaments and voice
Of those invoked, and answering them, allure
Their worshippers to ruin. *Bickersteth.*

654. DEAD, Mantles of the.

From the eternal shadow rounding
All unseen and starlight there,
Voices of our lost ones sounding,
Bid us be of heart and cheer
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling
on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward, as in sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and earnest eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels; shall we
cloud their blessed skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us,
Which have fallen in our way:
Let us do the work before us
Calmly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with
us it is not day!
John G. Whittier.

655. DEAD, Memorials of the.

We gather up with pious care
What happy saints have left behind;
Their writings in our memory bear,
Their sayings on our faithful mind.

Their works which traced them to the skies
For patterns to ourselves we take,
And dearly love, and highly prize
The mantle for the wearer's sake.
Charles Wesley.

656. DEAD, Memory of the.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the bitter soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight,—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,—
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

657. DEAD, Message to the.

Thou'rt passing hence, my brother!
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell,
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend and brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost of earth and main;
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou will be bound again!

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is filled
With lays she loved to sing:
Her soft, deep eyes look through my dreams
Tender and sadly sweet:
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-hair'd father,
That in the paths he trod,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks and worships God;
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That o'er her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore!
Happy thou art, that soon, how soon!
Our good and bright will see;
Oh! brother, brother! may I dwell
Ere long with them and thee!

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

658. DEAD Mother.

But when I go
To my lone bed, I find no mother there;
And weeping kneel, to say the prayer she taught;
Or when I read the Bible that she loved,
Or to her vacant seat at Church draw near,
And think of her, a voice is in my heart,
Bidding me early seek my God, and love
My Blessed Saviour; and that voice is hers;

I know it is, because these were the words
She used to speak so tenderly, with tears,
At the still twilight hour,—or when we walked
Forth in the Spring, among rejoicing birds,
Or peaceful talked beside the Winter hearth.

Mrs. Sigourney.

659. DEAD, Number of the.

Number the grains of sand outspread
Wherever Ocean's billows flow;
Or count the bright stars over head,
As these in their proud courses glow;

Count all the tribes on earth that creep,
Or that expand the wing in air;
Number the hosts that in the deep
Existence and its pleasures share;

Count the green leaves that in the breath
Of Spring's blithe gale are dancing fast;
Or those, all faded, sere in death,
Which flit before the wintry blast;

Ay! number these, and myriads more,
All countless as they seem to be;
There still remains an ampler store
Untold by, and unknown of thee.

Askest thou, "Who, or what are they?"
Oh! think upon thy mortal doom;
And with anointed eye survey
The silent empire of the tomb!

Think of all those who erst have been
Living as thou art—even now;
Looking upon life's busy scene
With glance as careless, light, as thou.

All these, like thee, have lived and moved,
Have seen—what now thou look'st upon,
Have fear'd, hoped, hated, mourned, or loved
And now from mortal sight are gone.

Yet, though unseen of human eye,
Their relics slumber in the earth,
The boon of immortality
To them was given with vital birth.

They *were*; and, having been, they *are!*
Earth but contains their mould'ring dust;
Their deathless spirits, near or far,
With thine must rise to meet the just.

Thou know'st not but they hover near,
Witness of every secret deed,
Which, shunning human eye or ear,
The spirits of the dead may heed.

An awful thought it is to think
The viewless dead outnumber all
Who, bound by life's connecting link,
Now share with us this earthly ball.

It is a thought as dread and high,
And one to wake a fearful thrill,
To think, while all who live must die,
The dead, the dead, are living still!

660. DEAD, Secret of the.

Does the dark and soundless river
Stretch so wide—
The homeless-rolling tide
Over which have crossed
Our loved and early lost,
That their unsealed eyes may never see
The farther side,
Where still amid this coil and misery
We hide?

Is the realm of their transition
Close at hand
To this our living land?
Nearer than we dream?
Can they catch the gleam
Of our smiles and hear the words we speak?
And see our deeds?
And looking deeper than our eyes may seek,
Our needs?

Do they mingle in our gladness?
Do they grieve
When ways of good we leave?
Do they know each thought and hope?
While we in shadows grope,
Can they hear the Future's high behest,
Yet lack the power
To lead us from our ill or to arrest
The hour?

When they find us bowed in sorrow
Do they sigh?
Or when the earth passes by
For them, do they forget
The cares that here beset
Their well-beloved? Or do they wait
(O be it thus)
And watch beside the golden gate
For us?

We are yearning for their secret:
Though we call,
No answers ever fall
Upon our dullèd ears
To quell our nameless fears.
Yet God is over all, whate'er may be,
And trusting so,
Patience, my heart! a little while, and we
Shall know. *George Cooper.*

661. DEAD, Sin against the.

Say, who can mourn
Over the smitten idol, by long years
Cemented with his being, yet perceive
No dark remembrance that he fain would blot,
Troubling the tear? If there were no kind deed
Omitted, no sweet, healing word of love
Expected, yet unspoken; no light tone
That struck discordant on the shivering nerve,
For which the weeper fain would rend the tomb
To cry "Forgive;" oh, let him kneel and praise
God amid all his grief.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

662. DEAD, Spirit of the.

Answer me, burning stars of night;
Where is the spirit gone,
That, past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze hath flown?
And the stars answer'd me, "We roll
In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die."

O many-toned and chainless Wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the Wind murmur'd in reply,
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye Clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race has run?
The bright Clouds answer'd, "We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die!"

Speak then, thou Voice of God within,
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where is the Spirit flown?
And the Voice answer'd, "Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, Winds, and Stars *their* task fulfil,
Thine is to trust in Heaven."

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

663. DEAD, State of the.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep;—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare.

664. DEAD, The Blessed.

Hail, heavenly voice, once heard in Patmos "Write,
Henceforth the dead who die in Christ are blest;
Yea, saith the Spirit, for they now shall rest
From all their labors!" But no dull dark night
That rest o'ershadows: 'tis the day-spring bright
Of bliss; the foretaste of a richer feast;
A sleep, if sleep it be, of lively zest,
Peopled with visions of intense delight.
And though the secrets of that resting-place
The soul embodied knows not; yet she knows
No sin is there God's likeness to deface,
To stint His love no purgatorial woes;
Her dross is left behind, nor mixture base
Mars the pure stream of her serene repose.

Bishop Mant.

665. DEAD, Voices of the.

Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar;
Long-beloved voices calling me I hear,—
O, how sweet *their* summons falls upon my ear!
Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold;
There is fond affection, fondly proved of old!
Let me haste to join them; may it not be so?
Loose the cable, let me go!

666. DEAD, Weep Not for the.

Oh, weep not for the dead!
Rather, O rather give the tear
To those that darkly linger,
When all besides are fled:
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on;
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them the pure, the enfranchised dead.

Mary E. Brooks.

667 DEATH, A Child's.

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old man must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—Evermore!

James Russell Lowell.

668. DEATH, Adam's Vision of.

To whom thus Michael: "Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine; by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men." Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies,
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms,
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic-pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch:
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept.

John Milton.

669. DEATH, Agents of.

Foremost, Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend; next him diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint tort'ring gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when

By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.
Bp. Porteus.

670. DEATH, Angel of.

O glorious world! thou art deck'd in pride,
And crown'd with joy like a mortal bride;
The robe of majesty thou dost wear
Glows with the hues of the changing year.
Strange beauty dwells on forest and plain,
On snow-capp'd mountains and swelling main,
On rose-hued glacier and rocky isle,
And vale, where the waving harvests smile.
Bright warblers dwell in thy perfumed groves,
The snowy sail o'er the blue lake moves;
And marble column and gilded spire
Gleam on the plain in the sun's red fire.
The spell of unmingled beauty is thine,
O glorious world! yet I call thee mine.
By the lightning's flash, by the tempest's gloom,
By the whirlwind's rush I blast thy bloom.
I bow the pride of all living things,
I shadow them all with my brooding wings;
They fade, they droop at my withering breath,
Mighty I am, and my name is Death!
Yet call me not stern, although my sway
Bid peasant and monarch pass away;
The strong-armed youth, the maid in her bloom,
O child of earth, I call ye home!
Are ye happy here? Would ye remain,
Sullied by sin?—bound by the chain
Of strong affection which grasps the soul
And bows it to earth in its fierce control?
In your yearning fondness, ye have made
Gods of the things which alter and fade.
Bright hopes are nursed in the trusting breast
Like the unfledg'd brood of the wild bird's nest;
They found their wings,—one by one have gone,
Their home is desolate left, and lone.
Ye mark the flight of your passing years
By the whiten'd locks and the trace of tears.
I set you free from the binding chain,
I wash you pure from the guilty stain.
Th' undying soul, the spark of heaven,
The holy light to your weak frames given,
Fears not my power—I bid it rise,
Perfect and pure, to the happy skies.
Children of sorrow! I make you bless'd—
I call you home to a glorious rest!

671. DEATH, An Infant's.

A host of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast hall of light.

They saw with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor;
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their wingèd way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own;
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth—
But left the shell on earth
Dirk Smith, tr. by H. S. Van Dyk.

672. DEATH, Approach of.

That awful, that tremendous day,
Its coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom. Perhaps, as here I sit,
And rudely carol these recondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be checked, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the falt'ring strain. O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high
Hymning my great Creator.
Wm. Hodgson.

673. DEATH Averted.

Death's at my door, walks to my side!
Hand of all power, in Thee I hide!
Christ, in alarm, I beg for aid;
Lift Thy pierced arm, break the foe's blade
But if, at noon, Thou call'st me home,
'Tis not too soon: Jesus, I come!

I'm near my goal, and want Thy cheer!
Body and soul dissolve with fear;
Death aims his blow, my tongue is dumb,
My senses go, my hour is come!
The fiend is feeling for his prey;
He is stealing life away.
I'll fear no more his voice or eye:
Jesus, before Thy cross I lie!

Father, I live! healed of my pain,
Myself I give to Thee again!
From all things wrong, oh, keep me free,
And let my tongue sing only Thee!
The unknown hour will come at length,
With darker power to crush my strength.
But I've no dread; for then I'll rise,
With lifted head, above the skies.
Zwingli.

674. DEATH, Best Time for.

And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honor at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose;

So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower.
Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs. *Geoffrey Chaucer.*

675. DEATH, Birth and.

In that home was joy and sorrow, where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing near unto the gate of death;
His feeble pulse was failing, and his eye was growing dim,—
He was standing on the threshold, when they brought the babe to him:
While to murmur forth a blessing on the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it, pressed it to his lips, and—died!
An awful darkness resteth on the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold,—going out and coming in!
Going out into the triumph, coming in into the fight;
Coming in unto the darkness, going out unto the light!
Although the shadow deepened in the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal, with the blessing on his lips;
And to him who bravely conquers, as he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying, death is but the gate of life!
Yet awful darkness resteth on the path we all begin,
When we meet upon the threshold,—going out, and coming in!
Isabella Craig.

676. DEATH Bribeless.

If hoarded gold possess'd the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of Death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every hour should swell my store;
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion,
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But since not all earth's golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illume
The silent midnight of the tomb.
Anacreon, tr. by Thomas Moore.

677. DEATH, Call of.

Haste, my spirit, fly away!
'Tis thy gracious Saviour calls;
Leave this tenement of clay,
Quit its broken, shattered walls;
Through these ruins I descry
Gleams of immortality.
God hath sent His envoy, Death:
Earthly blessings I resign;
Lord, to Thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransomed soul of mine;
And my songs of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity.

678. DEATH, Certainty of.

Thee we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame—
What dying worms are we!

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home. *Isaac Watts.*

679. DEATH, Chamber of.

The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hands; it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it; angels ever there,
There on a post of honor and of joy.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Here, tired dissimulation drops her mask;
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here, real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven,
If sound his virtue. . . .
Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death; and points them out to men:
A lecture silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice, confusion—and to virtue, peace.
Edward Young.

680. DEATH, Change by.

It is not death to die;
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing
To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife
To reign with Thee on high.
C. Malan, tr. by G. W. Bethune.

681. DEATH, Comfort in.

My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is Life, He'll raise
My dust again, ev'n mine.
Cho. Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day;
I wake from my long sleep
And leave my bed of clay.

My Lord His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.

I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loath to die!
Lord, silence Thou these fears:
My life's with Thee on high.

What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I sha'nt part,
Though I resign my breath.

Then welcome, harmless grave!
By thee to heaven I'll go:
My Lord His death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Samuel Crossman.

682. DEATH, Coming of.

O Thou most terrible, most dreaded Power,
In whatsoever form thou meetest the eye!
Whether thou biddest thy sudden arrow fly
In the dread silence of the midnight hour;
Or whether, hovering o'er the lingering wretch,
Thy sad cold javelin hangs suspended long,
While round the couch the weeping kindred throng,
With Hope and Fear alternately on stretch;
Oh say, for me what horrors are prepared?
Am I now doom'd to meet thy fatal arm?
Or wilt thou first from life steal every charm,
And bear away each good my soul would guard?
That thus, deprived of all it loved, my heart
From life itself contentedly may part.
Mrs. Mary Tighe.

683. DEATH, Commission of.

Thus runs Death's dread commission: "Strike, but so,
As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence, stratagem delights him, and surprise,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim;
And where least feared, there conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.
What are his arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfessed in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, Death assumes
The name and look of life, and dwells among us.
He takes all shapes that serve his black designs,
Though master of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman Eagle flew.
Like Nero, he's a fiddler, charioteer;
Or drives his phaeton in female guise,
Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,
His disarray'd oblation he devours.
He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self: hence, burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom, he loves to lurk;
Or ambush in a smile; or, wanton, dive
In dimples deep—Love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts and sink them in despair.
Such, on NARCISSA's couch, he loitered long
Unknown; and when detected, still was seen
To smile!—such peace has Innocence in death!
Most happy they, whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on death, and one full fixed on heaven,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqued and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dreamed I saw, the tyrant dress,
Lay by his horrors and put on his smiles.
. . . . . .
He gave an old vivacious usurer
His meagre aspect and his naked bones,
In gratitude for plumping up his prey:
A pampered spendthrift, whose fantastic air,
Well-fashioned figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tucked his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straightened to a cane,
And hid his deadly shafts in MYRA's eye,
The dreadful masquerader, thus equipped,
Outsallies on adventures. Ask you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let this suffice: sure as night follows day,
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the path which reason shuns.
When against reason riot shuts the door,
And gayety supplies the place of sense,
Then foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance or stamps the deadly die,
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gayly carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: and when the revel burns,
When fear is banished, and triumphant thought,

Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key, and bids him sup
With their progenitors—he drops his mask,
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.
Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise
From his black mask of nitre, touched by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours. *Edward Young.*

684. DEATH Conquered.

In the bonds of Death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain:
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again.
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud, with cheerful voice:
Hallelujah!

Of the sons of men was none
Who could break the bonds of Death:
Sin this mischief dire had done,
Innocent was none on earth;
Wherefore Death grew strong and bold,
Would all men in his prison hold:
Hallelujah!

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite;
All our sins away hath done,
Done away Death's power and right;
Only the form of Death is left,
Of his sting he is bereft:
Hallelujah!

That was a wondrous war I trow,
When Life and Death together fought;
But Life hath triumphed o'er his foe,
Death is mocked and set at nought;
'Tis even as the Scripture saith,
Christ through death has conquered Death:
Hallelujah!

The rightful Paschal Lamb is He,
On whom alone we all must live,
Who to death upon the tree,
Himself in wondrous love did give,
Faith strikes His blood upon the door,
Death sees, and dares not harm us more:
Hallelujah! *Martin Luther.*

685. DEATH Conqueror.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield:
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow:
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.
James Shirley.

686. DEATH, Contemplating.

Yes, 'tis the hand
Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few—the sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish. Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come, then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,
While meditate we may. We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion; for even now the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
Though Hope for me has smiled but to deceive,
And disappointment still pursued her blandishments,
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—futurity.
Ay, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none; another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London: some short bustles caused,
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all's forgotten. *H. K. White.*

687. DEATH, Court of.

For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antick sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and, humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell king! *Shakespeare.*

688. DEATH, Desire for.

To languish for his native air
Can the poor wandering exile cease?
The tired his wish of rest forbear?
The tortured help desiring ease?
The slave no more for freedom sigh,
Or I no longer pine to die?

As shipwrecked mariners desire
With eager grasp to reach the shore.
As hirelings long to obtain their hire
And veterans wish their warfare o'er,
I languish from this earth to flee,
And gasp for immortality.
Charles Wesley.

689. DEATH, Early.

Last night, on coughing slightly, with sharp pain
There came arterial blood, and with a sigh
Of absolute grief I cried in bitter vein,
That drop is my death-warrant: I must die.

Poor, meagre life is mine, meagre and poor!
Rather a piece of childhood thrown away;
An adumbration faint; the overture
To stifled music; year that ends in May;

The sweet beginning of a tale unknown,—
All its deep rich vermilion crushed and killed
I' th' bud by frost:—Thus in false fear I cried,
Forgetting that to abolish death Christ died.
David Gray.

690. DEATH, Empire of.

What is death? 'Tis to be free,
No more to love or hope or fear,
To join the great equality;
All, all alike are humbled there.
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house—the tomb.

Spirit with the drooping wing
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king;
Empires at thy footstool lie;
Beneath thee strewed,
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never raise them more.

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band:
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Hath for countless years rolled on.
Back from the tomb
No step has come,
There fixed till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.
George Croly.

691. DEATH, Equality in.

It is a monitory truth, I ween,
That, turning up the ashes of the grave,
One can discern no difference between
The richest sultan and the poorest slave.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

692. DEATH, Expecting.

I think that a little bird will sing
Over a grassy mound, next spring,
Where something that once was *me* ye'll leave
In the level sunshine, morn and eve:
But I shall be gone, past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away.
Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

693. DEATH, Fate in.

Fate is a Hand. It lays two fingers on the eyes,
Two on the ears, one on the mouth, and silent cries,
"Be ever still!" Then down in endless sleep man lies.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

694. DEATH, Fearful.

Death is a fearful thing,
And shamed life a hateful.
To die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world, or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Shakespeare.*

695. DEATH Forgotten.

Behold the inexorable hour at hand!
Behold the inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it the chief aim of life,
Though well to ponder it is life's chief end.
Is death, that ever-threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind imprudence, unexpected still,
Though numerous messengers are sent before
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All heaven looks down, astonish'd at the sight.
Is it that Life has sown her joys so thick
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it that Life has such a swarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?

Is it that Time steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook,
Forever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow,
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of time descend, but not on time intent;
Amused, unconscious of the gliding wave,
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock.
We start—awake—look out. What see we there?
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.
Is this the cause death flies all human thought?
Or is it judgment by the will struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!
Like him so strong by Delilah the fair?
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By nature conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The good man would repine; would suffer joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humor, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of providence below.
Edward Young.

696. DEATH, Fruits of.

When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
For every fragile form from which he lets
The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise,
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
To walk the world and bless it.
Of every tear
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes. *Charles Dickens.*

697. DEATH, Gain by.

I go to life and not to death;
From darkness to life's native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.
Let our farewell, then, be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,
From rags to raiment angel-fair,
From the pale leanness of this flesh
To beauty such as saints shall wear.

I go from chains to liberty,
These fetters will be broken soon;
Forth over Eden's fragrant fields
I walk beneath a glorious noon.

For toil there comes the crowned rest;
Instead of burdens, eagles' wings;
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
Shall quench at everlasting springs.

God lives! Who says that I must die?
I cannot, while Jehovah liveth!
Christ lives! I cannot die, but live;
He life to me forever giveth.
Horatius Bonar.

698. DEATH, Happiness of.

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
Where love has put off in the land of its birth
The stains it had gathered in this,
And hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.
I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starr'd
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor the heart be flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.
T. K. Hervey.

699. DEATH, Heathen View of.

What has this bugbear death to frighten men,
If souls can die as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,
When heaven and earth were in confusion hurl'd,
For the debated empire of the world,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway;
So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoined,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.
Lucretius, tr. by John Dryden.

700. DEATH, Hope of.

A change from woe to joy, from earth to heaven!
Death gives me this; it leads me calmly where

The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer;
Bright day, shine on, be glad! days brighter far
Are stretched before mine eyes than those of mortals are. *Robert Nicoll.*

701. DEATH, Horror of.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions,
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh, might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood, and every groan
She heaves is big with horror; but the foe,
Like a stanch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Robert Blair.

702. DEATH, Hour of.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time of softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth,—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest. *Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*

703. DEATH, Hymn to.

O could I hope the wise and pure in heart
Might hear my song without a frown, nor deem
My voice unworthy of the theme it tries,—
I would take up the hymn to Death, and say
To the grim power, The world hath slandered thee
And mocked thee. On thy dim and shadowy brow
They place an iron crown, and call thee king
Of terrors, and the spoiler of the world,
Deadly assassin, that strik'st down the fair,
The loved, the good—that breathest on the lights
Of virtue set along the vale of life,
And they go out in darkness. I am come,
Not with reproaches, not with cries and prayers,
Such as have stormed thy stern, insensible ear
From the beginning; I am come to speak
Thy praises. True it is, that I have wept
Thy conquests, and may weep them yet again.
And thou from some I love wilt take a life
Dear to me as my own. Yet while the spell
Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee
In sight of all thy trophies, face,
Meet is that my voice should utter forth
Thy nobler triumphs; I will teach the world
To thank thee. Who are thine accusers?—Who?
The living!—they who never felt thy power,
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch
Whose crimes are ripe; his sufferings when thy hand
Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace
Upbraid the gentle violence that took off
His fetters, and unbarred his prison-cell?

Raise then the hymn to Death. Deliverer!
God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed
And crush the oppressor. When the armed chief,
The conqueror of nations, walks the world,
And it is changed beneath his feet, and all
Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm—
Thou, while his head is loftiest and his heart

Blasphemes, imagining his own right hand
Almighty, thou dost set thy sudden grasp
Upon him, and the links of that strong chain
Which bound mankind are crumbled; thou dost break
Sceptre and crown, and beat his throne to dust.
Then the earth shouts with gladness, and her tribes
Gather within their ancient bounds again.
Else had the mighty of the olden time,
Nimrod, Sesostris, or the youth who feigned
His birth from Lybian Ammon, smitten yet
The nations with a rod of iron, and driven
Their chariot o'er our necks. Thou dost avenge,
In thy good time, the wrongs of those who know
No other friend. Nor dost thou interpose
Only to lay the sufferer asleep,
Where he who made him wretched troubles not
His rest—thou dost strike down his tyrant too.
Oh, there is joy when hands that held the scourge
Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold.
Thou too dost purge from earth its horrible
And old idolatries; from the proud fanes
Each to his grave their priests go out, till none
Is left to teach their worship; then the fires
Of sacrifice are chilled, and the green moss
O'ercreeps their altars; the fallen images
Cumber the weedy courts, and for loud hymns,
Chanted by kneeling multitudes, the wind
Shrieks in the solitary aisles. When he
Who gives his life to guilt and laughs at all
The laws that God or man has made, and round
Hedges his seat with power, and shines in wealth,—
Lifts up his atheist front to scoff at Heaven,
And celebrates his shame in open day,
Thou, in the pride of all his crimes, cutt'st off
The horrible example. Touched by thine,
The extortioner's hard hand foregoes the gold
Wrung from the o'er-worn poor. The perjurer,
Whose tongue was lithe, e'en now, and voluble
Against his neighbor's life, and he who laughed
And leaped for joy to see a spotless fame
Blasted before his own foul calumnies,
Are smit with deadly silence. He who sold
His conscience to preserve a worthless life,
Even while he hugs himself on his escape,
Trembles, as, doubly terrible, at length,
Thy steps o'ertake him, and there is no time
For parley, nor will bribes unclench thy grasp.
Oft, too, dost thou reform thy victim, long
Ere his last hour. And when the reveller,
Mad in the chase of pleasure, stretches on,
And strains each nerve, and clears the path of life
Like wind, thou point'st him to the dreadful goal,
And shak'st thy hour-glass in his reeling eye,
And check'st him in midcourse. Thy skeleton hand
Shows to the faint of spirit the right path,
And he is warned, and fears to step aside.
Thou sett'st between the ruffian and his crime
Thy ghastly countenance, and his slack hand
Drops the drawn knife. But, oh, most fearfully
Dost thou show forth Heaven's justice, when thy shafts
Drink up the ebbing spirit—then the hard
Of heart and violent of hand restores
The treasure to the friendless wretch he wronged.
Then from the writhing bosom thou dost pluck
The guilty secret; lips, for ages sealed,
Are faithless to their dreadful trust at length,
And give it up; the felon's latest breath
Absolves the innocent man who bears his crime;
The slanderer, horror-smitten, and in tears,
Recalls the deadly obloquy he forged,
To work his brother's ruin. Thou dost make
Thy penitent victim utter to the air
The dark conspiracy that strikes at life,
And aims to whelm the laws; ere yet the hour
Is come, and the dread sign of murder given.

Thus, from the first of time hast thou been found
On virtue's side; the wicked, but for thee,
Had been too strong for the good, the great of earth
Had crushed the weak forever. Schooled in guile
For ages, while each passing year had brought
Its baneful lesson, they had filled the world
With their abominations; while its tribes,
Trodden to earth, imbruted, and despoiled,
Had knelt to them in worship; sacrifice
Had smoked on many an altar, temple-roofs
Had echoed with the blasphemous prayer and hymn:
But thou, the great reformer of the world,
Tak'st off the sons of violence and fraud
In their green pupilage, their lore half learned—
Ere guilt had quite o'errun the simple heart
God gave them at their birth, and blotted out
His image. Thou dost mark them flushed with hope,
As on the threshold of their vast designs
Doubtful and loose they stand, and strik'st them down. *W. C. Bryant.*

704. DEATH, Impartial.

We look at man, and wonder at such odds
'Twixt things that were the same by birth;
We look on kings as giants of the earth:
These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humblest bush, and proudest oak
Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth and power,
Have their short flourishing hour;

And love to see themselves and smile,
And joy in their pre-eminence awhile;
Ev'n so, in the same land,
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand:
Alas! death mows down all with an impartial hand. *Abraham Cowley.*

705. DEATH, Invitation of.

Festus.—Death
Opens her sweet white arms and whispers, Peace!
Come lay thy sorrow in this bosom! This
Will never close against thee; and my heart,
Though cold, cannot be colder much than man's.
Come! all this soon must end; and soon the world
Shall perish leaf by leaf, and land by land;
Flower by flower—flood by flood—and hill
By hill, away. Oh! come, come! Let us die.
But Immortality, with finger spired,
Points to a distant, giant world—and says,
There, there is my home!
Philip James Bailey.

706. DEATH, Life and.

Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduced:
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
Life makes the soul dependent on the dust:
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light:
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.
Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd?
By death enlarged, ennobled, deified?
Death but entombs the body; life the soul.
"Is death, then, guiltless? How he marks his way
With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine—
Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
With various lustres these light up the world,
Which death puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, LORENZO! this indictment just:
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror—
Death humbles these; more barb'rous life, the man.
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite, divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts;
Nor life, true joy, but what kind death improves.
No bliss has life to boast, but death can give
Far greater; life's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
LORENZO! blush at fondness for a life
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense; and serve at boards
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand
Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemired:
LORENZO! blush at terror for a death
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
And eternize the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more? O death, the palm is thine.
Then, welcome, death, thy dreadful harbingers,
Age and disease, though long my guest;
That pluck my nerves, those tender strings of life
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops perhaps a tear,
While reason and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory!
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Lust and ambition, wrath, and avarice,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O death, is thine.
Our day of dissolution!—name it right,
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe: what though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scar us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
But oh! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compared! life lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, Death! no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns;
Death, that absolves my birth! a curse without it!
Rich death, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes!—without it, a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period—not of joy:
Joy's source, and subject, still subsist unhurt,
One in my soul, and one in her great Sire,
Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
Yes, and from winds and waves and central night,
Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim
(To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
And live entire. Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;

Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall—we rise—we reign!
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die?—When shall I live forever? *Edward Young.*

707. DEATH, Life from.

The star is not extinguished when it sets
Upon the dull horizon; it but goes
To shine in other skies, then reappear
In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost, when, o'er the rock,
It pours its flood into the abyss below:
Its scattered force re-gathering from the shock,
It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The bright sun dies not, when the shading orb
Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray;
It still is shining on; and soon to us
Will burst undimmed into the joy of day.

The lily dies not, when both flower and leaf
Fade, and are strewed upon the chill, sad ground;
Gone down for shelter to its mother-earth,
'Twill rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

The dew-drop dies not, when it leaves the flower,
And passes upward on the beam of morn;
It does but hide itself in light on high,
To its loved flower at twilight to return.

The fine gold has not perished, when the flame
Seizes upon it with consuming glow;
In freshened splendor it comes forth anew,
To sparkle on the monarch's throne or brow.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live:
Star, stream, sun, flower, the dew-drop and the gold;
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mould.

Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell;
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Softly within that peaceful resting-place
We lay their wearied limbs, and bid the clay
Press lightly on them till the night be past,
And the far east give note of coming day.

The day of re-appearing! how it speeds!
He who is true and faithful speaks the word.
Then shall we ever be with those we love—
Then shall we be forever with the Lord.

The shout is heard; the archangel's voice goes forth;
The trumpet sounds; the dead awake and sing;
The living put on glory; one glad band,
They hasten up to meet their coming King.

Short death and darkness! Endless life and light!
Short dimming; endless shining in yon sphere,
Where all is incorruptible and pure—
The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear. *Horatius Bonar.*

708. DEATH, Light in.

Open thine arms, O death, thou fine of woe,
And warranty of bliss! I feel the last
Red mountainous remnant of the earth give way.
The stars are rushing upward to the light;
My limbs are light, and liberty is mine.
The spirit's infinite purity consumes
The sullied soul. Eternal destiny
Opens its bright abyss. I am God's.

709. DEATH, Limit of.

O Death! Thou great invisible,
Pale monarch of the unending Past,
Who shall thy countless trophies tell,
Or when shall be the last!
By thee high thrones to earth are flung—
By thee the sword and sceptre rust—
By thee the beautiful and young
Lie mouldering in the dust.
Into thy cold and faded reign
All glorious things of earth depart;
The fairest forms are early slain,
And quenched the fiery heart.
But in yon world thou hast not been,
Where joy can fade, nor beauty fall:
O mightiest of the things unseen,
Save One that ruleth all!
Geo. H. Colton.

710. DEATH, Longing for.

O, when will death
This mouldering old partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
O death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great future! glorious patron of the past
And present! when shall I thy shrine adore?
From nature's continent, immensely wide,
Immensely bless'd, this little isle of life,
This dark incarcerating colony,
Divides us. Happy day that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to Nature's great metropolis,
And readmits us, through the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne.
Edward Young.

711. DEATH, Memento of.

Wise in his day the heathen emperor,
To whom, each morrow, came a slave, and cried,

"Philip, remember thou must die:" no more.
To me such daily voice were misapplied,—
Disease guests with me; and each cough or cramp,
Or aching, like the Macedonian slave,
Is my *memento mori*. *David Gray.*

712. DEATH, Mystery of.

See before us in our journey broods a mist upon the ground;
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that gloomy bound.
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they screen,
Those who once have passed within it, never more on earth are seen.
Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming distance lowers,
Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with summer green and flowers.
Yet it blots the way forever; there our journey ends at last;
Into that dark cloud we enter and are gathered to the past.
Thou who in this flinty pathway, leading through a stranger land,
Passeth down the rocky valley, walking with me hand in hand,
Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim Unknown,
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path alone?
Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is white with fear,
And thou clingest to my side as the dark mist comes sweeping near.
"Here," thou say'st, "the path is rugged, sown with thorns that wound the feet;
But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet's song is sweet:
Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend from ledges brown;
Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes down.
Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly shadow lies,
From the things I know and love, and from the sight of loving eyes."
So thou murmurest, fearful one, but see, we tread a rougher way;
Fainter grow the gleams of sunshine that upon the dark rocks play;
Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags o'er which we pass;
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts of withered grass.
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer view,
See, beneath its sullen skirts the rosy morning glimmers through.
One, whose feet the thorns have wounded, entered thither and came back,
With a glory on His footsteps lighting yet the dreary track.
Boldly enter where He entered: all that seems but darkness here,
When thou once hast passed beyond it, haply shall be crystal clear;
Seen from that serener realm the walks of human life may lie
Like the page of some familiar volume open to mine eye.
Haply from the o'erhanging shadow thou may'st stretch an unseen hand
To support the wavering steps that print with blood the rugged land.
Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim all unweeting thou art near,
Thou may'st whisper words of warning and of comfort in his ear,
Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with thee in peace and light.
William C. Bryant.

713. DEATH, Nature of.

What is death? oh! what is death?
'Tis the snapping of the chain;
'Tis the breaking of the bowl;
'Tis relief from every pain;
'Tis freedom to the soul;
'Tis the setting of the sun
To rise again to-morrow,
A brighter course to run,
Nor sink again in sorrow.
Such is death! yes, such is death!

What is death? oh! what is death?
'Tis slumber to the weary;
'Tis rest to the forlorn;
'Tis shelter to the dreary;
'Tis peace amid the storm;
'Tis the entrance to our home;
'Tis the passage to that God
Who bids His children come
When their weary course is trod.
Such is death! yea, such is death!

714. DEATH, Non-existence of.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain of mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;

He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead.

Lord Lytton.

715. DEATH, No Warning of.

They tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see;
They say that, at any moment, the Lord of life may come,
To lift me from this cloudland into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning; I may not even hear
The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth near;
Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall
The summons to leave our homestead, to answer the Master's call.

Perhaps He will come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around me, my life seems bright and gay.
Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road,
Up from this dimmer sunlight into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moonbeam's silvery light,
When the stars are softly shining o'er slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in the holy stillness the Master will come for me.

I think I would rather hear it, that Voice so low and sweet,
Calling me out from the shadows, my blessed Lord to meet,
Up through the glowing splendors of a starry, earthly night,
To "see the King in His beauty," in a land of purer light.

716. DEATH, Passage of.

What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart?
A quiet haven, where his shatter'd bark
Harbors secure, till the rough storm is past.
Perhaps a passage overhung with clouds
But at its entrance; a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies, and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.

James Hurdis.

717. DEATH, Physical.

Death is here in spirit, watcher of a marble corpse,
That eye is fixed, that heart is still,—how dreadful in its stillness!
Death, new tenant of the house, pervadeth all the fabric;
He waiteth at the head, and he standeth at the feet, and hideth in the caverns of the breast:
Death, subtle leech, hath anatomized soul from body,
Dissecting well in every nerve its spirit from its substance:
Death, rigid lord, hath claimed the heliot clay,
While joyously the youthful soul hath gone to take his heritage:
Death, cold usurer, hath seized his bonded debtor;
Death, savage despot, hath caught his forfeit serf;
Death, blind foe, wreaketh petty vengeance on the flesh:
Death, fell cannibal, gloateth on his victim,
And carrieth it with him to the grave, that dismal banquet-hall,
Where in foul state the Royal Ghoul holdeth secret orgies.

M. F. Tupper.

718. DEATH, Port of.

When the dang'rous rocks are past,
When the threat'ning tempests cease,
Oh! how sweet to rest at last
In a silent port of peace!

Though that port may be unknown,
Though no chart its name may bear,
Brightly beams its light on *one*,
Blest to find his refuge there.

Life! thou art the storm—the rock;
Death! the friendly port thou art;
Haven from the tempest's shock,
Welcoming the wanderer's heart.

Yes, I see from yonder tomb
Promis'd peace and tranquil rest;
Death! my haven! I shall come:
Soothe me on my mother's breast.

719. DEATH, Postponement of.

Tell me, some god! my guardian angel, tell

What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door? He knocks; we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouched heart? what miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunned?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling, wounded oft ourselves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And Death intrenched, preparing his assault:
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
Or seeing, draw their inference as strong!
There, Death is certain; doubtful here; he must,
And soon: we may, within an age, expire.
Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims are green!
Like damaged clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,
Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve. *Edward Young.*

720. DEATH, Premature.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,
The head hath missed an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-enfolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.
Alfred Tennyson.

721. DEATH, Presence of.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth Angel
Is talking with death;
Gently he woos her.
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her,
He bears her away!
Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.

Come, stricken weeper!
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper·
Our idol is dead!
Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eyes;
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the skies;
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest;
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave slumbers
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

722. DEATH, Providence in.

When mortal man resigns his breath,
'Tis God directs the stroke of death;
Casual howe'er the stroke appear,
He sends the fatal messenger.
The keys are in that Hand divine;
That Hand must first the warrant sign,
And arm the death, and wing the dart
Which doth His message to our heart.
Charles Wesley.

723. DEATH, Readiness for.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire;
So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence,
A short, sweet odor, of a vast expense.
She vanished, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide;
She passed serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise;
Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckoned to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepared·
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counselled her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Clothed all in white, the livery of the day.
John Dryden.

724. DEATH, Rejoicing at.

Time is weeping on the earth for the lost!
There is bowing in grief to the ground!
But rejoicing and praise 'mid the sanctified host,
For a spirit in Paradise found!
Though brightness hath passed from the earth,
Yet a star is new-born in the sky,
And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth,
Where are pleasures and fulness of joy,
And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given
To the breezes that float o'er the garden of heaven! *W. H. Burleigh.*

725. DEATH, Repulsiveness of.

Even to the best, the wise, and pure, and pious,
Death, repulsive king, thine iron rule is terrible:
Yea, and even at the best, in company of buried kindred,
With hallowing rites, and friendly tears, and the dear old country church,
Death, cold and lonely, thy frigid face is hateful;
The bravest look on thee with dread, the humblest curse thy coming,
Still, ye unwise among mankind, your foolishness hath added fears;
The crowded cemetery, the catacomb of bones, the pestilential vault,
With fancy's gliding ghost at eve, her moans and flaky footfalls,
And the gibbering train of terror to fright your coward hearts.
We speak not here of sin, nor the phantoms of a bloody conscience,
Nor of solace, and merciful pardon; we heed but the inevitable grave:
The grave, that wage of guilt, that due return to dust,
The grave, that goal of earth, and starting-post for heaven. *M. F. Tupper.*

726. DEATH, Shrinking from.

If it must be; if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moans;
That underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon,—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life, to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light I cry; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies.
David Gray.

727. DEATH, Song in.

Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.
William Hunter.

728. DEATH Spoiled.

O Death! with what an eye of desperate lust,
From out thy emptied vaults, thou then didst look
After the risen multitudes of all
Mankind! Ah, thou hadst been the terror long,
And murderer of all of woman born.
None could escape thee! In thy dungeon house,
Where darkness dwelt, and putrid loathsomeness,
And fearful silence, villanously still,
And all of horrible and deadly name,—
Thou satt'st from age to age, insatiate,
And drank the blood of men, and gorged their flesh,
And with thy iron teeth didst grind their bones
To powder—treading out beneath thy feet
Their very names and memories: the blood
Of nations could not slake thy parched throat.
No bribe could buy thy favor for an hour,
Or mitigate thy ever cruel rage
For human prey. Gold, beauty, virtue, youth;
Even helpless, swaddled innocency failed
To soften thy heart of stone: the infant's blood
Pleased well thy taste—and while the mother wept,
Bereaved by thee, lonely and waste in woe,
Thy ever-grinding jaws devoured her too.
Each son of Adam's family beheld,
Where'er he turned, whatever path of life

He trode, thy goblin form before him stand,
Like trusty old assassin, in his aim
Steady and sure as eye of destiny,
With scythe, and dart, and strength invincible
Equipped, and ever menacing his life.
He turned aside, he drowned himself in sleep,
In wine, in pleasure; travelled, voyaged, sought
Receipts for health from all he met; betook
To business speculate; retired; returned
Again to active life; again retired;
Returned; retired again; prepared to die;
Talked of thy nothingness; conversed of life
To come; laughed at his fears; filled up the cup;
Drank deep; refrained; filled up; refrained again;
Planned; built him round with splendor, won applause;
Made large alliances with men and things;
Read deep in science and philosophy,
To fortify his soul; heard lectures prove
The present ill, and future good; observed
His pulse beat regular; extended hope;
Thought, dissipated thought, and thought again;
Indulged, abstained, and tried a thousand schemes
To ward thy blow, or hide thee from his eye;
But still thy gloomy terrors, dipped in sin,
Before him frowned, and withered all his joy.
Still, feared and hated thing, thy ghostly shape
Stood in his avenues of fairest hope;
Unmannerly, and uninvited, crept
Into his haunts of most select delight:
Still, on his halls of mirth, and banqueting,
And revelry, thy shadowy hand was seen
Writing thy name of—Death. Vile worm, that gnawed
The root of all his happiness terrene; the gall
Of all his sweet; the thorn of every rose
Of earthly bloom; cloud of his noon-day sky;
Frost of his spring; sigh of his loudest laugh;
Dark spot on every form of loveliness;
Rank smell amidst his rarest spiceries;
Harsh dissonance of all his harmony;
Reserve of every promise, and the if
Of all to-morrows—now beyond thy vale
Stood all the ransomed multitude of men,
Immortal all; and in their visions saw
Thy visage grim no more. Great payment day
Of all thou ever conquered, none was left
In thy unpeopled realms, so populous once.
He, at whose girdle hang the keys of death
And life—not bought but with the blood of Him
Who wears, the eternal Son of God, that morn
Dispelled the cloud that sat so long, so thick,
So heavy o'er thy vale; opened all thy doors,
Unopened before, and set thy prisoners free.
Vain was resistance, and to follow vain.
In thy unveiled caves, and solitudes
Of dark and dismal emptiness, thou satt'st,
Rolling thy hollow eyes: disabled thing!
Helpless, despised, unpitied, and unfeared,
Like some fallen tyrant, chained in sight of all
The people: from thee dropped thy pointless dart,
Thy terrors withered all; thy ministers,
Annihilated, fell before thy face;
And on thy maw eternal hunger seized.

Robert Pollok.

729. DEATH, Stream of.

There is a stream, whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go.
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
'Mid sullen silence downward sweep,
With noiseless flow.

I saw where at that dreary flood
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour had come;
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
Sank, as to cradle rest, and died,
Like going home.

Followed, with languid eye, anon,
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan,
Whose time had come;
He gazed upon that leaden stream;
I saw him plunge, I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And next a form, in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there at length
He saw life's bound;
To heaven he raised his bitter prayer,
Too late—his shriek of wild despair
The waters drown'd.

I saw when to that stream again
Another child of mortal man,
With smiles drew nigh;
'Tis the last pang, he calmly said.
To me, O Death, thou hast no dread;
Saviour, I come.
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore
I see; ye waters, bear me o'er,
There is my home.

730. DEATH, Sudden.

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;

Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery

731. DEATH, Support in.

'Tis not the stoic's lesson got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it;
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast.
Hast thou considered what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer? *Nicholas Rowe.*

732. DEATH, Terrors of.

Oh, what terror in thy forethought,
Ending scene of mortal life!
Heart is sickened, reins are loosened,
Thrills each nerve, with terror rife,
When the anxious heart depicteth
All the anguish of the strife!

Who the spectacle can image—
How tremendous!—of that day
When the course of life accomplished,
From the trammels of her clay
Writhes the soul to be delivered,
Agonized to pass away!

Sense hath perished, tongue is rigid,
Eyes are filming o'er in death,
Palpitates the breast, and hoarsely
Gasps the rattling throat for breath;
Limbs are torpid, lips are pallid,
Breaking nature quivereth.

All come round him! cogitation,
Habit, word, and deed are there!
All, though much and sore he struggle,
Hover o'er him in the air;
Turn he this way, turn he that way,
On his inmost soul they glare.

Conscience self her culprit tortures,
Gnawing him with pangs unknown;
For that now amendment's season
Is forever past and gone,
And that late repentance findeth
Pardon none for all its moan.

Fleshly lusts of fancied sweetness
Are converted into gall,

When on brief and bitter pleasure
Everlasting dolors fall;
Then, what late appeared so mighty,
Oh! how infinitely small!

Christ, unconquered King of Glory!
Thou my wretched soul relieve
In that most extremest terror
When the body she must leave;
Let the accuser of the brethren
O'er me then no power receive!

Let the Prince of darkness vanish,
And Gehenna's legions fly!
Shepherd, Thou Thy sheep thus ransomed
To Thy country lead on high;
Where forever in fruition
I may see Thee eye to eye! Amen.

Peter Damiani, tr. by J. M. Neale.

733. DEATH, Universal.

The black camel Death kneeleth once at each door
And a mortal must mount to return never more.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

734. DEATH, Victory over.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope.

735. DEATH, Waiting for.

I am waiting by the river,
And my heart has waited long;
Now I think I hear the chorus
Of the angels' welcome song;
Oh, I see the dawn is breaking
On the hill-tops of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Thro' the bright and changeless years;
Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

736. DEATH, Wounds of.

Strange glory streams thro' Life's wild rents,
And thro' the open door of Death
We see the haven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plow,
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed.
Gerald Massey.

737. DEATH OF CHRIST, Humiliation of the.

Yes, Thou didst die for me, O Son of God!
By Thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat Thy houseless head forlorn;
Thou that wert wont to stand
Alone at God's right hand,
Before the angels were, the Eternal, Eldest Born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief:
Thy love's return, ingratitude and hate:
The limbs Thou healedst brought Thee no relief;
The eyes Thou openedst calmly viewed Thy fate:
Thou that wert wont to dwell
In peace tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive the bliss of Thy celestial state.

They dragged Thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendor sate:
Thou stoodst a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom and death from human lips to wait:
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurled,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When "Crucify Him," yelled the general shout;
No hand to guard Thee 'mid those insults rude,
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout:
Whose lightest whispered word
The seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound Thy temples with the twisted thorn;
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
The blood from all Thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepened Thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote Thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear Thy shuddering side they pierced;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave t' enhance thy unslaked burning thirst;
Thou at whose word of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long-buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

Low bowed Thy head convulsed and drooped in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry,
Slow struggled from Thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony:
That head, whose veilless blaze
Filled angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And Thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound,
The sealed stone confirmed Thy mortal doom;
Lone watchmen walked the desert burial ground;
Whom heaven could not contain
Nor the immeasurable plain
Of vast infinity enclose or circle round.

For us! for us! Thou didst endure the pain,
And Thy meek spirit bowed itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame;
Thou who couldst nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to Thy all-glorious name.

738. DEATH OF CHRIST, Sympathy with the.

Hail, thou Head! so bruised and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded;
Smitten with the mocking reed,
Wounds which may not cease to bleed
Trickling faint and slow.
Hail! from whose most blessed brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now;
All the flower of life has fled,
Mortal paleness there instead:
Thou, before whose presence dread
Angels trembling bow.

All Thy vigor and Thy life
Fading in this bitter strife;
Death his stamp on Thee has set,
Hollow and emaciate,
Faint and drooping there.
Thou this agony and scorn
Hast for me, a sinner, borne,
Me, unworthy, all for me!
With those signs of love on Thee,
Glorious Face, appear!

Yet, in this Thine agony,
Faithful Shepherd, think of me;
From whose lips of love divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows.
All unworthy of Thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not;
Unto me Thy head incline,
Let that dying head of Thine
In mine arms repose!

Let me true communion know
With Thee in Thy sacred woe,
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with Thee on Thy Cross:
'Neath it will I die!
Thanks to Thee with every breath,
Jesus, for Thy bitter death;
Grant Thy guilty one this prayer,
When my dying hour is near,
Gracious God, be nigh!

When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that dreadful hour, I pray,
Jesus, come without delay;
See and set me free!
When Thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul, be near;
With Thy saving Cross appear,
Shew Thyself to me!

Bernard of Clarvaux, tr. by Mrs. Charles.

739. DEBATE, Useless.

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such
there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal blunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength.
Divert the champions prodigal of breath;
And put the peaceably disposed to death.
O, thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern!
Though syllogism hang not on my tongue;
I am not surely always in the wrong;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance;
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;
No,—there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground;
Rove where you please, 'tis common all
around.
Discourse may want an animated No
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark at which my juster aim I take,
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something
hitch;
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
Your thread of argument is snapped again.
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.
Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right.
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly, To be sure—no doubt!

William Cowper.

740. DEBT, The Cancelled.

He gave me back the bond;
It was a heavy debt;
And, as He gave, He smiled, and said,
"Thou wilt not Me forget."

He gave me back the bond—
The seal was torn away;
And, as He gave, He smiled, and said,
"Think thou of Me alway."

That bond I still will keep,
Although it cancelled be:
It tells me what I owe to Him
Who paid the debt for me.

I look on it and smile;
I look again and weep:
This record of His love to me
Forever will I keep.

A bond it is no more;
But it shall ever tell
That all I owed was fully paid
By my Emmanuel.

741. DEBT, The Christian's.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall;
When I see them start and shrink,
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,

Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
Robert Murray McCheyne.

742. DECALOGUE, The World's.

Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, save in the currency:
Swear not at all; since for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
Honor thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall:
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive:
Adultery it is not fit
Or safe (for woman) to commit:
Thou shalt not steal, an empty feat,
When 'tis lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.
Arthur Hugh Clough.

743. DECAY, Example of.

Cities have been, and vanished; fanes have sunk,
Heaped into shapeless ruin; sands o'erspread
Fields that were Edens; millions too have shrunk
To a few starving hundreds, or have fled
From off the page of being. Now the dead
Are the sole habitants of Babylon;
Kings, at whose bidding nations toiled and bled,
Heroes, who many a field of carnage won,
Their names—their boasted names to utter death are done.

Such is the fate of empire: Asshur rose
Where elder thrones and prouder warriors stood;
Before the Memphian priest his precepts chose,
Men reasoned greatly of the highest good;
Before Troy was, or Xanthus rolled in blood,
Armies were ranged in battle's dread array;
They fought—their glory withered in its bud;
They perished—with them ceased their tyrant sway;
New wars, new heroes came—their story passed away.
James Gates Percival.

744. DECAY, General.

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the groat globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! *Shakespeare.*

745. DECAY, Moral of.

Perishing splendors, pass away,
Vanish, ye glories that decay,
Onward I haste and cannot stay,
Mine is the rest to come.

Fade from my sight each earthly gem,
Perish each glitt'ring diadem,
Pleasures no more I find in them,
Jesus was crowned with thorns.

Mine be the tears that pilgrims know,
Mine be the cares of toil and woe,
Mine be the way my Lord did go,
Mine be the cross He bore.

What tho' my life be one of fears,
Sorrow may fill my weary years,
Mine be the hope when Christ appears
I shall His glory see.

Not for me are these fading joys,
Not for me are these earthly toys,
Mine be the tears at Jesus' feet,
Mine the eternal home.
H. L. Hastings.

746. DECEPTION, Common.

I live among the cold, the false,
And I must seem like them;
And much I am, for I am false
As these I most condemn;
I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
My tongue its softest tone,
I borrow others' likeness, till
I almost lose my own.
C. M. Chandler.

747. DECEPTION, Detecting.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning train,
By which deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colors dyed deep in the grain,
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain?
Edmund Spenser

748. DECEPTION, Earthly.

The branch is stooping to thy hand,
And pleasant to behold;
Yet gather not, although its fruit
Be streaked with hues of gold.

The cup is dancing to thy lip,
And fragrant is the wine;
Yet dash the untasted goblet down,
Though lusciously it shine.

For bitter ashes lurk concealed
Beneath that golden skin,
And though the coat be smooth, there lies
But rottenness within.

The wings of pleasure fan the bowl,
And bid it overflow,
Yet drugged with poison are its lees,
And death is found below.
Samuel Smedley.

749. DECEPTION, Life's.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errant;
Fear not to touch the best.
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since thou needs must die,
And give them all the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood?
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, but does no good:
If court and church reply,
Give court and church the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting, but oh! their actions
Not lov'd unless they give—
Not strong, but by their factions:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending;
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honor how it alters;
Tell beauty that it blasteth;
Tell favor that it falters;
And as they do reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In fickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over wiseness;
And if they do reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention;
And if they yield reply,
Then give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they lack profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill!

Sir Walter Raleigh.

750. DECEPTION, Natural.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! Wolvish, raving lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.

Shakespeare.

751. DECEPTION, The World's.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Thomas Moore.

752. DECISION, Painful.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the Captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
Nor hold had he above, below:
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak;
With horror all aghast,

In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck; he gasped,
"O God! Thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire," he said;
"That only chance your life can save;
Jump, jump, my boy!" He obeyed.

He sank,—he rose—he lived,—he moved,—
And for the ship struck out,
On board we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy,
Then fainted on the deck.

George P. Morris.

753. DECREES, Book of.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Chain'd to His throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by the eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

Here He exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page He turns,
And treads the monarchs down.

Isaac Watts.

754. DEEDS, Evil.

In ancient records it is stated,
That whenever an evil deed is done,
Another devil is created
To scourge and torment the offending one.

H. W. Longfellow.

755. DEEDS, Indelible.

The deeds of reasonable men,
As if engraven with pen of iron grain,
And laid in flinty rock, they stand unchanged,
Written on the various pages of the past:
If good, in rosy characters of love;
If bad, in letters of vindictive fire.
God may forgive, but cannot blot them out.
Systems begin, and end; eternity
Rolls on His endless years; and men absolved
By mercy from the consequence, forget
The evil deed; and God imputes it not:
But neither systems ending nor begun,
Eternity that rolls his endless years,
Nor men absolved, and sanctified, and washed
By mercy from the consequence; nor yet
Forgetfulness; nor God imputing not,
Can wash the guilty deed once done, from out
The faithful annals of the past; who reads,
And many read, there finds it, as it was,
And is, and shall forever be—a dark,
Unnatural and loathly moral spot.

Robert Pollok.

756. DEEDS, Prayer of.

The deed ye do is the prayer ye pray:
"Lead us *into* temptation, Lord;
Withhold the bread from our babes this day,
To evil we turn us, give evil's reward!"

Over to-day the to-morrow bends,
With an answer for each acted prayer;
And woe to him who makes not friends
With the pale-hereafter hovering there!

George S. Burleigh.

757. DEFENCE, God our.

A strong tower is the Lord our God,
To shelter and defend us;
Our shield His arm, our sword His rod
Against our foes befriend us:
That Ancient Enemy—
His gathering powers we see,
His terrors, and his toils;
Yet victory, with its spoils,
Not earth, but Heaven shall send us!

Though, wrestling with the wrath of hell,
No might of man avails us,
Our Captain is IMMANUEL,
And angel-comrades hail us!
Still challenge ye His name?
"*Christ*, in the flesh who came,"—
"The Lord, the Lord of Hosts!"
Our cause His succor boasts;
And God shall never fail us!

Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,
Embattled all, yet hidden,
And though their proud usurping god
O'er thrones and shrines have stridden,
Nay! let them stand reveal'd,
And darken all the field,—
We fear not; fall they must!
The word wherein we trust
Their triumph hath forbidden.

While mighty Truth with us remains,
Hell's arts shall move us never;
Nor parting friendship, honors, gains,
Or love from Jesus sever:
They leave us, when they part—
With Him—a peaceful heart;
And when from dust we rise,
Death yields us, as *he* dies,
The crown of life forever!

Martin Luther.

758. DEFENCE, Sure.

In vain doth the assassin dark
This house for desolation mark,
Protected by the scarlet sign,
Already marked with Blood divine:

His idle threatenings we defy,
For the destroyer *must* pass by.

The Lord most high is our Defence,
Our trust is in Omnipotence;
His Name our adamantine tower:
Jehovah's wisdom, truth, and power,
Jesus, beneath Thy shade we dwell,
And laugh at all the leagues of hell.
Charles Wesley.

759. DEGRADED, Hope of the.

What though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war?
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare:
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
He spreads His arms to embrace you all;
Sinners alone His grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.

Come all ye Magdalens in lust,
Ye ruffians fell in murders old;
Repent, and live: despair and trust!
Jesus for you to death was sold.
Though hell protest, and earth repine,
He died for crimes like yours—and mine.
Charles Wesley.

760. DEITY, Address to the.

O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh;
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey;
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the bounty of thy goodness calls.

O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep!
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee!
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!

If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succor the distressed,
And lift the burden from the soul oppressed.
O, may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume which thy wisdom made!
May sea and land, and earth and heaven, be joined,
To bring the eternal Author to my mind!

When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!
Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardor of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun!

And oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies!
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And show all nature in a milder light:
How every boisterous thought in calm subsides;
How the smoothed spirit into goodness glides!

Oh how divine! to tread the milky-way,
To the bright palace of the Lord of Day;
His court admire, or for His favor sue,
Or leagues of friendship with His saints renew;
Pleased to look down and see the world asleep,
While I long vigils to its Founder keep!

Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh control,
Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul;
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
Alluring pleasure and assaulting pain.

O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the great day of recompense, behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee!
Edward Young.

761. DEITY Incomprehensible.

Long pored St. Austin o'er the sacred page,
And doubt and darkness overspread his mind,
On God's mysterious being thought the sage,
The triple person in one Godhead join'd.
The more he thought, the harder did he find
To solve the various doubts which fast arose;
And as a ship, caught by impetuous wind,
Tosses where chance its scatter'd body throws,
So toss'd his troubled soul, and nowhere found repose.

Heated and feverish, then he closed his tome
And went to wander by the ocean side,
Where the cool breeze at evening loved to come,
Murm'ring responsive to the murm'ring tide;
And as Augustine o'er its margent wide
Stray'd, deeply pondering on the puzzling theme,
A little child before him he espied;
In earnest labor did the urchin seem,
Working with heart intent close by the sounding stream.

He look'd, and saw the child a hole had scoop'd,
Shallow and narrow, in the shining sand,
O'er which at work the laboring infant stoop'd,
Still pouring water in with busy hand:
The saint address'd the child in accents bland:
"Fair boy," quoth he, "I pray, what toil is thine?
Let me its end and purpose understand."
The boy replied, "An easy task is mine,
To sweep into this hole all the wide ocean's brine."

"Oh, foolish boy!" the saint exclaimed, "to hope
That the broad ocean in that hole should lie!"
"Oh, foolish saint!" exclaimed the boy, "thy scope
Is still more hopeless than the toil I ply!
Who think'st to comprehend God's nature high,
In the small compass of thine human wit.
Sooner, Augustine, sooner far shall I
Confine the ocean in this tiny pit,
Than finite minds conceive God's nature infinite!"

762. DEITY, Inferring a.

From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws;
That an effect must presuppose a cause.
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is obliged and forced to see
A first, a source, a life, a Deity;
What has forever been, and must forever be.

Matthew Prior.

763. DEITY, Ode to the.

O Thou unutterable Potentate!
Through nature's vast extent sublimely great!
Thy lovely form the flower-decked field discloses,
Thy smiles are seen in Nature's sunny face:
Milk-colored lilies and wild-blushing roses
Are bright with Thee: Thy voice of gentleness
Speaks in the light-winged, whispering zephyrs, playing
'Midst the young boughs, or o'er the meadows straying;
Thy breath gives life to all, below, above:
And all things revel in thy light and love.
But here, on these gigantic mountains, here
Thy greatness, glory, wisdom, strength, and spirit,
In terrible sublimity appear!
Thy awe-imposing voice is heard, we hear it!
The Almighty's fearful voice; attend! it breaks
The silence, and in solemn warning speaks;
His the light tones that whisper midst the trees;
His, His the whistling of the busy breeze;
His, the storm-thunder roaring, rattling round,
When element with element makes war
Amidst the echoing mountains; on whose bound,
Whose highest bound, he drives his fiery car,
Glowing like molten iron; or, enshrined
In robes of darkness, rides upon the wind
Across the clouded vault of heaven. What eye
Has not been dazzled by Thy majesty?
Where is the ear that has not heard Thee speak?
Thou breathest!—forest-oaks of centuries
Turn their uprooted trunks toward the skies.
Thou thunderest!—adamantine mountains break,
Tremble, and totter, and apart are riven!
Thou lightenest! and the rocks inflame; thy power
Of fire, to their metallic bosom driven,
Melts and devours them: lo! they are no more:
They pass away, like wax in the fierce flame,
Or the thick mists that frown upon the sun,
Which He but glances at and they are gone;
Or like the sparkling snow upon the hill,
When noontide darts its penetrating beam.
What do I say? At God's almighty will,
The affrighted world falls headlong from its sphere!
Planets and suns and systems disappear!
But Thy eternal throne—Thy palace bright,
Zion—stands steadfast in unchanging might;
Zion—Thy own peculiar seat—Thy home!
But here, O God! here is Thy temple too:
Heaven's sapphire arch is its resplendent dome;
Its columns—trees that have for ages stood;
Its incense is the flower-perfumed dew;
Its symphony—the music of the wood;
Its ornaments—the fairest gems of spring;
Its altar is the stony mountain proud.
Lord! from this shrine to Thy abode I bring
Trembling, devotion's tribute—though not loud,
Nor pomp-accompanied: Thy praise I sing,
And Thou wilt deign to hear the lowly offering.

Boroo, tr. by Bowring.

764. DEITY, Praise of the.

Come, O come! in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument:
Music add of every kind,
Sound the trumpet, the cornet wind,
Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Let not tongue nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live
In still music praises give;
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep:
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And bright stars, augment the choir.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid the mortal throng
Be you masters of the song:
Angels and supernal powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours:
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is He.

From earth's vast and hollow womb,
Music's deepest base may come;
Seas and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall their counter-tenors roar;
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds your descants bring;
That our song may over-climb
All the bounds of place and time,
And ascend, from sphere to sphere,
To the great Almighty's ear.

So from Heaven on earth He shall
Let His gracious blessings fall;
And this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be;
Where in such a praiseful tone
We will sing what He hath done,
That the cursed fiends below
Shall thereat impatient grow:
Then, O come, in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise!

George Wither.

765. DEITY, Worship of.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires.
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horrors hides.
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity.

Edward Young.

766. DELAY, Avoid.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee:
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when sooner wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last;
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure!
Seek not time when time is past—
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After-wits are dearly bought;
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead:
When he flees, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.

Robert Southwell.

767. DELAY, Fatal.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

No light had we; for that we do repent;
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

No light, so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, though late, to kiss His feet?
"No, no; too late! ye cannot enter now."

Alfred Tennyson.

768. DELAY, Folly of.

By nature's law, what may be, may be now:
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could outspin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;

Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "that all men are about to live,"
Forever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride,
On this reversion, takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applauds.
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodged in fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose they postpone:
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool—
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves: then dies the same.
Edward Young.

769. DELAY, Habit of.

Alas! how neglectful,
Unfeeling we tread!
How careless, forgetful
Of benefits fled!
When the hopes we have tasted
Are lost, we deplore,
And sigh for time wasted
We ne'er may see more!
Resolving—repenting—
Still day after day,
Whilst angels lamenting
Drop tears on our way.

Could man read Time's pages,
Record every scene!
He'd find, through Life's stages,
How oft he had been
Too full of inventions
To satisfy thought—
Too rife with intentions
That dwindle to nought!
Still taxing to-morrow,
Still wasting to-day,
Whilst angels in sorrow
Dropped tears on his way.
Charles Swain.

770. DELAY, Inexcusable.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God!
A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted may take His sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
And sink in the vale of eternity's night.

Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid? *H. L. Hastings.*

771. DELAY, Repenting of.

O gather roses while they blow,
To-morrow's not to-day;
Let not one moment vainly flow,
Time fleeth fast away.

Fill up the goblet, kiss the fair,
For fortune smiles to-day;
Where shalt thou be to-morrow? where?
Time fleeth fast away.

He who defers a noble deed
Too oft repents delay;
Live while thou canst, such is my creed,
Time fleeth fast away.
Johann Ludwig Gleim.

772. DELUGE, Awaiting the.

And Noah went up into the ship and sat
Before the Lord. And all was still; and now
In that quietness the sun came up,
And there were marks across it, as it were
The shadow of a Hand upon the sun,—
Three fingers dark and dread, and afterward
There rose a white thick mist, that peacefully
Folded the fair earth in her funeral shroud—
The earth that gave no token, save that now
There fell a little trembling under foot.

And Noah went down, and took and hid his face
Behind his mantle, saying, "I have made
Great preparation, and it may be yet,
Beside my house, whom I did charge to come
This day to meet me, there may enter in
Many that yesternight thought scorn of all
My bidding." And because the fog was thick,
He said, "Forbid it, Heaven, if such there be,
That they should miss the way." And even then
There was a noise of weeping and lament;

The words of them that were affrighted, yea,
And cried for grief of heart. . . . .

And Niloiya said,
"My sons, if one of you will hear my words,
Go now, look out, and tell me of the day,
How fares it?"
And the fateful darkness grew.
But Shem went up to do his mother's will;
And all was one as though the frighted earth
Quivered and fell a-trembling; then they hid
Their faces every one, till he returned,
And spake not. "Nay," they cried, "what hast thou seen!
O, is it come to this?" He answered them,
"The door is shut." *Jean Ingelow.*

773. DELUGE, Deliverance from the.

Outpoured the flood in steady flow,
Till weary weeks of storm were past;
The waters whelmed the earth below,
And death, sole monarch, reigned at last.

In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echoed from the lowering sky!

Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.

774. DELUGE, Destruction by the.

Morn came; but the broad light, which hung so long
In heaven, forsook the showering firmament,
The clouds went floating on their fatal way.
Rivers had grown to seas; the great sea swollen,
Too mighty for its bounds, broke on the land,
Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain
Devoured. Upon the mountains now were seen
Gaunt men and women hungering with their babes,
Eying each other, or, with marble looks,
Measuring the space beneath swift-lessening.
At times a swimmer, from a distant rock
Less high, came struggling with the waves, but sank
Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers then
Wept without hope, and aged heads struck cold
By agues, trembled like autumnal leaves;
And infants moaned, and young boys shrieked with fear.
Stout men grew white with famine. Beautiful girls,
Whom once the day languished to look on, lay
On the wet earth and wrung their drenched hair;
And fathers saw them there dying, and stole
Their scanty fare, and, while they perished, thrived.
Then terror died, and grief, and proud despair,
Rage, and remorse, infinite agony,
Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sublime,
Birth-strangled; and strong passion perished.
The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad, the good,
Fell on their faces, struck,—whilst over them
Washed the wild waters, in their clamorous march.
Still fell the flooding rains. Great Ossa stood
Lone, like a peering Alp, when vapors shroud
Its sides, unshaken in the restless waves:
But from the weltering deeps Pelion arose,
And shook his piny forehead at the clouds,
Moaning; and crowned Olympus all his snows
Lost from his hundred heads, and shrank aghast.
Day, eve, night, morning came and passed away.
No sun was known to rise and none to set;
'Stead of its glorious beams a sickly light
Paled the broad east what time the day is born:
At others a thick mass, vaporous and black,
In form like solid marble, roofed the sky,
Yet gave no shelter. Still the ravenous wolf
Howled; and wild foxes, and the household dog,
Grown wild, upon the mountains fought and fed
Each on the other. The great eagle still
In his home brooded, inaccessible;
Or, when the gloomy morning seemed to break,
Floated in silence on the shoreless seas.
Still the quick snake unclasped its glittering eyes,
Or shivering hung about the roots of pines;
And still all round the vultures flew and watched
The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast;
Or, dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,
Plundered the rolling billows of their dead.
Beneath the headlong torrents, towns and towers
Fell down; temples all stone, and brazen shrines,
And piles of marble, palace and pyramid
(Kings' homes or towering graves) in a breath were swept
Crumbling away. Masses of ground, and trees
Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks bruse-crammed,
Vast herds, and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves
Struggling, were hurried out,—but none returned:
All on the altar of the giant sea

Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs.
Still fell the flooding rains. Still the earth shrank!
And ruin held his straight terrific way.
Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
(Beast of fiery air) howled from his cloud,
Exulting toward the storm-eclipsed moon.
Below, the ocean rose boiling and black,
And flung its monstrous billows far and wide,
Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills:
Then its dark throat is bared, and rocky tusks,
Where with enormous waves on their broad backs
The demons of the deep were raging loud:
And the sea-lion and the whale were swung,
Like atoms round and round. Mankind was dead;
And birds, whose active wings once cut the air,
And beasts, that cut the water,—all were dead:
And every reptile of the woods had died,
Which crawled or stung, and every curling worm;
The untamed tiger in his den, the mole
In his dark home—were choked; the darting ounce,
And the blind adder, and the stork fell down
Dead; and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
Was washed far out amongst the populous foam;
And there the serpent, which, few hours ago,
Could crack the panther in his scaly folds,
Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey.
And now, all o'er the deep, corses were strewn,
Wide floating millions, like the rubbish flung
Forth when a plague prevails; the rest down sucked,
Sank buried in the world-destroying seas.

Bryan W. Procter.

775. DELUGE, Doom at the.

Upward they toiled the mountain steep,
But the flood came steadily on;
Day gave no rest, the night no sleep,
For the revengeful waves did after them creep,
Till the remnant of hope was gone.
A few of the strongest stemmed the flood,
Till it covered the mountain top;
Then with failing eye, and thickening blood,
They prayed for mercy from their God,
And the dark waves swallowed them up.
Infants, mothers, husbands, brides,
Beasts and creeping things besides,
All met one common doom;
So that none were left in all the land,
Save those delivered by God's right hand,
As it were in a floating tomb.

W. S. Studley.

776. DELUGE, Extent of the.

Earth shall be ocean,
And no breath,
Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot;
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave
Shall lift its point to save,
Or show the place where strong despair hath died,
After long looking o'er the ocean wide
For the expected ebb which cometh not;
All shall be void,
Destroyed!
Another element shall be the lord
Of life, and the abhorred
Children of the dust be quenched, and of each hue
Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;
And of the variegated mountain
Shall nought remain
Unchanged, or of the level plain;
Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain,
All merged within the universal fountain:
Man, earth, and fire shall die,
And sea and sky
Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.

Lord Byron.

777. DELUGE, Provocation of the.

Where the fair valley spread her bosom green,
What varied forms of busy life were seen!
There toiled the hind, the hunter led the chase,
Or the bold warrior moved with martial grace,
Whilst blooming beauty culled the opening flower,
Or led the dance through pleasure's roseate bower.
Then, half-concealed beneath the cedar's shade,
The humble dwelling its white walls displayed;
Or the proud city's loftier domes arise,
Where pomp and grandeur caught the admiring eyes.
Fair scene! but guilt and pain were there;
The tyrant master, and the slave's despair;
The haughty brow, that heaven's just God defied,
The lust of pleasure, and the rage of pride;
There from their bowls the midnight revellers reel;
There the fell murderer grasps the recking steel;
By rapine led, the plunderers trace their way,
Through waste and slaughter to their artless prey;
Vile idol-gods pollute each shady grove,
And wanton beauty melts in lawless love;
Whilst age and infancy lament in vain,
Or bleed, the victims of the impious train.
Mustering his wrath, awhile his anger stayed;
Till full their cup, the Lord of heaven delayed
To pour His vengeance. As the whirlwind sleeps
Ere o'er the main with furious blast it sweeps,
Then burst at once, on earth's astonished train,
The raging tempest and tremendous rain,

Whilst pealing thunders heaven's vast concave rend,
And, struck by lightning, rolling clouds descend;
High heaves the ocean's bed—the o'erwhelming tide
Rushes against the mountain's yielding side.
'Tis vain for succor to those hills to fly,
For now not even the loftiest tops are dry;
Beast, man, and city share one common grave,
And calm above them rolls the avenging wave,
Whilst yon dark speck, slow-floating, now contains
Of beast or human life the sole remains.
Mrs. Henry Rolls.

778. DELUGE, Tradition of the.

Mankind 's a monster, and the ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involved in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.
Thus ended Jove; the greater gods assent,
By clamors urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man,
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of earth?
If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke.
To whom the father of the gods replied:
Lay that unnecessary fear aside;
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.
Already had he tossed the flaming brand,
And rolled the thunder in his spacious hand,
Preparing to discharge on sea and land,
But stopped, for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heaven.
Rememb'ring, in the Fates, a time when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing world above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismissed, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment;
Concludes to pour a wat'ry deluge down,
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds,
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds.
The South he loosed, who night and horror brings,
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours,
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow,
And lazy mists are low'ring on his brow.
Still, as he swept along, with his clenched fist
He squeezed the clouds; the imprison'd clouds resist;
The skies from pole to pole with peals resound,
And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
Then, clad in colors of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds; impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends.
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labors of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes,
And with perpetual urns his palace fill;
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will:
Small exhortation needs; your powers employ,
And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your wat'ry store,
Bear down the dams, and open every door.
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace the monarch struck the ground;
With inward trembling earth received the wound,
And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain;
Then, rushing onwards with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were, for, sapped by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry wall.
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above where late he sowed his corn.
Others o'er chimney-tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below;
Or downward driven, they bruise the tender vine,
Or, toss'd aloft, are knocked against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropped the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks they browse,
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep;

His rapid force no longer helps the boar;
The stag swims faster than he ran before;
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And levelled nature lies oppressed below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands,
Betwixt the Athenian and the Bœotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name, whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
The mountain nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
And where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

779. DELUSION, Common.

How oft that virtue, which some women boast,
And pride themselves in, is but an empty name,
No real good: in thought alone possessed.
Safe in the want of charms, the homely dame,
Secure from the seducing arts of men,
Deceives herself, and thinks she's passing chaste;
Wonders how others e'er could fall, yet when
She talks most loud about the noisy nothing,
Look on her face, and there you read her virtue.
Philip Froude.

780. DELUSION, Vanity of.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Shakespeare.

781. DENOMINATIONS, Diverse.

I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch;
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with litanies?

I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

Not to one church alone, but to seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven:
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new names written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the morning star!

Ah! to how many faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow that recasts
The creed of the phantasiasts,
For whom no man of sorrow died,
For whom the tragedy divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified.

For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.
H. W. Longfellow.

782. DENOMINATIONS, Unity of.

One Father, God, we own;
One Spirit evermore;
One Christ, with manger, cross, and throne,
The Light, the Way, the Door.

In souls we hail His birth;
'Tis now He comes again;
His kingdom is the convert Earth,
His Church all faithful men.

The Scriptures thus we read;
Of strangest powers compiled,
To mould the heart and clear the creed
Of earth's frail, clouded child.

Its essence, not its writ,
Our sovereign rule we call;
Not fastening down all truth to it,
But widening it to all.
N. L. Frothingham.

783. DEPENDENCE, Daily.

Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs,
Cast foreboding fears away:
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my brightest hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own—my Father's will.

Josiah Conder.

784. DEPENDENCE, Hopes of.

Who would rely upon these miserable
Dependencies in expectation
To be advanced to-morrow? What creature
Ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus?
Nor ever died any man more fearfully
Than he that hop'd for a pardon?

John Webster.

785. DEPENDENCE, Human.

I hate dependence on another's will,
Which changes with the breath of ev'ry whisper,
Just as the sky and weather with the winds:
Nay, with the winds, as they blow east or west,
To make his temper pleasant or unpleasant:
So are our wholesome or unwholesome days.

John Crown.

786. DEPENDENCE, Spiritual.

To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from Him.

Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny thee, Lord,"
But, "Grant I never may."

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath His wings,
And in His grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

Wm. Cowper.

787. DEPRAVITY, Confession of.

I feel within me unsubdued
A cursèd, carnal will:
It hates and starts from all that's good,
And cleaves to all that's ill.

My soul could yield to every vice
And passion in excess:
My soul to all the height could rise
Of daring wickedness.

The blackest crime upon record
I freely could commit,
The sins by nature most abhorred
My nature could repeat.

I could the devil's law receive,
Unless restrained by Thee;
I could, (Good God!) I could believe
The horrible decree.

I could believe that God is Hate,
The God of Love and grace
Did damn, pass by, and reprobate
The most of human race.

I cannot trust my treacherous heart,
I shall myself betray;
I must be lost, if Thou depart,
A final castaway.

Charles Wesley.

788. DEPRAVITY, Cry of.

Lord, how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasured in my memory!
Since, if my soul make even with the week
Each seventh note by right is due to Thee.
I find three quarries of piled vanities,
But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
To show their face, since cross to Thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heaven the centre.
In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, restore Thy image, hear my call:
And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can groan,
Remember that Thou once didst write in stone.

George Herbert.

789. DEPRAVITY, Debt of.

Only to Satan true,
God still offended;
Though taught and warned by God,
And his chastening rod,
Keeps still the way that's broad,
Never amended.
Baptismal vows some make,
But ne'er perform them;
If angels from heaven spake,
'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labor hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
To overtake it.
Hell is not had for naught,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labor sought;
They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee—
He'll not abate it;

Grace is refused that's free,
Mad sinners hate it. *Richard Baxter.*

790. DEPRAVITY, Development of.

Not at once,
In men or angels, the abhorrent plague
Appear'd in all its loathsomeness. But as
In some fair virgin's bosom a small spot,
As if a thorn had prick'd the delicate skin,
Rises and spreads an ever-fretting sore,
Creeping from limb to limb, corrosive, foul,
Until the miserable leper lives
A dying life, and dies a living death:
So there. . . .
Men with men
Wrought wickedness. Nor less the spirits malign,
The which when first they fell, as I have known,
Compassionated even the wreck they made,
Grew in malignity, till crime and craft
Became to them what virtue once had been,
Their joy, their nature, their essential life:
Lovers of darkness, foul, obscene, impure;
Some darker, fouler than the rest.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

791. DEPRAVITY, Growth of.

On every human soul there lies
A little dusky speck of sin,
As small as a mote's eye in size:
But when that speck doth once begin
To work, it swift and swift extends,
Till the whole soul it comprehends,
And all its powers overclouds
With condemnation's thunder-shrouds.
Then fierce and far the fear-fires flash,
And dire and dread the doom-bolts dash.
Thus doth the sin-speck spread, in sight,
O'er all the soul a baleful night,—
A blotting night of horror deep,
That knows no dawn and knows no sleep!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

792. DEPRAVITY, Physician for.

Physician of my sin-sick soul,
To Thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by Thy grace.

Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but Thine.

I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
It overclouds, and fills my mind
With folly, fear, and shame.

A thousand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free:
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to Thee?
John Newton.

793. DEPRAVITY, Present.

Cities of proud hotels,
Houses of rich and great,
Vice nestles in your chambers,
Beneath your roofs of slate.
The politics are base;
The letters do not cheer;
And 'tis far in the deeps of history,
The voice that speaketh clear.
Trade and the streets ensnare us,
Our bodies are weak and worn;
We plot and corrupt each other,
And we despoil the unborn.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

794. DEPRAVITY, Record of.

Almighty God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord! at Thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book!

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let His Blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt!
Isaac Watts.

795. DEPRAVITY, Taint of.

In paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before, and guilt behind;
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.
From age to age descends unchecked
The sad bequest of sire to son,
The body's taint, the mind's defect,—
Through every web of life the dark threads run.
John Greenleaf Whittier.

796. DEPRAVITY, Unconsciousness of.

The sick in body call for aid . . . . the sick
In mind are covetous of more disease;
And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.
To know ourselves diseased is half our cure.

When nature's blush by custom is wiped off,
And conscience, deadened by repeated strokes,
Has into manners naturalized our crimes;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love—
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet),
And throw aside our senses with our peace.
Edward Young.

797. DESERTION, Thought of.

Oh, say not thou art left of God, because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read; this earth He trod, to teach thee He was ever nigh.
He sees, beneath the fig-tree green, Nathaniel con His sacred lore;
Should'st thou thy chamber seek, unseen He enters through the unopened door.
And when thou liest, slumber-bound, outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory girt with saints around, He stands above thee through the night.
J. H. Newman.

798. DESIGN, Evidence of.

The cocoa-palm leaves infidels without excuse,
For nine and ninety are its common uses:
In hardened carelessness they wait a hundredth use
Until some new discovery introduces!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

799. DESIGN, Fruitless.

I do believe, you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break:
Purpose is but the slave to memory
Of violent birth but poor validity;
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Shakespeare.

800. DESIGN, Fruits of.

The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth have brought,
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent.
Edmund Spenser.

801. DESIRE, Evils of.

Thou blind man's mark; thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scatter'd thoughts;
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of ill, whose end is never wrought,
Desire! desire! I have too dearly bought,
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should'st my mind to higher things prepare.
Sir P. Sidney.

802. DESIRE, Fierce.

O fierce desire, the spring of sighs and tears,
Reliev'd with want, impoverish'd with store,
Nurst with vain hopes, and fed with doubtful fears,
Whose force withstood, increaseth more and more.
Samuel Brandon.

803. DESIRE, Holy.

O that mine eye might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived, in my breast;
That by each word and deed and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
Thomas Ellwood.

804. DESIRE, Limit of.

Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require;
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some in the depth of eloquence were drown'd.
. . . What then remains? Are we deprived of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel:
Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
Juvenal, tr. by John Dryden.

805. DESIRE, Nature of.

Desire himself runs out of breath,
And, getting, doth but gain his death;
Desire nor reason hath, nor rest,
And, blind, doth seldom choose the best:
Desire attained is not desire,
But as the cinders of the fire.

As ships in ports desired are drowned;
As fruits once ripe, then fall to ground;
As flies, that seek for flames, are brought
To cinders by the flames they sought:
So fond desire when it attains,
The life expires, the woe remains.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

806. DESIRE, Power of.

The band of thy resolve is a fine hair;
The wolf of thy desire would break a chain:
One day this ravening wolf that band will tear,
And then thy bitter cries will be in vain.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

807. DESIRE, Quality of.

Think, and be careful what thou art within,
For there is sin in the desire of sin:
Think, and be thankful, in a different case;
For there is grace in the desire of grace.
Lord Byron.

808. DESIRE, Spiritual.

Beauty,—may that of holiness be mine;
May power be given me to o'ercome the world;
For Pleasure, may I have a hand to pour

The oil and wine upon another's wound!
For Honor, may I bear my Saviour's cross;
For splendor, light that from His follower beams;
And be my Glory His approving smile;
My fame, the world's reproaches for His sake;
My wealth, a conscience where no rust corrodes—
One that may look into a coming world,
As nature shall dissolve, and feel secure!
With these to aid me in the mortal strife,
May I, the palm of victory o'er the grave,
Make my immortal prize!
Hannah F. Gould.

809. DESOLATION, Agony of.

The fountain of my heart dried up within me;
With naught that loved me, and with naught to love,
I stood upon the desert earth alone.
And in that deep and utter agony,
Though then than ever most unfit to die,
I fell upon my knees, and pray'd for death.
Charles R. Maturin.

810. DESOLATION, Despairing.

Manfred. The spirits I have raised abandoned me;
The spells which I have studied baffle me;
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;
I lean no more on superhuman aid:
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search. My mother Earth!
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openst over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest forever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil. *Lord Byron.*

811. DESOLATION, Social.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless. *James Thomson.*

812. DESPAIR, Blight of.

But desperate as their doom whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego;
Like yonder blasted boughs, by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life they never know,
But frown on all who pass, a monument of woe. *James Beattie.*

813. DESPAIR, Cry of.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze;
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now,
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she is awake!
Awake, my spirit,—think through whom
My life blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy Manhood—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth,—why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here—up to field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best.
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.
Lord Byron.

814. DESPAIR, Exchanged.

For shamefast harm of great and hateful need,
In deep despair, as did a wretch go,
With ready cord out of his life to speed,
His stumbling foot did find an hoard, lo,

Of gold, I say, where he prepar'd this deed,
And in exchange he left the cord tho.
He that had hid the gold, and found it not,
Of that he found he shap'd his neck a knot.
Sir Thomas Wyatt.

815. DESPAIR, Hopeless.

Manfred. Come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies; I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset; I have prayed
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
I have affronted death, but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In phantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Cresus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dashed me back
Into the gulf of my unfathomed thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long-pursued and superhuman art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live forever. *Lord Byron.*

816. DESPAIR, Religious.

Some deluded minds,
Harrowed by penal terrors, in the gulf
Of black despair are whelmed. No ray of hope
Dispels the involving gloom; a Deity,
With all the thunder of dread vengeance 'round him,
Is ever present to their tortured thoughts.
Samuel Hayes.

817. DESPAIR, Rescue from.

There are dark hours of sadness, dark hours of hopeless pain,
When thoughts akin to madness flash wildly through the brain;
When nameless anguish presses the heart beyond control,
And deepest gloom possesses the faint and trembling soul;
When every prop seems taken from life's receding shore,
And the mind, tempest-shaken, obeys the will no more.
But who, from yonder heaven, pities each earthly woe?
Who yonder cross hath given for every grief below?
Thine arms around it twining, to hope and prayer give room,
For there a flame is shining to light thy path of gloom.
An angel-form advances, and leads thee to that strand
Whence thy delighted glances may see the promised land.
From the German of Novalis.

818. DESPAIR, Resist.

Despair not, Virtue, who in sorrow's hour
Sigh'st to behold some idol overthrown,
And from the shade of thy domestic bower
Some green branch gone, some bird of promise flown:
God chastens but to prove thy faithfulness,
And in thy weakness He will be thy stay.
Trust and deserve, and He will soothe and bless;
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.
Despair not, man, however low thy state,
Nor scorn small blessings that around thee fall;
Learn to disdain the impious creed of fate,
And own the Providence that governs all.
If thou art baffled in thy earnest will,
Thy conscience clear, thy reason not astray,
Be this thy faith and consolation still,—
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.
P. Prince.

819. DESPAIR, Victim of.

"Drowned! drowned."—HAMLET.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver:
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly—
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!

Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

Thomas Hood.

820. DESPONDENCY, Avoid.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy, instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow;
Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gayly sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string, of gladness,
On this side of the tomb:
While stars are nightly shining,
And the Heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

821. DESPONDENCY, Cure for.

There's not a star the heaven can show,
There's not a cottage hearth below,
But feeds with solace kind the willing soul:
Men love us, or they need our love;
Freely they own, or heedless prove
The curse of lawless hearts, the joy of self-control.

Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,
Nor by the wayside lingering weep,
Nor fear to seek Him farther in the wild,
Whose love can turn earth's worst and least
Into a conqueror's royal feast;
Thou wilt not be untrue, thou shalt not be beguil'd.

John Keble.

822. DESPONDENCY, Discard.

Never go gloomily, man with a mind;
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.
All will be right,
Look to the light:
Morning was ever the daughter of night:
All that was black will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a trouble a blessing most true,

Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious, and joys ever new.
Stand in the van,
Strive like a man;
This is the bravest and cleverest plan;
Trusting in God while you do what you can.
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.
M. F. Tupper.

823. DESPONDENCY, Exorcising.

Oh! never wear a brow of care, or frown with rueful gravity,
For wit's the child of wisdom, and good humor is the twin;
No need to play the Pharisee, or groan at man's depravity,
Let one man be a good man, and let all be fair within.
Speak sober truths with smiling lips; the bitter wrap in sweetness—
Sound sense in seeming nonsense, as the grain is hid in chaff:
And fear not that the lesson e'er may seem to lack completeness—
A man may say a wise thing, though he say it with a laugh.

"A soft word oft turns wrath aside" (so says the great instructor),
A smile disarms resentment, and a jest drives gloom away;
A cheerful laugh to anger is a magical conductor,
The deadly flash averting, quickly changing night to day.
Then is not he the wisest man who rids his brow of wrinkles,
Who bears his load with merry heart, and lightens it by half—
Whose pleasant tones ring in the ear, as mirthful music tinkles,
And whose words are true and telling, though they echo in a laugh?

So temper life's work—weariness with timely relaxation;
Most witless wight of all is he who never plays the fool;
The heart grows gray before the head, when sunk in sad prostration;
Its winter knows no Christmas, with its glowing log of Yule.
Why weep, faint-hearted and forlorn, when evil comes to try us?
The fount of hope wells ever nigh—'twill cheer us if we quaff;
And, when the gloomy phantom of despondency stands by us,
Let us, in calm defiance, exorcise it with a laugh!

824. DESPONDENCY, Hill of.

It is a weary hill
Of moving sand that still
Shifts, struggle as we will,
Beneath our tread:
Of those who went before,
And tracked the desert o'er,
The footmarks are no more,
But gone and fled.

I gaze on that bright band,
Who on the summit stand,
To order and command,
Like stars on high:
Yet with despairing pace
My way I could retrace,
Or on this desert place
Sink down and die.

As we who toil and weep,
And with our weeping steep
The path o'er which we creep,
They had not striven;
They must have taken flight
To that serenest height,
And won it by the might
Of wings from heaven.
Richard Chenevix Trench.

825. DESPONDENCY, Light in.

When the sky is black and lowering, when thy path in life is drear,
Upward lift thy steadfast glances, 'mid the maze of sorrow here.
From the beaming Fount of gladness shall descend a radiance bright;
And the grave shall be a garden, and the hours of darkness light.
For the Lord will hear and answer when in faith His people pray;
Whatsoe'er He hath appointed shall but work thee good alway.
E'en thy very hairs are numbered, God commands when one shall fall;
And the Lord is with His people, helping each and blessing all.
Martin Luther.

826. DESPONDENCY, Philosophy of.

But as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain side:
By our own spirits we are deified:
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness. *William Wordsworth.*

827. DESPONDENCY, Prayer in.

Bear Thou my burden, Thou who bear'st my sin,
Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear;

Oh, take them, call them Thine; yes, Thine,
though mine;
And give me calm repose in hours of fear
and care.

Let me not fret because of evil men;
Smooth Thou each angry ripple of my soul.
Reviled, oh, let me not revile again,
And ever let Thy hand my rising warmth
control.

Let not my peace be broken when the wrong
Conquers the right; but let me still wait
on;
The day of right is coming, late, but long,—
Long right beneath the sway of the all-
righteous One.

When truth is overborne and error reigns,
When clamor lords it over patient love,
Give the brave calmness which from wrath
refrains,
Yet from the steadfast course declines one
foot to move.

When love no refuge finds but silent faith,
When meekness fain would hide its heavy
head,
When trustful truth, shunning the words of
wrath,
Waits for the day of right, so long, so long
delayed;

Beneath the load of crosses and of cares;
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful
words;
Oh, bear me up, when this weak flesh de-
spairs,
And the one arm which faith can lean on
is the Lord's. *Horatius Bonar.*

828. DESPONDENCY, Triumph over.

And may I still get there?
Still reach that heavenly shore?
That land forever fair,
Where sorrow reigns no more?
Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last and fly
On angel's wings to heaven.

My soul has been a prey
To guilt and dark despair;
Can God, I used to say,
Hear such a sinner's prayer?
Or must I groan and weep,
Unheard by Him on high,
And sink to torments deep,
Forever there to die?

How often have I feared
I ne'er should see bright heaven,
But when the Lord appear'd
Should from His face be driven;
Should from the holy part,
Should bid my friends farewell,
And seek, with quivering heart,
My fitting home in hell.

Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise
I part with earth and sin,
And shout the dangers past;
My Saviour takes me in,
And I am His at last.
William Hunter.

829. DESTINY, Hand of.

The king was on his throne, the satraps
thronged the hall:
A thousand bright lamps shone o'er that high
festival.
A thousand cups of gold, in Judah deemed
divine;
Jehovah's vessels hold the godless heathen's
wine!
In that same hour and hall, the fingers of a
hand
Came forth against the wall, and wrote as if
on sand;
The fingers of a man, a solitary hand,
Along the letters ran and traced them like a
wand.
The monarch saw and shook, and bade no
more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look, and tremulous
his voice:
"Let the men of lore appear, the wisest of
the earth,
And expound the words of fear which mar
our royal mirth." *Lord Byron.*

830. DESTINY, Human.

Whate'er man's destiny may be,
His mind is changed accordingly:
With it his heart in union blends,
And thus come God's appointed ends.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

831. DESTRUCTION, Dream of.

I had a dream. A narrow bridge-way led
Across a mighty gulf, in whose deep bosom,
Down, down a frightful depth, on pointed
rocks,
The mangled carcasses of men were strewed
In one promiscuous ruin. Death sat there
On his dark throne, 'mid one vast sea of
blood!
I look'd—and lo! millions of moving men
Pressed madly on the space which none could
tread
In safety without care—thousands and thou-
sands fell
Each moment in th' abyss through heedless-
ness,
To rise no more forever! Still there came
Thousands and thousands more—and marked
the fall
Of friends and dear companions, and e'en
wept,
But took no better heed, and fell themselves
In the same ruin. Some who came were
blind,
And some were maimed, and faint, and tot-
tering;
And some seem'd urged by very madness
on;

And yet 'twas said that all were *rational*
Children of earth—and journeying to the clime
Of cloudless skies and peaceful scenes, beyond
That gulf, o'er which there was but this one passage.
I look'd again—and saw that there were those
Amid the crowd who pointed out the danger,
And warn'd and warn'd their fellows to beware,
Offer'd to lead the blind, assist the maimed,
And strove to win e'en madness back to reason.
But these were hiss'd at, shunned, despised as men
Of little wisdom, or ignoble souls;
Yet these went cautious on, and all escaped
The certain fate of their despisers.
I woke—it was a dream. But I have thought,
Oft thought, how like this scene is that we see
Daily around, in this our pilgrimage—
How the world runs to ruin, all are bound
O'er the strait way that leads to happy climes
Beyond the shores of time. Yet who can count
The countless millions of immortal souls
Which perish—fall, forever, in the abyss
Of endless death, even through very folly,
In wending o'er the narrow bridge of life!

832. DETECTION, The Sinner's.

The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise to o'erwhelm him: or if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave: nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulf.
William Cowper.

833. DETERMINATION, Firm.

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory
Or die with fame, renown'd in chivalry.
He is not worthy of the honey-comb
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings.
Shakespeare.

834. DETERMINATION, Penitential.

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sov'reign grace.

Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.
Wm. Jones.

835. DETRACTION, Monster of.

Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
P. Massinger.

836. DEVIL, Fear of the.

Lucifer. I am he!
It is enough to make the devil merry,
To think that men call on me momently,
Deeming me ever dungeoned fast in Hell;
Swearers and swaggerers jeer at my name;
And oft indeed it is a special jest
With witling gallants. Let me once appear!
Woe's me! they faint and shudder—pale and pray;
The burning oath which quivered on the lip,
Starts back and sears and blisters up the tongue;
Confusion ransacks the abandoned heart,
Quells the bold blood, and o'er the vaulted brow
Slips the white woman-hand. To judgment, ho!
The pivot of the earth seems snapped;
And down they drop like ruins to repent.
Such be the bravery of mighty man!
Philip James Bailey.

837. DEVIL, Origin of the.

Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out of Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels: by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory, above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal; but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,

Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate:
At once, as far as angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious; here their pris'n ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire. *John Milton.*

838. DEVIL, Walk of the.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
The devil's a walking gone;
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.
And over the hill and over the dale
He rambled, and over the plain;
And backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.

"And pray, now, how was the devil dress'd?"
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat it was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind, which his tail went thro'.
He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dunghill by his own stable;
And the devil he smil'd, for it put him in mind,
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse,
Ride by on his vocation;
And again he smil'd, for it put him in mind,
Of Death in the Revelation.
He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Says he, we are both of one college,
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once,
Hard by the tree of knowledge.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

839. DEVILS, Conflict with.

Hark, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh;
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,—
Go forth to glorious war.

See on the mountain top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearer I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh,
He bore the cross for all.

Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to Him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell.
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

Angels our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try;
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

On earth the usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour.
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

Jesus' tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesus' blood,
We still to conquer go.

Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
"Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with Me."
Charles Wesley.

840. DEVILS, Worship of.

God-like shapes, and forms
Excelling human; princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now

Be no memorial, blotted out and raz'd,
By their rebellion, from the book of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high suff'rance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies, the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of Him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known; who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by His altar; gods ador'd
Among the nations round; and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Zion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within His sanctuary itself, their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront His light. *John Milton.*

841. DEVOTION, Absence of.

The spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.
Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

Dews fall apace,
The dews of grace,
Upon this soul of sin;
And love Divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within:
Yet, year by year,
Fruits, flowers, appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow;
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow!
And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
Lord! make this heart
To bear its part,
And join the praise of spring! *John S. B. Monsell.*

842. DEVOTION, Ardent.

Ye quietists in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who halt, indeed,
But for the blessing wrestle not with Heaven!
Think you my song too turbulent, too warm?
Are passions, then, the Pagans of the soul?
Reason alone baptiz'd? alone ordain'd
To touch things sacred? O for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers:
O for an humbler heart and prouder song!
Thou, my much injured theme! with that soft eye
Which melted o'er doomed Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast,
And pardon to the winter in my strain.
O ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper here.
Shall Heaven, which gave us ardor, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
The smooth emollients in theology
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odors sweet from incense uninflamed?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven:
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High Heaven's orchestra chants Amen to man. *Edward Young.*

843. DEVOTION, Constant.

If we with earnest efforts could succeed
To make our life one long connected prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been and are,
If never leaving Thee, we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into Thy presence, but continued there,
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire throne, this were to pray indeed.
But if distractions manifold prevail
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for prayer or praise,
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze. *Richard Chenevix Trench.*

844. DEVOTION, Light of.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save,
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus by the glare of false science betrayed,—
That leads to bewilder; and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"Oh pity, great Father of Light!" then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would wander from Thee:
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free."

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

James Beattie.

845. DEVOTION, Obstruction to.

Poor heart, lament;
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools His will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move;
For He is Power: and sure He would;
For He is love.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book:
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
To such indifference chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay! what's there?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear Him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray;
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart, rejoice.

George Herbert

846. DEVOTION, Ostentatious.

The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars that are raised
By pure devotion; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,
Before whole hecatombs of Sabæan gems,
Offered, in ostentation. *Philip Massinger.*

847. DEVOTION, Prayer of.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams.

848. DEVOTION, Spiritual.

The woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarolle;
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,

Far more than of the flax; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church, that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
Thus swift and steadfast; thus intent and strong
While, thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

849. DEVOTION, Temple of.

Man at home, within himself, may find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore His providence and power.
I see, and I adore! O God most bounteous!
O Infinite of goodness and of glory!
The knee that Thou hast shaped shall bend to Thee;
The tongue which Thou hast tuned shall chant Thy praise,
And Thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee forever!
Christopher Smart.

850. DEVOTION, Universal.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or silent tree;
Go, hearken to the old church bells,
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee.
Interpret right, and ye will find
'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim;
The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish "hallowed be Thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires;
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes nor tires;
But holiest rite or longest prayer,
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than "FATHER! hallowed be Thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one
Who laughs to see the clear, round moon;
The saint well taught in Christian lore;
The Moslem prostrate at his flame—
All worship, wonder, and adore;
All end in "hallowed be Thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still;
We trace them on the bloomy mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill.
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied breathing tells the same.
The strains may differ; but the *theme*
Is, "FATHER! hallowed be Thy name!"
Eliza Cook.

851. DIGNITY, Burden of.

Great honors are great burdens; but on whom
They're cast with envy, he doth bear two loads;
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon; and for doing well,
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
Ben Jonson.

852. DIGNITY, Relief from.

Wolsey. I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me—
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity ta'en,
A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Shakespeare.

853. DISAPPOINTMENT, Benefit of.

Trouble, and loss, and grief and pain,
Have crowded all my forty years;
I never could my wish obtain,
And own at last with joyful tears,
The man whom God delights to bless
He never curses with success.

How oft didst Thou my soul withhold,
And baffle my pursuit of fame,
And mortify my lust of gold,
And blast me in my surest aim,
Withdraw my animal delight,
And starve my grovelling appetite!

Thy goodness, obstinate to save,
Hath all my airy schemes o'erthrown;
My will Thou would'st not let me have;
With blushing thankfulness I own
I envied oft the swine their meat,
But could not gain the husks to eat.

Thou wouldst not let Thy captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will;
Thy Love forbade my rest below:
Thy patient Love pursued me still,
And forced me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.

Joy of mine eyes, and more beloved
(Forgive me, gracious God!) than Thee,
Thy sudden stroke far off removed
And stopt my vile idolatry,
And drove me from the idol's shrine,
And cast me at the feet divine.

But can I now the loss lament,
Or murmur at Thy friendly blow?
Thy friendly blow my spirit hath rent
From every seeming good below:
Thrice happy loss, which makes me see
My happiness is all in Thee!

How shall I bless Thy thwarting Love,
So near in my temptation's hour?

It flew my ruin to remove,
  It snatched me from my nature's power,
Broke off my grasp of creature good,
And plunged me in the atoning Blood.

See, then at last I all resign,
  I yield me up Thy lawful prey;
Take this poor long-sought soul of mine,
  And bear me in Thine arms away,
Whence I may never more remove,
Secure in Thy eternal Love.

Charles Wesley.

854. DISAPPOINTMENT, Blight of.

Disappointment rather seemed
Negative of delight. It was a thing
Sluggish and torpid, tending toward death.
Its breath was cold, and made the sportive blood
Stagnant, and dull, and heavy round the wheels
Of life; the roots of that whereon it blew
Decayed, and with the genial soil no more
Held sympathy; the leaves, the branches drooped,
And mouldered slowly down to formless dust.

Robert Pollok.

855. DISAPPOINTMENT, Compensation of.

Nay 'tis not that we fancied it,
  This magic world of ours;
We thought its skies were only blue,
  Its fields all sun and flowers.

Its streams all summer-bright and glad,
  Its seas all smiles and calms,
Its path, from youth to age, one long
  Green avenue of palms.

But clouds came up, with gloom and shade
  Our sky was overcast,
The hot mist threw its blight around,
  Sunshine and flowers went past.

Hopes perished that had hung like wreaths
  Around youth's buoyant brow,
And joys, like withered autumn leaves,
  Dropped from the shaken bough.

Yet from these clouds comes forth the light,—
  Light beaming from on high;
And from these faded flowers spring up
  The flowers that cannot die.

Far fairer is the land we seek,
  A land without a tomb,
An everlasting resting-place,
  A sure and quiet home.

Far sunnier than the hills of time
  Are its eternal hills;
Far fresher than the rills of earth
  Are its eternal rills.

No blight can fall upon its flowers,
  No darkness fill its air,
It has a day forever bright,
  For Christ, its sun, is there.

O Sun of love and peace, arise
  Thy light upon us beam;
For all this life is but a sleep,
  And all this world a dream.

Horatius Bonar.

856. DISAPPOINTMENT, Expect.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus; when Hope has built a bower,
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thornless flower,
To dwell therein securely, the self-deceiver's trust,
A whirlwind from the desert comes, and "all is in the dust."

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, that, when the poor heart clings,
With all its finest tendrils, with all its flexile rings,
That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and fast,
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss,
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this:
One moment round about us their angel lightning play;
Then down the vale of darkness drops, and all has passed away.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for earth,
Seraphic sounds, that float away, borne heavenward in their birth:
The golden shell is broken, the silver chord is mute,
The sweet bells are all silent, and hushed the lovely lute.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with all that's best below:
The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always the first to go;
The bird that sings the sweetest; the vine that crowns the rock;
The glory of the garden; "the flower of the flock."

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,
Too finely framed to 'bide the brunt more earthly natures bear:
A little while they dwell with us, blessed ministers of love;
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above.

857. DISAPPOINTMENT, General.

How sweet the days we yearn for,—*till* fulfilled:
  O distant Paradise,

Dear Land to which Desire forever flees;
  Time doth no present to our grasp allow,
Say in the fixed Eternal shall we seize
  At last the fleeting Now?

Dream not of days to come—of that Unknown
Whither Hope wanders—maze without a clew;
Give their true witchery to the flowers,—thine own
Youth, in their youth renew.

Avarice, remember when the cowslip's gold
Lured and yet lost its glitter in thy grasp.
Do thy hoards glad thee more than those of old?
Those withered in thy clasp.

From *these* thy clasp falls palsied. It was then
That thou wert rich—thy coffers are a lie;
Alas, poor fool, Joy is the wealth of men,
And Care their penury.

Come, foiled Ambition, what hast thou desired?
Empire and power? O wanderer, tempest-tost!
These once were thine, when life's gay spring inspired
Thy soul with glories lost.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

858. DISAPPOINTMENT, Love's.

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that moonlight flood:
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold,—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely!
Would this be world enough for thee?"
Playful she turned, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she marked how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And bursting into heartfelt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right;
We part—forever part—to-night!
I knew, I knew it *could* not last;
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
O misery! must I lose *that* too?"

Thomas Moore.

859. DISAPPOINTMENT, Mockery of.

Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.

Oliver Goldsmith.

860. DISAPPOINTMENT, Moral of.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad:
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resigned thy peaceful cypress twine.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurled,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still.

Henry Kirke White.

861. DISAPPOINTMENT, Severe.

Like one, who doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home, at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure;
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted,
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, through many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone, brought fondly back
Its toil and grief repaying.
Like him, alas! I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What took whole years to cherish.

862. DISAPPOINTMENT, Universal.

Trust not these seas again,
Tho' smooth and fair;
Trust not these waves again,
Shipwreck is there.

Trust not these stars again,
Tho' bright and fair;
Trust not these skies again,
Tempest is there.

Trust not that breeze again,
Gentle and fair;
Trust not these clouds again,
Lightning is there.

Trust not that isle again,
Flower-crowned and fair;
Trust not its rocks again,
Earthquake is there.

Trust not these flowers again,
Fragrant and fair;
Trust not that rose again,
Blighting is there.

Trust not that earth again,
Verdant and fair;
Trust not its fields again,
Winter is there.

Trust not these hopes again,
Sunny and fair;
Trust not that smile again,
Peril is there.

Trust not this world again,
Smiling and fair;
Trust not its sweets again,
Wormwood is there.

Trust not its love again,
Sparkling and fair;
Trust not its joy again,
Sorrow is there.

Horatius Bonar.

863. DISAPPOINTMENT, Wear of.

Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop that wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

Lord Byron.

864. DISCIPLINE, Benefit of.

Peace, peace; it is not so. Thou dost miscall
Thy physic; pills that change
Thy sick accessions into settled health;
This is the great elixir that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth,
And brings man home when he doth range.
Did not He who ordain'd the day
Ordain night too?
And in the greater world display
What in the lesser He would do?
All flesh is clay, thou knowest; and but that God
Doth use His rod,
And by a fruitful change of frost and showers
Cherish and bind thy powers,
Thou would'st to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
And be more wild than is thy verse.
Sickness is wholesome, crosses are but curbs
To check the mule, unruly man;
They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.
Were all the year one constant sunshine, we
Should have no flowers;
All would be drought and leanness; not a tree
Would make us bowers.
Beauty consists in colors; and that's best
Which is not fixed, but flies and flows.
The settled red is dull, and whites that rest
Something of sickness would disclose.
Vicissitude plays all the game;
Nothing that stirs,
Or hath a name,
But waits upon this wheel;
Kingdoms too have their physic, and for steel
Exchange their peace and furs.
Thus doth God key disorder'd man,
Which none else can,
Tuning his breast to rise and fall;
And by a sacred, needful art,
Like strings, stretch ev'ry part,
Making the whole most musical.

Henry Vaughan.

865. DISCIPLINE, Design of.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown
No traveller e'er reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.
Worldlings may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheer'd, as they go, by many a sprightly strain;
Where nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet, they yet securely tread;
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent on all pleasure, heedless of its end.
But He, who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the soul His grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, "Go spend them in the vale of tears."

William Cowper.

866. DISCIPLINE, Example of.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well;
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died!
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

Sir Robert Grant.

867. DISCIPLINE, Mystery of.

As the heart-strings only render
All their treasure of sweet sound,—
All their music, glad or tender,—
Firmly struck and tightly bound;
So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.
Spices crushed, their pungence yield,
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire:
Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
And, through suffering, toil, and shame,
From the martyr's keenest flame,
Heavenly incense is distilled!

Adam of St. Victor, tr. by Mrs. Charles.

868. DISCIPLINE, Peace in.

The world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
The peace of God, which Christ has bought—
The peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remainèd there;
The Three, when Jesus made the Fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And, though He does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

Countess of Huntingdon and John Mason.

869. DISCIPLINE, Prayer for.

In the still air music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master! touch us with Thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor! hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!

H. Bonar.

870. DISCIPLINE, Refuge in.

Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the Tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty Shield?

When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living Bread,

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though Sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of Grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my Righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove
While Jesus intercedes above,

Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine,
Jesus is all, and He is mine! *John Newton.*

871. DISCIPLINE, Sculpture of.

Shrink not from suffering. Each dear blow,
From which thy smitten spirit bleeds,
Is but a messenger to show
The renovation which it needs.

The earthly sculptor smites the rock;
Loud the relentless hammer rings;

And from the rude, unshapen block,
At length, imprisoned beauty brings.

Thou art that rude, unshapen stone;
And waitest, till the arm of strife
Shall make its crucifixions known,
And smite and carve thee into life.

The Heavenly Sculptor works on thee;
Be patient. Soon His arm of might
Shall from thy prison's darkness free,
And change thee to a form of light.
Thomas C. Upham.

872. DISCIPLINE, Weary of.

I would have gone; God bade me stay:
I would have worked; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go:
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil:
But, Christ, my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil
And rest with thee?
Christina G. Rossetti.

873. DISCIPLINE, Wisdom of.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
His will is ever just;
Howe'er He orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my grief away,
And patiently I wait His day

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He taketh thought for me;
The cup that my Physician gives
No poisoned draught can be,
But medicine due;
For God is true;
And on that changeless truth I build,
And all my heart with hope is fill'd.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My Light, my Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.
S. Rodigast, tr. by C. Winkworth.

874. DISCONTENT, Constant.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends.
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers, with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from its mother's arms;
What, then, shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemned to suffer, through the day,
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wished return.
From hard control and tyrant-rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam;
And tears will struggle in his eye,
While he remembers, with a sigh,
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes, the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind:
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not youth as fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah, no! for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
Its fabled bliss destroy;
And youth remembers, with a sigh,
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But, with the baseless hopes of youth,
Its generous warmth is gone.
Cold, calculating cares succeed,—
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth.
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering, with an envious sigh,
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow:
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its hopes are o'er;
Yet age remembers, with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

Robert Southey.

875. DISCONTENT Cured.

Light human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause; complaining on—
Restless with rest—until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost
Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost
Of our ripe peach; or let the wilful sun
Shine westward of our window—straight we run
A furlong's sigh as if the world were lost.
But what time through the heart and through the brain
God hath transfixed us, we, so moved before,
Attain to a calm. Ay, shouldering weights of pain,
We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore;
And hear submissive, o'er the stormy main,
God's chartered judgments walk forevermore.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

876. DISCONTENT, Disease of.

Varia, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety,
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloys.
'Tis a dull circle that we tread;
Just from the window to the bed.
We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world a while, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a lodging in our breast:
She finds or frames vexations still,
Herself the greatest plague we feel.
We take strange pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Resume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath the imaginary weight.
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life
From peevish humors are not free.
Still we affect variety:
Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away—
We shift our chambers and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes:
Sylvia has left the city crowd;
Against the court exclaims aloud;
Flies to the woods, a hermit saint!
She loathes her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn;
But humor, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart; she's hurried still,
'Twixt her wild passions and her will;
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind:
In vain,—if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind.

Isaac Watts.

877. DISCONTENT, Evil of.

Sour discontent, that quarrels with our fate,
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate;
The uneasy passion's disingenuous wit
The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.

Sir Richard Blackmore.

It is not well to brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brook, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks hope would else reveal.

Anna Pyre Dinnies.

878. DISCONTENT, Fable of.

The lion craved the fox's art;
The fox the lion's force and heart;
The cock implored the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The pigeon strength of wing despised,
And the cock's matchless valor prized.
The fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.

John Gay.

879. DISCONTENT, General.

O'er the rocks we climb,
Erring, stumbling all the time,
Till we come out on the plain;
But there it feels too wide and broad,
And soon we seek the narrow road,
And the mountain path again.

880. DISCONTENT, Growth of.

All thought
They once were happy; and even while they smoked
And panted in the chase, believed themselves
More miserable to-day than yesterday—
To-morrow than to-day. When youth complained,
The ancient sinner shook his hoary head,
As if he meant to say: Stop till you come
My length, and then you may have cause to sigh.
At twenty, cried the boy, who now had seen
Some blemish in his joys: How happily
Plays yonder child that busks the mimic babe,
And gathers gently flowers, and never sighs!
At forty in the fervor of pursuit,
Far on in disappointment's dreary vale,
The grave and sage-like man looked back upon
The stripling youth of plump unseared hope,
Who galloped gay and briskly up behind;
And, moaning, wished himself eighteen again.

And he of threescore years and ten, in whose
Chilled eye, fatigued with gaping after hope,
Earth's freshest verdure seemed but blasted leaves—
Praised childhood, youth, and manhood, and denounced
Old age alone as barren of all joy.
Decisive proof that men had left behind
The happiness they sought, and taken a most
Erroneous path; since every step they took
Was deeper mire. Yet did they onward run,
Pursuing hope that danced before them still,
And beckoned them to proceed; and with their hands,
That shook and trembled piteously with age,
Grasped at the lying Shade, even till the earth
Beneath them broke, and wrapt them in the grave. *Robert Pollok.*

881. DISCORD Described.

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snipe-like nose and ferret-glowing eyes;
Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supplied,
Poor, crackling joints and wither'd, parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin. *John Wolcot.*

882. DISCORD, Earthly.

The earth is full of discords, for men deem
Each his own cymbal sweetest. Selfish clang
Whelms holy sounds that first from Bethlehem rang.
Fire-balls break harshly on melodious dream,
To sufferer's pillow brought by Christmas theme,
Carolled in depth of midnight. Deafening bang
Of idol-service drowns the fakeer's pang,
Crushed beneath car-wheels, while none heed his scream.
Ah doleful tuning-time! our ears are stunned
With crossing clamors. Would our eyes might see
The Leader's rod uplifted, and His fund
Of deep soul-music rise like snow-rills sunned
'Neath Polar summer. So should discord be
Flooded in harpings from the crystal sea!

883. DISCORD, Human.

O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait. *J. Milton.*

884. DISCOURAGEMENT, Prayer in.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace;"—
So pray we sometimes, mourning our lot;
God in His kindness answereth not

"Two hands to work addrest
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears;"—
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these! *Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.*

885. DISCRETION, Importance of.

Unto fair conclusions argueth generous youth,
And quickly he starteth on his course, knight-errant to do good.
His sword is edged with arguments, his vizor terrible with censures;
He goeth full-mailed in faith, and zeal is flaming at his heart.
Yet one thing he lacketh, the Mentor of the mind,
The quiet whisper of Discretion,—Thy time is not yet come.
For he smiteth an oppressor; and vengeance for that smiting
Is dealt in double stripes on the faint body of the victim;
He is glad to give and to distribute; and clamorous pauperism feasteth,
While honest labor, pining, hideth his shark ribs:
He challengeth to a fair field that subtle giant, Infidelity,
And, worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the hands of error;
He hasteth to teach and preach, as the war-horse rusheth to the battle,
And, to pave a way for truth, would break up the Apennines of prejudice:
He wearieth by stale proofs, where none looked for a reason,
And to the listening ear will urge the false argument of feeling.
So hath it often been, that, judging by results,
The hottest friends of Truth have done her deadliest wrong.
Alas! for there are enemies without, glad enough to parley with a traitor,

And a zealot will let down the drawbridge, to prove his own prowess:
Yea, from within will he break away a breach in the citadel of truth,
That he may fill the gap for fame with his own weak body.
Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto good:
Touch not the ark with unclean hand, yea, though it seems to totter.
There are evil who work good, and there are good who work evil,
And foolish backers of Wisdom have brought on her many reproaches.
Truth hath more than enough to combat in the minds of all men,
For the mist of sense is a thick veil, and sin hath warped their wills:
Yet doth an officious helper awkwardly prevent her victory,—
These thy wounded hands were smitten in the house of friends:
To point out a meaning in her words he will blot those words with his finger;
And winnow chaff into the eyes, before he hath wheat to sow:
He will heap sturdy logs on a faint, expiring fire,
And with a room in flames, will cast the casement open;
By a shoulder to the wheel down hill harasseth the laboring breast,
And where obstruction is needed, will harm by an ill-judged thrusting-on.
A vessel foundereth at sea, if a storm have unshipped the rudder;
And a mind with much sail shall require heavy ballast.
Take a lever by the middle, thou shalt seem to prove it powerless;
Argue for truth indiscreetly, thou shalt toil for falsehood.
There is plenty of room for a peaceable man in the most thronged assembly;
But a quarrelsome spirit is straitened in the open field:
Many a teacher, lacking judgment, hindereth his own lessons;
And the savory mess of pottage is spoiled by a bitter herb:
The garment woven of a piece is rashly torn by schism,
Because its unwise claimants will not cast lots for its possession.
Discretion guide thee on the way, nobly-minded youth,
Help thee to humor infirmities, to wink at innocent errors,
To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice and fancy;
Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine answer,
Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech,
Whisper thee, thou art Weakness, though thy cause be strength,
And tell thee, the keystone of an arch can be loosened with least labor from within.
The snows of Hecla lie around its troubled, smoking Geysers;
Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot spring of zeal;
So shalt thou gain thine honorable end, nor lose the midway prize,
So shalt thy life be useful, and thy young heart happy. *M. F. Tupper.*

886. DISENCHANTMENT, Process of.

O Saviour! whose mercy severe in its kindness,
Hath chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power that illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy;
And still in displeasure Thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze—but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn:
Thou show'dst me the path; it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and the crown,
I asked—and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave!

Subdued and instructed at length to Thy will,
My hopes and my wishes I freely resign;
O, give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest, but 'tis found in the bosom of God. *Sir Robert Grant.*

887. DISHONESTY, Excuse for.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answer'd, "Oh no!
What! rob our good neighbor! I pray you don't go;
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke and Tom ponder'd, "I see they will go:
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He flamed and protested, but join'd in the plan:
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man. *William Cowper.*

888. DISHONOR, Perpetuity of.

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonor, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.
Thomas Moore.

889. DISOBEDIENCE, Fruit of.

Torches were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light was flung,
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there;
As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show,—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hushed a while,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear;
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook
When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasped hands o'er it raised,—
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed!

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppressed!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain:
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped,—and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words, yet all too weak,
Gave his soul's passion sway.

"O father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father! once again,
I weep,—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire!
To hear thee bless thy son.

"Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief,
My king! I *must* be heard!
Hushed, hushed,—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not!
When was it thus, woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive;
O, for one moment of the past
To kneel and say, 'Forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest king
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart:
O, ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert,—and *there* thou art!

"Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be!
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

890. DISPUTANT, A Ready.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done;
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts:
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able
As he that height Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce:
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all:
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learnèd Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice,
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was disposed, could prove it
Below the moon or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a high Dutch interpreter;
Who first made music malleable;
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloss or comment.
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.

Butler's Hudibras.

891. DISQUIET, Emblem of.

Behold an emblem of our human mind,
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
Yet like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

William Wordsworth.

892. DISQUIET, General.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.
. . . Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load:
But straight returns; for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;

No sooner entered at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn and snore,
Or seek the city which he left before.
Thus ev'ry man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still. *Lucretius, tr. by John Dryden.*

893. DISSATISFACTION, Cause of.

Oh! who would cherish life,
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempest cloud the fairest day;
And where, 'neath outward smiles,
Concealed the snake lies feeding on its prey,
Where pitfalls lie in every flowery way,
And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
I'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dinning the ear; away—away with life!
Henry Kirke White.

894. DISSATISFACTION, Innate.

The miser must make up his plum,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum;
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.
Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty, something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel something unpossessed
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain;
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a wish, and all a ladle.
Matthew Prior.

895. DISSATISFACTION, Lament of.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround;
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure. *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

896. DISSATISFACTION, Mutual.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gayly dressed wife by his side,
In satin and laces; she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood sawyer stood in the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said as he worked with a saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife:
One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health,
Of the man that saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along, with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish possession and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus, in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed,
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but heaven can fill.

897. DISSENSION, Cause of.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in the sunny hour fall off
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reached the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part forever,
Thomas Moore.

898. DISTANCE, Enchantment of.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, grows divinely there.
Thomas Campbell.

899. DIVINE UNION, Experience of.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death, can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath, I His by vow;
He's mine by faith, and I am His by love;
He's mine by water, I am His by wine;
Thus I my best Beloved's am—thus He is mine!

He is my altar; I His holy place;
I am His guest, and He my living food;
I'm His by penitence; He mine by grace;
I'm His by purchase; He is mine by blood;
He's my supporting elm, and I His vine;
Thus I my best Beloved's am—thus He is mine!

He gives me wealth; I give Him all my vows;
I give Him songs; He gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace He crowns my conquering brows,
And I His temples, with a crown of praise
Which He accepts; an everlasting sign
That I my best Beloved's am—that He is mine!
Francis Quarles.

900. DIVINE UNION, Satisfaction of.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone;
No other can I claim to own;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love; life's only sweet.
Madame Guyon.

901. DIVINE UNION, Simile of.

The brooks rush downward to the sea,
Arising far in cliffs and mountains;
But mingle soon rejoicingly,
And make great streams from little fountains.

And then the streams, without delay,
Still to the sea's great bosom tending,
Roll proudly on their winding way,
At last with ocean's billows blending.

And so, oh God, our souls to Thee,
Onward and onward, ever going,
(We are the fountains, Thou the sea,)
To Thy great sea of life are flowing.

Yes! One with God, as Christ is One,
No longer tost by earth's commotion,
Our little streams, their journey done,
Shall rest, at last, in God's great ocean.
Thomas C. Upham.

902. DIVINITY OF CHRIST, Faith in the.

Jesus is God! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib;
On Calvary's cross, true God:
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God! there never was
A time when He was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot.
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch
Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are His!

Jesus is God! let sorrow come,
And pain and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord.

Jesus is God! oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,—
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

Jesus is God! if on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.

We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

F. W. Faber.

903. DOGMATISM, Baseless.

"Thus it is written." Where? Oh, where?
In the blue chart of the air?
In the sunlight? In the dark?
In the distant starry spark?
In the white scroll of the cloud?
In the waved line of the flood?
In the distant range of cliff?
In the rock's deep hieroglyph?
In the scribbled veins of metal?
In the tracings on the petal?
In the fire's fantastic loom?
In the fur, or scale, or plume?
In the greeting brother's glance?
In the corp's countenance?
In men's real thoughts and ways?
Time's long track, or passing days?
In the cipher of the whole?
In the core of my soul?
Nay!—I have sincerely sought,
But no glimpse of this thing caught.

William Allingham.

904. DOING GOOD, Call to.

Come! let us arise, and press to the skies;
The summons obey,
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.
The Master of all, for our service doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With smiles of acceptance, our labor of love.

His burden who bear, we alone can declare
How easy his yoke,
While to love and good works we each other provoke.
By word and by deed, the bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

Then let us attend our heavenly Friend,
In his members distrest,
By want, or affliction, or sickness opprest.
The prisoner relieve, the stranger receive;
Supply all their wants,
And spend and be spent in assisting his saints.

905. DOING GOOD, Duty of.

I sat, and gazed upon my sunny home:
All pleasant things were there;
Bright things to look at, and sweet soothing sounds.
That came and went upon the perfumed air.
The sunbeams glanced and quivered
Through the many-colored pane,
And the marble floor at the open door
Mirrored it back again;
The flowers blushed in beauty;
The birds sang forth their glee:
I looked and listened; and I thanked my Father
That 'twas all for me.

And then I thought of One who had been here
In days of yore,
Wearily walking on the world He made:
The Son of man, and yet the Son of God;
Despised and poor!
I thought of Him when first His infant form
Needed a resting-place, and there was none:
The King of Heaven was waiting to be housed;
Earth's dwellings had no room!
I thought of Him upon the mountain-side,
When all night long
The silent stars looked down upon His loneliness;
For Jesus had no home!

I thought and thought, until my gushing heart
Groaned forth its longings:
"O! had I been there,
What tender ministry, what fostering care,
Wouldst Thou have known,
Thou blessed One!
What kindly words!
What thoughts and deeds of love!"
The hot tears gathered fast:
I laid me down and wept.

Was it a breeze that stole into my room,
So like a voice?
That came quite close—close to my burning brow,
And whispered, "*Why not now?*"
It came again: I brushed the tears away;
And as I bent my head down very low,
I thought I heard Him say,
"*But why not now?*

"There is a doorway in a narrow street,
And close beside that door a broken stair,
And then a low, dark room.
The room is bare:
But in a corner lies
A worn-out form upon a hard straw-bed,
No pillow underneath his aching head;
A face grown wan with suffering, and a hand
Scarce strong enough to reach the small dry crust
That lies upon the chair:
Go in; for I am there!
I have been waiting wearily in that cold room,
Waiting long, lonely hours,
Waiting for thee to come.

"There's a low, quiet corner in a green churchyard,
Where deep shadows lie,
And sound of passing feet goes seldom by:
I want thee there.
In that still place, beside a new-made grave,
A woman has been weeping all day long.
None marked her where she sate;
And now 'tis getting late,
And stars are coming out—
Beautiful stars! the stars
That used to gaze on Me at Olivet;
The chill night-dews are creeping through her frame:

She dares not venture back from whence she came.
She needs a home:
I called for thee, and waited;
But thou didst not come.
I want thy pitying tears, that fell just now
Upon the jewelled slab, to fall upon her cheek;
For tears can speak:
Lay thy warm hand upon the fainting one,
And leave Me not to watch and weep alone.

"There is one seated near an open door,
Where to and fro, all through the busy day,
The sorrowing and the poor
Have found their way;
And now, for very weariness,
His eyes are closed;
Kind, earnest eyes, that have looked lovingly
On many a ghastly spectacle of woe—
Looked into depths where loathsome miseries lie,
And never wept mere idle sympathy.
The heavy hand has fallen by his side,
The strong, brave hand
That waited My command,
And then did deadly battle with the foe;
That never flinched from any task
To which I called:
Were the way smooth or rough,
My bidding was enough.
Go in, and look;
For tears have dropped upon the open book!

"That heart is burdened,
Burdened for My sake:
Thou, in thy thoughtless ease, wilt let it break!
'Twas on a summer's day, long years ago,
I called *two* willing servants to My feet:
I took them by the hand, and said to each,
'I shed My blood for thee:
Lovest thou Me?'
And then I gave *him* work,
Large work within My fold.
He had no earthly store
Wherewith to feed My poor:
It mattered not; I'd given *thee* My gold.
Where is it now? Look at that pallid brow,
Sunk in its weary sleep:
The furrows are too deep;
They tell the tale of many an anxious grief,
Not *his*, but *Mine!*

"Whence comes the wasting of that haggard cheek?
The guilt is thine.
He gave Me all his time and strength and health:
I took it, and then I asked thee for thy wealth,
Thy *given* wealth; asked that it might be free,
Held in thine open hand for him and Me.
Then came the years of conflict and of toil,
The days of labor and the nights of prayer;
Souls perishing in sin,
Few hands to fetch them in;
The hungry to be fed;
The naked to be clothed,
The outcast and the poor
Gathering about the door.
I wanted money, and I wanted bread;
I wanted all that willing hands could do;
I wanted the quick ear and ready eye,
Ay, and the deep, true soul of sympathy;
I wanted help, and then I called for thee:
I called and waited, and then called again.
Oh! could it be that I should call in vain?
I called and waited,
And thou didst not come!"

I tried to hold my breath, and hear Him speak;
But 'twas as though my throbbing heart must break.
I could not lift my head;
I could not sigh:
The crimson shame had burnt into my cheek.
I had no tears, the very fount was dry.
Oh! it was long, I cannot tell how long,
That strange, cold stillness!
But I *felt* that He was waiting there,
Waiting for me to speak.
I knelt upon the floor, and breathed His name:
Then, struggling, one by one the faint words came,
"Jesus, I *thought* I loved Thee:
I remember well
That day when Thou didst hold
My trembling fingers in Thy pierced hand,
And take me for Thine own.

"And I *did* love Thee;
This poor heart beat true:
It was no fancied echo when the voice
That spoke Thee mine
Responded, 'I am thine!'
But, O my Master! can I dare to tell,
Thy faithless child has loved *Thy gifts* too well?
I looked on all things beautiful and rare,
Looked on earth's flowers,
And thought them very fair.
I hid me from the rude and vulgar throng,
And hoped it was Thy will
That I might turn away from common men,
And love Thee still.
I dwelt among the pleasant sounds of life:
I did not like the turmoil and the strife
To come too near.
And Thou wast in the thickest battle-tide
When Thou didst call Thy servant to Thy side;
But I was too far off,
And so I did not hear.

"My Lord, I will come nearer; I will take my seat
Close to Thy feet;
I will come down where the gray shadows lie,
And there I'll listen—listen every day
To hear Thy voice.
It may be I must take a lower place;
But let me have the shining of Thy face.
It may be I must seek a humbler home:
Let it be one where Thou wilt often come:
Its door shall be upon the latch for Thee,

And for the needy ones who claim
An interest in Thy name;
And I will stand and watch and wait to greet
The first faint echoes of Thy coming feet."

906. DOING GOOD, Legend of.

"Carry me across!"
The Syrian heard, rose up and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
"My child, see how the waters boil!
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
But life is little loss.

"I'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as a nestling dove:
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring
In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love."

Cheerful Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more;
When lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he wild,
Struggling in the middle of the ford:
"Boy as thou look'st, seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee;
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ, thy Lord,
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank, and then
A voice cried, "Hence Christopheros be!
For carrying, thou hast carried ME,
The King of angels and of men,
The Master thou hast served."

And the moonlight blue
The saint saw—not the wandering boy,
But Him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee,
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

O little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,
If Thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christopheros bore—
To carry Thee across.

D. M. Muloch Craik.

907. DOING GOOD, Need of.

Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,
The stoutest soul may quail:
Left to its own unaided efforts,
The strongest arm may fail.

Then let us learn to help each other,
Hoping unto the end:
Who sees in every man a brother,
Shall find in each a friend.

908. DOING GOOD, Payment for.

Ah! child! the stream that brings
To thirsty lips their drink,
Is seldom drained; for springs
Pour water to its brink.

The well-springs that supply
The streams are seldom spent,
For clouds of rain come by
To pay them what they lent.

The clouds that cast their rain
On lands that yield our food,
Have water from the main,
To make their losses good.

The sea is paid by lands,
With streams from ev'ry shore;
So give with kindly hands,
For God can give you more.

He would that in a ring
His blessings should be sent,
From living thing to thing,
But nowhere stayed or spent.

And ev'ry soul that takes,
But yields not on again,
Is so a link that breaks
In Heaven's love-made chain.

William Barnes

909. DOING GOOD, Reason for.

I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?

I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for Me?

My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou bear for Me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
Great gifts I brought to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

O let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to Me,
And I will welcome thee!

910. DOING WELL, Ways of.

It is not they who idly dwell
In cloister gray, or hermit cell,
  In prayer and vigil, night and day,
  Wearing all their prime away,
Lord of Heaven! that serve Thee well.

Action still must wait on thought;
Life's a voyage rough, though short;
  We must dare the sorrow-wave,
  Many a sin-storm we must brave,
Ere we reach our destined port.

Sitting listening on the shore
To the ocean's restless roar,
  Never launching on the main
  Can the merchant hope to gain
Wealth to swell his treasure store?

Vain it were to watch beside
The pits where we our talents hide;
  We must face the noise and strife
  Of the market-place of life,
That our trustiness be tried.

Where our Captain bids us go,
'Tis not ours to murmur, "No."
  He that gives the sword and shield,
  Chooses too the battle-field
On which we are to fight the foe.

Though, where'er we look around,
All we see is hostile ground,
  Where our upturned eyes above
  Recognize His banner, Love,
There it is we should be found.

911. DOOM, Approaching.

The fire of God is soon to fall—
Thou knowest it—on this earthly ball;
Full many a soul, the price of blood,
Marked by the Almighty's hand for good,
To utter death, that hour shall sweep;
And will the saints in heaven dare weep?

Then in His wrath shall God uproot
The trees He set for lack of fruit;
And down in rude tempestuous blaze
The towers His hand designed to raise;
In silence, ere that storm begin,
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

John Keble.

912. DOOM, Day of.

Come away,
Make no delay,
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispering, Live you, Brother?

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas! no music feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure arantula's raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noisome vapors grow
To a plague and public woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, Thy broken concert raise,
And the music shall be praise.

George Herbert.

913. DOUBLE-MINDEDNESS, Evil of.

See the professor laboring, but in vain,
The world and cross together to sustain;
The globe is in his right hand dext'rous found,
His left the cross drags sluggish on the ground;
In vain for him appears the narrow way,
The world has led him from the path astray:
In vain for him shines forth the heavenly light,
The world has risen and obscured his sight;
Two minds he has, both he may call his own—
Sometimes they lead him up, and sometimes down;
Like doubtful birds, that hop from spray to spray,
His will is never at one certain stay;
Too late he learns, with deep regret and pain,
He loses both who more than one would gain

W. Holmes.

914. DOUBT, Constant.

Life's sunniest hours are not without
The shadow of some lingering doubt;
Amid its brightest joys will steal
Spectres of evil yet to feel:
Its warmest love is blent with fears,
Its confidence a trembling one:
Its smile—the harbinger of tears:
Its hope—the change of April's sun!
A weary lot—in mercy given,
To fit the chastened soul for heaven.

John G. Whittier.

915. DOUBT, Cure for.

This pretty bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

John Bunyan.

916. DOUBT, Evil of.

Doubt is the eternal shade by evil cast!
"The vision and the faculty divine"
Fail when the spirit o'er its empire vast
Thrones appetite and crime.

Only the ear in chord in goodness grown
Hears the full tide of truth's immortal hymn;
The heart, where living virtues bloom alone,
God's angels enter in!

Write the great law in alphabet of flame,
Sound it with prophecy and psalm abroad;
"Doubt's awful tempests veil the tents of shame;"
The pure alone see God.
Thomas L. Harris.

917. DOUBT Personified.

His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,
Therein resembling *Janus ancient*,
Which had in charge the ingate of the year:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some provèd peril he did fear,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appear. *Edmund Spenser.*

918. DREAM, A Fearful.

Clarence. O, I have passed a miserable night!
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brakenbury. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished; then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shricked out aloud,
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies! take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howlèd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Shakespeare.

919. DREAM, Eugene Aram's.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp;
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took;
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook;
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
And lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn;
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod;
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God.

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth
Their pangs must be extreme:
Woe, woe, unutterable woe!
Who spill life's sacred stream.
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong:
A feeble man and old,
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
But, when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart was solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned—the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in the stream,
The sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:
My gentle boy, remember, this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening, in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime;
With one besetting horrid hint
That racked me all the time:
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime;

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave!
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursèd pool
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing,
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began—
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh;
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

Thomas Hood.

920. DREAM, Mariner's.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maiden whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! Thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that now 'larms on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck,
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright—
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again,
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid—
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul! *William Dimond.*

921. DREAMS, Land of.

A mighty realm is the land of dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living hand in hand.

One calm, sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The land of dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft, low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.
William Cullen Bryant.

922. DREAMS, Lessons in.

Some dreams were useless—moved by turbid course
Of animal disorder; not so all:
Deep moral lessons some impressed, that naught
Could afterwards deface. And oft in dreams,
The master passion of the soul displayed
The huge deformity, concealed by day,
Warning the sleeper to beware, awake.
And oft in dreams, the reprobate and vile,
Unpardonable sinner—as he seemed
Toppling upon the perilous edge of Hell—
In dreadful apparition, saw before
His vision pass, the shadows of the damned;
And saw the glare of hollow, cursed eyes,
Spring from the skirts of the infernal night;
And saw the souls of wicked men, new dead,
By devils hearsed into the fiery gulf;
And heard the burning of the endless flames;
And heard the weltering of the waves of wrath.
And sometimes, too, before his fancy passed
The Worm that never dies, writhing its folds
In hideous sort, and with eternal Death
Held horrid colloquy; giving the wretch
Unwelcome earnest of the woe to come.
Robert Pollok.

923. DREAMS, Nature of.

Our life is two-fold; sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak

Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows. Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? The mind can make
Substances, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
Lord Byron.

924. DRESS, Caste of.

If mean or costly dresses through this globe
Decide the rank in which men are enrolled,
Why, then, we'll clothe the wolf in satin robe,
The alligator in fine silk enfold!
Oriental; tr. by W. R. Alger.

925. DRESS, Character and.

What! is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh no; good Kate, neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
Shakespeare.

926. DRESS, Destitute of.

And O! if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right that so puzzles us here;
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, its shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
O daughters of earth, foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have "nothing to wear." *William Allen Butler.*

927. DRESS, Leprosy in.

When flowing garments I behold
Enshrin'd with purple, pearl, and gold,
I think no other but I see
In them a glorious leprosy
That does infect and make the rent
More mortal in the vestiment.
As flow'ry vestures do descry
The wearer's rich immodesty,
So plain and simple clothes do show
Where virtue walks, not those that flow
Robert Herrick.

928. DRESS, My Angel.

Heavenly Father, I would wear
Angel-garments, white and fair:
Angel-vesture, undefiled,
Wilt Thou give unto Thy child?
Not a robe of many hues,
Such as earthly fathers choose;
Discord weaves the gaudy vest;
Not in such let me be drest.

Take the raiment soil'd away
That I wear with shame to-day:
Give my angel-robes to me,
White with heaven's own purity.

Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rags 'twould hide:
Clothe me in my angel-dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

Let me wear the white robes here,
Even on earth, my Father dear;
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

Perfume every fold with love,
Hinting heaven where'er I rove,
As an Indian vessel's sails
Whisper of her costly bales.

Let me now the white robes wear,
Then I need no more prepare;
All apparelled for my home
Whensoe'er Thou callest, "Come."

Thus apparelled, I shall be,
As a signal set for Thee,
That the wretched, poor, and weak
May the same fair garment seek.

"Buy of Me," I hear Thee say:
I have nought wherewith to pay;
But I give myself to Thee;
Clothed, adopted, I shall be.
Lucy Larcom.

929. DRESS, Pride in.

How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.
Isaac Watts.

930. DRESS, Sacrifice to.

Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,
And by caprice as numerous as his,
Just please us while the fashion is at full,
But change with ev'ry moon. The sycophant,
Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date;
Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye;
Finds one ill made, another obsolete,
This fits not nicely, that is ill conceived;
And, making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor. We have run
Through ev'ry change that Fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;

And, studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little used,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires:
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
William Cowper.

931. DRUNKENNESS, Degradation of.

Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sense:
Till Circæan cups thy mind possest
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast.
Think while thou swallow'st the capacious bowl,
Thou lett'st in seas to sack and drown thy soul.
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how subject drunkards are to fall.
Consider how it soon destroys the grace
Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face:
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with vicious heraldry.
What pearls and rubies does the wine disclose,
Making the *purse* poor to enrich the *nose!*
How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,
Drawing some sickness into every part!
It weaks the brain, it spoils the memory,
Hasting on age, and wilful poverty:
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.
'Tis virtue's poison and the bane of trust,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to 't again,
Upon presumption of a stronger brain;
For he that holds more wine than others can
I rather count a hogshead than a man.
Thomas Randolph.

932. DRUNKENNESS Described.

When fumes of wine do once the brain possess,
Then follows straight an indisposedness
Throughout; the legs so fettered in that case,
They cannot with their reeling trunk keep pace.
The tongue trips, mind droops, eyes stand full of water,
Noise, hiccough, brawls, and quarrels follow after.
. . . Dire was his thought, who first in poison steeped
The weapon formed for slaughter—direr his,
And worthier of damnation, who instilled
The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with *death* instead of life.
Lucretius, tr. by John Dryden.

933. DRUNKENNESS, Evils of.

Stay, mortal, stay; nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel:
Disease and death, forever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of give me "One glass more."

Go view that prison's gloomy cells:
Their pallid tenants scan;
Gaze: gaze upon these earthly hells,
And ask whence they began;
Had these a tongue: Oh, man, thy cheek
The answer 'd crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue they'd to thee speak,
And cry the "One glass more."

Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home,
Bleached in affliction's blighting storm,
And doomed in want to roam;
Behold her—ask that prattler near
Why mother is so poor;
He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
'Twas *father's* "One glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay, repent, return,
Reflect upon thy fate;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn,
Spurn, spurn it ere too late;
Oh, fly the alehouse's horrid din,
Nor linger at the door,
Lest thou, perchance, should sip again
The treacherous "One Glass More."

934. DRUNKENNESS, Excuse for.

My drunkenness is not a fault of mine;
For drunken came I from the hand divine,
Which kneaded up my nascent clay with wine.
Therefore, when, dry and hard, I panting pine,
No moisture suits me like the yeasty vine!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

935. DRUNKENNESS, Folly of.

Man with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untam'd;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barb'rousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he's able,
The more heroic, and formidable;
Lays by his reason in his bowls,
As Turks are said to do their souls,
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodgings, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again.
Samuel Butler.

936. DRUNKENNESS, Influence of.

It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to
Give place to the devil, wrath; one
Unperfectness shows me another, to
Make me frankly despise myself.
I will ask him for my place again; he
Shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I
As many mouths as Hydra, such an answer
Would stop them all. To be now a sensible

Man, by and by a fool, and presently
A beast! every inordinate cup
Is unbless'd, and th' ingredient is a devil.
Oh thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no name to be known by, let
Us call thee devil. *Shakespeare.*

937. DRUNKENNESS, Results of.

When the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing heart:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ascend,—
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly know you, or, if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
John Armstrong.

938. DRUNKENNESS, Victims of.

Thick as billows of the seas
Are the graves of debauchees.
Shall we warning take of these,
Since they form of death the line?
See the faces white with care,
See the pictures of despair,
See the shadows in the air,
Coming from the cup of wine!

Fashion bows its little head,
Habit shows its cheeks of red,
Passion nods to all that's said,
Where the brimming goblets shine.
In the glass a serpent lies,
And the beads which bubbling rise
Are the serpent's glittering eyes:
And its fangs are in the wine.
George W. Bungay.

939. DUTY, Absorption of.

Stern Duty rose, and, frowning, flung
His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me:
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with nature?"
Charles Wolfe.

940. DUTY, Calls to.

Away, then, causeless doubts and fears
That weaken and enthrall;
Wipe off, my Soul, thy faithless tears,
And rise to duty's call.

How much is there to win and do,
How much to help and cheer!
The fields are white, the laborers few;
Wilt thou sit 'plaining here?

Awake, my Soul, to duty wake;
Go pay the debt thou ow'st,
Go forward,—and the night shall break
Around thee as thou go'st.
A Red Sea may before thee flow,
Egyptian hosts pursue;
But He that bids thee onward go
Will ope a pathway through.

Swift fly the hours, and brief the time,
For action or repose;
Fast flits this scene of woe and crime,
And soon the whole shall close;
The evening shadows deeper fall,
The daylight dies away.
Wake, slumberer, at thy Master's call,
And work while it is day!
Henry Francis Lyte.

941. DUTY, Daily.

Each day its duty brings. The undone task
Of yesterday cannot be now fulfilled
Without some current work's displacement. "Time
And tide will wait for none." Then let us act
So that they need not wait, and keep abreast
With them by the discharge of each day's claim;
For each new dawn, like a prolific tree,
Blossoms with blessings and with duties, which
So interwoven grow that he who shirks
The latter, fails the first. You cannot pick
The dainty and refuse the task. To win
The smile of Him who did His Father's will
In the great work assigned Him, while 'twas day,
With love self-sacrificing, His high course
We must with prayerful footsteps imitate;
And, knowing not what one day may bring forth,
Live so that Death, come when he may, shall find
Us not defaulters in arrears with Time,
Mourning, like Titus, "I have lost a day!"
But busily engaged on something which
Shall cast a blessing on the world, rebound
With one to our own breasts, and tend to give
To man some benefit, to God some praise.

942. DUTY, Excuse for.

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day.

"Nothing to do!" thou Christian soul!
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole.
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day;
There are foes to meet, within and without;
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure, with loving wile,
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need:
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" There are heights to attain,
Where Christ is transfigured yet again;
Where earth will fade in the vision sweet,
And the soul press on with winged feet.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou Me in the path I tread."
Lord! lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "Too much to do!"

943. DUTY, Fame of.

What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh! never, never!
Thinkest thou, perchance, that they remain unknown,—
Whom *thou* know'st not?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife?
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Life will be fled,
While he, whoever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

Schiller.

944. DUTY, Help in.

The little children on the stairway,
Cased in a slippery glare of sleet,
By post and railing vainly clamber;
Slight hold is there for baby-feet.
High in the cold air swings the school-bell,
"Come up! come up!" its clang commands:
A quick thought flies from lips to fingers—
"'Tis easier, taking hold of hands."

Now laughter lights their rosy faces;
Stout arms the faltering strugglers lift;
Now all at last have won the threshold,
And out of sight within they drift,
Flinging back bloom upon the snow-wreaths,
The blank, white world reflects their smile:
Their word has cleared for us a pathway,
Though Alps of ice the highroad pile.

We are all children on a stairway,
Weary of vain attempts to climb,
Or, strong ourselves, forgetting others;
While silver peals of Duty chime
High in the echoing heaven above us;
And, welcome we or dread the call,
Upon the steps we may not linger—
Ascend we must, slide back, or fall.

Whose is the fault if this one stumbles;
If that laments a hopeless bruise?
Or if another sits despairing?
Yours—mine—who timely aid refuse.
Small honor, to go up unhindered
While a tired brother by us stands.
The little children, they shall teach us
"'Tis easier, taking hold of hands."

Still up and down on Virtue's ladder
Unnumbered beings come and go,
With faces turned to nether darkness,
Or sunned with a celestial glow.
The truants out of Duty's heaven,
The white and dazzling seraph-bands
Are brethren still, and, struggling upward,
"'Tis easier, taking hold of hands,"

Lucy Larcom.

945. DUTY, Martyr to.

Yes, better 'tis to die
Than from the strife to fly;
Be thou a hero on the field,
With arm close bound to duty's shield;
Aloft the standard hold
Among the true and bold;
Turn not ignobly, recreant back,
A traitor on life's holy track;
But fall on valiant ground
And be with honor crowned;
A rank among the faithful claim,
And leave to earth a blessed name
That kin and kind may hold,
Above the price of gold.

946. DUTY, Moderation in.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, and know thy might!
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!

Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last,
Johann W. Von Goethe.

947. DUTY, Neglected.

To other sight of horrible dismay,
Jehovah's ministers, the wicked drove,
And left them bound immovable in chains
Of justice: o'er their heads a bowless cloud
Of indignation hung: a cloud it was
Of thick and utter darkness; rolling, like
An ocean, tides of livid, pitchy flame;
With thunders charged, and lightnings ruinous,
And fed with forked vengeance, such as wounds
The soul; and full of angry shapes of wrath;
And eddies whirling with tumultuous fires;
And forms of terror raving to and fro;
And monsters, unimagined heretofore,
By guilty men in dreams before their death,
From horrid to more horrid changing still,
In hideous movement through that stormy gulf:
And evermore the thunders, murmuring, spoke
From out the darkness, uttering loud these words,
Which every guilty conscience echoed back:
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
Dread words! that barred excuse, and threw the weight
Of every man's perdition on himself
Directly home. Dread words! heard then, and heard
Forever through the wastes of Erebus.
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!"
These were the words which glowed upon the sword,
Whose wrath burned fearfully behind the cursed,
As they were driven away from God to Tophet.
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!"
These are the words to which the harps of grief
Are strung; and to the chorus of the damned,
The rocks of hell repeat them evermore;
Loud echoed through the caverns of despair,
And poured in thunder on the ear of Woe.
Robert Pollok.

948. DUTY, Obedience to.

I travell'd once a rocky road;
A weary road it was to go;
With burdens, too, a heavy load,
And where it led, I did not know.

A weary road with rivers high;
Wild beasts were standing on the rocks;
And clouds came drifting through the sky,
Fill'd deep with fires and thunder shocks.

But through the clouds, and through the flame,
And foaming floods, as on I went,
A voice of hope and cheering came,
"*Fear not to go where God hath sent.*"

That voice is ringing in my ears;
Let mountains rise, let oceans flow;
It matters not. Away with fears.
If God doth send me, let me go.
Thomas C. Upham.

949. DUTY, Ode to.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly if I may.

Though no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend

Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live! *William Wordsworth.*

950. DUTY, Reception of.

Pearls before swine: this is an old complaint;
In very humbleness, and not in pride,
The spirit feels it true; yet makes a feint
To rest with man's neglect well satisfied,
And have its wealth of words, its stores of thought,
Despised or unregarded: woe betide
The heart that lives on praise! considering nought
Of duty's royal edicts, that command
Thy talents to be lent, thy lamp to shine:
Soul, be not faint; nor, body, stay thy hand;
Heed only this—not whether those be swine,
But whether these be pearls, precious and pure;
That so, whatever fate the world make thine,
With God for judge, thy guerdon be secure.
M. F. Tupper.

951. DUTY, Results of.

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

Hast thou not, on some week of storm,
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of its tent of prayer?

So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of the light!
John Greenleaf Whittier.

952. DUTY, Rewards of.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.
Harriet Winslow.

953. DUTY, Time for.

Whate'er our thoughts or purpose be,
They cannot reach their destined end,
Unless, oh God, they go with Thee,
And with *Thy* thoughts and purpose blend.

Keep time with God, and then the power,
Which in His mighty arm doth lie,
Shall crown the designated hour
With wisdom, strength, and victory.

Be not too fast, be not too slow;
Be not too early, not too late;
Go, where His orders bid thee go;
Wait, when His orders bid thee wait.

Keep time with God, await His call;
And step by step march boldly on;
And thus thou shalt not faint nor fall,
And thus shalt wear the victor's crown.
Thomas C. Upham.

954. DUTY, Trifling.

I sought to do some mighty act of good,
That I might prove how well my soul had striven.
I waited, while days and hours passed by,
Yet bore no incense of my deed to heaven.

Sad, without hope, I watched the falling rain;
One drop alone could not refresh the tree,
But drop on drop, till from its deepest root
The giant oak drank life and liberty.
Refreshed, like nature, I arose to try
And do the duty which should nearest lie;
And ere I knew my work was half begun,
The noble deed I sought in vain was done.

955. DUTY, Youthful.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And insure those palms of honor
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!
William Wordsworth.

956. DYING Alone.

Alone to land upon that shore,
To begin alone to live for evermore,
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease:
Oh! that we might die in pairs or companies.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore;
The God of whose attractions we know more
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here.
Oh! is He not the life-long Friend we know,
More privately than any friend below?
F. W. Faber.

957. DYING, Beyond.

Beyond life's raging fever,
Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river,
Beyond that sullen stream;

Beyond the land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mouldering dead:

Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail;
Beyond the dark'ning shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale;

Beyond the thought of grieving
A kind and gracious God;
Beyond the fear of sinning,
Beyond the chast'ning rod;

Beyond earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod;
The saint shall dwell in glory,
The saint shall dwell with God.

958. DYING, Brief.

Death is short and life is long;
Satan is strong but Christ more strong.
At His Word, Who hath led us hither,
The Red Sea must part hither and thither.
At His Word, Who goes before us too,
Jordan must cleave to let us through.

Yet one pang, searching and sore,
And then Heaven forevermore;
Yet one moment, awful and dark,
Then safety within the Vail and the Ark;
Yet one effort by Christ His grace,
Then Christ forever face to face.
Christina G. Rossetti.

959. DYING, Contrast of.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul, through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are on his brow—
O, what are earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?
Hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer. *Henry Ware, Jr.*

960. DYING, Courage in.

Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love!

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest!
For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign!
Charles Wesley.

961. DYING, Desire for.

The Life above, the Life on high,
Alone is Life in verity:
Nor can we Life at all enjoy,
Till this poor life is o'er;
Then, O sweet Death! no longer fly
From me, who, ere my time to die,
Am dying evermore;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

To Him, who deigns in me to live,
What better gift have I to give,
Oh my poor earthly life, than thee!
Too glad of thy decay,
So but I may the sooner see
That Face of sweetest majesty,
For which I pine away;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

Absent from Thee, my Saviour dear,
I call not Life this living here,
But a long dying agony,
The sharpest I have known;
And I myself, myself to see
In such a rack of misery,
For very pity moan;
And ever, ever weep, and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

Ah! Lord, my Light and living Breath,
Take me, oh, take me from this death,
And burst the bars that sever me
From my true Life above!
Think how I die Thy Face to see,
And cannot live away from Thee,
O my eternal Love!
And ever, ever, weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

I weary of this endless strife;
I weary of this dying life,
This living death, this heavy chain,
This torment of delay,
In which her sins my soul detain.
Ah! when shall it be mine? Ah! when,
With my last breath to say—
No more I weep, no more I sigh;
I'm dying of desire to die.
St. Teresa of Spain, tr. by E. Caswall.

962. DYING, A Dirge.

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping
She to heaven has pass'd!
Charles Gamage Eastman.

963. DYING, Encouragement in.

Death, thou wast once an uncouth, hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we considered thee as at some six or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.
We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find
The shells of fledged souls left behind
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad
As at doomsday;
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest, faithful grave;
Making our pillow either down or dust.
George Herbert.

964. DYING, Faith in.

Therefore, now, a last good-night!
Sun, and moon, and stars of fire,
Farewell to your splendor bright!
Higher now I soar, far higher.
Where there is such glorious day,
Ye will vanish quite away.
Weep not, that I bid farewell
To the world and all its errors;
Far from vanity to dwell,
Far from darkness and its terrors;
Weep not, that I take my flight
To the land of endless light!
Weep not, my Redeemer lives,
High above dark earth ascending:
Hope, her heavenly comfort gives;
Faith stands by, her shield extending;
Love eternal whispers near,
"Child of God, no longer fear!"
Arndt, tr. by F. E. Cox.

965. DYING, Farewell of the.

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brightest flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;

Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.
Philip Doddridge.

966. DYING, Fearless.

Go and dig my grave to-day!
Homeward doth my journey tend,
And I lay my staff away
Here where all things earthly end,
And I lay my weary head
In the only painless bed.
Weep not, my Redeemer lives;
Heavenward springing from the dust
Clear-eyed Hope her comfort gives;
Faith, Heaven's champion, bids us trust;
Love eternal whispers nigh,
"Child of God, fear not to die!"
E. M. Arndt.

967. DYING, Gain of.

Rejoice for a brother deceased!
Our loss is his infinite gain!
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of Love.

Our brother the haven hath gained,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

There all the ship's company meet
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
Forever and ever shall last.
Charles Wesley.

968. DYING, Glorious.

Dismissed to glory with a kiss of love,
He bade the lingering moments swifter roll:
Death was to him as harmless as a dove;
While floods of glory overwhelmed his soul.
Not plucked but gathered by the hand of love,
As tender fruit or fragrant lilies are;
Transplanted to the paradise above,
To blossom in eternal fragrance there.

969. DYING, Hope in.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour
Oh, then thy kingdom comes! Immortal power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day:
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!
Oh, deep enchanting prelude to repose!
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,
Where time's far wandering tide has never run!
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears:
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!
Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Thomas Campbell.

970. DYING, Hope of the.

There came a little child, with sunny hair,
All fearless to the brink of death's dark river,
And with a sweet confiding in the care
Of Him who is of life the joy and giver;
And as upon the waves she left our sight,
We heard her say, "My Saviour makes them bright."

Next came a youth, with bearing most serene,
Nor turned a single backward look of sadness;
But as he left each gay and flowery scene,
Smiling declared, "My soul is thrilled with gladness;
What earth deems bright, forever I resign,
Joyful but this to know, that Christ is mine!"

An aged mourner, trembling, tottered by,
And paused a moment by the swelling river;
Then glided on beneath the shadowy sky,
Singing, "Christ Jesus is my *strength* forever:

Upon His arm my feeble soul I lean;
My glance meets His, without a space between."

And scarce her last triumphant note had died,
Ere hastened on a man of wealth and learning,
Who cast at once his bright renown aside,
These only words unto his friends returning:
"Christ for my wisdom thankfully I own,
And as a little child I seek His throne."

Then saw I this—that, whether guileless child,
Or youth, or age, or genius, won salvation,
Each *self-renouncing* came; on each God smiled;
Each found the love of Christ rich compensation
For loss of friends—earth's pleasures and renown;
Each entered heaven, and "by His side sat down."

971. DYING, Horror in.

Black Horror! speed we to the bed of death
Where one, who wide and far
Hath sent abroad the myriad plagues of war,
Struggles with his last breath:
Then to his wildly staring eyes
The spectres of the slaughtered rise;
Then on his frenzied ear
Their calls for vengeance, and the demons' yell,
In one heart-maddening chorus swell:
Cold on his brow convulsing stands the dew,
And night eternal darkens on his view.
Robert Southey.

972. DYING, Joyous.

Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought!

Go, to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn!
Made for God, to God return!

Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to His presence fly!
Thine the merit of His Blood;
Thine the Righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to Heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him:
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar

Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view;
Love Divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in Heaven!

Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes;
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death.
Augustus Montague Toplady.

973. DYING, Longing for.

Oh for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

Oh for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above;

Oh for the bliss of dying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!

Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face;
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!
Charitie Lees Smith.

974. DYING, Not.

No, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God;
The glowing earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying,
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying,
To hear this gracious word,

"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord."

No, no, it is not dying,
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

No, no, it is not dying,
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

Oh, no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, drops alone we find.
C. Malan, tr. by R. P. Dunn.

975. DYING, One by One.

They are gathering homeward from ev'ry land,
One by one,
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one;
Their brows are enclos'd in a golden crown,
Their travel-stain'd garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth His children to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife
One by one,
Through the waters of death they enter life
One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
Yet they reach the home of the undefiled
One by one.

We too shall come to that river side
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each eventide
One by one;
We can hear the noise and the dash of the stream
Now and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods all its banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee
One by one,
We lift up our voices tremblingly
One by one.
The waves of the river are dark and bold,
We know surely the spot where our feet may hold;
Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us Thy staff and Thy light,
One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread
One by one.
On Thee let us lean each drooping head
One by one;
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind;
Saviour, Redeemer, be Thou in full view,
Smilingly, gladsomely shall we pass through
One by one.
Mary Leslie

976. DYING, Peaceful.

Behold the bed of death,
The pale and lovely clay.
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No; life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality!

977. DYING, Quiet.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours. *Thomas Hood.*

978. DYING, Revelations of.

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."
Ah! 'twas a truth most true; and sung in Time,
And to the sons of men, by one well known
On earth for lofty verse, and lofty sense.
Much hast thou seen, fair youth! much heard; but thou
Hast never seen a death-bed, never heard
A dying groan. Men saw it often: 'twas sad,
To all most sorrowful and sad—to guilt
'Twas anguish, terror, darkness, without bow.
But O, it had a most convincing tongue,
A potent oratory, that secured
Most mute attention: and it spoke the truth
So boldly, plainly, perfectly distinct,
That none the meaning could mistake, or doubt:
And had withal a disenchanting power,
A most omnipotent and wondrous power.
Which in a moment broke, forever broke,

And utterly dissolved the charms, and spells,
And cunning sorceries of Earth and Hell.
And thus it spoke to him who ghastly lay.
Robert Pollok.

979. DYING, Scenes of.

When by the bed of languishment we sit
(The seat of Wisdom! if our choice, not fate),
Or o'er our dying friends in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and in every clock
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic herald of our own;
How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
To melt him down like wax, and then impress,
Indelible, death's image on his heart,
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble—we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool before the cheek is dry.
Our quick returning folly cancels all
As the tide rushing razes what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the lettered shore. *Edward Young.*

980. DYING, Sleep of the.

Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place;"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
Margaret Mackay.

981. DYING, Song in.

I'm fading away to the land of the blest,
Like the last lingering hues of the even;
Reclining my head on my kind angel's breast,
I soar to my own native heaven.
My warfare is finish'd, the battle is won,
To a crown and a throne I aspire;
My coursers are brighter than steeds of the sun;
I mount in a chariot of fire.

The world is fast sinking away from my sight,
A trifle appear all its treasures;
I see them from hence by eternity's light—
How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!
How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame,
Rehearsing its soul-flatt'ring story!
How tarnished the lustre of each noble name;
A meteor flash is its glory!

Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme
That illumines the heights of elysian,
Shines down through the veil—there is life in each beam—
It renders immortal my vision.
The notes of soft melody fall on my ear;
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear;
Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
The city on high and eternal!
See, there is the Eden—the river of God!
And the trees ever bearing and vernal.
Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,
Let me join in that heavenly matin;
Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through them I ride,
Triumphant o'er sin, death, and Satan.
William Hunter.

982. DYING, Time of.

Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise!
James Aldrich.

983. DYING, Transition of.

Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the Blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the rapture of Rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
Into a day without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing;
Land of the dead and the dying;
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er
Into a land calm and quiet,
Never a storm cometh nigh it—
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers—
Out of the land of decay—
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flow'rets, and sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
Thronged with the anguished and ailing,
Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices;
World of bright visions and voices;
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lornful,
Out of a land very mournful,
Where in bleak exile we roam,
Into a joyland above us,
Where there's a Father to love us;
Into "Our Home, Sweet Home."

Ryan.

984. DYING, Victorious.

Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.

Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it never should sing
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

There lies the wearisome body at rest;
Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast;
But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
Victory! victory! sings in its flight.

While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth;
Welcome, oh, welcome to our happy shore;
Victory! victory! weep ye no more.

How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they pass'd from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.

Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come!

William Hunter.

985. DYING, Welcome of.

If thou, O Death, a being art, draw near
And let me clasp thee; for I hold thee dear.
Thou canst but snatch this worn-out dress from me.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

986. DYING, Words of the.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past.

Shakespeare.

987. EARLY DEATH, Jewish Apologue.

Up and down his gardens paced a king,
In the glorious season of the spring.

Lovely flow'rets there by him were seen
In their earliest bud and blossoming.

How should he those lovely flow'rets pull,
Half whose glory lay a hidden thing?

When a few short days were gone, again
Visited his garden-plots the king:

And those flowers, so dewy, fresh and fair,
Brighter than the brightest insect's wing,

Each was hanging now a drooping head,
Each lay now a wan, discolored thing:

And he thought, Their scent and sweetness I
Had rejoiced in, earlier gathering.

So when in his gardens of delight,
Did that monarch pace another spring,

And the folded buds again admired,
That did round them fragrant odor fling,

He with timely hand prevented now
The sad season of their withering,

Culled them in the glory of their prime,
Ere their fresh delight had taken wing.

Culled the young and beautiful, and laid
In his bosom gently, home to bring.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

988. EARLY DEATH, Memory of.

Had he lived and fallen (as who of us
Doth perfectly? and let him that is proud
Take heed lest he do fall), he would have been
A sadness to them in their aged hours.
But now he is an honor and delight,
A treasure of the memory, a joy
Unutterable; by the lone fireside
They never tire to speak his praise, and say,
How, if he had been spared, he would have been
So great, and good, and noble.

David Gray.

989. EARLY DEATH, Safety of.

Go to thy rest, my child;
Go to thy dreamless bed;
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head:

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin might wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight—
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

990. EARLY DEATH, Subjects of.

The brightest blossom soonest dies,
The purest dew will early rise
To mingle with the viewless air;
The fairest rose will soon decay,
The softest beauty pass away,
And all be dark and lonely there.

The brightest souls are soonest gone,
The proudest race is quickest won,
And genius finds in youth a grave;
The hand that sent it from above
Recalls it in its fondest love,
And takes the choicest gift it gave.

Mind cannot linger long below,
And keep unstained its virgin snow;
Earth will assert its base control:
Happy the life that soon is o'er—
Pain ne'er can bow the spirit more,
Nor force can crush the tender soul.

A few short years, but oh! how bright
With pure, serene, and mellow light—
No hour, no moment, spent in vain;
Better than base eternity,
To live these transient years, like thee,
In light, and die without a stain.

James Gates Percival.

991. EARLY DEATH, Triumphant.

"I am almost there,"
Said a dying child,
As he upward looked
And sweetly smiled;
"The happy homes
Of the blest I see,
And an angel band
Awaiting me.

"I am almost there!
But do not weep;
In a Saviour's arms
It is sweet to sleep."
And he closed his eyes,
And gently placed
His folded hands
Across his breast.

"I am almost there!
Sweet Jesus, now,"
And the damps of death
O'erspread his brow;
And his brightening features
Almost smiled
As we wept beside
The dying child.

992. EARLY PIETY, Benefit of.

Happy the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God
'Tis pleasing in His eyes:
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
But sinners that grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death. *Isaac Watts.*

993. EARLY PIETY, Call to.

O, come in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day.

Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

Remember thy Creator
Now, in thy youthful days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.

Remember thy Creator,
He calls, in tones of love;
And offers endless pleasure
In brighter worlds above.

And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.

And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

994. EARLY PIETY, Duty of.

Go thou, in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

Go, where the day-star shineth;
Go, where thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth,
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice!

995. EARLY PIETY, Examples of.

What blest examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept His Father's law.

At twelve years old, He talked with men,
The Jews all wondering stand,
Yet He obeyed His mother then,
And came at her command.

Samuel, the child, was weaned and brought
To wait upon the Lord:
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know His holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

Isaac Watts.

996. EARLY PIETY, Hope of.

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

997. EARLY PIETY, Nobility of.

"Who shall be greatest in Thy kingdom, Lord?"
Thus spake the disciples, grave and bearded men.
A child stood by; the Master called him there;
Wond'ring, they waited for His gentle word:
The pity of His looks their spirits stirred.
"O men!" said Christ, "ye needs must be forgiven
Much pride! Your hearts must thrill with sorrow's chord!
The greatest must be like this little child:
Tender and trustful, true, and meek, and mild."
On the fair head he softly laid His hand;
The brave young eyes sought His in sweet surprise;
A sunbeam, shining from the heavenly land,
Seemed sifted down from far above the skies.

998. EARLY PIETY, Possible.

I'm not too young to sin,
I'm not too young to die:
I'm not too little to begin
A life of faith and joy.

Jesus, I love Thy name;
From evil set me free:
And ever keep Thy feeble lambs
Who puts his trust in Thee.

Baptist W. Noel.

999. EARLY TRAINING, Influence of.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love:
A resting-place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men;
Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest;

A delight, but redolent of care; honey sweet,
but lacking not the bitter;
For character groweth day by day, and all
things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given
in the hours of infancy.
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee
for centuries to come;
Even so mayest thou guide the mind to good,
or lead it to the marrings of evil,
For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions;
Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction
waiteth for the ear of Reason,
Yet with his mother's milk the young child
drinketh Education.
Patience is the first great lesson; he may
learn it at the breast;
And the habit of obedience and trust may be
grafted on his mind in the cradle:
Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the
weak knees their kneeling;
Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he
will not forget it afterwards;
When old and gray will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,
And the touching recollection of her prayers
shall arrest the strong man in his sin.

M. F. Tupper.

1000. EARLY TRAINING, Superficial.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years;
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the
clue
That Education gives her, false or true.
Plants raised with tenderness are seldom
strong;
Man's coltish disposition asks the thong;
And without discipline the favorite child,
Like a neglected forester, runs wild.
But we, as if good qualities would grow
Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow;
We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek;
Teach him to fence and figure twice a week:
And having done, we think, the best we
can,
Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.
Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
And wisdom falls before exterior grace:
We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone.
A just deportment, manners graced with
ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure formed to please,
Are qualities that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools, intend;
Hence an unfurnished and a listless mind,
Though busy, trifling; empty, though refined;
Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash
With indolence and luxury, is trash;
While learning, once the man's exclusive
pride,
Seems verging fast towards the female side.

Wm. Cowper.

1001. EARNESTNESS, Christian.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

But above all lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

Jesus hath died for you,
What can His love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from His hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

Pray, without ceasing, pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

In fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach His courts, besiege His throne
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth His praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

To God your spirits dart;
Your souls in words declare;
Or groan, to Him who reads the heart
The unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth His praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your heart and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace:
Your guides and brethren bear
Forever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers,—Come,
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.
Charles Wesley.

1002. EARNESTNESS, Duty of.

Full of vows and full of labor,
All our days fresh duties bring;
First to God, and then our neighbor,
Christian life is an earnest thing.

Onward, ever onward pressing,
Yet untried as angel's wing,
Believing, doing, blest and blessing,
Christian life is an earnest thing.

1003. EARNESTNESS, Nature's.

O ever-earnest sun!
Unwearied in thy work,
Unhalting in thy course,
Unlingering in thy path,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest stars!
Unchanging in your light,
Unfaltering in your race,
Unswerving in your round,
Teach me your earnest ways
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest earth!
Doing thy Maker's work,
Fulfilling His great will,
With all thy morns and evens,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest streams!
Flowing still on and on,
Through vale, or field, or moor,
In darkness or in light,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest flowers!
That with untiring growth
Shoot up, and spread abroad
Your fragrance and your joy,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest sea!
Constant in flow and ebb,
Heaving to moon and sun,
Unchanging in thy change,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise. *Horatius Bonar.*

1004. EARNESTNESS, Plea for.

Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er
Thou returnest nevermore;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

God is earnest: kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away,
Ere be set His judgment throne,
Ere the day of grace be gone.

Christ is earnest: bids thee come;
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

O be earnest, do not stay:
Thou may'st perish e'en to-day.
Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

1005. EARNESTNESS, Time for.

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;

Love's pure banner now unfolding,
On—right onward for the fight.

From the crimes that men are crushing,
War's dire curse, and slavery's wrong,
To deliver him, now rushing,
Arm thee well—be strong—be strong.

Fear not! spurn the worldling's laughter:
Friendship's favor trample thou;
Thou shalt find a long hereafter
To be more than tempts thee now.

Oh! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God. *A. C. Coxe.*

1006. EARTH, Cleaving to.

Earth's children cleave to Earth—her frail,
Decaying children dread decay.
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale
And lessens in the morning ray—
Look, how, by mountain rivulet,
It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
Along the green and dewy steeps:
Clings to the flowery kalmia, clings
To precipices fringed with grass,
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.
Yet all in vain—it passes still
From hold to hold, it cannot stay,
And in the very beams that fill
The world with glory, wastes away,
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
It vanishes from human eye,
And that which sprung of earth is now
A portion of the glorious sky.
William Cullen Bryant.

1007. EARTH, Destruction of the.

Earth, what a sorrow lies before thee,
None like it in the shadowy past;
The sharpest throe that ever tore thee,
Even tho' the briefest and the last!

I see the fair moon veil her lustre,
I see the sackcloth of the sun;
The shrouding of each starry cluster,
The threefold woe of earth begun.

I see the shadows of its sunset;
And wrapped in these the Avenger's form;
I see the Armageddon-onset;
But I shall be above the storm.

There comes the moaning and the sighing,
There comes the hot tear's heavy fall,
The thousand agonies of dying;
But I shall be beyond them all.
Horatius Bonar.

1008. EARTH, Dying View of.

Earth's cup
Is poisoned; her renown, most infamous;
Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust;
Her titles, slanderous names; her praise, reproach;
Her strength, an idiot's boast; her wisdom, blind
Her gain, eternal loss; her hope, a dream;
Her love, her friendship, enmity with God;
Her promises, a lie; her smile, a harlot's;
Her beauty, paint, and rotten within; her pleasures,
Deadly assassins masked; her laughter, grief;
Her breasts, the sting of Death; her total sum,
Her all, most utter vanity; and all
Her lovers mad, insane most grievously,
And most insane, because they know it not.
Thus did the mighty reasoner, Death, declare;
And volumes more: and in one word confirmed
The Bible whole—Eternity is all.
Robert Pollok.

1009. EARTH, Enticements of.

Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind,
That we should join with God, and give the world
The go-by; but the world meantime turns round,
And peeps us in the face, the wanton world;
We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
The arm we raised to do for truth such wonders;
We feel it softly bearing on our side;
We feel it touch and thrill us through the body,
And we are fools, and there's an end of us.
J. P. Bailey.

1010. EARTH, Forsaking the.

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
Defiled, polluted thus,
This is no home for us;
Till earth is purified,
We may not here abide.
We were not born for earth,
The city of our birth;
The better paradise
Is far above these skies.
Upward then let us soar,
Cleaving to dust no more

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
Death and the grave are here,
The sick-bed and the bier.
The children of the tomb
May love this kindred gloom;
But we, the deathless band,
Must see the deathless land.
The mortal here may rove,
The immortal dwell above.
Here we can only die,
Let us ascend on high!

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
For we are weary here.
The ever-falling tear,

The ever-swelling sigh,
The sorrow ever nigh,
The sin still flowing on,
Creation's ceaseless groan,
The tumult near and far,
The universal war,
The sounds that never cease,—
These are our weariness!

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
This is not our abode;
Too far, too far from God!
The angels dwell not here;
There falls not on the ear
The everlasting song,
From the celestial throng.
'Tis discord here alone,
Earth's melody is gone,
Her harp lies broken now;
Her praise has ceased to flow!

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
The New Jerusalem,
Like a resplendent gem,
Sends down its heavenly light,
Attracting our dull sight.
I see the bright ones wait
At each fair pearly gate;
I hear their voices call;
I see the jasper wall,
The clear, translucent gold,
The glory all untold!

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
What are earth's joys and gems,
What are its diadems?
Our crowns are waiting us
Within our Father's house.
Our friends above the skies
Are bidding us arise;
Our Lord, He calls away
To scenes of sweeter day
Than this sad earth can know.
Let us arise and go!
Horatius Bonar.

1011. EARTH, Hymn to the.

O universal mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, great Earth, I sing of thee;
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine
Live, move, and there are nourished—these are thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on ev'ry tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!

The life of mortal man beneath thy sway
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away!
Happy are they whom thy mild favors nourish,
All things unstinted round them grow and flourish;
For them, endures the life-sustaining field
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
Such honored dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously;
Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
And their fresh daughters free from care or sadness,
With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
Leap round them sporting—such delights by thee
Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,
Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody,
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

1012. EARTH, Leaning on the.

Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best; but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Edward Young.

1013. EARTH, Living on.

Oh, it is very sweet to live
Earth's glorious things among—
These fingers wrought by God to touch
The living harp He's strung.
'Tis sweet to feel life's warm, free tide
Gush through its thousand cells;
And passing sweet the tide of soul
Refining as it swells.

Yet earth is but the porter's lodge,
Where we admittance wait,
To those rich palaces which lie
Beyond the guarded gate;
And this sweet life the wakening thrill
Felt faintly by a clod,
E'er yet to tread with Seraphim
The loftiest courts of God.
Emily Judson.

1014. EARTH, Need of the.

The earth sad-sweet is deeply attaint with sin!
The pure air, which encloses
Her and her starry kin,
Still shudders with the unspent palpitating
Of a great Curse, that to its utmost shore
Thrills with a deadly shiver
Which has not ceased to quiver
Down all the ages, nathless the strong beating
Of Angel-wings, and the defiant roar
Of Earth's Titanic thunders.

Fair and sad,
In sin and beauty, our beloved Earth
Has need of all her sons to make her glad;
Has need of martyrs to refire the hearth
Of her quenched altars—of heroic men

With Freedom's sword, or Truth's supernal pen,
To shape the worn-out mould of nobleness again.
And she has need of Poets who can string
Their harps with steel to catch the lightning's fire,
And pour her thunders from the clanging wire,
To cheer the hero, mingling with his cheer,
Arouse the laggard in the battle's rear,
Daunt the stern wicked, and from discord wring
Prevailing harmony, while the humblest soul
Who keeps the tune the warder angels sing
In golden choirs above,
And only wears, for crown and aureole,
The glow-worm light of lowliest human love,
Shall fill with low, sweet undertones the chasms
Of silence, 'twixt the booming thunder-spasms.
And Earth has need of Prophets fiery-lipped
And deep-souled, to announce the glorious dooms
Writ on the silent heavens in starry script,
And flashing fitfully from her shuddering tombs—
Commissioned Angels of the new-born Faith,
To teach the immortality of Good,
The soul's God-likeness, Sin's coëval death,
And Man's indissoluble Brotherhood.

Yet never an age, when God has need of him,
Shall want its Man, predestined by that need,
To pour his life in fiery word or deed,—
The strong Archangel of the Elohim!
Earth's hollow want is prophet of his coming:
In the low murmur of her famished cry,
And heavy sobs breathed up despairingly,
Ye hear the near invisible humming
Of his wide wings that fan the lurid sky
Into cool ripples of new life and hope,
While far in its dissolving ether ope
Deeps beyond deeps, of sapphire calm, to cheer
With Sabbath gleams the troubled Now and Here.

1015. EARTH, Passing through the.

I walk as one who knows that he is treading
A stranger soil;
As one round whom a serpent-world is spreading
Its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered
From a sharp chain;
Who trembles lest the bond so newly severed
Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing
Ungenial air;
For whom, as wiles, the tempter still is wreathing
The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,
For sin is near;
But looking up, I pass along, a stranger,
In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward
Its spell is gone;
My course is now right upward, and right onward,
To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of time's dark night is stealing
In gloom away;
Speed thy fair dawn of light, and joy, and healing,
Thou Star of day!

For thee its God, its King, the long-rejected,
Earth groans and cries;
For thee the long-beloved, the long-expected,
Thy bride still sighs!

Horatius Bonar.

1016. EARTH, Pleasures of.

Hast thou not seen, impatient boy,
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy—
"Pleasure must be dash'd with pain!"
And yet, with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere;
Earth has no unpolluted spring;
From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
The world has false, but flattering, charms:
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye;
In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colors, and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon,
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure and offend the eye.

Isaac Watts.

1017. EARTH, Pre-Adamic.

Oriel. Wrapt in impervious mists, which ever steam'd
Up from its boiling oceans, without form

And void, it roll'd around the sun which cast
Strange lurid lights on the revolving mass,
But pierced not to the solid globe beneath.
Such vast eruption of internal fires
Had mingled sea and land. This not the first
Convulsion which that fatal orb had known,
The while through immemorial ages God,
In patience of His own eternity,
Laid deep its firm foundations. When He spake
In the beginning, and His word stood fast,
An incandescent mass, molten and crude,
Arose from the primordial elements,
With gaseous vapors circumfused, and roll'd
Along its fiery orbit: till in lapse
Of time an ever thickening, hardening crust
(So have I heard) upon its lava waves
Gather'd condense: a globe of granite rock,
Bleak, barren, utterly devoid of life,
Mantled on all sides with its swaddling-bands
Of seas and clouds: impenetrably dark,
Until the fiat of the Omnipotent
Went forth. And, slowly dawning from the East,
A cold gray twilight cast a pallid gleam
Over those vaporous floods, and days and nights,
All sunless days, all moonless, starless nights,
For ages journey'd towards the western heavens:
Unbroken circuits, till the central fires
Brake forth anew, emitting sulphurous heat.
And then at God's command a wide expanse
Sever'd the waters of those shoreless floods
From billowy clouds above;—an upper sea
Of waters o'er that limpid firmament
Rolling for cycles undefined, the while
God's leisure tarried. Then again He will'd,
And lo, the bursting subterranean fires
Thrust from below vast continents of land
With deeper hollows yawning wide betwixt
Capacious, into which the troubled tides
Pour'd with impetuous rage, and fretting broke,
Returning with their ceaseless ebb and flow,
On many a sandy beach and shingly shore.
But soon, wherever the dank atmosphere
Kiss'd with its warm and sultry breath the soil,
Innumerable ferns and mosses clothed
The marshy plains, and endless forests waved,
Pine-trees and palms on every rising slope,
Gigantic reeds by every oozy stream,
Rank and luxuriant under cloudy skies,
Fed by the steaming vapors, race on race
Fattening, as generations throve and sank.
Their work was done; and at the Almighty's word
Earth shudder'd with convulsive throes again,
And hid their gather'd riches in her folds
For after use. But now a brighter light
Flushes the East: the winds are all abroad:
The cloud-drifts scud across the sky; and lo,
Emerging like a bridegroom from his couch,
The lordly sun looks forth, and heaven and earth
Rejoice before him: till his bashful queen,
When the night shadows creep across the world,
Half peering through a veil of silver mists,
Discloses the pale beauty of her brow,
Attended by a glittering retinue
Of stars. Again long ages glided by,
While Earth throughout her farthest climes imbibed
The influences of heaven.

Not yet the end.
For not for lifeless rocks, or pure expanse
Of the pellucid firmament, or growth
Of ferns or flowers or forests, or the smile
Of sun or moon far shining through the heavens,
Was that fair globe created; but for life,
A destined nursery of life, the home,
When death is vanquish'd, of immortal life.
But there is no precipitance with God,
Nor are His ways as ours. And living things,
When His next mandate from on high was given,
Innumerous, but unintelligent,
Swarm'd from the seas and lakes and torrent floods,
Reptiles and lizards, and enormous birds
Which first with oaring wing assay'd the sky:
Vast tribes that for successive ages there
Appear'd and disappear'd. They had no king:
And mute creation mourn'd its want; until
Destruction wrapt that world of vanity.
But from its wreck emerging, mammoth beasts
Peopled the plains, and fill'd the lonely woods.
But they too had no king, no lord, no head;
And Earth was not for them. So when their term
In God's great counsels was fulfill'd, once more
Earth to its centre shook, and what were seas
Unsounded were of half their waters drain'd,
And what were wildernesses ocean beds;
And mountain ranges, from beneath upheaved,
Clave with their granite peaks primeval plains,
And rose sublime into the water-floods,
Floods overflow'd themselves with seas of mist,
Which swathed in darkness all terrestrial things,
Once more unfurnish'd, empty, void, and vast. *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

1018. EARTH, Prisoner of.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by Heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,

Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Edward Young.

1019. EARTH, Riches of the.

Almighty, hear Thy children raise
The voice of thankfulness and praise,
To Him whose wisdom deigned to plan
This fair and bright abode for man.

For when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in Thy forming hand,
Thy calm, benignant smile impressed
A beam of heaven upon its breast.

Then rose the hills, and broad and green
The vale's deep pathway sank between;
Then stretched the plains to where the sky
Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye.

Beneath that smile earth's blossoms glowed,
Her fountains gushed, her rivers flowed,
And from the shadowy wood was heard
The pleasant sounds of breeze and bird.

Thy hand outspread the billowy plains
Of ocean, nurse of genial rains,
Hung high the glorious sun and set
Night's cressets in her arch of jet.

Lord, teach us, while the unsated gaze
Delighted on Thy works delays,
To deem the forms of beauty here
But shadows of a brighter sphere.
William Cullen Bryant.

1020. EARTH, a Shadow.

This is the desert, this the solitude,
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades;
All, all, on earth is shadow; all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is Folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.
Edward Young.

1021. EARTH, Song of the.

Mine and yours;
Mine, not yours.
Earth endures;
Stars abide—
Shine down in the old sea,
Old are the shores;
But where are old men?
I who have seen much,
Such have I never seen.

The lawyer's deed
Ran sure,
In tail,
To them, and to their heirs
Who shall succeed,
Without fail,
Forevermore.

Here is the land,
Shaggy with wood,
With its own valley,
Mound, and flood.
But the heritors?
Fled like the flood's foam,—
The lawyer, and the laws,
And the kingdom,
Clean swept herefrom.

They called me theirs,
Who so controlled me;
Yet every one
Wished to stay, and is gone.
How am I theirs,
If they cannot hold me,
But I hold them?
When I heard the earth-song,
I was no longer brave:
My avarice cooled
Like lust in the chill of the grave.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

1022. EARTH, Strangers in the.

We've no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth! were this to be our home!
But let this thought our spirits cheer;
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do!
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light!

Zion! Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!

Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest!
Thomas Kelly.

1023. EARTH, Travelling through.

I'm a lonely traveller here,
Weary, oppress'd;
But my journey's end is near—
Soon I shall rest!
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I've come;
Ask me not with you to stay,
Yonder's my home.

I'm a weary traveller here,
I must go on,
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live—
I cannot stay.

I'm a traveller to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

I'm a traveller, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome, sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

I'm a traveller—call me not—
Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot—
I cannot stay,
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call—
Yonder's my home.

1024. EARTH AND HEAVEN, Beauty of.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky.
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!
Bp. Reginald Heber.

1025. EARTH AND HEAVEN Contrasted.

Here bliss is short, imperfect, insecure;
But total, absolute, and perfect *there.*
Here, time's a moment, short our happiest state,
There, infinite duration is our date.
Here, Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best;
There, Satan's power extends not to the blest.
In a weak, simple body, *here* I dwell;
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here, my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear;
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there.*
Here, my best duties are defiled with sin;
There, all is ease without and peace within.
Here, feeble faith supplies my only light;
There, faith and hope are swallowed up in sight.
Here, love of self my fairest works destroys;
There, love of God shall perfect all my joys.
Here, things, as in a glass, are darkly shown;
There, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below;
There, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.
Here, wants and cares perplex my anxious mind;
But spirits *there* a calm fruition find.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Condemned to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark, which upwards tends by Nature's force;
A stream, diverted from its parent source;
A drop, dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.
Hannah More.

1026. EARTHLY GLORY Transient.

The world in all its boasted grandeur proud,
In all its stores of dazzling splendor bright,
Is but a transient, unsubstantial cloud,
Which the sun skirts with momentary light.
Anon, the assailing winds impetuous rise,
Black lowers the tempest in the sullen sky,
Before the driving blast the vision dies,
And all the vivid tints of splendor fly:
Pass but a moment, every ray is gone;
Nor e'en a vestige left where the bright glories shone.

And shall we, for this visionary gleam,
Degenerate, swerve from Heaven's immortal plain?
Give up for vanity's light, airy dream,
The nobler heritage reserved for man?
Though rocks their craggy heads in ambush hide,
Though storms and tempests sweep the angry main,

While Hope's fair star shines forth, auspicious guide,
E'en tempests, storms, and rocks oppose in vain.
Safe 'mid the ocean's iterated force,
The sacred vessel shapes her Heaven-directed course. *Samuel Hayes.*

1027. EASTER, Hymn for.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your songs and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell,
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perish'd all,
Partners in our parents' fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our Heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move;
Still we seek the things above;
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on His Father's Throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below;
Heav'n our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God.

Hid, till Christ our Life appear
Glorious in His members here;
Join'd to Him, we then shall shine,
All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!
Charles Wesley.

1028. EASTER, Joy of.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, hath risen.
All the winter of our sins
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joys to render:
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.
John of Damascus, tr. by J. M. Neale.

1029. EASTER, Lessons of.

Say, my soul, what preparation
Makest thou for this high day,
When the God of thy salvation
Opened through the tomb a way?
Dwellest thou with pure affection
On this proof of power and love?
Doth thy Saviour's resurrection
Raise thy thoughts to things above?

Hast thou, borne on Faith's strong pinion
Risen with the risen Lord?
And, released from sin's dominion,
Into purer regions soared?
Or art thou, in spite of warning,
Dead in trespasses and sin?
Hath to thee the purple morning
No true Easter ushered in?

O, then, let not death o'ertake thee
By the shades of night o'erspread!
See! thy Lord is come to wake thee,
He is risen from the dead.
While the time as yet allows thee,
Hear; the gracious Saviour cries,
"Sleeper, from thy sloth arouse thee;
To new life at once arise."

See, with looks of tender pity
He extends His wounded hands,
Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
Shake off sin's enthralling bands:
"Wait not for some future meetness,
Dread no punishment from me,
Rouse thyself, and taste the sweetness,
Of the new life offered thee."

Let no precious time be wasted,
To new life arise at length:
He who death for thee hath tasted,
For new life will give new strength.
Try to rise, at once bestir thee,
Still press on and persevere;
Let no weariness deter thee,
He who woke thee still is near.

Waste not so much time in weighing
When and where thou shalt begin;
Too much thinking is delaying,
Rivets but the chain of sin.
He will help thee and provide thee
With a courage not thine own,
Bear thee in His arms and guide thee,
Till thou learn'st to walk alone.

See! thy Lord Himself is risen,
That thou mightest also rise,
And emerge from sin's dark prison
To new life and open skies.
Come to Him who can unbind thee,
And reverse thy awful doom;
Come to Him, and leave behind thee
Thy old life—an empty tomb!

Spitta, tr. by R. Massie.

1030. EASTER, Triumphs of.

The foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea:
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.
Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending
Love descending
O'er the earth!
Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison:
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered,
CHRIST hath risen.

No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For Death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed,
Now once more
Eden's door
Opened stands to mortal eyes;
For CHRIST hath risen, and man shall rise.
Now at last,
Old things past,
Hope, and joy, and peace begin:
For CHRIST hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high:
It is not sadness, peace from strife:
To fall asleep is not to die:
To dwell with CHRIST is better life.
Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go:
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe:
His right Arm is o'er us,
He will guide us through;
CHRIST hath gone before us,
Christians, follow you.

John Mason Neale.

1031. ECHO, Moral of the.

Yes, it was the mountain Echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like, but, oh! how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
Hear not we, unthinking Creature!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
Voices of two different natures?

Have not *we*, too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from behind the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar;
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God—of God they are.

William Wordsworth.

1032. EDEN, Adam and Eve in.

Thus they, the representatives of man,
Were placed in Eden—choicest spot on earth;
With royal honor, and with glory crowned,
Adam, the lord of all, majestic walked,
With godlike countenance sublime, and form
Of lofty, towering strength; and by his side
Eve, fair as morning star, with modesty
Arrayed, with virtue, grace, and perfect love;
In holy marriage wed, and eloquent
Of thought and comely words, to worship God
And sing His praise, the Giver of all good.
Glad, in each other glad, and glad in hope;
Rejoicing in their future happy race.
O lovely, happy, blest, immortal pair,
Pleased with the present, full of glorious hope,
But short, alas, the song that sings their bliss.

Robert Pollok.

1033. EDEN, Departure from.

In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;

The world was all before them, where to
choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their
guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps
and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
John Milton.

1034. EDEN, Description of.

Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing
ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the
shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had
thrown
That mountain as His garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth, with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden: thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether
flood,
Which from his darksome passage now
appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped
brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs, worthy of Paradise, which not nice
art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and
plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly
smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bowers: thus was
this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums
and balm;
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. *John Milton.*

1035. EDEN, Gethsemane and.

Sweet Eden was the arbor of delight,
Yet in its honey-flowers our poison blew:
Sad Gethsemane, the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew;
So we, from sweetest flower, could suck our
bane,
And Christ, from bitter venom, could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of
pain! *Giles Fletcher.*

1036. EDEN, Lament for.

Eve. O unexpected stroke, worse than of
death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and
shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hoped to
spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial
fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from
thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?
John Milton.

1037. EDEN, Memories of.

In restless pain we heave and toss
Like playthings of the Ocean,
And mourn with sharpest pangs of loss
Dead objects of devotion.
We follow light where'er it gleams,
Though marsh and mist encumber,
We reign, anointed kings—in dreams—
But wake forlorn, from slumber.

We grasp at grains of shining dust,
But in the grasp they perish;
We put in men's applause our trust—
It cheats the hopes we cherish.
Remorse, a ghostly shadow, blights
Each wreath we weave for pleasure;
But restless still we scale the heights,
Or search the mines for treasure.

O, naught of earth can e'er avail
While Eden-mem'ries haunt us!
Our longings are on larger scale
Than lower worlds can grant us

We pant within the veil to be,
To roam in fields elysian,
And, "in His beauty," God to see,
Nor die beneath the vision.
W. Morley Punshon.

1038. EDEN, Satan in.

The space of sev'n continued nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times crossed the car of night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
On th' eighth returned, and on the coast averse
From entrance of cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life;
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan, involv'd in rising mist, then sought
Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search, and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
. . . Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounc'd and, O, indignity!
Subjected to his service angel wings.
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthly charge: of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspir'd;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favorite
Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.
So saying through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent; him fast sleeping soon he found
In lab'rinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth
The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.
John Milton.

1039. EDUCATION, Advanced.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind:
But more advanc'd, behold the strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills creep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
Alexander Pope.

1040. EDUCATION, Atheistic.

All knowledge is not nourishment. The mind
May pine upon its food. In reckless thirst
The scholar sometimes kneels beside the stream
Polluted by the lepers of the mind.
The sceptic, with his doubts of all things good
And faith in all things evil, has been there,
And, as the stream was mingled, he has strown

The shore with all bright flowers to tempt the eye,
And sloped the banks down gently for the feet;
And Genius, like a fallen child of light,
Has filled the place with magic, and compell'd
Most beautiful creations into forms
And images of license, and they come
And tempt you with bewildering grace to kneel,
And drink of the wild waters; and behind
Stand the strong Passions, pleading to go in;
And the approving world looks silent on;
Till the pleased mind conspires against itself,
And finds a subtle reason why 'tis good.
We are deceived, though; even as we drink,
We taste the evil. In his sweetest tone,
The lying Tempter whispers in our ear,
"Though it may stain, 'twill *strengthen* your proud wing;"
And in the wild ambition of the soul
We drink anew, and dream like Lucifer
To mount upon our daring draught to Heaven. *Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

1041. EDUCATION, Capacity of.

The heart has tendrils like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the living tree
Of deeply planted sympathy;
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss,
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,
Which an unwatered desert are;
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil:
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of truth from mines of thought;
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloomed
Where truth and fancy lie intombed.

Insult him not—his blackest crime
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness;
Than many a sin and many a stain
Forgotten—and impressed again.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow
And flowers of generous virtue blow:
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This, as our duty, be our care!

And sweet it is, the growth to trace,
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labors first
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower.
John Bowring.

1042. EDUCATION, Duty of.

As wrapt and hidden in the stone's embrace
The future statue lies yet undefined;
Till the nice chisel clears the form designed.
The trunk, the moving limbs, the speaking face
Develops: so instruction's hand must trace
The intellectual form, which lies enshrined
'Mid nature's rude materials; and the mind
Invest with due proportion, strength, and grace.
God to thy teaching delegates the art
To form the future man: the care be thine,
No shape unworthy from the marble start,
Reptile or monster; but with just design
Copy the heavenly model, and impart,
As best thou canst, similitude divine.
Bishop Mant.

1043. EDUCATION, Early.

Induce not precocity of intellect, for so shouldst thou nourish vanity;
Neither can a plant, forced in the hotbed, stand against the frozen breath of winter.
The mind is made wealthy by ideas, but the multitude of words is a clogging weight:
Therefore be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to the measure of capacity.
Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are strong meat;
Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy illustration winneth him;
In vain shalt thou preach of industry and prudence, till he learn of the bee and the ant;
Dimly will he think of his soul, till the acorn and chrysalis have taught him;
He will fear God in thunder, and worship His loveliness in flowers;
And parables shall charm his heart, while doctrines seem dead mystery;
Faith shall he learn of the husbandman casting good corn into the soil.
M. F. Tupper.

'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
Alexander Pope.

1044. EDUCATION, Fashion of.

Of olden time, the fashion was for arms, to make an accomplished slayer,
And set gregarious man a-tilting with his fellows;
Thereafter, occult sciences, and mystic arts, and symbols,
How to exorcise a wizard, and how to lay a ghost;
Anon, all for gallantry and presence, the minuet, the palfrey, and the foil,
And the grand aim of education was to produce a coxcomb;

Soon came scholastical dispute with hydra-headed argument,
And true philosophy of mind confounded in a labyrinth of words;
Then the Pantheon, and its orgies, initiating docile childhood,
While diligent youth strove hard to render his all unto Cæsar;
And now is seen the passion for utility, when all things are accounted by their price,
And the wisdom of the wise is busied in hatching golden eggs.

M. F. Tupper.

1045. EDUCATION, Lax.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still and unimpaired.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blush'd at his own praise; and press the youth
Close to his side that pleased him. Learning grew
Beneath his care a thriving, vigorous plant.
The mind was well informed, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleaped
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke.
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and closed the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years:
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age; his voice, unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and moved derision more
Than reverence in perverse, rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlooked and unemployed, grew sick and died.
Then study languished, emulation slept,
And virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then compromise had place, and scrutiny
Became stone blind; precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,
The tasselled cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mockery of the world! What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and footed sportsmen, oftener seen
With belted waists and pointers at their heels
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squandered in pursuit of idle sports,
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd, vain world, that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquired,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd!
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly, but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to the united powers
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.

William Cowper.

1046. EFFORT, Duty of.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

1047. EFFORT, Encouragement to.

What if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky"?

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Go then and strive to do thy share:
One talent—less than thine—
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine.

Cutter.

1048. EFFORT, Fruitless.

Or shall I say, Vain word, false thought,
Since Prudence hath her martyrs too,
And Wisdom dictates not to do,
Till doing shall be not for naught?

Not ours to give or lose is life:
Will Nature, when her brave ones fall,
Remake her work? or songs recall
Death's victim slain in useless strife?

That rivers flow into the sea
Is loss and waste, the foolish say,
Nor know that back they find their way,
Unseen, to where they wont to be.

Showers fall upon the hills, springs flow,
The river runneth still at hand,
Brave men are born into the land,
And whence, the foolish do not know.

No! no vain voice did on me fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost:
"'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

Arthur Hugh Clough.

1049. ELECT, Assembly of the.

I saw, and lo! a countless throng,
Th' elect of every nation, name, and tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting Throne;
With robes of white endued,
The Righteousness of God;
And each a palm sustain'd
In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright melodious choir begun:
"Salvation to Thy Name,
Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb!
In power, in glory, and in Essence, One!"

So sung the Saints. Th' Angelic train
Second the anthem with a loud Amen:
(These in the outer circle stood,
The Saints were nearest God;)
And prostrate fall, with glory overpower'd,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus address the King of kings:
"All hail! by Thy triumphant Church adored!
Blessing and thanks and honor too
Are Thy supreme, Thy everlasting due,
Our Triune Sovereign, our propitious Lord!"

While I beheld th' amazing sight,
A Seraph pointed to the Saints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence they came:
"These are they, whose lot below
Was persecution, pain, and woe;
These are the chosen, purchased Flock,
Who ne'er their Lord forsook;
Through His imputed Merit free from blame;
Redeemed from every sin;
And, as thou seest, whose garments were made clean,
Wash'd in the Blood of yon exalted Lamb.

"Saved by His Righteousness alone,
Spotless they stand before the Throne,
And in th' ethereal Temple chant His praise:
Himself among them deigns to dwell,
And face to face His Light reveal:
Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,
And pain, and heat, they know no more,
Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays:
Immanuel here His people feeds,
To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, forever wipes, the tears from every face."

Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there!
Some of the shining number once I knew,
And travell'd with them here:
Nay, some, my elder brethren now,
Set later out for Heaven, my junior saints below:
Long after me, they heard the call of Grace
Which waked them unto Righteousness:
How have they got beyond?
Converted last, yet first with glory crown'd!
Little, once, I thought that these
Would first the Summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying through the Plain.

Loved while on earth! nor less belov'd, tho' gone!
Think not I envy you your crown:
No! if I could, I would not call you down!
Though slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way;
Who, now and then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from His Throne:
The shinings of His grace
Soften my passage through the wilderness;
And vines, nectareous, spring where briers grew.
The sweet unveilings of His Face
Make me, at times, near half as blest as you!
O! might His Beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,
His gladdening Presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey through!
But soon the clouds return: my triumph dies;
Damp vapors from the valley rise,
And hide the hill of Zion from my view.

Spirit of Light! thrice holy Dove!
Brighten my sense of interest in that Love
Which knew no birth, and never shall expire!
Electing Goodness. firm and free,
My whole salvation hangs on Thee,
Eldest and fairest daughter of Eternity!
Redemption, grace, and glory too,
Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent-fountain, flow.
Ah! tell me, Lord, that Thou hast chosen me!
Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,
Fulfil the wish Thy influence did inspire,
And let me my election know!
Then, when Thy summons bids me come up higher,
Well pleased I shall from life retire,
And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now.

Augustus Montague Toplady.

1050. ELECT, Fewness of the.

Few are the clear, strong spirits, who can bear
To look on Truth in her unclouded blaze;
Few are the high, heroic souls, who dare,
Above the low pursuit of gain, to raise
Their firm, unbending purpose; few can gaze
At Virtue, on her pure and awful throne—
Ah! few can love the ethereal coin she pays—
But they must love it, for the souls alone
Who master self can claim our birthright as their own. *James Gates Percival.*

1051. ELECTION, Conditions of.

Mercy for all Thy hands have made,
Immense and unconfined,
Throughout Thy every work displayed,
Embracing all mankind,

Thine eye surveyed the fallen race
Where sunk in sin they lay;
Their misery called for all Thy grace,
But justice stopped the way.

Mercy the fatal bar removed,
Thy only Son it gave,
To save a world so dearly loved,
A sinful world to save.

For every man He tasted death,
He suffered once for all,
He calls as many souls as breathe,
And all may hear the call.

A power to choose, a will to obey,
Freely His grace restores;
We all may find the living Way,
And call the Saviour ours.

Whom His eternal mind foreknew
That they the power would use,
Ascribe to God the glory due,
And not His grace refuse:

Them, only them, His will decreed,
Them did He choose alone,
Ordained in Jesus steps to tread,
And to be like His Son.

Them, the elect, consenting few,
Who yield to proffered Love,
Justified here He forms anew,
And glorifies above.

For as in Adam all have died,
So all in Christ may live,
May (for the world is justified)
His Righteousness receive.

Whoe'er to God for pardon fly
In Christ may be forgiven.
He speaks to all, "Why will ye die,
And not accept My heaven?"

No! in the death of him that dies
(God by His life hath sworn)
He is not pleased, but ever cries,
Turn, O ye sinners, turn.

He would that all His truths should own,
His Gospel all embrace,
Be justified by faith alone,
And freely saved by grace.

And shall I, Lord, confine Thy Love,
As not to others free?
And may not every sinner prove
The grace that found out me?

Doubtless through one eternal now
Thou ever art the same:
The universal Saviour Thou,
And Jesus is Thy Name.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come!
Choose life; obey the Word:
Open your hearts to make Him room,
And banquet with your Lord.

When God invites, shall man repel?
Shall man the exception make?
"Come, freely come, WHOEVER WILL,
And living water take!"

Thou bid'st; and wouldst Thou bid us choose,
When purposed not to save?
Command us all a power to use,
Thy mercy never gave?

Thou canst not mock the sons of men,
Invite us to draw nigh,
Offer Thy grace to all, and then
Thy grace to most deny.

Doom them an endless death to die,
From which they could not flee!
No, Lord! Thine inmost bowels cry
Against the Dire Decree!

Charles Wesley.

1052. ELIJAH, Translation of.

His lecture to the sad young prophet done,
And last adieus, the reverend seer goes on,
Obedient as the sacred instinct guides,
And now advanced to Jordan's verdant sides;
Elijah with his great successor stood,
And gave a signal to the passing flood:

Th' obsequious waters stay, for well they know
What to his high authority they owe.
While wave on wave, with silent awe crowds back,
To leave a clear and spacious sandy track,
Elijah on with his companion goes;
Behind them soon the crystal ridges close,
No more reversed the troubled current flows:
Then forward still they went, discoursing high
Of heavenly bliss and immortality,
When from a cloud breaks (like the purple dawn)
By fiery steeds a fiery chariot drawn;
A glittering convoy swift as that descends,
And in an instant parts the embracing friends,
To the bright car conducts the man of God,
And mounts again the steep ethereal road.
The passing triumph lightens all the air
With ruddy lustre than high noon more fair,
And paints the clouds, than even beams more gay,
Through which, with wond'rous speed, they cut their way.
Now lofty piles of thunder, hail, and snow,
The artillery of heaven, they leave below;
Behold, the glimmering moon's pale regency
They leave, and now more free ascend the sky,
Breathing again immortal air, nor here
Resent the pressure of the atmosphere.
By holy ecstasies and flames intense,
Here purged from all the dregs of mortal sense;
With heavenly lustre eminently gay,
Elijah wondering does himself survey;
All o'er surveys himself, and then the skies,
While now stupendous objects meet his eyes.
With his new being pleased, thus the first man
As just to live and reason he began,
On hills and valleys, groves and fountains gazed;
With skies and light thus ravished, thus amazed.
But now the utmost firmament they cleave,
And all the starry worlds behind them leave;
Hark, angels sing! of light appear new streaks
Celestial day with beauteous splendor breaks!
On heaven's rich solid azure now they tread,
The blissful paths that to God's presence lead;
While to the new inhabitant all the way,
Loud welcomes on their harps the guardians play:
A thousand joyful spirits crowd to meet
The glorious saint, and his arrival greet.
Rowe.

1053. ELIJAH, Voice to.

On Horeb's rock the Prophet stood;
The Lord before him past.
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast.
The forests fell before its force,
The rocks were shiver'd in its course;
God was not in the blast.
'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came muffling up the sun;
When through the mountains deep and loud
An earthquake thunder'd on.
The frighted eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair:
God was not in the stun.
'Twas but the rolling of His car,
The trampling of His steeds from far.

'Twas still again, and Nature stood
And calm'd her ruffled frame;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came.
Down to his depths the ocean fled,
The sickening sun looked wan and dead:
Yet God fill'd not the flame.
'Twas but the terrors of His eye
That lighten'd through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small
Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so clear and shrill, that all
In Heaven and earth might hear:
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,
And God Himself was here.
For, oh, it was a Father's voice
That bade His trembling world rejoice.
H. F. Lyte.

1054. ELOQUENCE, Effect of.

I've known the pregnant thinkers of this time,
And stood by breathless, hanging on their lips,
When some chromatic sequence of fine thought,
In learned modulation phrased itself
To an unconjectured harmony of truth.
And yet I've been more moved, more raised, I say,
By a simple word—a broken, easy thing,
A three-years' infant might say after you—
A look, a sigh, a touch upon the palm,
Which meant less than "I love you" . . . than by all
The full-voiced rhetoric of those master-mouths.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1055. ELOQUENCE, Method of.

There's a charm in deliv'ry, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lips to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word—
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirr'd.
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone:
Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent One.
Mrs. Amelia B. Welby.

1056. ELOQUENCE, Overmastering.

The charms of eloquence—the skill
To wake each secret string,

And from the bosom's chords at will
Life's mournful music bring;
The o'ermast'ring strength of mind, which sways
The haughty and the free,
Whose might earth's mightiest ones obey,
This charm was given to thee.
Mrs. Emma C. Embury.

1057. ELOQUENCE, Power of.

Pow'r above pow'rs! O heavenly eloquence,
That with the strong rein of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords!
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasures that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do much more with one pen
Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men,
Better than force or rigor can direct!
Should we this ornament of glory, then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?
Samuel Daniel.

1058. ELOQUENCE, True.

His eloquence is classic in its style,
Not brilliant with explosive coruscations
Of heterogeneous thoughts at random caught,
And scatter'd like a shower of shooting stars,
That end in darkness: no; his noble mind
Is clear, and full, and stately, and serene.
His earnest and undazzled eye he keeps
Fix'd on the sun of Truth, and breathes his words
As easily as eagles cleave the air;
And never pauses till the height is won;
And all who listen follow where he leads.
Sarah J. Hale.

1059. ELYSIUM, Candidates for.

Fair wert thou, in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers,
And summer-winds, and low-toned silvery streams,
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-bowers!
Where, as they pass'd, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things!

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains!—but *thy* golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh!
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death!

And the transparent sky
Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
Of harps that 'midst the woods made harmony,
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain
With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?
Called from the dim procession of the dead,
Who 'midst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in th' immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round!
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,
And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—and become
In man's deep heart as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought!
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied;
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths had sought
The soul's fair birth-place—but without a guide!
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But they of whose abode
'Midst her green valleys earth retain'd no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and shaded place
In some sweet home; thou hadst no wreaths for these,
Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless trees.

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die, when vintage feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind! From *thy* bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head;
Thou wert for nobler dead!
He heard the bounding steps that round him fell,
And sigh'd to bid the festal sun farewell!

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
Shut up the woes and burning thoughts of years,
As in the ashes of an urn compressed;
—*He* might not be thy guest!

No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Came o'er *his* path, and whispered "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay;
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile!—Elysium! what wert *thou*,
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's first flowers just opening in her hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which in its clear eye shone
Like spring's first wakening!—but that light was past;
Where went the dew-drop, swept before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!—
Fade with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep!
Fade with the amaranth-plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love!

For the most lov'd are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion-voice
In regal halls—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle heart rejoice
Around their steps! till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And the world knows not then,
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled!
Yet these are they that on the souls of men
Come back when night her folding veil hath spread,
The long-remember'd dead!
But not with *thee* might aught save Glory dwell—
Fade, fade away, thou shore of Asphodel!

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

1060. EMINENCE, Ills of.

Oh think, my son, how wild and vain
Are all the dreams of earthly pride!
Shouldst thou the height of glory gain,
What countless ills the great betide!
Superior pomp—superior pain—
The madness of the insatiate brain,
That looks on earth with proud disdain,
And sighs for worlds beside!
Where is the meteor flash that shone
O'er Ecbatane and Babylon,
And smote the Persian from his throne?
Where is the self-exalted god?
The hero of immortal birth—
The lord of Macedon—and earth—
Is now a vile and nameless clod.
A few short hours, and they who bowed,
The meanest of the servile crowd,
Had spurned the mass of lifeless clay,
As on its kindred earth it lay,
In loathsomeness of foul decay.
Great Cæsar rued the hour that gave
The free-born Roman for his slave;
And who—for all his sated pride—
Would wish to die as Marius died?
Know—heroes were by Heaven designed,
(If heroes, men like these we call,)
To rise upon their country's fall,
To glut the grave, and scourge mankind.
And what their guilty toil repays?
That falsehood of dissembled praise
Which Flattery's glozing tongue adorns,
And Vice extols—while Virtue mourns.
Yes, e'en the fame, for which was given
The love of man, the bliss of Heaven—
The tale of after times—nay, worse—
Becomes a proverb and a curse.
Oh, spurn, my son, the hero's name,
And shun the infamy of fame;
To thee let nobler praise be given,—
The friend of man! the loved of Heaven!

Thomas Dale.

1061. EMOTIONS, Influence of the.

Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought is
So are the things that thou seest,—e'en as thy hope and belief.
Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee against them.
Hast thou courage? enough, see them exulting to yield.
Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild sea's furying waters,
(Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty thou think'st to destroy,)
All with ineffable longing are waiting their Invader,
All with one varying voice call to him, Come and subdue;
Still for their Conqueror call, and but for the joy of being conquered,
(Rapture they will not forego) dare to resist and rebel;
Still, when resisting and raging, in soft under-voice say unto him,
Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore and believe.
Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee;
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth,
Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do:

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

1062. EMOTIONS, Interpretation of.

Sorrow was a ship, I found,
Wrecked with them that in her are,
On an island richer far
Than the port where they were bound.
Fear was but the awful boom
Of the old great bell of doom,
Tolling, far from earthly air,
For all worlds to go to prayer.
Pain, that to us mortal clings,
But the pushing of our wings,
That we have no use for yet,
And the uprooting of our feet
From the soil where they are set,
And the land we reckon sweet.
Love in growth, the grand deceit
Whereby men the perfect greet;
Love in wane, the blessing sent
To be (howsoe'er it went)
Nevermore with earth content.

Jean Ingelow.

1063. EMPLOYMENT Demanded.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

Life is a business, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone
Before we do our wars unfold:
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increases our cold.

George Herbert.

1064. EMPLOYMENT, Useful.

Live for something; be not idle;
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming;
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties;
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway;
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver
With their grief-dispelling wiles.

As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort;
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head;
Freely as thou freely givest
Shall the grateful light be shed.

1065. EMPLOYMENT, Use of.

Life's cares are comforts; such by Heaven design'd;
He that has none, must take them, or be wretched.
Cares are employment; and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

Edward Young.

1066. EMULATION, Disquiet of.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.
This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; conquerors and kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine our rule

Lord Byron.

1067. ENCOURAGEMENT, Faith's.

Only a few more burdens must we carry
In heat and toil beneath the scorching sun;
Only a little longer must we tarry—
Only a little longer "till He come."

Only a little more of life's long journey
Through the world's desert till the day is done;
Only a few more desert scenes of conflict,
Only a few more Marahs "till He come."

Only a little longer, thinking gladly
Of the uprising of the brighter Sun;
Only a little longer, waiting sadly
In the fast-falling twilight "till He come."

Only a few more billows wildly tossing,
Beating us backward from the longed-for shore;

Only a few more snares our pathway crossing—
Then all the trials of the way'll be o'er.

So let our eyes be on Him in His absence,
Seeking to serve Him in this day of grace;
While the thought cheers us in our constant sadness,
Soon He will come and meet us face to face. *A. S. Ormsby.*

1068. ENCOURAGEMENT, Strong.

O for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to battle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.

A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary steps through noisy ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while, 'midst shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell:
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal-hymn.

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad forever
Will light the shadows of the "little while." *Jane Crewdson.*

1069. END, Crown at the.

Every end is happiness, the glorious consummation of design,
The perils past, the fears annulled, the journey at its close;
And the traveller resteth in complacency, home-returned at last:
Work done may claim its wages, the goal gained hath won its prize,
While the labor lasted, while the race was running,
Many times the sinews ached, and half-refused the struggle;
But now, all is quietness, a pleasant hour given to repose;
Calmness in the retrospect of good, and calmness in the prospect of a blessing.
Hope was glad in the beginning, and fear was sad midway,
But sweet fruition cometh in the end, a harvest safe and sure.
That which is, can never not have been; facts are solid as the pyramids:
A thing done is written in the rock, yea, with a pen of iron.
Uncertainty no more can scare, the proof is seen complete,
Nor accident render unaccomplished, for the deed is finished.
Thus the end shall crown the work, with grace, grace, unto the top-stone,
And the work shall triumph in its crown, with peace, peace, unto the builder.
M. F. Tupper.

1070. END, Ignorance of the.

When another life is added
To the heaving, turbid mass;
When another breath of being
Stains creation's tarnished glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs, that ne'er can die again;
When the mother's passionate welcome,
Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,
And a sire's self-gratulation
Prophesies of future years—
It is well we cannot see
What the end will be.

When the boy, upon the threshold
Of his all-comprising home,
Puts aside the arm maternal
That unlocks him ere he roam;
When the canvas of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gale,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind the sunny sail:
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretched for toil,
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to that eastern soil—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
Greets the expectant bridal pair,
And the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations
Doubts of after-change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit
Bound his servitor for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadow sleep,

Undiscovered, till possession
Shows the danger of the deep—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
That is wrought by human skill;
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will:
Every first impulse of passion,
Gush of love or twinge of hate;
Every launch upon the waters
Wide-horizoned by our fate;
Every venture in the chances
Of life's sad, oft desperate game,
Whatsoever be our motive,
Whatsoever be our aim—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

1071. ENDEAVOR, Benefit of.

A moaning cry, as the world rolls by,
Through gloom of cloud and glory of sky,
Rings in my ears forever:
And I know not what it profits a man
To plough and sow, to study and plan,
And reap the harvest never.
"Abide, in truth abide,"
Spake a low voice at my side,
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

And even though, after care and toil,
I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
Though late, yet blooming ever,
Perchance the prize were not worth the pain,
Perchance this fretting and wasting of brain
Wins its true guerdon never.
"Abide, in love abide,"
The tender voice replied,
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

"Strive, endeavor: it profits more
To fight and fail, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never.
Therefore in faith abide,"
The earnest voice still cried.
"Abide thou, and endeavor."

1072. ENDEAVOR, Reward of.

"What hast thou for thy scattered seed,
O sower of the plain?"
Where are the many gathered sheaves
Thy hope should bring again?"
The only record of my work
Lies in the buried grain.

What is the harvest of thy saints,
O God! who dost abide?
Where grow the garlands of thy chiefs
In blood and sorrow dyed?
What have thy servants for their pains?
"This only—to have tried."

Julia Ward Howe.

1073. END OF THE WORLD, Crime at the.

The dust instead of water drank in blood;
And fiery persecution in all lands
Lit up the lurid flames of hell. The whole
Creation in birth-pangs travail'd and groan'd;
. . . And there was woe
Intense, insufferable, such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven shudder'd to see.
For as these tidings came, and every hour
Disclosed some new atrocity of crime,
The language of all hearts, angels and saints,
Thrilling with cries of martyr'd innocents,
Swell'd in one tide of prayer adown that vale,
And clomb the highest heavens—"Arise, O Lord!
Arise, O God of vengeance, show Thyself!
Make bare Thine arm, and lift Thy glittering spear!
Awake, awake, Almighty One! How long
Shall the ungodly triumph, and Thy foes
Trample Thy heritage beneath their feet?
How long, Eternal, tarriest Thou? Arise!
Jehovah, God of vengeance, show Thyself!"

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1074. END OF THE WORLD, Night Before the.

The harvest of the earth is fully ripe:
Vengeance begins to tread the great wine-press
Of fierceness and of wrath, and Mercy pleads,
Mercy that pleaded long—she pleads no more,
Whence comes that darkness? whence those yells of woe?
What thunderings are these, that shake the world?
Why fall the lamps from heaven as blasted figs?
Why tremble righteous men? why angels pale?
Why is all fear? what has become of hope?
God comes! God in His car of vengeance comes!
Hark! louder on the blast, come hollow shrieks
Of dissolution; in the fitful scowl
Of night, near and more near, angels of death
Incessant flap their deadly wings, and roar
Through all the fevered air; the mountains rock;
The moon is sick; and all the stars of heaven
Burn feebly; oft and sudden gleams the fire,
Revealing awfully the brow of wrath.
The Thunder, long and loud, utters his voice,
Responsive to the ocean's troubled growl.
Night comes, last night; the long dark, dark, dark night,
That has no morn beyond it, and no star.
No eye of man hath seen a night like this!
Heaven's trampled justice girds itself for fight:
Earth to thy knees, and cry for mercy! cry
With earnest heart; for thou art growing old
And hoary, unrepented, unforgiven:
And all thy glory mourns: thy vintage mourns;
Bashan and Carmel! mourn and weep: and mourn
Thou Lebanon! with all thy cedars mourn.
Sun! glorying in thy strength from age to age,

So long observant of thy hour, put on
Thy weeds of woe, and tell the moon to weep;
Utter thy grief at mid-day, morn, and even;
Tell all the nations, tell the clouds that sit
About the portals of the east and west,
And wanton with thy golden locks, to wait
Thee not to-morrow; for no morrow comes;
Tell men and women, tell the new-born child,
And every eye that sees, to come, and see
Thee set behind Eternity; for thou
Shalt go to bed to-night, and ne'er awake.
Stars! walking on the pavement of the sky;
Out sentinels of heaven! watching the earth,
Cease dancing now: your lamps are growing dim,
Your graves are dug among the dismal clouds,
And angels are assembling round your bier.
Go to, ye wicked, weep and howl; for all
That God hath written against you is at hand,
The cry of violence hath reached His ear;
Hell is prepared; and Justice whets His sword.
Weep all of every name: begin the woe,
Ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds;
And doleful winds, wail to the howling hills;
And howling hills, mourn to the dismal vales;
And dismal vales, sigh to the sorrowing brooks;
And sorrowing brooks, weep to the weeping stream;
And weeping stream, awake the groaning deep;
And let the instrument take up the song,
Responsive to the voice—harmonious woe!
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe!
Put sackcloth on; and Ocean clothe thyself
In garb of widowhood, and gather all
Thy waves into a groan, and utter it—
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense:
The occasion asks it; Nature dies; and God,
And angels, come to lay her in the grave!

Robert Pollok.

1075. END OF THE WORLD, Portents of the.

The earth gave symptoms of her end;
And all the scenery above proclaimed,
That the great last catastrophe was near.
The sun at rising staggered and fell back,
As one too early up, after a night
Of late debauch; then rose, and shone again,
Brighter than wont; and sickened again, and paused
In zenith altitude, as one fatigued;
And shed a feeble twilight ray at noon,
Rousing the wolf before his time, to chase
The shepherd and his sheep, that sought for light,
And darkness found, astonished, terrified;
Then out of course rolled furious down the west,
As chariot reined by awkward charioteer,
And waiting at the gate, he on the earth
Gazed, as he thought he ne'er might see't again.
The bow of mercy, heretofore so fair,
Ribbed with the native hues of heavenly love,
Disastrous colors showed, unseen till now;
Changing upon the watery gulf, from pale
To fiery red, and back again to pale;
And o'er it hovered wings of wrath. The moon,
Swaggered in midst of heaven, grew black, and dark,
Unclouded, uneclipsed. The stars fell down;
Tumbling from off their towers like drunken men;
Or seemed to fall—and glimmered now; and now
Sprang out in sudden blaze; and dimmed again;
As lamp of foolish virgin lacking oil.
The heavens this moment looked serene; the next,
Glowed like an oven with God's displeasure hot.

Nor less below was intimation given
Of some disaster great and ultimate.
The tree that bloomed, or hung with clustering fruit,
Untouched by visible calamity
Of frost or tempest, died and came again;
The flower, and herb, fell down as sick; then rose
And fell again: the fowls of every hue,
Crowding together, sailed on weary wing,
And hovering oft they seemed about to light;
Then soared, as if they thought the earth unsafe:
The cattle looked with meaning face on man;
Dogs howled, and seemed to see more than their masters.
And there were sights that none had seen before;
And hollow, strange, unprecedented sounds;
And earnest whisperings ran along the hills
At dead of night; and long, deep, endless sighs,
Came from the dreary vale; and from the waste
Came horrid shrieks, and fierce, unearthly groans,
The wail of evil spirits, that now felt
The hour of utter vengeance near at hand.
The winds from every quarter blew at once,
With desperate violence, and, whirling, took
The traveller up, and threw him down again
At distance from his path, confounded, pale.
And shapes, strange shapes! in winding sheets were seen,
Gliding through night, and singing funeral songs,
And imitating sad sepulchral rites;
And voices talked among the clouds; and still
The words that men could catch, were spoken of them,
And seemed to be the words of wonder great,
And expectation of some vast event.
Earth shook, and swam, and reeled, and opened her jaws,
By earthquake tossed, and tumbled to and fro:

And louder than the ear of man had heard,
The thunder bellowed, and the ocean groaned.
The race of men, perplexed, but not reformed,
Flocking together, stood in earnest crowds,
Conversing of the awful state of things.
Some curious explanations gave, unlearned:
Some tried affectedly to laugh; and some
Gazed stupidly; but all were sad, and pale.
Robert Pollok.

1076. END OF THE WORLD, Safety at the.

Stand the omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just:
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

Rests secure the righteous man;
At his Redeemer's beck
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo, the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire.

Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views
With smiles the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God
Around the eternal throne.

Resting in this glorious hope
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.
Charles Wesley.

1077. END OF THE WORLD, Watching for the.

It travels onward, this old world of ours,
Bending beneath the weight of years and hours; [powers!
Mark its gray hairs, and note its failing
Vigilate!

Its infancy, and youth, and prime are gone;
Leaning upon its staff, it totters on,
As one whose weary course is nearly done.
Vigilate!

Its sinking suns their lean, long shadows cast,
Its noon-gay mirth and rosy smiles are past,
Its fair, fresh firmament grows wan at last.
Vigilate!

Like leaves from some unknown, mysterious tree
Above our reach, its moments silently
Are dropping from a far eternity.
Vigilate!

The nations shrink and tremble, king and crowd;
God's lightnings leap and flash from yon red cloud,
Answers each cliff, and peak, and vale aloud,
Vigilate!

The people cower and flee, like frightened flock,
Earth's stablest kingdoms to their centre rock,
And the old crust seems heaving with the shock.
Vigilate!

The gems upon the brow of kings grow dim,
Like stars of morning in heaven's eastern rim,
Fainter and feebler float up song and hymn.
Vigilate!

The world's old voice falls low, that once was strong,
And echo can but faintly now prolong
The "Nunc dimittis" of its dying song.
Vigilate!
Horatius Bonar.

1078. ENDURANCE, Angel of.

A strong and mailèd angel,
With eyes serene and deep,
Unwearied and unwearying,
His patient watch doth keep.

A strong and mailèd angel
In the midnight and the day;
Walking with me at my labor,
Kneeling by me when I pray.

What he says no other heareth;
None listen save the stars,
That move in armed battalions,
Clad with the strength of Mars.

Low are the words He speaketh—
"Young dreamer, God is great!
'Tis glorious to suffer!
'Tis majesty to wait!"

O, Angel of Endurance!
O, saintly and sublime!
White are the armèd legions
That tread the halls of Time!

Blessed and brave, and holy!
The olive on my heart,
Baptized with Thy baptizing,
Shall never more depart.

O, strong and mailèd angel!
Thy trailing robes I see!
Read other souls the lesson
So meekly read to me!

Still chant the same grand anthem—
The beautiful and great—
"'Tis glorious to suffer,
'Tis majesty to wait!"

1079. ENDURANCE, Reward of.

A little longer still—patience, beloved:
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll

The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine that waits thy soul.

A little longer ere life, true, immortal,
(Nor this our shadowy life) will be thine own,
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels worship,
And trembling bow before the Great White Throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our days a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat forever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows, and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee;
Belovèd, can we bid thee linger here?

1080. ENEMIES, Killing. *A. A. Procter.*

The fine and noble way to kill a foe,
Is not to kill him: you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall cease to be so,
And then he's slain. Sigismund us'd to say
His pardons put his foes to death; for when
He mortify'd their hate, he kill'd them then.
Charles Aleyn.

1081. ENEMIES, Kindness to.

So artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
By heaping coals of fire upon its head;
From the kind warmth the metal learns to flow,
And pure from dross the silver runs below.

1082. ENERGY, Power of.

The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.
Rowe.

1083. ENERGY, Want of.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
Shakespeare.

1084. ENGLAND and America.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil!
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime
From his pine-embattled steep
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main our naval line
Like the Milky-Way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach
More audible than speech,
"We are One."
Washington Allston.

1085. ENGLAND, Exceptions to.

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still,"
I said at Calais, and I have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government, (but that is not it;)
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the "*Habeas Corpus*" when we've got it:
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 'tis not too late;
I like the taxes when they're not too many;
I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the regent, church and king!
Which means that I like all and everything.
Our standing army and disbanded seamen,
Poor's rate, reform, my own, the nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are freemen,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women;

All these I can forgive, and these forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the tories.
Lord Byron.

1086. ENGLAND, Freedom in.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fulness of her face;

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!
Alfred Tennyson.

1087. ENGLAND, Love of.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and, from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.
William Cowper.

1088. ENGLAND, Mariners of.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave,
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battles rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song of feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.
Thomas Campbell.

1089. ENJOYMENT, Condition of.

It was, we own, the subject of much debate,
And worthy men stood on opposing sides,
Whether the cup of mortal life had more
Of sour or sweet. Vain question this, when asked
In general terms, and worthy to be left
Unsolved. If most was sour—the drinker, not
The cup, we blame. Each in himself the means
Possessed to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet
To bitter; hence from out the self-same fount,
One nectar drank, another draughts of gall.
Hence from the self-same quarter of the sky,
One saw ten thousand angels look, and smile;
Another saw as many demons frown.
One discord heard, where harmony inclined
Another's ear. The sweet was in the taste;
The beauty in the eye; and in the ear
The melody; and in the man—for God
Necessity of sinning laid on none—
To form the taste, to purify the eye,
And tune the ear, that all he tasted, saw,
Or heard, might be harmonious, sweet, and fair.
Who would, might groan; who would, might sing for joy.
Robert Pollok.

1090. ENJOYMENT, Lost.

O world, O life, O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more; oh, nevermore!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight,
No more—oh, nevermore;

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

1091. ENJOYMENT, Neglected.

What vaileth them to skip
At fruit over the lip
. . . . .
For fruit withouten taste
Doth naught but rot and waste.
What vaileth under kay
To keep treasure alway,
That never shall see day.
If it be not used,
It is but abused.
What vaileth the flower
To stand still and wither;
If no man it savor,
It serves only for sight,
And fadeth towards night.
Therefore, fear not to assay
To gather, ye that may,
The flower that this day
Is fresher than the next.
Mark well, I say, this text:
Let not the fruit be lost
That is desired the most;
Delight shall quite the cost.
If it be taken in time
Small labor is to climb.
And as for such treasure
That maketh thee the richer,
And no deal the poorer
When it is given or lent,
Methinks it were well spent.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

1092. ENJOYMENT, Pursuit of.

We all are children in our strife to seize
Each petty pleasure, as it lures the sight;
And like the tall tree, swaying in the breeze,
Our lofty wishes stoop their tow'ring flight,
Till, when the prize is won, it seems no more
Than gather'd shell from ocean's countless store,
And ever those, who would enjoyment gain,
Must find it in the purpose they pursue.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

1093. ENJOYMENT, Reflected.

I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within.
O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud,
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate, cold world, allowed
To the poor loveliness, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth:
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

S. T. Coleridge.

1094. ENNUI, Course of.

It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys, [life
That palls and satiates, and makes languid
A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards, [hand
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences; and sits,
Spectatrix both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet e'en these
Themselves love life, and cling to a twig.
They love it, and yet loathe it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

William Cowper.

1095. ENNUI, Mockery of.

They are mockery all—these skies, these
Their untroubled depth of blue— [skies,
They are mockery all—those eyes, those eyes,
Which seem so warm and true;
Each tranquil star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through!
They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,
Which her airs so softly woo—
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay, it is mockery too!
The winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the looks deceive to which we sue;
And love but leads to the sepulchre,
Which flowers spring to strew.

Charles F. Hoffman.

1096. ENNUI, Question for.

Ah! how unjust to nature and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short:
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;

Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer
(For nature's voice, unstifled, would recall)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death! [dreadful made:
Death, most our dread; death, thus more
O, what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blessed leisure is our curse: like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groaned [hour.
The world beneath, we groan beneath an
We cry for mercy to the next amusement:
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful time if prisons set us free.
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turned.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepid with his age;
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen [winds?
But his broad pinions, swifter than the
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamused a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivelled o'er by sense;
For rattles and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies and relays of joy,
To drag you patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day—say, sages! say,
Wit's oracles? say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an eternal night
When such expedients fail?

Edward Young.

1097. ENTERPRISE, Address to.

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendor dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
Daughter of Hope! her favorite child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter's arrow first defiled
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
And when the mightier waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
And thou, thy favorite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare
From her rock-fortress in mid-air,
With infant shout; and often sweep.
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain:
Or, tired with sport, would sink asleep
Upon the couchant lion's mane!
With rolling year thy strength increased;
And far beyond the native East,
To thee, by varying titles known
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From suppliants panting for the skies!
What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of demi-god,
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead;
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinity impelled,
The stripling seeks the tented field;
The aspiring virgin kneels, and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender heroine,
Vowed to severer discipline;
Inflamed by thee, the blooming boy
Makes the whistling shrouds a toy,
And of the ocean's dismal breast
A playground,—or a couch of rest;
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The chamois-chaser, awed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice;
And hast thou not with triumph seen
How soaring mortals glide between,
Or through the clouds, and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight?
How they, in bells of crystals, dive
Where winds and waters cease to strive,
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the deep,
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
Or adverse tides and currents headed,
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
In never-slackening voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow,
And, slighting sails and scorning oars,
Keep faith with time on distant shores?
Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning waste;
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain-head,
Thou speak'st—and lo! the polar seas
Unbosom their last mysteries.
But oh! what transports, what sublime reward, [pare
Won from the world of mind, dost thou pre-
For philosophic sage, or high-souled bard,
Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,
Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;
Nor grieves, tho' doomed thro' silent night to bear
The domination of his glorious themes,
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!
. . . . . .

But thou, O Goddess, in thy favorite Isle
Quicken the slothful and exalt the vile!
Thy impulse is the life of fame;
Glad hope would almost cease to be
If torn from thy society;
And love when worthiest of his name
Is proud to walk the earth with thee!
William Wordsworth.

1098. ENVY, Cause of.

What made the man of envy what he was,
Was worth in others, vileness in himself;
A lust of praise, with undeserving deeds,
And conscious poverty of soul: and still
It was his earnest work and daily toil
With lying tongue, to make the noble seem
Mean as himself. On fame's high hill he saw
The laurel spread its everlasting green, [weak:
And wished to climb: but felt his knees too
And stood below, unhappy, laying hands
Upon the strong, ascending gloriously
The steps of honor, bent to draw them back;
Involving oft the brightness of their path
In mists his breath had raised. Whene'er he
As oft he did, of joy and happiness, [heard,
And great prosperity, and rising worth,
'Twas like a wave of wormwood o'er his soul
Rolling its bitterness. His joy was woe:
The woe of others: when, from wealth to want, [strife,
From praises to reproach, from peace to
From mirth to tears, he saw a brother fall,
Or virtue make a slip—his dreams were sweet.
Robert Pollok.

1099. ENVY, Cell of.

Then straight to Envy's cell she bends her way,
Which all with putrid gore infected lay.
Deep in a gloomy cave's obscure recess,
No beams could e'er that horrid mansion bless;
No breeze e'er fann'd it; but about it roll'd
Eternal woes, and ever lazy cold;
No spark shone there, but everlasting gloom,
Impenetrably dark, obscur'd the room.
Andrew Tooke.

1100. ENVY, Description of.

Envy at last crawls forth from hell's dire throng, [long,
Of all the direfullest! her black locks hung
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropp'd from her sharp bones within;
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair, [there.
Both day and night they left fresh poisons
Her garments were deep-stained in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip and bowl, which to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
With which, when she was drunk, she furious grew, [crew
And lashed herself: thus from the accursèd
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents;
Envy, good only when she herself torments.
Abraham Cowley.

1101. ENVY, Food of.

Now I feel
Of what coarse metal you are moulded, envy,
How eagerly you follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye; and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them; and,
In time will find their fit rewards. [no doubt,
Shakespeare.

1102. ENVY, Penalty of.

The foolish camel begged of Allah for a pair of horns: [of his ears!
Instead of granting *them*, Allah deprived him
Lose not the grace appropriate which already you adorns,
By seeking what on others as an ornament appears. *Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

1103. ENVY Personified.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison run about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbor's wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept that cause of weeping none he had; [drous glad.
But when he heard of harm he waxed won-

All in a kirtle of discolored say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes,
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail upties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies:
Still as he rode, he gnashed his teeth to see
Those heads of gold with gripple Coveties;
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less that any like did use;
And, who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets' wit
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ;
Such one vile envy was, fifth in row did sit.
Edmund Spenser.

1104. ENVY, Self-punishment of.

Of all antagonists, most charity
I find in envious men: for they do
Sooner hurt themselves, than hurt or me or
Him that raised me up. An envious man is
Made of thoughts: to ruminate much doth melt
The brain, and make the heart grow lean.
Such men
As these, that in opposing waste their proper
Strength; that sacrifice themselves in silly

Hope to butcher us; save revenge a labor;
And die to make experiment of wrath.
Sir W. Davenant.

1105. ENVY, Spite of.

A deadly paleness in her cheeks was seen;
Her meagre skeleton scarce cased with skin
Her looks awry; an everlasting scowl
Sits on her brow; her teeth deform'd and foul; [could hold;
Her breast had gall more than her breast
Beneath her tongue coats of poison roll'd;
No smile e'er smooth'd her furrow'd brow but those [and woes;
Which rise from common mischiefs, plagues,
Her eyes were strangers to the sweets of
Devouring spite forever waking keep; [sleep,
She sees bless'd men with vast successes crown'd, [wound:
Their joys distract her, and their glories
She kills abroad, herself's consum'd at home,
And her own crimes are her perpetual martyrdom. *Andrew Tooke.*

1106. EPICURE, Fate of the.

Serve not thy belly with such zest:
He is a most ungrateful guest.
Who serves him most and best at first,
He finally will treat the worst.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1107. EPITAPH, A Lady's.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little?—reader, stay!
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth—
Th' other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.
Ben Jonson.

1108. EQUALITY, Claim of.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half-dead;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded, yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child;
And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath every mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

My equal in the judgment day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth,
Though "Wretch" be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth?
James Montgomery.

1109. EQUALITY, Consider.

Consider man, weigh well thy frame,
The king, the beggar are the same;
Dust formed us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay. *J. Gay.*

1110. EQUALITY, Human.

Are we not brothers?
So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.
Shakespeare.

1111. EQUALITY, Gifts of.

Children of wealth or want, to each is given
One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven!
Enough, if these their outward show impart;
The rest is thine,—the scenery of the heart.
O. W. Holmes.

1112. ERRING, Hope for the.

Nay, deem not thus,—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still;
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;
O, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1113. ERROR, Avoid.

You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only farthest from his way.
Matthew Prior.

1114. ERROR, Flight of.

For look again on the past years; behold,
How like the nightmare's dreams have flown away
Horrible in forms of worship, that, of old,
Held, o'er the shuddering realms, unquestioned sway. [day,
See crimes, that feared not once the eye of
Rooted from men, without a name or place:
See nations blotted out from earth, to pay
The forfeit of deep guilt; with glad embrace [bler race.
The fair disburdened lands welcome a no-

Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven; their flight;
They fade, they fly—but Truth survives
Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven;
Each ray that shone in early time, to light

The faltering footstep in the path of right,
Each gleam of clearer brightness shed to
In man's maturer day his bolder sight, [aid
All blended, like the rainbow's radiant
braid,
Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze
that cannot fade.
William Cullen Bryant.

1115. ERROR, Habit of.

I need not follow the similitude.
Truth is vitality, and if the mind
Be fed on poison, it must lose its power.
The vision that forever strains to err,
Soon finds its task a habit; and the taste
That will own nothing true or beautiful
Soon finds the world distorted as itself;
And the loose mind that feeds an appetite
For the enticements of licentious thought,
Contracts a leprosy that oversteals
Its senses, like a palsy, chill, and fast.
N. P. Willis.

1116. ERROR, Perversity of.

First appetite enlists him, truth-sworn foe;
Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders; that his error leads
To fatal ills; that, though the path he treads
Be flowery, and he sees no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of hell attend him there:
In vain; the slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side.
His still refuted quirks he still repeats;
New raised objections with new quibbles
meets,
Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies disputing, and the contest ends—
But not the mischiefs; they, still left behind,
Like thistle-seeds, are sown by every wind.
Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill;
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked
will;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.
Halting on crutches of unequal size,
One leg by truth supported, one by lies;
They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,
Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.
William Cowper.

1117. ERROR, Progress of.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree [free.
Enslaves the will,—nor leaves the judgment
'Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice [use;
Unnerves the moral powers, and mars their
Ambition, avarice, and the lust of fame,
And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
The heart, surrender'd to the ruling power
Of some ungovern'd passion every hour,
Finds by degrees the truths that once bore
sway,
And all their deep impressions, wear away;
So coin grows smooth, in traffic current
pass'd,
Till Cæsar's image is effaced at last. [wide,
The breach though small at first soon opening
In rushes folly with a full-moon tide,
Then welcome errors, of whatever size,
To justify it by a thousand lies.
As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon;
So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
First wish to be imposed on, and then are,
And, lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
Themselves will hide its coarseness with a
veil.
Not more industrious are the just and true
To give to virtue what is virtue's due
The praise of wisdom, comeliness, and worth,
And call her charms to public notice forth—
Than vice's mean and disingenuous race
To hide the shocking features of her face.
Her form with dress and lotion they repair;
Then kiss their idol, and pronounce her fair.
William Cowper.

1118. ETERNITY, Duration of.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
And yet to thee time hastes away,
Like as the war-horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow
Ponder, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
For even as in a perfect sphere
End nor beginning can appear,
Even so, eternity, in thee,
Entrance nor exit can there be.
Ponder, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
A circle infinite art thou,
Thy centre an eternal Now:
Never we name thy outward bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain:
O lasting joy! O lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, eternity!
Wulffer.

1119. ETERNITY Everlasting.

Oh! who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
Of the eternity that hath gone by,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense
Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summed in birthdays and in sepulchres;
But the Eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end. Time had been with Him
For everlasting, ere the dædal world
Rose from the gulf in loveliness. Like Him,
It knew no source; like Him, 'twas uncreate.
What is it, then? The past eternity!

We comprehend a future without end;
We feel it possible that even yon sun
May roll forever: but we shrink amazed—
We stand aghast, when we reflect that time
Knew no commencement—that, heap age on age
And million upon million, without end,
And we shall never span the void of days
That were and are not but in retrospect.
The Past is an unfathomable depth,
Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
Forever and forever.
Now look on man
Myriads of ages hence. Hath time elapsed?
Is he not standing in the selfsame place
Where once he stood? The same eternity
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
His past is not of longer span than ours,
Though myriads of ages intervened;
For who can add to what has neither sum,
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end?
Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind?
Oh, who can unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude
Sublime as this, our reason stands confused
Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of infinite beings to infinity?
He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scooped out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in!

Henry Kirke White.

1120. ETERNITY, Hastening to.

My soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing
To flee to Him I love.
The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by His hand;
Before His cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

My heart is with Him on His throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
"Rise up, and come away!"
With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,
"Why tarries He?" I cry;
Let not the Saviour chide my haste,
For then would I reply:

"May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner, to be free?
A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she, that waits her absent lord,
May sigh till he appear.

"I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows!
Would search the mystery of Thy love,
The depths of all Thy woes!
I fain would strike my harp divine,
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of Righteousness,
And sing what grace has done!"

Robert C. Chapman

1121. ETERNITY, Immeasurable.

What is eternity? Can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?
Tell ev'ry beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;
Tell every light-wing'd mote that strays
Within its ample round of rays.

Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,
That crown the gardens, fields, and woods
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce when spring propitious leads

The new-born year;—tell all the drops
That night, upon their bended tops,
Sheds, in soft silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day:

Tell all the sands the ocean laves,
Tell ocean's ever-changing waves;
Or tell, with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains:

Be this astonishing account
Augmented, with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread,
Through all time's long-protracted tour,
From Adam to the present hour;

Still short the sum, nor can it vie
With the more num'rous years that lie
Embosom'd in eternity.

Were there a belt that could contain,
In its vast orb, the earth and main;
With figures were it cluster'd o'er,
Without one cipher in the score;
And could your lab'ring thought assign
The total of the crowded line—

How scant th' amount! th' attempt how vain,
To reach duration's endless chain!
For when as many years are run
Unbounded age is but begun.
Attend, O man, with awe divine:
For this eternity is thine. *T. Gibbons.*

1122. ETERNITY, Incomprehensible.

We strive with earthly imaginings to reach
and understand
The wondrous and the fearful things of an
eternal land.

We talk of amaranthine bowers and living
groves of palm,
Of starry crowns and fadeless flowers and
skies forever calm.

We talk of wings and raiment white, and
pillared thrones of gold,
And cities built with jewels bright, far in the
heavens, of old.

Are these things more than fancy's play? are
they, in very deed,
The free soul's guerdon, far away, its ever-
lasting meed?

Or shall the spirit, in its flight beyond the
stars sublime,
See nothing but the radiance white of never-
ending time?

Shall things material change again, and
wholly be forgot? [thought?
And round us only God remain, a universe of

We know not well—we cannot know: our
reason's glimmering light
Can nothing but the darkness show of our
surrounding night.

But soon the doubt and toil and strife of
earth shall all be done,
And knowledge of our endless life be in a
moment won. *Otway Curry.*

1123. ETERNITY, Launching into.

It was a brave attempt, adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine; the tempest raves:
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping
graves: [sails,
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves his mortal
land, [mand.
Fearless when the great Master gives com-
Death is the storm; she smiles to hear it
roar, [shore;
And bids the tempest waft her from the
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease.
Her faith can govern death: she spreads her
wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise, [things.
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies:
Now vast eternity fills all her sight; [light,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite de-
The seas forever calm, the skies forever
bright. *Isaac Watts.*

1124. ETERNITY, Living for.

So live that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of
death, [march,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength re-
newed
Like the strong eagle's, for the upward flight.

1125. ETERNITY, Measuring.

A thousand years, and years on years sub-
So may we mete eternity by time; [lime,
A thousand cycles measured day by day,
When day itself shall long have burned
away;

Each single soul, each mind that lists me now:
Yes, shrinking spirit, these, and surely thou!
I know, in some far world beyond our ken,
Deathless as God, will still be thinking then.
There is no end; ye are, and cannot die!
A. C. Coxe.

1126. ETERNITY, Meditating upon.

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Set hours and written rules are good,
Long prayers can lay our fears;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the Eternal Years.

Oh! many things are good for souls,
In proper times and spheres;
Thy present good is in thy thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.

And know'st thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal Years.

One cross can sanctify a soul;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil Hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.
Frederick W. Faber.

1127. ETERNITY, Responsibility for.

Eternity! Eternity!
That boundless, soundless, tideless sea,
Of mysteries the mystery,
What is eternity to me?

Infinite bliss or misery,
Woe past, woe present, woe to be;

The fulness of felicity;
These are eternity to me.

Two voices from eternity!
A voice from heaven comes down to me,
A voice from hell breaks dolefully,
"Life, death, O man! are offered thee."

The abyss is moved; even wrath cries "Flee,"
The height expands, and love cries "See
What God hath here prepared for thee;
Choose thou thine own eternity!"
James Montgomery.

1128. ETERNITY, Sailing to.

Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee. . . . . .
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy great Pole-star; make the land of life. *Edward Young.*

1129. ETERNITY, Unchanging.

Days come and go
In joy or woe;
Days go and come
In endless sum.
Only the eternal day
Shall come but never go;
Only the eternal tide
Shall never ebb but flow.
O long eternity,
My soul goes forth to thee!

Suns set and rise
In these dull skies;
Suns rise and set,
Till men forget
The day is at the door,
When they shall rise no more.
O everlasting Sun,
Whose race is never run,
Be Thou my endless light!
Then I shall fear no night!
Horatius Bonar.

1130. EVANESCENCE, Earthly.

O imperial Babylon! where is the pulp of thy rind?
And the throne of great Solomon where? They are gone to the wind:
In the lore of the past though a million bright deeds are enshrined,
Many more, brighter far, have evanished like mist on the wind.
What are glory and riches? But firmans that Fortune hath signed,
Just to glitter a moment, and pass on the breath of the wind.
Hast been chained? or by love hast been crossed? or in sorrow hast pined?
Ah! how glad thou shalt be when thy relics are dust on the wind.
For the spirit in death all its burdens and bounds leaves behind,
And will nevermore care for the things that must go on the wind.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1131. EVANESCENCE, Emblem of.

See yonder cloud along the west
In gay, fantastic splendor dressed;
Fancy's bright visions charm the eye,
Sweet fairy bowers in prospect lie,
And blooming fields smile from the sky,
Decked in the hues of even;
But short its evanescent stay,
Its brilliant masses fade away
The breeze floats off its visions gay,
And clears the face of heaven.

Thus to fond man does Life's fair scene
Delusive spread its cheerful green;
Before his path shine pleasure's bowers,
Each smiling field seems drest in flowers,
Hope leads him on, and shows his hours
For peace and pleasure given.
But one by one his hopes decay,
Each flattering vision fades away,
Each cheering scene charms to betray,
And naught remains but heaven
Esther C. Beecher.

1132. EVANESCENCE, Exceptions to.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1133. EVANESCENCE, Lesson of.

Why should immortal bow to mortal things!
Why love we thus the frail and perishing,
When changeless, and imperishable claim
That Eden blossom lingering in the soul?
Let dust go back to its own kindred dust,
But let not spirit load itself with clay,
And droop in sorrow when the toy is lost.
Oh, let the deathless link itself with life,
High on the wings of its own love upsoar,
And with the glorious ranks that throng the sky
Drink ceaseless draughts of truth and holiness,
Until the pulses of the soul shall beat
So that we feel the throb, though shackled down
By thrice ten thousand bonds.
Life, life we seek!
And though our guide to yonder emerald shores
Be stern of brow, and of an iron hand,
His eye is sure, his foot can never err;
And who shall dare to grasp the glorious boon
With trembling fingers, and a craven heart?
Emily Judson.

1134. EVANESCENT, Clinging to the.

All that's brightest must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall;
The flower that drops in springing;

These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be blessed with light, and see
That light forever flying.
Thomas Moore.

1135. EVE, Description of.

Adam. Mine eyes He closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed:
The rib He formed and fashioned with His hands;
Under His forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked
To find her, or forever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With what all earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by His voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud:
"This turn hath made amends; Thou hast fulfilled
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all Thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me: Woman is her name, of man
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere:
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul."
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
The more desirable; or, to say all,—
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned:
I followed her; she what was honor knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

. . . . . .

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

. . . . . .

Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixed with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
John Milton.

1136. EVE, Happiness of.

Eve. My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train;
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends

With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower, [showers,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
John Milton.

1137. EVE, Seduction of.

Eve. What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd [press'd!
By tongue of brute, and human sense ex-
The first at least of these I thought deny'd
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say, [how
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight:
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied:
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd:
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low, [cern'd
As was my food; nor aught but food dis-
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savory odor blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had [play.
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Pow'rful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good.
. . . . . .
Eve. But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
To whom the wily adder blithe and glad:
Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.
Lead then, said Eve: He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. . . .
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell
So savory of that fruit, with which desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye: yet first
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mus'd:
Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits, [admir'd,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
Thy praise He also who forbids thy use
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but His forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain, then, what forbids He but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives, [cerns,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and dis-
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit to guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour [ate.
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her
seat [woe
Sighing through all her works gave signs of
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve,
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was godhead from her
thought.
Greedily she ingorg'd, without restraint,
And knew not eating death. *John Milton.*

1138. EVE, Temptation of.

Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence
raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits engend'ring
pride.
Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surprised. *John Milton.*

1139. EVENING, Associations of.

This is the hour when memory wakes
Visions of joy that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy takes
A survey of the past!

She brings before the pensive mind
The hallowed scenes of earlier years;
And friends who long have been consign'd
To silence and to tears!

The few we lik'd; the ONE we lov'd;
A sacred bond! come stealing on;
And many a form far hence remov'd,
And many a pleasure gone!

Friendships that now in death are hush'd,
And young affection's broken chain;
And hopes that fate too quickly crush'd
In memory live again!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
But muse on hopes as quickly flown,
Tint after tint they died away,
Till *all* at last were gone!

This is the hour when fancy wreathes
Her spells round joys that could not last;
This is the hour when memory breathes
A sigh to pleasures past. *John Wilson.*

1140. EVENING, Benefit of.

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the evening, to the crisp'd up grass;
And the curl'd corn-blades bow,
And the light breezes pass, [expand,
That their parched lips may feel thee, and
Thou sweet reviver of the fever'd land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove untrammelled in that "better land."
William D. Gallagher.

1141. EVENING, Coming of.

Now the sun,
Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls
Into the mellow eve: the west puts on
Her gorgeous beauties—palaces and halls,
And towers, all carv'd of the unstable cloud,
Welcome thee calmly, waning monarch—he
Sinks gently midst that glorious canopy
Down on his couch of rest—even like a proud
King of the earth—the ocean.
John Bowring.

1142. EVENING, Duty for.

Morn is the time to act, noon to endure;
But O! if thou would'st keep thy spirit pure,
Turn from the beaten path, by worldlings trod,
Go forth at eventide, in heart to walk with
God. *Mrs. Emma C. Embury.*

1143. EVENING, Hymn for.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence
Where not too deep for mortal sense:

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store,
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

1144. EVENING, Influence of.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Soft hour! which makes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day;
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

Lord Byron.

1145. EVENING, Moral of.

Behold the sun, that seem'd but now
Enthronèd overhead,
Beginneth to decline below
The globe whereon we tread;
And he, whom yet we look upon
With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which nature gave;
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave:
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart;
And when the night of death draws nigh,
Thus will they all depart.

Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain;
Let still Thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain!
And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
Forever brightly shine!

George Wither.

1146. EVENING, Prayer at.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless
Compose the weary limbs to rest; [bed
For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eye shall close,
That earthly cares and woes [close,
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant! Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wakest and weepest?
O, when thy pangs are deepest
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer!
For He that slumbereth not is there:
His ear is open to their cry.
O, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber!
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest,
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven:
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven!
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

Margaret Mercer.

1147. EVENING, Retirement of.

Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm, [crowd,
To steal themselves from the degenerate
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

James Thomson.

1148. EVENING, Splendors of.

Had this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent
Among the speechless clouds a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail mortality may see—
What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent angels sang
Their vespers in the grove; [height,
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both. Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam,
The shadow, and the peace supreme!

No sound is uttered; but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain-side,
And glistening antlers are descried,
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread.

And if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing, suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal spirits blend!
Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
But rooted here I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Have slept since noontide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed,
And awake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

Such hues from their celestial urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.
This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather, speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From Thee if I would swerve,
Oh, let Thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth.
'Tis past, the visionary splendor fades,
And night approaches with her shades.

William Wordsworth.

1149. EVENING, Thanks for.

Father of heaven and earth!
I bless Thee for the night,
The soft, still night!
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

Now far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell [nest;
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's
The bee's long-murmuring toils are done,
And I, the o'erwearied one,
Bless Thee, O God, O Father of the oppressed!
With my last waking thought,
In the still night!
Yes, ere I sink to rest
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of earth and heaven!
I bless Thee, who hast given
Unto life's fainting travellers the night,
The soft, still, holy night!

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

1150. EVENING, Vespers.

Blest be the God of love, [this day,
Who gave me eyes and light, and power
Both to be busy and to play.
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to Himself He did deny;
For when He sees my ways I die;
But I have got His Son, and He hath none.

What have I brought Thee home [debt
For this Thy love? Have I discharged the
Which this day's favor did beget?
I ran; but all I brought was foam.

Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to Thee whom I have cost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still Thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, "It doth suffice:
Henceforth repose; your work is done."

Thus in Thy ebony
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disordered clocks.

I muse which shows more love, [harbor;
The day or night: that is the gale, this the
That is the walk, and this the arbor;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, Thou art all love.
Not one poor minute 'scapes thy breast,
But brings a favor from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.
George Herbert.

1151. EVIL, Abstain from.

With caution taste the sweet Circæan cup;
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assumed; but when they strive
To strip them off 'tis being flay'd alive.
Called to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.
But if you pass the threshold, you are caught;
Die then, if power Almighty save you not.
There hardening by degrees, till double steel'd,
Take leave of nature's God, and God reveal'd;
Then laugh at all you trembled at before,
And, joining the free-thinkers' brutal roar,
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense,
The Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense.
If clemency revolted by abuse
Be damnable, then damn'd without excuse.
Some dream that they can silence, when they will, [still:"
The storm of passion, and say, "Peace, be
But, "Thus far and no farther," when address'd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man.
William Cowper.

1152. EVIL, Beware of.

Nevertheless, O sinner, harden not thine heart in evil;
Nor plume thee in imaginary triumph, because thou art not valueless as vile;
Because thy dark abominations add lustre to the clarity of Light;
Because a wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out of poisons;
Because the same fiery volcano that scorcheth and ravageth a continent,
Hath in the broad blue bay cast up some petty island;
Because to the full demonstration of the qualities and accidents of good,
The swarthy legions of the devil hath toiled as unwitting pioneers; [hate it:
For sin is still sin; so hateful, Love doth
A blot on the glory of creation, which justice must wipe out.
Sin is a loathsome leprosy, fretting the white robe of innocence;
A rottenness, eating out the heart of the royal cedars of Lebanon; [pilgrimage;
A pestilential blast, the terror of that holy
A rent in the sacred veil, whereby God left the temple.
Therefore, consider thyself, thou that dost not sorrow for thy guilt;
Fear evil, or face its enemy; dread sin, or dare justice. [low them;
Yea, saith the Spirit; and their works do fol-
Habits, and thoughts, and deeds, are shadows and satellites of self.
What! shall the claimant to a throne stand forward with a rabble rout,—
Meanness, impiety, and lust, riot, and indolence, and vanity?
Nay, man! the train wherewith thou comest attend whither thou shalt go.
A throne for a king's son, but an inner dungeon for the felon.
For a man's works do follow him: bodily, standing in the judgment,
Behold the false accuser, behold the slandered saint;
The slave, and his bloody driver; the poor, and his generous friend;
The simple dupe, and the crafty knave; the murderer, and his victim!
M. F. Tupper.

1153. EVIL, Compensation of.

Pain and sin are convicts, and toil in their fetters for good;
The weapons of evil are turned against itself fighting under better banners:
The leech delighteth in stinging, and the wicked loveth to do harm,
But the wise physician of the universe useth that ill tendency for health.
Verily, from others' griefs are gendered sympathy and kindness;
Patience, humility, and faith spring not seldom from thine own:
An enemy, humbled by his own sorrows, cannot be far from thy forgiveness,
A friend, who hath tasted of calamity, shall fan the dying incense of thy love:
And for thyself, is it a small thing so to learn thy frailty, [whole body?
That from an aching bone thou savest the
The furnace of affliction may be fierce, but if it refineth thy soul,
The good of one meek thought shall outweigh years of torment.
M. F. Tupper.

1154. EVIL, Faith in.

When man in error gropes
Night under night still opes:
Goodness is horror then,
And demons dwell in men.
But when he thinks aright,
A fount of dazzling light
From evil's darkness bursts,
To satiate his thirsts.

A faith of truth and love
Melts hell in heaven above;
A faith of lies in hell below.
Whoever thinks with God
Doth grasp fate's mighty rod.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1155. EVIL, Fruitfulness of.

Oh, how will crime engender crime! throw
Upon the soul, and, like a stone cast on [guilt
The troubled waters of a lake,
'Twill form in circles, round succeeding round,
Each wider than the first. *Colman.*

1156. EVIL, Good from.

Patiently received from Thee,
Evil cannot evil be.
Evil is by evil healed;
Evil is but good concealed,
And through the virtue of Thy Blood
Shall turn to our eternal good.
Charles Wesley.

1157. EVIL, Resist not.

The trodden worm will turn again,
And nature hurt resent the smart,
Unless Thy gentleness restrain,
Unless Thy Love o'ercome my heart.
The precept and the pattern mild
Thou giv'st; but add the patient power,
And, turned into a little child,
Thy follower shall resist no more.
Charles Wesley.

1158. EVIL, Uprooting.

A sprout of evil, ere it has struck root,
With thumb and finger one up-pulls:
To start it, when grown up and full of fruit,
Requires a mighty yoke of bulls.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1159. EVILS, Anticipating.

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!
From the French, tr. by R. W. Emerson.

1160. EVILS, Imaginary.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,—
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?—
Life's troubles come never too late!
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee—
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by forebodings deterred;
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fear of what never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow:
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,—
Still shorter by folly and fear!
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred.
Charles Swain.

1161. EVILS, Improvement of.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers;
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end,
That we may gather honey from the sweet,
And make a moral of the devil himself.
Shakespeare.

1162. EXAMINATION, Self.

By all means use sometime to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up houses, turns out of doors his mind.

Sum up by night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do,
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.
George Herbert.

1163. EXAMPLE, Encouragement of.

And all these lines are underscored, and here
And there a tear hath been and left its stain,—
The only record, haply, of a tear
Long wiped from eyes no more to weep again.

And, as I gaze, a solemn joy comes o'er me:
By these deep footprints, I can surely guess
Some pilgrim, by the road that lies before me,
Hath crossed, long time ago, the wilderness.

With feet oft bruised among its sharp flints, duly
He turned aside to gather simples here,
And lay up cordials for his faintness: truly,
Now will I track his steps, and be of cheer.

And, wearied, by this wayside fountain's brink
He sat to rest; and, as it then befell,
The stone was rolled away; he stooped to drink
The waters springing up from life's clear well.

And oft, upon his journey faring sadly,
He communed with this Teacher from on high; [gladly,
And, meeting words of promise, meekly,
Went on his way rejoicing. So will I.
Dora Greenwell.

1164. EXAMPLE, Influence of.

Still shines the light of holy lives
Like star-beams over doubt;
Each sainted memory, Christ-like, drives
Some dark possession out.

O friend! O brother! not in vain
Thy life so calm and true,
The silver dropping of the rain,
The fall of summer dew!

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,
Thy Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of His truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day
In golden-skied decline,
His angel met thee on the way,
And lent his arm to thine.

J. G. Whittier.

1165. EXAMPLE, License of.

If apostolic gravity be free
To play the fool on Sundays, why not we?
If he the tinkling harpsichord regards
As inoffensive, what offence in cards?
Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay!
Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.

William Cowper.

1166. EXAMPLE, Need of.

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
Nor knowest thou what argument [height;
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

R. W. Emerson.

1167. EXAMPLE, Posthumous.

I see through the gathering darkness
The spire of the village church,
And the pale white tombs, half hidden
By the tasselled willow and birch.

Vain is the golden drifting
Of morning light on the hill;
No white hand opens the windows
Of those chambers low and still.

But their dwellers were all my kindred,
Whatever their lives might be,
And their sufferings and achievements
Have recorded lessons for me.

Not one of the countless voyagers
Of life's mysterious main
Has laid down his burden of sorrows,
Who hath lived and loved in vain.

From the bards of the elder ages
Fragments of song float by,
Like flowers in the streams of summer,
Or stars in the midnight sky.

Some plumes in the dust are scattered,
Where the eagles of Persia flew,
And wisdom is reaped from the furrows
The plough of the Roman drew.

From the white tents of the crusaders
The phantoms of glory are gone,
But the zeal of the barefooted hermit
In humanity's heart lives on.

Alice Carey.

1168. EXAMPLE, Present.

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man! A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart
Of envy, rancor, or impure desire.
We see, we hear, with peril; safety dwells
Remote from multitude. The world's a school
Of wrong; and what proficients swarm
We must or imitate or disapprove; [around!
Must list as their accomplices or foes:
That stains our innocence, *this* wounds our peace.

Edward Young.

1169. EXAMPLE, Regard for.

Once Sultan Nushirvan the Just, hunting,
Stopped in an open field to take a lunch.
He wanted salt, and to a servant said,
"Go get some at the nearest house, but pay
The price the peasant asks." "Great King," exclaimed [realm;
The servant, "thou art lord o'er all this
Why take the pains to *buy* a little salt?"
"It is a little thing," said Nushirvan,
"And so, at first, was all the evil whose
Most monstrous load now presses so the world.
Were there no little wrongs, no great could be.
If I from off a poor man's tree should pluck
A single apple, straight my slaves would rob
The whole tree to its root: if I should seize
Five eggs, my ministers at once would snatch
A hundred hens. Therefore strict justice must
I, even in unimportant acts, observe.
Bring salt, but pay the peasant what he asks."

Oriental.

1170. EXAMPLE, Reward of.

If men of good lives,
Who, by their virtuous actions, stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As sin must needs confess; what may they feel
In height of torment, and in weight of vengeance,
Not only they themselves not doing well,
But set a light up to show men to hell?

Thomas Middleton.

1171. EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud the clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche?"
This was the peasant's last Good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior! *H. W. Longfellow.*

1172. EXCELLENCE, Attainment of.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.
H. W. Longfellow.

1173. EXCELLENCE, Possible.

Even in a palace, life may be led well!
So spoke the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,
Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's ken,
Who rates us, if we peer outside our pen,—
Matched with a palace, is not this a hell?

Even in a palace! On his truth sincere,
Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came;
And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop, and say: "There were no succor here!
The aids to noble life are all within."
Matthew Arnold.

1174. EXCESS, Avoiding.

Moderate tasks and moderate leisure,
Quiet living, strict-kept measure,
Both in suffering and in pleasure,—
'Tis for this thy nature yearns.

But so many books thou readest,
But so many schemes thou breedest,
But so many wishes feedest,
That thy poor head almost turns.

And (the world's so madly fangled,
Human things so fast entangled,)
Nature's wish must now be strangled
For that best which she discerns.

So it *must* be! yet while leading
A strained life, while over-feeding,
Like the rest, his wit with reading,
No small profit that man earns,

Who through all he meets can steer him,
Can reject what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him!
Who each day more surely learns

That an impulse, from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence,
To the words "Hope, Light, Persistence,"
Strongly stirs and truly burns!

Matthew Arnold.

1175. EXCESS, Penalty of.

Violent fires soon burn out themselves.
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

Shakespeare.

1176. EXCITEMENT, Caution of.

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss;
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions,—let me change the rule,—
Don't strike the iron till it 's slightly cool.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1177. EXCITEMENT, Pursuit of.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Oliver Goldsmith.

1178. EXERCISE, Health from.

Nobody 's healthful without exercise:
Just wars are exercises of a state;
Virtue 's in motion, and contends to rise
With generous ascents above a mate.

Charles Aleyn.

1179. EXERCISE, Law of.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation; e'en the oak
Thrives indeed indignant, and to feel the dain,
The impression of the blast with proud dis-
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder: but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns—
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need; the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And withered muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name,
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
E'en age itself seems privileged in them,
With clear exemption from its own defects;
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

William Cowper.

1180. EXISTENCE, Animal.

There are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their places,
And swallow corn and carcasses,
Then if their tombstone, when they die.
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing better will be said
Than that "they've eat up all their bread,
Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed."

Isaac Watts.

1181. EXPECTATION, Disappointed.

The distant prospect always seem more fair,
And when attained, another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before,—yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,

Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.
Henry Kirke White.

1182. EXPECTATION, Moderate.

When haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur couches like a guilty thing,
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try;
Like these frail snowdrops that together cling,
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
Observe the faithful flowers! If small to great [to stand
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used
The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom onset fiercely urged at Jove's command
Might overwhelm, but could not separate!
William Wordsworth.

1183. EXPECTATION, Promise of.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.
Shakespeare.

1184. EXPECTATION, Suspense of.

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul,
When the long-promised hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!
To the fond doubting heart its hopes appear
Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize;
All seem but day-dreams of delight too dear!
Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,
While the scarce-trusted bliss seems but to cheat the eyes. *Mrs. Mary Tighe.*

1185. EXPEDIENCY, Example of.

In good King Charles's golden days,
When royalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed:
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
Chor. And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
And Popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the revolution.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;—
Old principles I did invoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional conformists base,
I blamed their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The pope and the pretender.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I nevermore will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.

1186. EXPEDIENCY, True.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers, and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bears seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain:
But gentle words are always gain;
Regard the weakness of thy peers.

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise:
It grows to guerdon after-days:
Nor deal in watchwords overmuch:

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,—
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that, which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying hard to shape in act;
For all the past of time reveals
A bridal-dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever thought hath wedded fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The spirit of the years to come,
Yearning to mix himself with life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New majesties of mighty states—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapor, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If new and old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till time shall close,
That principles are rain'd in blood.

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes:
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossoms of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw haste, half-sister to delay.

Alfred Tennyson.

1187. EXPENDITURE, Rules for.

Be thrifty but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honor, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

George Herbert.

1188. EXPERIENCE, Discipline of.

How false is found, as on in life we go,
Our early estimate of bliss and woe!
Some sparkling joy attracts us, that we fain
Would sell a precious birth-right to obtain.
There all our hopes of happiness are placed;
Life looks without it like a joyless waste;
No good is prized, no comfort sought beside;
Prayers, tears implore, and will not be denied.
Heaven pitying hears the intemperate, rude appeal,
And suits its answer to our truest weal.
The self-sought idol, if at last bestowed,
Proves, what our wilfulness required, a goad;
Ne'er but as needful chastisement, is given
The wish thus forced, and torn, and stormed from heaven:
But if withheld in pity, from our prayer,
We rave, awhile, of torment and despair,
Refuse each proffered comfort with disdain,
And slight the thousand blessings that remain. [and waits
Meantime Heaven bears the grievous wrong,
In patient pity till the storm abates;
Applies with gentlest hand the healing balm,
Or speaks the ruffled mind into a calm;
Deigning, perhaps, to show the mourner soon,
'Twas special mercy that denied the boon.
Our blasted hopes, our aims and wishes crossed,
Are worth the tears and agonies they cost;
When the poor mind, by fruitless efforts spent,
With food and raiment learns to be content.
Bounding with youthful hope, the restless mind
Leaves that divine monition far behind:

But tamed at length by suffering, comprehends
The tranquil happiness to which it tends,
Perceives the high-wrought bliss it aims to share,
Demands a richer soil, a purer air; [share,
That 'tis not fitted, and would strangely grace
The mean condition of our mortal race;
And all we need, in this terrestrial spot,
Is calm contentment with "the common lot."
Jane Taylor.

1189. EXPERIENCE, Education of.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;
For when they happen at a riper age,
People are apt to blame the fates, forsooth,
And wonder Providence is not more sage.
Adversity is the first path to truth:
He who hath proved war, storm, or woman's rage,
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
Hath won the experience which is deem'd so weighty.
Lord Byron.

1190. EXPERIENCE, Illumination in.

What though before me it is dark,
Too dark for me to see?
I ask but light for one step more;
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little, humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
So, though 't is very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
So close I fear to stray,
Patient I wait a little while,
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,
For mercy veils it so;
My present steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny, and hard, and steep;
And knowing this, my strength might fail
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowery way;
But seeing this I might despise
The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey or its length;
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that I shall always have
Light for just "one step more."

1191. EXPERIENCE, Light of.

O'er life's humblest duties throwing
Light the earthling never knew,
Fresh'ning all its dark waste places
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,—
All which sainted Guyon sought,
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel
Half-unconscious taught:—

Beauty such as Goethe pictured,
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed
Living warmth and starry brightness
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
Not a poet's dream alone,
But a presence warm and real,
Seen and felt and known.
J. G. Whittier.

1192. EXPERIENCE, Philosophy of.

I knew that age was enriched with the hard-earned wages of knowledge,
And I saw that hoary wisdom was bred in the school of disappointment:
I noted that the wisest of youth, though provident and cautious of evil,
Yet sailed along unsteadily, as lacking some ballast of the mind;
And the cause seemed to lie in this, that while they considered around them,
And warded off all dangers from without, they forgot their own weakness within.
So steer they in self-confidence, until, from the multitude of perils,
They begin to be wary of themselves, and learn the first lesson of Experience.
I knew that in the morning of life, before its wearisome journey,
The youthful soul doth expand, in the simple luxury of being;
It hath not contracted its wishes, nor set a limit to its hopes;
The wing of fancy is unclipt, and sin hath not seared its feelings:
Each feature is stamped with immortality, for all its desires are infinite,
And it seeketh an ocean of happiness, to fill the deep hollow within;
But the old and the grave look on, pitying that generous youth;
For they also have tasted long ago the bitterness of hope destroyed:
They pity him, and are sad, remembering the days that are past.
But they know he must taste for himself, or he will not give ear to their wisdom,
For Experience hath another lesson, which a man will do well if he learn,
By checking the flight of expectation, to cheat disappointment of its pain.

Experience teacheth many things, and all men are his scholars;
Yet is he a strange tutor, unteaching that which he hath taught.
Youth is confident, manhood wary, and old age confident again:
Youth is kind, manhood cold, and age returneth unto kindness.
For youth suspecteth naught, till manhood, bitterly learned,
Mistrusteth all, overleaping the mark, and age correcteth his excess.
Suspicion is the scaffold unto faith, a temporary needful eyesore,
By which the strong man's dwelling is slowly builded up behind;
But soon as the top-stone hath been set to the well-proved, goodly pyramid,
The scaffold is torn down, and well-timed trust taketh its long leave of suspicion.
A thousand volumes, in a thousand tongues, enshrine the lessons of Experience,
Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none the wiser;
For self-love lendeth him a glass, to color all he conneth,
Lest in the features of another he find his own complexion,
And we secretly judge of ourselves, as differing greatly from all men,
And love to challenge causes to show how we can master their effects:
Pride is pampered in expecting that we need not fear a common fate,
Or wrong-headed prejudice exulteth, in combating old experience;
Or perchance caprice and discontent are the spurs that goad us into danger,
Careless, and half in hope to find there an enemy to joust with.
Private experience is an unsafe teacher, for we rarely learn both sides,
And from the gilt surface reckon not on steel beneath:
The torrid sons of Guinea think to scorn of icy seas,
And the frost-bitten Greenlander disbelieveth suns too hot.
But thou, student of Wisdom, feed on the marrow of the matter;
If thou wilt suspect, let it be thyself; if thou wilt expect, let it not be gladness.

M. F. Tupper.

1193. EXPERIENCE, Theology of.

When time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

His name is Jesus, and He died
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that He might win
Their ransom from the death of sin:
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know He died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know His grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thoughts so high, so deep and wide:
This is my best theology,—
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven;
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, Thy Saviour, died for thee."

George W. Bethune.

1194. EXTRAVAGANCE, Ship of.

Oh! Extravagance saileth in climes bright and warm, [storm;
She is built for the sunlight, and not for the
Her anchor is gold, and her mainmast is pride,— [ride!
Every sheet in the wind doth she dashingly
But Content is a vessel not built for display,
Though she's ready and steady, come storm when it may;
So give us Content as life's channel we steer—
If our pilot be Caution, we've little to fear!

Oh! Extravagance saileth 'mid glitter and show, [flow;
As if fortune's rich tide never ebbed in its
But see her at night, when her gold-light is spent, [rent;
When her anchor is lost, and her silken sails
When the wave of destruction her shattered side drinks, [as she sinks!
And the billows—ha! ha!—laugh and shout
No!—give us *Content* as life's channel we steer,
While our pilot is *Caution* there's little to fear.

Charles Swain.

1195. EXTREMES, End of.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder, [est honey
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweet-
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so.
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Shakespeare.

1196. EXTREMES, Law of.

Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each passion sends,
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in nature equal good produce;
Extremes in man concur to general use."

Ask me what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
The next, a fountain spouting through his heir.
Alexander Pope.

1197. EYE, Fall and Recovery by the.

She saw; she took; she ate;
Death entered by the eye:
And parleying, in a tempted state,
We lust, consent, and die.
But all mankind restored
Their Eden may retrieve;
And lo, by faith we see our Lord,
We touch, and taste, and live.
Charles Wesley.

1198. EYE, The Dearest.

The bright black eye, the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two.
Well, both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake;
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.
O. W. Holmes.

1199. EYES, Incense of the.

How wisely Nature did decree
With the same eyes to weep and see,
That, having viewed the object vain,
They might be ready to complain!
And, since the self-deluding sight,
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watery lines and plummets fall.
Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh,
Within the scales of either eye,
And then paid out in equal poise,
Are the true price of all my joys.
What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears,
And all the jewels which we prize,
Melt in these pendants of the eyes.
I have through every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green,
And yet from all those flowers I saw,
No honey, but these tears could draw.
So the all-seeing sun each day
Distils the world with chymic ray,
But finds the essence only showers,
Which straight in pity back he pours.
Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less,
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.
So Magdalen in tears more wise
Dissolved those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
The incense was to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear,
And stars show lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise so your noblest use;
For others too can see, or sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear, in distance stop;
Now, like two fountains, trickle down;
Now, like two floods, o'errun and drown:
Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things,
And each the other's difference bears,
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.
Andrew Marvel.

1200. EYES, Light of the.

Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark spirit;
Yet found I naught on earth to which I dare
Resemble the image of their goodly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still persevere;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto crystal, for naught may them sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness might offend her.
Then to the Maker's self they likest be;
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.
Edmund Spenser.

1201. FAILURE, Scorn of.

Once more in the matter of wealth: if thou throw thine all on a chance,
Men will come around thee, and wait and watch the turning of the wheel;
And if, in the lottery of Life, thou hast drawn a splendid prize,
What foresight hadst thou, and skill! yea, what enterprise and wisdom!
But if it fall out against thee, and thou fail in thy perilous endeavor,
Behold, the simple did sow, and hath reaped the right harvest of his folly,
And the world will be gladly accused, nor will reach out his finger to help;
For why should this speculative dullard be a whirlpool to all around him?
Go to, let him sink by himself; we knew what the end of it would be:
For the man hath missed his mark, and his fellows look no farther.
M. F. Tupper.

1202. FAITH Alone.

Must I not do all I can?
Yes, and own the labor vain;
Feel my utter helplessness,
Feel salvation is of grace.
When I have my utmost done,
Lord, I look to Thee alone.
Help my unbelief, or I
Must with all my doings die.
Charles Wesley.

1203. FAITH, Bank of.

I have a never-failing bank,
My more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How, then, can I be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I not worth a groat;
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my banker smiling says,
Why don't you oftener come?
And when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so niggardly and poor,
My bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one-pound note,
When you can have a twenty?

Nay, twenty thousand ten times told.
Is but a trifling sum
To what my Father has laid up
For me in God the Son.

Since, then, my banker is so rich,
I have no need to borrow,
But live upon my notes to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

1204. FAITH, Basis of.

Faith, like an unsuspecting child
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon her God,
Sleeps on His bosom, and expects no harm.

Receives with joy the promises He makes,
Nor questions of His purpose or His power;
She does not doubting ask, "Can this be so?"
The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

However deep be the mysterious word,
However dark, she disbelieves it not:
Where reason would examine, faith obeys,
And "It is written" answers every doubt.

As evening's pale and solitary star [round;
But brightens while the darkness gathers
So faith, unmoved amid surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.
Caroline Fry.

1205. FAITH, Benefits of.

Lord, how couldst Thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight was dim,
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a most delicious feast;
I had it straight, and did as truly eat
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare, outlandish root, [here;
Which, when I could not get, I thought it
That apprehension cured so well my foot,
That I can walk to heaven well near.

I owed thousands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And lived accordingly; my creditor
Believes so, too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me anything, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in His glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with Him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lain in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gain'd it:
Where now by faith all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much [ure.
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stat-
Thus dost Thou make proud knowledge bend and couch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, Thou didst make the sun
Impure a lustre, and allow them bright:
And in this show what Christ hath done.

That which before was darken'd clean
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanish'd away, when faith did change the
And then appear'd a glorious sky. [scene

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.
George Herbert.

1206. FAITH, Cheerfulness of.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;

A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.
Isaac Williams.

1207. FAITH, Clew of.

Hallelujah! I believe!
Now the giddy world stands fast,
Now my soul has found an anchor
Till the night of storm is past.
All the gloomy mists are rising,
And the clew is in my hand,
Through earth's labyrinth to guide me
To a bright and heavenly land.

Hallelujah! I believe!
Sorrow's bitterness is o'er,
And affliction's heavy burden
Weighs my spirit down no more.
On the cross the mystic writing
Now revealed before me lies.
And I read the words of comfort,
"As a father, I chastise."

Hallelujah! I believe!
Now no longer on my soul
All the debt of sin is lying:
One great Friend has paid the whole!
Ice-bound fields of legal labor
I have left with all their toil,
While the fruits of love are growing
From a new and genial soil.

Hallelujah! I believe!
Now life's mystery is gone;
Gladly through its fleeting shadows,
To the end I journey on.
Through the tempest or the sunshine,
Over flowers or ruins led,
Still the path is *homeward* hasting,
Where all sorrow shall have fled.

Hallelujah! I believe!
Now, O Love! I know Thy power,
Thine no false or fragile fetters,
Not the rose-wreaths of an hour!
Christian bonds of holy union
Death itself does not destroy;
Yes, to live and love forever,
Is our heritage of joy!
Heinrich Möwes.

1208. FAITH, Christian.

Hear, then, what faith,
True, Christian faith, which brought salvation was.
Belief in all that God revealed to men:
Observe—in all that God revealed to men;
In all He promised, threatened, commanded, said,
Without exception, and without a doubt.
Who thus believed, being by the Spirit touched,
As naturally the fruits of faith produced—
Truth, temperance, meekness, holiness, and love—
As human eye from darkness sought the light.
How could he else? If he who had firm faith
The morrow's sun should rise, ordered affairs
Accordingly; if he who had firm faith
That spring, and summer, and autumnal days
Should pass away, and winter really come,
Prepared accordingly; if he who saw
A bolt of death approaching, turned aside
And let it pass; as surely did the man
Who verily believed the word of God,
Though erring whiles, its general laws obey,
Turn back from hell, and take the way to heaven.
Robert Pollok.

1209. FAITH, Consolation of.

Beloved, it is well:
God's ways are always right;
And love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.

Beloved, it is well:
Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds, who knows and cares
To heal the broken heart.

Beloved, it is well:
Though grief benight our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear
That comes with dawning day.

Beloved, it is well:
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heav'n and God.

1210. FAITH, Co-operating with.

Lo! when the boatman stems the flowing tide,
And aims direct his little boat to guide;
With both oars working he can headway make,
And leave the waters foaming in his wake;
But if one oar within the boat he lays,
In useless circles round and round he plays.
So faith and works, when both together brought,
With mighty power and heavenly life are fraught,
To help the Christian on his arduous road,
And urge him forward on his way to God:
If faith or works, no matter which, he drops,
Short of his journey's end he surely stops.
W. Holmes.

1211. FAITH, Deeds of.

Never was a marvel done upon the earth, but it had sprung of faith;
Nothing noble, generous, or great, but faith was the root of the achievement;
Nothing comely, nothing famous, but its praise is faith.
Leonidas fought in human faith as Joshua in divine:
Xenophon trusted to his skill, and the sons of Mattathias to their cause;
In faith Columbus found a path across those untried waters:
The heroines of Arc and Saragossa fought in earthly faith:
Margaret by faith was valiant for her son, and Wallace mighty for his people:
Faith in his reason made Socrates sublime, as faith in his science, Galileo:

Ambassadors in faith are bold, and unreproved for boldness;
Faith urged Fabius to delays, and sent forth Hannibal to Cannæ;
Cæsar at the Rubicon, Miltiades at Marathon; both were sped by faith.
M. F. Tupper.

1212. FAITH, Demand for.

Thou askest why Christ, so lenient to the deed, [creed;
So sternly claims the faith which founds the
Because, reposed in faith, the soul has calm;
The hope a haven, and the wound a balm;
Because the light, dim seen in reason's dream,
On all alike, through faith alone, could stream.
God willed support to weakness, joy to grief,
And so descended from His throne, belief!
Sir E. B. Lytton.

1213. FAITH, Ear of.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell:
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely; and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for murm'rings from within
We heard—sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with his native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith.
William Wordsworth.

1214. FAITH, Elevation of.

The pious man
In this bad world, where mists and couchant storms [faith
Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veiled
With intervening vapors; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man con- [cealed,
The glaring sunbeam plays.
Henry Kirke White.

1215. FAITH, Gift of.

O faith, thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how or when.

O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

There was a place, there was a time,
Whither by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon His way.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

Ah, grace! unto unlikeliest hearts
It is Thy boast to come,
The glory of Thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seems trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

O happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith!
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?
F. W. Faber.

1216. FAITH, Guard thy.

Guard thy faith with holy care,
Mystic virtues slumber there;
'Tis the lamp within the soul
Holding Genii in control;
Faith shall walk the stormy water;
In the unequal strife prevail;
Nor when comes the dread avatar,
From its fiery splendors quail.
Faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
Love shall bless the life it gave.
Mrs. S. H. Whitman.

1217. FAITH, Lack of.

Look aside to lack of faith, the mass of ill it bringeth;
All things treacherous, base, and vile, dissolving the brotherhood of men.
Bonds break; the cement hath lost its hold; and each is separate from other;
That which should be neighborly and good is cankered into bitterness and evil.
O thou serpent, fell Suspicion, coiling coldly round the heart— [to the soul—
O thou asp of subtle Jealousy, stinging hotly
O distrust, reserve, and doubt—what reptile shapes are here, [among its flowers!
Poisoning the garden of a world with death
No need of many words, the tale is easy to be told: [the picture.
A point will touch the truth, a line suggest
For if, in thine own home, a cautious man and captious, [soon wilt make a thief:
Thou hintest at suspicion of a servant, thou
Or if, too keen in care, thou dost evidently disbelieve thy child,
Thou hast injured the texture of his honor, and smoothed to him the way of lying.
Or if thou observest upon friends, as seeking thee selfishly for interest,
Thou hast hurt their kindliness to thee, and shalt be paid with scorn.
M. F. Tupper.

1218. FAITH, Lesson of.

Tauler, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn miracle of life;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same [years,
Old prayer with which, for half a score of
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind—
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden leaves; and looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said;
"God give thee a good day?" The old man raised [son;
Slowly his calm blue eyes: "I thank thee,
But all my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again, [smiled,
"God give thee happy life." The old man
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid [sleeve:
His hand upon the stranger's coarse, gray
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life [son,
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is:
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to His will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity [power."
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty

Silently wondering for a little space, [one
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought [the dark,
Which long has followed whispering through
Strange terrors, drags it shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be, I know not; this I know:
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go [Him
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair [vine
Seemed like the white moon where the hills of
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head, and said: [man
My prayer is answered. God hath sent the
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lacework, chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon brightness the great minster's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said, [eyes.
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone,
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in heaven."

J. G. Whittier.

1219. FAITH, Light of.

Faith lights us through the dark to Deity:
Whilst, without sight, we witness that she shows
More God than in His works our eyes can see;
Though none but by those works the Godhead knows. *Sir W. Davenant.*

1220. FAITH, Offices of.

To thy heart take faith
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea;
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
Through a dim world untouched by living death;
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee;
A herald of glad news; a seraph bright,
Pointing to sheltering heavens yet to be.

Lucy Hooper.

1221. FAITH, Offspring of.

Therefore love and believe, for works will follow spontaneous,
Even as the day the sun; the right from the good is an offspring,
Love is a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.

H. W. Longfellow.

1222. FAITH, Omnipotence of.

That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds, and will not let Thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

Till Thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er Thou wilt, be done."

But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?
Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

On me that faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountains move;
And all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

Charles Wesley.

1223. FAITH, Our Father's.

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to Thee till death.

F. W. Faber.

1224. FAITH, Power of.

Triumphant faith!
Who, from the distant earth, looks up to heaven,
Seeing invisibility, suspending
Eternity from the breath of God.
She can pluck mountains from their rooted thrones,
And hurl them into ocean; and from pain,
And prisons, and contempt, extort the palm
Of everlasting triumph. She doth tread
Upon the neck of pride, like the free wind
On angry ocean. Lo! with step erect fires,
She walks o'er whirlpool waves and martyr
And depths of darkness and chaotic voids;
Dissolving worlds, rent heavens, and dying suns;
Yea, and o'er paradises of earth's bliss,
And oceans of earth's gold, and pyramids
And temples of earth's glory; all these she spurns
With feet fire-shod, because her hand is placed
Immovably in God's: her eye doth rest
Unchangeably on His: nor will she stop
Till, having cross'd the stormy waves of pain
And fiery trial, she may lay her head
Upon her Father's breast and take the crown
From love's rejoicing hand. *E. Tatham.*

1225. FAITH, Praying in.

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone; my nature dies;
I sink beneath Thy mighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand;
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, Thy bowels move:
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;

Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend!
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end!
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in His wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home!
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love!
Charles Wesley.

1226. FAITH, Profession of.

Not words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for His own;
Nor will a soul by grace restored
Return the Saviour words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holiness express'd,
And called for fruit as well as sound.

Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free!
William Cowper.

1227. FAITH, Reason and.

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes;
Faith evermore looks upward and descries
Objects remote; but reason can discover
Things only near,—sees nothing that's above her;
They are not matches, often disagree, [see.
And sometimes both are clos'd and neither
Faith views the sun, and reason but the shade; [maid,
One courts the mistress, the other woos the
That sees the fire, this only but the flint;
The true-bred Christian always looks asquint.
Francis Quarles.

1228. FAITH, Salvation by.

And can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caus'd His pain,
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing Love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! Th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore!
Let angel minds inquire no more!

He left His Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite His grace;)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free!
For O, my God! it found out me!

Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffus'd a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee!

Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning Blood is near,
That quench'd the wrath of hostile Heaven;
I feel the life His wounds impart;
I feel my Saviour in my heart.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness Divine,
Bold I approach th' Eternal Throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
Charles Wesley.

1229. FAITH, Saved by.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet; but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest,—for, around him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph;
"is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such
treacherous dealing know.

"Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely, for
thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water,—this re-
prieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to
earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the
burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the
water of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that
spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubt-
ful passions stirred;
Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must re-
main a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the
noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish,—now I bid
thee drink and live!"
Richard Chenevix Trench.

1230. FAITH, Trial of.

Still, still without ceasing,
I feel it increasing,
This fervor of holy desire;
And often exclaim,
Let me die in the flame
Of a love that can never expire!

Had I words to explain
What she must sustain
Who dies to the world and its ways;
How joy and affright,
Distress and delight,
Alternately chequer her days.

Thou, sweetly severe!
I would make thee appear,
In all thou art pleased to award,
Not more in the sweet,
Than the bitter I meet,
My tender and merciful Lord.

This faith, in the dark
Pursuing its mark,
Through many sharp trials of love;
Is the sorrowful waste
That is to be pass'd
In the way to the Canaan above.
Madame Guyon, tr. by William Cowper.

1231. FAITH, Visions of.

The child-like faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves aright,
Shall see things greater, things divine.
Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide
'Twixt God above and Christ below.
John Keble.

1232. FAITH, Works of.

Faith is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given!
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Securely fixed on Christ alone.

Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in His grace it joys to share
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith brings us to delight in God,
And blesses e'en His smiting rod.

1233. FAITHFULNESS, Angelic.

The seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind, [passed,
Though single. From amidst them forth he
Long way through hostile scorn, which he
sustained
Superior, nor of violence feared aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction
doomed. *John Milton.*

1234. FAITHFULNESS, Canine.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed:
Its motions, too, are wild and shy,—
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry;
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land—
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood: then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground.
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks and all is clear.
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here through such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!

William Wordsworth.

1235. FAITHFULNESS, Example of.

Each day his face grew thinner, and sweeter,
saintlier grew;
And day by day they saw the soul fast burning into view:
And higher, each day higher, did the life-flame heavenward climb,
Like sad, sweet sunshine up the wall, that for the sunset time
Still watches, and the signal that shall call it hence is given,
Even so his spirit kept the watch till beckoned home to heaven.
War-worn and wasted! yet his eyes were soft and satisfied;
His work was done: and in the arms of Victory he died;
Dropping the flesh-robe, with a smile, so gently did he pass—
Gently as spirits of the flowers from out the new-mown grass:
"Havelock's dead!" and darkness fell on every upturned face;
The Shadow of an Angel going from its earthly place.

Honor to Henry Havelock! tho' not of kingly blood,
He wore the double royalty of being Great and Good.
He leaned a trusting hand on Heaven, a gentle heart on Home;
In secret he grew ready, ere the Judgment-hour had come.
He rose up in our cruel need, and towering on he trod,
Baring his brow to battle bold as humbly to his God!
He rose, and reached the topmost height, our Hero lowly born!
So from the lowly grass hath grown the proud embattled corn.
No swerving, as he walked along the roaring earthquake ridge:
He made a way for victory: his body was her bridge.
One of the Chivalry of Christ! he taught us how to stand
With rootage like the Palm, amid the maddest whirl of sand.

He did his work, nor thought of nations ringing with his name,
He walked with God, and talked with God, nor cared if following Fame
Should find him working in the field, or sleeping underground:
Nor did he mind what resting-place, with Heaven embracing round.

Gerald Massey.

1236. FAITHFULNESS, Reward of.

The deeds which selfish hearts approve
And fame's loud trumpet sings,
Secure no praise, where truth and love
Are counted noblest things;
And work which godless folly deems
Worthless, obscure, and lowly,
To Heaven's ennobling vision seems
Most god-like, grand, and holy.

Then murmur not, if toils obscure,
And thorny paths be thine;
To God be true—they shall secure
The joy of life divine
Who in the darkest, sternest sphere,
For Him their powers employ;
The toils contemned and slighted here
Shall yield the purest joy.

When endless day dispels the strife
Which blinds and darkens now,
Perchance the brightest crown of life
Shall deck some lowly brow.
Then learn, despite thy boding fears,
From seed with sorrow sown,
In lone obscurity and tears
The richest sheaves are grown.

Edward Hartley Dewart.

1237. FALL, Compensation of the.

O Life! without thy checkered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could aground
For magnanimity be found;
For Faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
Nor while sin lasts, must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth 's an empty boast;
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's peace.
William Wordsworth.

1238. FALL, Death by the.

Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord,
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational, [first
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl
with fowl, [leaving,
And fish with fish: to graze the herb all
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance
grim [without
Glar'd on him passing. These were from
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest
shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within.
John Milton.

1239. FALL, Responsibility of the.

Him God beholding from His prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future He beholds,
Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake:
"Only begotten Son, seest Thou what rage
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings
his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'rds the new created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of Me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal pow'rs
And spirits, both them who stood, and them
who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n
sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love.
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could
they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination overrul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves
decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their
fault, [known.
Which had no less prov'd certain unfore-
So without least impulse or shadow of fate
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose;
for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must
change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd
their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, de-
ceiv'd [grace,
By th' other first: Man therefore shall find
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory
excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine!"
John Milton.

1240. FALL, Surviving the.

What is the greatness of a fallen king?
This—that his fall avails not to abate
His spirit to a level with his fate,
Or inward fall along with it to bring;
That he disdains to stoop his former wing,
But keeps in exile and in want the law
Of kingship yet, and counts it scorn to draw
Comfort indign from any meaner thing.
Soul, that art fallen from thine ancient place,
Mayest thou in this mean world find nothing
great,
Nor aught that shall the memories efface
Of that true greatness which was once thine
own,
As knowing thou must keep thy kingly state,
As if thou wouldst reascend thy kingly
throne. *Richard Chenevix Trench.*

1241. FALL, Vindication of the.

He foreknew
That arch-imperial will, crown'd or uncrown'd,
Would yield spontaneous and spontaneous
fall
Untempted, unpersuaded, unseduced
Save by itself, chafing because controll'd,
And finite amid God's infinitudes:

Nor his alone, but myriad spirits of light,
Wavering like him, like him would fall.
And, this
Foreknowing, nothing to Omnipotence
Remain'd but so to circumscribe the ruin,
That evil might succumb to good at last,
And darkness yield to everlasting light.
For this must Sin be known, her face unmask'd,
Her carcass stripp'd, her secret shame exposed,
And thus her loathsome harlotry abhorr'd:
Mask'd haply she had tainted all alike.
Hence to the prince of angels was mankind
Intrusted, and to man the fatal tree
Straitly forbidden, though accessible.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1242. FALSEHOOD, General.

How false are men, both in their heads and hearts;
And there is falsehood in all trades and arts.
Lawyers deceive their clients by false law;
Priests, by false gods, keep all the world in awe.
For their false tongues such flatt'ring knaves are rais'd,
For their false wit, scribblers by fools are prais'd.
John Crown.

1243. FALSEHOOD, Mixture of.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;
In the heart of the wise, and alike with the wicked and the foolish;
For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth;
Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use:
And the just man, enamored of the right, is blinded by the speciousness of wrong,
And the prudent, perceiving an advantage, is content to overlook the harm.
On all things created remaineth the half-effaced signature of God,
Somewhat of fair and good, though blotted by the finger of corruption:
And if error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with streams of truth,
And the Adversary loveth to have it so, thereby many are decoyed.
Providence is dark in its permissions; yet one day, when all is known,
The universe of reason shall acknowledge how just and good were they;
For the wise man leaneth on his wisdom, and the righteous trusteth to his righteousness,
And those who thirst for independence are suffered to drink of disappointment.
Wherefore?—to prove and humble them; and to teach the idolaters of truth,
That it is but the ladder unto Him, on whom only they should trust.
M. F. Tupper.

1244. FALSEHOOD, Shame of.

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips;
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue
That sold its honesty and told a lie.
William Havard.

1245. FAME, Arena of.

Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!
Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place.
Thomas Moore

1246. FAME, Brevity of.

Where is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
Seek to eternize? Oh! the faintest sound
From time's light footfall, the minutest wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
The unsubstantial bubble. Aye, to-day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze
That flashes desolation, strong the arm
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes!
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past; that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed, and on that arm
The worm has made his meal.
Shelley.

1247. FAME, Conditions of.

Man of conscience—man of reason,
Stern, perchance, but ever just;
Foe to falsehood, wrong, and treason,
Honor's shield and virtue's trust!
Worker, thinker, firm defender
Of Heaven's truth—man's liberty;
Soul of iron—proof to slander,
Rock where founders tyranny.
Fame he seeks not—but full surely
She will seek him, in his home;
This I know, and wait securely
For the atoning hour to come.
Charlotte Brontë.

1248. FAME, Dialogue with.

Who art thou so wondrous fair,
All in glory shining?
Men adore thee everywhere;
Answer my divining.

"I am that which heroes claim
For their deeds of daring;
I can raise a humble name—
Why art thou despairing?"

Dost thou yonder warrior see
Weary with destroying;
Shall he hope to climb to thee
O'er the dead and dying?

"Waste of life, and woe of fight,
Nothing do concern me;
If the soldier comes in right,
Surely he shall earn me."

One doth heaps of gold amass;
If his breath should fail him,
Whither would his mem'ry pass—
Bright one, wouldst thou hail him?

"If for good he had employed
That he lay beside him,
In his life and when he died,
I had not denied him."

One is mounted on a throne,
Myriads are admiring;
Canst thou such a king disown,
Splendid and aspiring?

"Is he wise, he merits fame,
And he, too, shall share it;
If a fool, the greater shame—
His actions will declare it."

Thou canst lift a humble name—
Mine, indeed, is humble;
Should I win a wreath of fame,
All the town would grumble.

"Strive to climb yon envied path,
Glory beams above it;
If the world should howl in wrath,
Turn, and look, and love it."

1249. FAME, Earthly.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade, [thin,
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought; but gabbled ever on;
Applauding most what least deserved applause;
The motive, the result was naught to her:
The deed alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steeped in widow's tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talked of such,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually: and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

Such was her nature, and her practice such:
But, O! her voice was sweet to mortal ears;
And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride
And vanity, which in the heart of man
Were ever strung harmonious to her note,
That many thought, to live without her song
Was rather death than life: to live unknown,
Unnoticed, unrenowned! to die unpraised!
Unepitaphed! to go down to the pit,
And moulder into dust among vile worms,
And leave no whispering of a name on earth!
Such thought was cold about the heart, and chilled [choose,
The blood. Who could endure it? who could
Without a struggle, to be swept away [more
From all remembrance, and have part no
With living men? Philosophy failed here;
And self-approving pride. Hence it became
The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
A name—to leave some vestige as they passed,
That following ages might discern they once
Had been on earth, and acted something there.
Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
The man of science to the shade retired,
And laid his head upon his hand, in mood
Of awful thoughtfulness; and dived, and dived
Again—deeper and deeper still, to sound
The cause remote—resolved, before he died,
To make some grand discovery, by which
He should be known to all posterity.

And in the silent vigils of the night,
When uninspired men reposed, the bard,
Ghastly of countenance, and from his eye
Oft streaming wild, unearthly fire, sat up
And sent imagination forth; and searched
The far and near—heaven, earth, and gloomy hell— [fore;
For fiction new, for thought, unthought be-
And when some curious rare idea peered
Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,
And by the glimmering lamp, or moonlight beam, [down
That through his lattice peeped, wrote fondly
What seemed in truth imperishable song.

And sometimes, too, the reverend divine,
In meditation deep of holy things,
And vanities of Time, heard Fame's sweet voice
Approach his ear—and hung another flower,
Of earthly sort, about the sacred truth;
And ventured whiles to mix the bitter text,
With relish suited to the sinner's taste.

And ofttimes, too, the simple hind, who seemed
Ambitionless, arrayed in humble garb,
While round him, spreading, fed his harmless flock, [brook,
Sitting was seen, by some wild, warbling
Carving his name upon his favorite staff;
Or, in ill-favored letters, tracing it
Upon the aged thorn; or on the face
Of some conspicuous oft-frequented stone,
With persevering wondrous industry;
And hoping, as he toiled amain, and saw
The characters take form, some other wight,
Long after he was dead, and in the grave,
Should loiter there at noon and read his name.

In purple some, and some in rags, stood
For reputation; some displayed a limb [forth
Well-fashioned: some of lowlier mind, a cane [twist.
Of curious workmanship, and marvellous
In strength some sought it, and in beauty more.
Long, long the fair one labored at the glass,
And, being tired, called in auxiliar skill
To have her sails, before she went abroad,
Full spread and nicely set, to catch the gale

Of praise. And much she caught, and much deserved,
When outward loveliness was index fair
Of purity within: but oft, alas!
The bloom was on the skin alone; and when
She saw, sad sight! the roses on her cheek
Wither, and heard the voice of fame retire
And die away, she heaved most piteous sighs,
And wept most lamentable tears: and whiles,
In wild delirium, made rash attempt—
Unholy mimickry of Nature's work—
To recreate, with frail and mortal things,
Her wither'd face. Attempt how fond and vain! [dust;
Her frame itself soon mouldered down to
And, in the land of deep forgetfulness,
Her beauty and her name were laid beside
Eternal silence, and the loathsome worm;
Into whose darkness flattery ventured not:
Where none had ears to hear the voice of Fame.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried,
And awful oft the wickedness they wrought.
To be observed, some scrambled up to thrones,
And sat in vestures dripping wet with gore.
The warrior dipped his sword in blood and wrote
His name on lands and cities desolate.
The rich bought fields, and houses built, and raised
The monumental piles up to the clouds,
And called them by their names. And, strange to tell!
Rather than be unknown, and pass away
Obscurely to the grave, some, small of soul,
That else had perished unobserved, acquired
Considerable renown by oaths profane,
By jesting boldly with all sacred things,
And uttering fearlessly whate'er occurred,—
Wild, blasphemous, perditionable thoughts,
That Satan in them moved; by wiser men
Suppressed, and quickly banished from the mind.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried: [fame,
But all in vain. Who grasped at earthly
Grasped wind: nay, worse, a serpent grasped, that through [but left
His hand slid smoothly, and was gone;
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain:
For oft her voice was old Abaddon's lure,
By which he charmed the foolish soul to death. *Robert Pollok.*

1250. FAME, Isolation of.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the fate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led. *Lord Byron.*

1251. FAME, Lust of.

In all men, from the monarch to the menial,
lurketh lust of fame; [labors proudly
The savage and the sage alike regard their
Yea, in death, the glazing eye is illumined by the hope of reputation,
And the stricken warrior is glad, that his wounds are salved with glory.
For fame is a sweet self-homage, an offering grateful to the idol,
A spiritual nectar for the spiritual thirst, a mental food for the mind,
A pregnant evidence to all of an after immaterial existence,
A proof that soul is scathless, when its dwelling is dissolved.
And the manifold pleasures of fame are sought by the guilty and the good;
Pleasures, various in kind, and spiced to every palate;
The thoughtful loveth fame as an earnest of better immortality,
The industrious and deserving as a symbol of just appreciation,
The selfish as a promise of advancement, at least to a man's own kin,
And common minds as a flattering fact, that men have been told of their existence.
M. F. Tupper.

1252. FAME, Palace of.

Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a palace [around,
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd
And thither bring their undulating sound:
The palace of loud Fame; her seat of power,
Placed on the summit of a lofty tower.
A thousand winding entries long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sound and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart forever full, and open night and day.
For silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confus'd and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides receding from the insulted shore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war,
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth or ent'ring in:
A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies: [beat;
The troubled air with empty sounds they
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there; with added train
Of vain Credulity and joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition joined, are near;
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic fear.

Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above, inquiring all around.

Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

1253. FAME, Personification of.

Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows,
Swift from the first; and every moment brings
New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste,
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast:
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight.
Millions of op'ning mouths to fame belong,
And ev'ry mouth is furnished with a tongue;
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes;
By day from lofty towers her head she shows,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news.
With court-informers' haunts, and royal spies,
Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth with lies;
Talk is her business, and chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.

Andrew Tooke.

1254. FAME, Power of.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerve to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When but for those our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant happy goal.
For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interred the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think, beneath the mouldering heap,
That noble being shall forever sleep? [swells,
No, saith the generous heart, and proudly
"Though his cered corse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

Joanna Baillie.

1255. FAME, Qualities of.

What's fame?—a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what to oblivion better were resigned
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind,
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart: [weighs
One self-approving hour whole years out-
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas.
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

Alexander Pope.

1256. FAME, Rejecting.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame,—
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath—
For that resplendent gift of thine
Heroes have smiled in death.
Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour.

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tones
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet.
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast—
By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thy eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy,
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need:
Where must the lone one turn or flee?—
Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

1257. FAME, Spur of.

Fame is the spur that the clear sp'rit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with th' abhorr'd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. *John Milton.*

1258. FAME, Temple of.

I gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storm alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storms invade.
Their names inscrib'd, unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days. *Alexander Pope.*

1259. FAMILY, a Book.

The family is like a book,
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover that
Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank, and smooth, and fair;
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
O break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

1260. FAMILY, Gift of a.

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented
(The list of what fate for each mortal intended),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings,—wife, children, and friends.

In vain surely Plato maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends.
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill secured oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children, and friends.

William Robert Spencer.

1261. FAMILY, Grave of a.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forest of the west
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, on earth!

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

1262. FAMILY, Inseparable.

'Tis but one family—the sound is balm,
A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart,
It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.

'Tis but one family—the accents come [woe,
Like light from heaven to break the night of
The banner-cry to call the spirit home,
The shout of victory o'er a fallen foe.

Death cannot separate—Is memory dead?
Has thought, too, vanished, and has love
grown chill?
Has every relic and memento fled,
And are the living only with us still?

No! in our hearts the lost we mourn remain
Objects of love and ever-fresh delight;
And fancy leads them in her fairy train,
In half-seen transports past the mourner's
sight.

Yes! in ten thousand ways, or far or near,
The call by love, by meditation brought,
In heavenly visions yet they haunt us here,
The sad companions of our sweetest thought.

Death never separates; the golden wires
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love, we look upon no more,

No more indeed in sorrow and in pain,
But even memory's need ere long will cease,
For we shall join the lost of love again,
In endless bands, and in eternal peace.

James Edmeston.

1263. FAMILY, Peace to this.

Peace be to this habitation,
Peace to every soul herein!
Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
Peace, the seal of cancelled sin,
Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace to earthly minds unknown,
Peace divine, that lasts forever,
Here erect its glorious throne.

On the son of peace descending,
On the daughter of Thy grace,
Big with comforts never ending,
Let the promise now take place:
Each receive the gracious shower,
Each the gospel blessing prove,
Witness of Thy pardoning power,
Witness of Thy perfect Love.

Charles Wesley.

1264. FAMILY, Residence of the.

Let pensive memory trace her wonted round
In these familiar walks; 'tis fairy ground:
Still to her view upheld in bright array,
Birds in the bowers, and roses ever gay.
Let grateful thought with deeper musings
roam [home,
Through each loved haunt of this deserted
Long from the social altar, year by year,
The patriarch's prayer went up accepted here,
And, lo! in answer to the faithful call,
On children's children showers of blessings
fall. [eyes:
Embowered retreat! how fair to Christian
Sure 'twas heaven's gate! a nursery for the
skies!

Jane Taylor.

1265. FAMILY, Reunion of a.

Scattered o'er various fields by Heaven,
Through various pathways led,
What happiness in peace to meet
Around a common head!

To talk of mercies shared by all,
Of hopes that virtues raise;
And in the general bliss enjoyed,
To join in general praise!

The pleasures of the past recall,
And tell the tales again
Of infant dreams, and childhood's joys,
And youth's delightful reign,—

And then the strange vicissitudes
Of mankind to compare;
And mark how wonderful, how kind,
Heaven's dispensations are,—

To plan the schemes of future bliss;
Rejoicing to confess,
That He whose love hath blessed the past
The future, too, will bless.

Thus the domestic hearth is made
Both love and virtue's shrine,
And thus earth's dross is purified,
And man becomes divine.

John Bowring.

1266. FAMILY, Ties of the.

If there is happiness below,
In such a home she's shrined:
The human heart can never know
Enjoyment more refined,
Than where the sacred band is twined
Of filial and parental ties,—
That tender union, all combined
Of Nature's holiest sympathies!

'Tis friendship in its loveliest dress!
'Tis love's most perfect tenderness!
All other friendships may decay,
All other loves may fade away:
Our faults or follies may disgust
The friend in whom we fondly trust;
Or selfish views may intervene,
From us his changeful heart to wean:
Or we ourselves may change, and find
Faults to which once our love was blind
Or ling'ring pain, or pining care
At length may weary friendship's ear;
And love may gaze with altered eye,
When beauty's young attractions fly:
But in that union, firm and mild,
That binds a parent to his child,
Such jarring chords can never sound—
Such painful doubts can never wound.
Though health and fortune may decay,
And fleeting beauty pass away;
Though grief may blight, or sin deface
Our youth's fair promise, or disgrace
May brand with infamy, and shame,
And public scorn, our blasted name;
Though all the fell contagion fly,
Of guilt, reproach and misery,-

When love forgets, and friends forsake,
A parent, though his heart may break,
From that fond heart will never tear
The child, whose last retreat is there!
O union, purest, most sublime!
The grave itself but for a time
The holy bond shall sever;
His hand who rent shall bind again,
With firmer links, thy broken chain,
To be complete forever!
Fitzarthur.

1267. FAMILY, Worship in the.

Fair is the sight, by Israel's psalmist sung,
Of those whom God hath in one household joined,
In peace, and unity, and love combined;
Most fair, when all assemble, old and young,
Parents and children; those who serve, among
Those whom they serve; with social feelings kind
Each to the other, and with knees inclined
In patriarchal worship, heart and tongue.
List to the Saviour's words! "Where two or three
Meet in My name, there in the midst am I."
Believe, and welcome to thy family [try,
The gracious Guest; and by His blessing
How much domestic bliss and amity
Hang on domestic worship's hallowing tie!
Bishop Mant.

1268. FAMILY WORSHIP, Duty of.

Whom God hath made the heads of families,
He hath made priests to offer sacrifice.
Daily let part of Holy Writ be read,
Let, as the body, so the soul have bread;
For look, how many souls in thy house be,
With just as many souls God trusteth thee.

1269. FAMILY WORSHIP, Picture of.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare:
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim: [rise,
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name; [flame,
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny,
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plant, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.
Robert Burns.

1270. FAMINE, Plea of.

Give me three grains of corn, mother—
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother—
Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart,
A wolf that is fierce for blood; [mother—
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother—
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

Come nearer to my side, mother
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when *he* died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.
Miss Edwards.

1271. FAMINE, Supply in.

Sore was the famine throughout all the
Of Israel, when Elijah, by command [bounds
Of God, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook;
No rain-drops fell, no dew-fraught cloud, at
morn,
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale;
The withering herbage dies; among the
palms,
The shrivelled leaves send to the summer gale
An autumn rustle; no sweet songster's lay
Is warbled from the branches; scarce is heard
The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks
around,
And trusts in God, and lays his silvered head
Upon the flowerless bank; serene he sleeps,
Nor wakes till dawning; then with hands en-
clasped, [prays
And heavenward face, and eyelids closed, he
To him who manna on the desert showered,
To him who from the rock made fountains
gush: [roused
Entranced the man of God remains; till
By sound of wheeling winds, with grateful
heart,
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.
James Grahame.

1272. FANATICISM, Definition of.

What is fanatic frenzy, scorn'd so much,
And dreaded more than a contagious touch?
I grant it dangerous, and approve your fear,
That fire is catching if you draw too near;
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,
And give true piety that odious name.
To tremble (as the creature of an hour
Ought at the view of an Almighty power)
Before whose presence, at whose awful throne
All tremble in all worlds, except our own,
To supplicate His mercy, love His ways,
And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or
praise, [voice,
Though common sense, allow'd a casting
And free from bias, must approve the choice,
Convicts a man fanatic in the extreme,
And wild as madness in the world's esteem.
But that disease, when soberly defined
Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind;
It views the truth with a distorted eye,
And either warps or lays it useless by;
'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws
Its sordid nourishment from man's applause;
And while at sin unrelinquish'd lies,
Presumes itself chief favorite of the skies.
William Cowper.

1273. FANCY, Death of.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed: and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Shakespeare.

1274. FANCY, Realm of.

Ever let the Fancy roam!
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let wingèd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakèd snow is shuffled
From the plough-boy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned;—send her!
She has vassals to attend her;
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, altogether,
All delights of summer weather,
All the buds and bells of May
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heapèd autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it;—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reapèd corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn;
And in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw,
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf and every flower
Pearlèd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its cellèd sleep;

And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest.
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the beehive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoilt by use;
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft!
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let then wingèd Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring:
Let the wingèd Fancy roam!
Pleasure never is at home. *John Keats.*

1275. FAREWELL, A Dying.

Yet send,
Ev'n then, in silent hours, a thought, dear friend!
Down to my voiceless chamber, for thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
Though bought with burning tears! It is the sting
Of death to leave that vainly precious thing
In this cold world! What were it then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now?
Too keen a pang!—farewell! and yet once more
Farewell!—the passion of long years I pour
Into that word: thou hear'st not,—but the woe,
And fervor of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place; there let them dwell—
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—farewell! *Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*

1276. FAREWELL, Dread of.

Nay, shrink not from the word "farewell."
As if 'twere friendship's final knell;
Such fears may prove but vain:
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever hope may say,
"We part to meet again!"
Even the last parting earth can know
Brings not unutterable woe,
To souls that heavenward soar;
For humble faith, with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
May meet to part no more.
Bernard Barton.

1277. FAREWELL, Lover's.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Robert Burns.

1278. FAREWELL, Painful.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—farewell!—farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—farewell!—farewell!
Lord Byron.

1279. FAREWELL, Welcome and.

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand; [fly,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would
Grasps in the comer; welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
Shakespeare.

1280. FASHION, Array of.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.
Alexander Pope.

1281. FASHION, Ban of.

Fashion, leader of a chattering train,
Whom man, for his own hurt, permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her votary to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue;
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace, [grimace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the
And, when accomplish'd in her wayward school,
Calls gentlemen whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unalterable, fix'd decree,
That none could frame or ratify but she, [sin,
That heaven and hell, and righteousness and
Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within,
God and his attributes (a field of day
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray),
Fruits of His love and wonders of His might,
Be never named in ears esteem'd polite.
That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave, [knave,
Shall stand proscribed, a madman or a
A close designer not to be believed,
Or, if excused that charge, at least deceived.
William Cowper.

1282. FASHION, Folly of.

The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early gray, but never wise;
There form connections, but acquire no
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success; [friend;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports which only childhood could excuse.
There they are happiest who dissemble best
Their weariness; and they the most polite
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
Though at their own destruction. She that asks [all,
Her dear five hundred friends contemns them
And hates their coming. They (what can they less?) [shrug,
Make just reprisals; and with cringe and
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace, [skies,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,
To her, who, frugal only that her thrift
May feed excess she can ill afford,
Is hackney'd home unlackey'd; who, in haste
Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,
On Fortune's velvet altar offering up
Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe
Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far
Than all that held their routs in heathen's heaven.
So fare we in this prison-house, the world;
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links that hold them fast
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,
Then shake them in despair, and dance again.
William Cowper.

1283. FASHION, Fool of.

With scrupulous care exact, he walked the rounds
Of fashionable duty; laughed when sad;
When merry, wept; deceiving, was deceived;
And flattering, flattered. Fashion was his
Obsequiously he fell before its shrine, [god.
In slavish plight, and trembled to offend.
If graveness suited, he was grave; if else,
He travailed sorely, and made brief repose,
To work the proper quantity of sin.
In all submissive to its changing shape,
Still changing, girded he his vexed frame,
And laughter made to men of sounder head.
Most circumspect he was of bows, and nods,
And salutations; and most seriously
And deeply meditated he of dress;
And in his dreams saw lace and ribands fly.
His soul was naught—he damned it every day
Unceremoniously. Oh! fool of fools!
Pleased with a painted smile, he fluttered on,
Like fly of gaudy plume, by fashion driven,
As faded leaves by Autumn's wind, till Death
Put forth his hand and drew him out of sight.
Oh! fool of fools! polite to man; to God
Most rude: yet had he many rivals, who,
Age after age, great striving made to be
Ridiculous, and to forget they had
Immortal souls. *Robert Pollok.*

1284. FASHION, Queen of.

Behold that daughter of the world, she is
full of gayety and gladness;

The diadem of rank is on her brow, uncounted wealth is in her coffers:
She tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel, and is welcome in the courts of kings;
She is queen of the fools of fashion, and ruleth the revels of luxury.
And though she sitteth not as Tamar, nor standeth in the ways as Rahab,
Yet in the secret of her chamber she shrinketh not from dalliance and guilt.
She careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of retribution;
And she laugheth with light good-humor, and all men praise her gentleness;
They are glad in her lovely smile, and the river of her bounty filleth them.
So she prospered in the world, the worship and desire of thousands:
And she died even as she had lived, careless, and courteous, and liberal.
The grave swallowed up her pomp, the marble proclaimed her virtues,
For men esteemed her excellent, and charities sounded forth her praise;
But elsewhere far other judgment setteth her —with infidels and harlots!
She abused the trust of her splendor; and the wages of her sin shall be hereafter.

M. F. Tupper.

1285. FASHION, Woman of.

The distaff, needle, all domestic cares,
Religion, children, husband, home, were things [drugs
She could not bear the thought of; bitter
That sickened her soul. The house of wanton mirth
And revelry, the mask, the dance, she loved,
And in their service soul and body spent
Most cheerfully; a little admiration, [her,
Or true, or false, no matter which, pleased
And o'er the wreck of fortune lost, and
And peace, and an eternity of bliss [health,
Lost, made her sweetly smile. She was convinced
That God had made her greatly out of taste,
And took much pains to make herself anew.
Bedaubed with paint, and hung with ornaOf curious selection—gaudy toy! [ments
A show unpaid for, paying to be seen!
As beggar by the way, most humbly asking
The alms of public gaze—she went abroad;
Folly admired, and indication gave
Of envy; cold Civility made bows, [head,
And smoothly flattered; Wisdom shook his
And Laughter shaped his lip into a smile;
Sobriety did stare; Forethought grew pale;
And Modesty hung down the head and blushed;
And Pity wept, as on the frothy surge [sail
Of fashion tossed, she passed them by, like
Before some devilish blast, and got no time
To think, and never thought, till on the rock
She dashed of ruin, anguish, and despair.

Robert Pollok.

1286. FASTING, Acceptable.

Is fasting then the thing that God requires?
Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires
That sin hath blown to such a mighty flame?
Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame?
Can ashes cleanse thy blot, or purge thy offence?
Or do thy hands make heaven a recompense?
By strewing dust upon thy briny face?
Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly grace?— [want,
No! though thou pine thyself with willing
Or face look thin, or carcass ne'er so gaunt;
Although thou worser weeds than sackcloth
Or naked go, or sleep in shirts of hair; [wear,
Or though thou choose an ash-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head,—
Thy labor is not poised with equal gains,
For thou hast naught but labor for thy pains.
Such holy madness God rejects and loathes,
That sinks no deeper than the skin or clothes.
'Tis not thine eyes, which, taught to weep by art,
Look red with tears (not guilty of thy heart);
'Tis not the holding of thy hands so high,
Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye;
'Tis not your mimic mouths, your antic faces,
Your Scripture phrases, or affected graces,
Nor prodigal upbanding of thine eyes, [skies;
Whose gashful balls do seem to pelt the
'Tis not the strict reforming of your hair,
So close that all the neighbor skull be bare;
'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,
Nor yet the lowering of thy sullen brow;
Nor wolfish howling that disturbs the air,
Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer:
No, no! 'tis none of this that God regards—
Such sort of fools their own applause rewards;
Such puppet-plays to heaven are strange and quaint;
Their service is unsweet, and foully taint;
Their words fall fruitless from their idle brain—
But true repentance runs in other strain:
Where sad contrition harbors, there the heart
Is truly acquainted with the secret smart
Of past offences—hates the bosom sin
The most which the soul took pleasure in.
No crime unsifted, no sin unpresented,
Can lurk unseen; and seen, none unlamented.
The troubled soul's amazed with dire aspects
Of lesser sins committed, and detects
The wounded conscience; it cries amain
For mercy, mercy—cries, and cries again;
It sadly grieves, and soberly laments;
It yearns for grace, reforms, returns, repents.
Aye, this is incense whose accepted savor
Mounts up the heavenly Throne, and findeth favor;
Aye, this is it whose valor never fails—
With God it stoutly wrestles, and prevails;
Aye, this is it that pierces heaven above,
Never returning home, like Noah's dove,
But brings an olive leaf, or some incense
That works salvation, and eternal peace.

Francis Quarles.

1287. FASTING, Lenten.

Welcome, dear feast of Lent; who loves not thee,
He loves not temperance, or authority,
But is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast; the church says, now,
Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow
To every corporation.

The humble soul, composed of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree:
He says, in things which use hath justly got,
"I am a scandal to the church, and not
The church is so to me."

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unless authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And power itself disable.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our creed.

'Tis true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than the rest:
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy e'en as He."
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
That travelleth byways.
Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults control;
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlor; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul.

George Herbert.

1288. FASTING, Method of.

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate,—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Robert Herrick.

1289. FASTING, Private.

When thou a fast would'st keep,
Make not thy homage cheap
By publishing its signs to every eye;
But let it be between
Thyself and the Unseen,
So shall it gain acceptance from on high.

Bernard Barton.

1290. FASTING, Senseless.

Who can believe with common sense
A bacon slice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring has a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapp'd up in majesty divine,
Does He regard on what we dine?

Jonathan Swift.

1291. FATE, Impartial.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy destined years;
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

Horace.

1292. FATE, Limit of.

On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears!
Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foresee?
And how can we avoid it if it be?
If by free will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heav'n.

John Dryden.

1293. FATE, Vision of.

My spirit lost all consciousness of earth,
And listlessly I counted as they fell
The beatings of the heavy clock of Time.
I saw and slept, and sleeping still I heard;
And in my sleep my lips re-echoed ever
After that mighty pendulum of Fate
Words that it uttered palpably,—*now*—*then*:
And *then* still follow'd *now* and still the *now*
Preceded *then*, eternally the same.
Save when at intervals of mystic length,
The hours of those illimitable ages,
I heard a hammer strike some viewless sphere;

And straightway through the universe of worlds,
In varying number, but in tone the same,
Pealed forth the everlasting answer, "*Gone.*"
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1294. FATHER, Affection of the.

Fathers alone a father's heart can know;
What secret tides of sweet enjoyment flow
When brothers love! But if then hate succeeds,
They wage the war, but 'tis the *father* bleeds.
Young.

1295. FATHER, Confidence in a.

'Twas when the sea's tremendous roar
A little bark assailed;
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed:

Save one, the captain's darling son,
Who fearless viewed the storm,
And playful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus," a seaman cried,
"Whilst dangers overwhelm?"
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replied,
"*My Father's at the helm.*"

1296. FATHER, First Duty of a.

Yet be not surety if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather [live.
Both friends should die, than hinder them to
Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends;
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.
George Herbert.

1297. FATHER, Influence of a.

What is there like a father to a son?
A father, quick in love, wakeful in care,
Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
Severe in honor, perfect in example,
Stamped with authority!
Sheridan Knowles.

1298. FATHER, Pleasing.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on.
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis weary crossing o'er the wold.

He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
He is stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm.
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil and hardship light:
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes:
His wishes are so few,
Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs and crows and stares
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden gate.
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.
Mary Howitt.

1299. FATHER, Power of a.

To you, your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Shakespeare.

1300. FAULTS, Correction of.

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave: do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark
Thou would'st not see, were not thine own heart dark. [sin,
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for
Fear that; the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon, will blind thee with its glare,
Or smother'd, stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it; thine the gains:
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!
S. T. Coleridge.

1301. FAULTS, Discovery of.

Nothing but may be better, and every better might be best;
The blind may discern, and the simple prove, fault or want in all things.
And a little mind looketh on the lily with a microscopic eye,
Eager and glad to pry out specks on its robe of purity;

But a great mind gazeth on the sun, glorying in his brightness,
And taking large knowledge of his good, in the broad prairie of creation:
What though he hatch basilisks? what though spots are on the sun?
In fulness is his worth, in fulness be his praise! *M. F. Tupper.*

1302. FAULTS, Effect of.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these, reciprocally, those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint;
Each sire and dam, of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's base.
William Cowper.

1303. FAVOR, Deceit of.

Dost thou not know
That of all fickle Fortune's transient gifts,
Favor is most deceitful? 'Tis a beam, [ment!
Which darts uncertain brightness for a mo-
The faint, precarious, fickle shine of power,
Given without merit, by caprice withdrawn.
No trifle is so small as what obtains,
Save that which loses favor; 'tis a breath,
Which hangs upon a smile! A look, a word,
A frown, the air-built tower of Fortune shakes,
And down the unsubstantial fabric falls.
Hannah More.

1304. FAVOR, Human.

O momentary grace of mortal man [God,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Shakespeare.

1305. FEAR, Cultivation of.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create.
Instructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark,
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief
And folly, frightened at our own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.
S. Johnson.

1306. FEAR, Deliverance from.

The saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect His aid,
The Saviour will appear.

This Abraham found: he raised the knife;
God saw, and said, "Forbear!
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there."

Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepared a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

Wait for His seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd
But cannot come too late.
William Cowper.

1307. FEAR, Description of.

Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But feared each shadow moving to and fro,
And his own arms when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly;
As ashes pale of hue, and winged heel'd,
And evermore on Danger fix'd his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.
His hand did quake
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen,
As it a running messenger had been.
Edmund Spenser.

1308. FEAR, Exaggeration of.

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible:
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds;
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death:
Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons.
Echoes, the very leaving of a voice, [graves.
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our
Each mole-hill thought swells to huge Olympus,
While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight.
Nathaniel Lee.

1309. FEAR, Occasions for.

O fear not thou to die!
For rather fear to live, for Life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of Death;
But Life! the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

O fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No snares without thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within:
But fear, oh! rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From Heaven thy heart that wean.

Fear lest, in evil hour,
Thy pure and holy hope, o'ercome
By clouds that in the horizon lower,
Thy spirit feel that gloom
Which over earth and heaven
The covering throws of fell despair;
And deems itself the unforgiven
Predestined child of care.

1310. FEAR, Personification of.

Thou, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who seest, appall'd, the unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start; like thee disorder'd fly.
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throw him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurst the mind:
And those, the fiends who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare:
On whom that raving brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee!

William Collins.

1311. FEAR, Tormenting.

Persuade them then,
Fearless to be resolved to die like men;
For want of such a resolution stings,
At point of death, and dreadful horror brings
Ev'n to the soul; cause, wanting preparation,
She dies, despairing of her own salvation.
Yea, and moreover this full well know I,
He that's at any time afraid to die,
Is in weak case, and, whatsoe'er he saith,
Hath but a wavering and a feeble faith.

George Wither.

1312. FEAST, Lesson for a.

Five hundred princely guests before
Haroun Al Raschid sate:
Five hundred princely guests or more
Admired his royal state;

For never had the glory been
So royally displayed,
Nor ever such a gorgeous scene
Had eye of man surveyed.

He, most times meek of heart, yet now
Of spirit too elate,
Exclaimed, "Before me Cæsars bow,
On me two empires wait.

"Yet all our glories something lack,
We do our triumphs wrong,
Until to us reflected back
In mirrors clear of song.

"Call him, then, unto whom this power
Is given, this skill sublime—
Now win from us some splendid dower
With song that fits the time."

"My King, as I behold thee now,
May I behold thee still,
While prostrate worlds before thee bow,
And wait upon thy will!

"May evermore this clear, pure heaven,
Whence every speck and stain
Of trouble far away is driven,
Above thy head remain!"

The caliph cried: "Thou wishest well,
There waits thee golden store
For this—but, oh! resume the spell,
I fain would listen more."

"Drink thou life's sweetest goblet up,
O King, and may its wine,
For others' lips a mingled cup,
Be all unmixed for thine.

"Live long—the shadow of no grief
Come ever near to thee:
As thou in height of place art chief,
So chief in gladness be."

Haroun Al Raschid cried again,
"I thank thee—but proceed,
And now take up a higher strain,
And win a higher meed."

Around that high, magnific hall
One glance the poet threw
On courtiers, king, and festival,
And did the strain renew:

"And yet, and yet—shalt thou at last
Lie stretched on bed of death:
Then, when thou drawest thick and fast
With sobs thy painful breath,

"When Azrael glides through guarded gate,
Through hosts that camp around
Their lord in vain—and will not wait,
When thou art sadly bound

"Unto thine house of dust alone,
O King, when thou must die,
This pomp a shadow thou shalt own,
This glory all a lie."

Then darkness on all faces hung,
And through the banquet went
Low sounds the murmuring guests among
Of angry discontent;

And him anon they fiercely urge—
"What guerdon shall be thine?
What does it, this untimely dirge,
'Mid feasts, and flowers, and wine?

"Our lord demanded in his mirth
A strain to heighten glee;
But lo! at thine his tears came forth
In current swift and free."

"Peace! not to him rebukes belong,
But rather highest grace;
He gave me what I asked—a song
To fit the time and place.'

All voices at that voice were stilled;
Again the caliph cried,

"He saw our mouths with laughter filled,
He saw us drunk with pride;

"And bade us know that every road,
By monarch trod or slave,
Thick set with thorns, with roses strewed,
Must issue in the grave."
Oriental, tr. by R. C. Trench.

1313. FEAST, The Best.

'Tis not the food, but the content,
That makes the table's merriment.
Where trouble serves the board, we eat
The platters there as soon as meat.
A little pipkin, with a bit
Of mutton or of veal in it,
Set on my table trouble-free,
More than a feast contenteth me.
Robert Herrick.

1314. FELLOWSHIP, Bond of.

One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword—Love:
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one—
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.
Robert Robinson.

1315. FELLOWSHIP, Christian.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run [one!
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love! what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When Nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.
Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

1316. FELLOWSHIP, Heavenly.

'Tis heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where His name is known:
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before His throne!
When we adore Him there,
We shall be void of fear,
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience need:
Love will absorb us quite,
Love in the midst of light,
On God's eternal love shall feed.

Oh! what sweet company
We then shall hear and see!
What harmony will there abound!
When souls unnumber'd sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found!

With everlasting joy,
Such as will never cloy,
We shall be fill'd, nor wish for more;
Bright as meridian day,
Calm as the evening ray,
Full as a sea without a shore.

Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home;
And may I never thence remove,
Till from the Church below
To heaven at once I go,
And there commune in perfect love!
Joseph Swain.

1317. FELLOWSHIP, Incense of.

More sweet than odors caught by him who
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest— [sails
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk,
Or bowers wherein they rest.
William Wordsworth.

1318. FELLOWSHIP, Sympathetic.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it spare
A sigh for other's pain;
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain.
And though it throb at gentlest touch,
Or Sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much,
Than never ache at all.
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone. *Eliza Cook.*

1319. FIDELITY, Christian.

But if there be who follow Paul,
As Paul his Lord, in life and death,
Where'er an asking heart may call,
Ready to speed and take no breath;
Who makes the Saviour all his theme,
The gospel all his pride and praise,—
Approach! for thou canst feel the gleam
That round the martyr's death-bed plays:
Thou hast an ear for angels' songs,
A breath the Gospel trump to fill;
And taught by thee the Church prolongs
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.
John Keble.

1320. FIDELITY, Example of.

Casabianca, a boy of thirteen, son of the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished with the vessel.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy,—Oh! where was *he?*
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea;

With shroud and mast and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

1321. FIDELITY, Missionary.

Away from his home and the friends of his youth
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth:
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost; [post.
Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his

The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post;
He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
The battle was fought, and the victory won:
But he whisper'd of those whom his heart clung to most, [post."
"Tell my brethren for me that I died at my

He ask'd not a stone to be sculptured with verse; [hearse;
He ask'd not that fame should his merits re-
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost, [his post.
That his brethren might know that he died at

Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post. *William Hunter.*

1322. FIDELITY, Profession of.

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven, in honor of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you, my Love, should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you. *Joshua Sylvester.*

1323. FIDELITY, Test of.

His courtiers of the caliph crave—
"Oh, say how this may be,
That of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
Is best beloved by thee?

"For he is hideous as the night:
Yet when has ever chose
A nightingale for its delight
A hueless, scentless rose?"

The caliph then, "No features fair,
No comely mien are his;
Love is the beauty he doth wear,
And love his glory is.

"Once when a camel of my train
There fell in narrow street,
From broken casket rolled amain
Rich pearls before my feet.

"I nodding to my slaves that I
Would freely give them these,
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

"One only at my side remained—
Beside this Ethiop, none:
He moveless as the steed he reined,
Behind me sat alone.

"'What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side?'
'My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee,' he cried.

"True servant's title he may wear,
He only, who has not,
For his lord's gifts, how rich soe'er,
His lord himself forgot!"

So thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From Him desiring nothing more
Beside Himself to claim.

For if thou not to Him aspire,
But to His gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to His throne.

While such thy prayer, it climbs above
In vain—the golden key
Of God's rich treasure-house of love
Thine own will never be.
Oriental, tr. by R. C. Trench.

1324. FIGHT, The Good.

I came and saw, and hoped to conquer,
As the great Roman once had done;
His was the one hour's torrent shock of battle,
My field was harder to be won.

I came and saw, but did not conquer,
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong;
I came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer,
For me the fight was sore and long.

They said the war was brief and easy,
A word, a look, would crush the throng;
To some it may have been a moment's conflict,
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster,
To brave men they could work no wrong;
So some may boast of swift and easy battle,
To me it has been sore and long.

And yet I know that I shall conquer,
Though sore and hard the fight may be;
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,
Through Him who won the fight for me.

I fight, not fearful of the issue,
My victory is sure and near; [ful,
Yet, not the less with hand and eye all watch-
Grasp I my buckler and my spear.

For I must fight, if I would conquer,
'Tis not by flight that fields are won;
And I must conquer, if I would inherit,
The victor's joy, and crown, and throne.
Horatius Bonar.

1325. FIRMNESS, Power of.

Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck; [thrill,
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1326. FLATTERY, Commodity of.

I have seen the objects of a flatterer mirrored
clearly on the surface,
Where self-love scattereth praise to gather
praise again. [put out at interest;
This is a commodity of merchandise, words
A scheme for canvassing opinions, and ting-
ing them all with partiality.
He is but a harmless fool; humor him with
pitiful good-nature: [to his poem:
If a poetaster quote thy song, be thou tender
Did the painter praise thy sketch? be kind,
commend his picture,
He looketh for a like return, then thank him
with thy praise. *M. F. Tupper.*

1327. FLATTERY, Food of.

A man I knew who lived upon a smile, [fair,
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and
While rankest venom foamed through every
Living, he fawn'd on every fool alive; [vein;
And, dying, cursed the friend on whom he
lived. *Edward Young.*

1328. FLATTERY, Inconsistency of.

O thou world, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden
words, [lead,
And poise their deeds with weight of heavy
That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O that a man might hold the heart's close
book [utter
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth
The breath of falsehood, not character'd
there.

1329. FLATTERY, Influence of.

All-potent Flattery, universal lord!
Reviled, yet courted; censured, yet adored!
How thy strong spell each human bosom
draws,
The very echo to our self-applause! [Pique,
'Tis thine to smooth the furrow'd brow of
Wrinkle with smiles the sour, reluctant cheek,
Silence the wrathful, make the sullen speak,
Disarm a tyrant, tame a father's curse, [purse,
Wring the slow farthing from the miser's
Subdue Lucretia, even when gold shall fail,
And make Apicius smile o'er cheese and ale.
Alexander Pope.

1330. FLATTERY, Love of.

Flattery sticketh like a burr, holding to the
soil with anchors,
A vital, natural, subtle seed, everywhere
hardy and indigenous.
Go to the storehouse of thy memory, and
take what is readiest to thy hand,—
The noble deed, the clever phrase, for which
thy pride was flattered;
O, it hath been dwelt upon in solitude, and
comforted thy heart in crowds;

It hath made thee walk as in a dream, and lifted thy head above thy fellows;
It hath compensated months of gloom, that minute of sweet sunshine,
Drying up the pools of apathy, and kindling the fire of ambition; [cup of life,
Yea, the flavor of that spice, mingled in the
Shall linger even to the dregs, and still be tasted with a welcome;
The dame shall tell her grandchild of her coy and courted youth,
And the gray-beard prateth of a stranger that praised his task at school.
M. F. Tupper.

1331. FLATTERY, Mirror of.

A beggar of Shiraz once had a looking-glass
That by his magic power all others did surpass,— [too could share—
Which many dames would wish their mirrors
To show an ugly face as if it were most fair!
The beggar held this glass in front of every one [dons thus he won.
From whom he begged; and copious guer-
For each with gladness gave who saw himself so fair: [looking there.
The gay young lord, the foul old hag, both
At last the beggar, lying sick, gave to his son
The glass, and said, "Make use of it as I have done." [he back:
But with the glass at night all empty came
For he had made a different use of it, alack!
He held not up the glass before each passing wight, [the sight.
But saw his own face there and lingered on
The father said, "The foolish fruits of idle pride,
My son, no human heart has ever satisfied.
Who shows the world in Flattery's glass, is one shrewd elf;
He is a fool who looks therein to see himself."
Oriental.

1332. FLATTERY, Mockery of.

Oh! it is worse than mockery to list to the flatterer's tone; [must blush to own;
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek
To hear the red lip whispered of, and the flowing curl and eye [and high;
Made constant theme of eulogy extravagant
And the charm of person worshipped in an homage offered not
To the perfect charm of virtue, and the majesty of thought. *J. G. Whittier.*

1333. FLESH, Lesson of the.

Oh, if we are not bitterly deceived—
If this familiar spirit that communes [search
With yours this hour—that has the power to
All things but its own compass—is a spark
Struck from the burning essence of its God;
If, as we dream, in every radiant star
We see a shining gate through which the soul,
In its degrees of being, will ascend—
If, when these weary organs drop away,
We shall forget their uses, and commune
With angels and each other, as the stars
Mingle their light, in silence and in love—
What is this fleshly fetter of a day
That we should bind it with immortal flowers!
How do we ever gaze upon the sky,
And watch the lark soar up till he is lost,
And turn to our poor perishing dreams away
Without one tear for our imprison'd wings!
N. P. Willis.

1334. FLESH, Tabernacle of the.

How meanly dwells the immortal mind!
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth designed
To enclose a heavenly star?

Weak cottage where our souls reside!
This flesh a tottering wall,
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall.

All round it storms of trouble blow
And waves of sorrow roll;
Cold winds and winter storms beat through,
And pain the tenant-soul.

"Alas! how frail our state!" said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the clearing sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul felt all the glory come,
And breathed her native air;
Then she remembered heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight, she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

How weak the prison where I dwell!
Flesh but a tottering wall;
The breaches cheerfully foretell
The house must shortly fall.

No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache;
Welcome disease and every pain
That makes the cottage shake!

Now let the tempest blow around,
Now swell the surges high,
And beat this house of bondage down,
To let the stranger fly!

I have a mansion built above
By the Eternal Hand;
And should the earth's old basis move,
My heavenly house must stand.
Isaac Watts.

1335. FLOOD, Description of the.

The ark received her freightage, Noah last;
Then God shut to the door; and massive
From treasure-houses inexhaustible [clouds
Mantled the firmament in black, and burst
In torrent floods on the soon sated plains.
The rivers spurn'd their custom'd banks. The sea [foam,
Roar'd, and enormous waves, crested with

Broke with incessant flow o'er sands and cliffs,—
Vain barriers! Whether now the ocean beds,
By subterranean fires upheaved and raised,
Disgorged the secrets of their pathless depths;
Or whether, as the moon's calm influence draws
The refluent tides in daily ebb and flow,
So now she or some planetary orb
Displaced, or in malign conjunction set,
Drew more than half their waters from those seas [globe,
Which more than half submerge thy native
Charging the heaven with clouds, and wrapping earth
From pole to pole in one unbroken flood,
A dreary waste of ocean without shore.
And only by the solitary ark
Relieved, the second cradle of mankind.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1336. FLOOD, Earth before the.

Earth fainted at her children's deeds. And God,
With whose unalterable attributes [man
Grief jars not, grieved within His heart, that
Was made for disobedience to unmake. [eye
Judgment awoke, and watch'd with tearful
The cup of crime fast rising to the brim,
And trembling on the very edge. Meanwhile
At His command the ponderous ark was built,
That jest of scoffers, on the wooded plains
Of Asshur. Little reck'd the sons of men;
The shipwrights lightly jested as they wrought,
And ask'd if that huge vessel were to mount
The hills or navigate the sandy wastes?
They ate, they drank, they wooed them wives and won,
They builded palaces, they planted trees,
Rich with far distant promise. Drop by drop
The measure of ungodliness was fill'd.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1337. FLOWERS, Care for the.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see, how warm they blush! how bright they glow! [pare!
What regal vestments can with them com-
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,
If o'er the earth such lucid robes He spreads;
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise? or are ye less than they?
James Thomson.

1338. FLOWERS, Death of the.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead; [rabbit's tread.
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood! [race of flowers
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago, [the summer glow;
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood, [autumn beauty stood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill, [fragrance late he bore,
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died, [faded by my side.
The fair meek blossom that grew up and
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours, [the flowers.
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with
William Cullen Bryant.

1339. FLOWERS, Emblems.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flow'rets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flow'rets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us they are glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

In all places, then, and in all seasons, [wings,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.
H. W. Longfellow.

1340. FLOWERS, Faith of the.

The sickliest leaf,
The feeblest efflorescence of the moss,
That drinks Thy dew reproves our unbelief.
The frail field-lily, which no florist's eye
Regards, doth win a garniture from Thee
To kings denied. So while to dust we bow,
Needy and poor, O bid us learn the lore
Graved on the lily's leaf, as fair and clear
As on you disk of fire—to trust in Thee.
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

1341. FLOWERS, Hymn to the.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes at morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation;
And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers, who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Pour from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics, that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tesselate—
What numerous lessons of instructive duty
Your forms create?

'Neath cloister'd bough each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer

Not to those domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd.

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply; [thunder;
Its choir, the wind and waves; its organ,
Its dome, the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander,
Through the lone aisles, or stretch'd upon the sod;
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure, [night;
Blooming o'er hill and dale, by day and
On every side your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
In loneliest nook.

Floral apostles, that with dewy splendor
Blush without sin, and weep without a crime;
O! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore divine.

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your glory—O! how transitory
Are human flowers."

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Posthumous glories—angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed and bulb interr'd in earth:
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Ephemeral sages—what instructors hoary
To such a world of thought could furnish scope!
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from the voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermon, shrines.
Horace Smith.

1342. FLOWERS, Life's.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day;
Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.
Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

1343. FLOWERS, Use of the.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high;
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then, wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth:

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flower
Will much more care for Him!
Mary Howitt.

1344. FLOWERS, Voice of the.

Yes—flowers have tones—God gave to each
A language of its own;
And bade the simple blossom teach
Where'er its seeds are sown;
His voice is on the mountain's height,
And by the river's side,
Where flowers blush in glowing light,
In lowliness, or pride;
We feel, all o'er the blooming sod,
It is the language of our God.
Mrs. Esling.

1345. FOES, A Christian's.

Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part.
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should His faithful followers fear?
Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

1346. FOOD, Daily.

O King of earth, and air, and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep:
To Thee the lions roaring call;
The common Father, kind to all:
Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But God, Thou carest still for Thine;
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray,
For daily bread from day to day.

And oh! when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;
Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day!
Bishop Reginald Heber.

1347. FOOD, Poisonous.

Death in the pot! 'tis always there,
The bane of all our food,
When we partake it without fear,
Without an eye to God.

Unless He sanctify the meat,
And bless us from the sky,
Unless we to His glory eat,
Our souls by eating die.
Charles Wesley.

1348. FOOD, Provision of.

By the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustained;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintained.

It seemed as if from day to day
They were to eat and die;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.

Thus to His poor He still will give
Just for the present hour;
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon His word and power.

No barn nor storehouse they possess
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their Friend.

John Newton.

1349. FOOL, Discovery of a.

Soon as himself man knows,
He knows himself a fool:
Yet, ah! how mad he grows
If one but *call* him fool.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1350. FOOL, A Learned.

None are so surely caught when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace, to grace a learned fool.
The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit, worth in simplicity.

Shakespeare.

1351. FOOL, Wisdom of a.

Jaques. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with a lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative.

Shakespeare.

1352. FORBEARANCE, Divine.

In days of old, when holy prophets trod
This earth, the living oracles of God,
What time one such his mission did fulfil,
There lived a youth, a prodigy of ill:
So foul the tablets of his heart and black,
That Satan's self from them had started back;
Him, as the plague, sought every soul to shun,
At him in horror pointed every one.
And in the city where this sinful youth
All bosoms filled with horror or with ruth,
In the same city dwelt a Monk as well, [cell;
Round whom all crowded when he left his
And those who only touched his garment's hem,
Counted that heaven was nearer unto them—
Such name for prayer and penance he had gained:
And he one day that Prophet entertained:
When in their sight this sinner did appear,
Who yet for awe presumed not to draw near,
But falling back, like moth from stunning light,
Lay on the ground, as blinded by their sight.
And as in spring relents the frozen ground,
Even so it seemed as though his heart unbound;
Streamed from his eyes, like loosened floods, the tears:
"Woe's me," he cried, "for thirty guilty years
My life's best treasure have I spent in vain,
And death and hell are now my only gain.
I totter on a dark chasm's dreadful brink,
Hell's jaws are yawning for me, and I sink:
Yet since none ever Thou didst from Thee cast, [fast."
I stretch my hands to Thee; Lord, hold them

But here the Monk with lifted eyebrows—"Peace,
Blasphemer; from thy useless clamors cease:
And darest thou, thus steeped in sin, make free
With him, God's holy Prophet, and with me?
My God, this one thing grant me, that I may
Stand far from this man on the judgment day."
More he said, but on the Prophet broke
Swift inspiration, and he straightway spoke:
"Two here have prayed—diverse have been their prayers,
Yet granted both their supplications are.
He who in mire of sin now thirty years
Has rolled, forgiveness asks with many tears:
Ne'er yet has head of contrite sinner lain
Upon the threshold of God's throne in vain.
All he has sinned to him shall be forgiven;
Him God has chosen a denizen of heaven.
That Monk has prayed, upon the other hand,
That he may never near this sinner stand;
That this may be so, hell his place must be,
Where nevermore this sinner he shall see.
Whose robe is white, but heart is black with pride,
He for himself hell's gate has opened wide,
For, weighed in God the all-sufficient's scale,
Not claims nor righteousness of man avail;
But these are costly in His sight indeed,—
Repentance, contrite shame, and sense of need.

Oriental, tr. by R. C Trench.

1353. FORBEARANCE Tested.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced dangers with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech re-
Nobility more noble to repay? frained,
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

R. W. Emerson.

1354. FOREORDINATION, Confidence in.

Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by His wise decree;

Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;

Times the Tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just!
In Thy hands my life I trust:
Have I something dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

May I always own Thy hand;
Still to the surrender stand;
Know, that Thou art God alone;
I and mine are all Thy own.

Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee, I all possess;
How can I bereavèd be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

John Ryland.

1355. FOREST, Hymn of the.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven [sound
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed [power
His spirit with the thought of boundless
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn,—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun [breeze,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow, [died
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here,—Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground, [thee.
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with
Here is continual worship: nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs, [roots
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace [oak,—
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower [smile,
With scented breath, and look so like a
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses,—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of Earth's charms! upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death,—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth [end.
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble, and are still. O God! when Thou [fire
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
O, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

William Cullen Bryant

1356. FOREST, Music of the.

My soul is growing sick—I will away
And gather balm from a sweet forest walk!
There, as the breezes through the branches
Is heard aërial minstrelsy, like harps [sweep,
Untouched, unseen, that on the spirit's ear
Pour out their numbers till they lull in peace
The tumult of the bosom. There's a voice
Of music in the rustling of the leaves: [lutes,
And the green boughs are hung with living
Whose strings will only vibrate to His hand
Who made them, while they sound His untaught praise!
The whole wild wood is one vast instrument
Of thousand, thousand keys; and all its notes
Come in sweet harmony, while Nature plays
To celebrate the presence of her God.

Hannah F. Gould.

1357. FORGIVENESS, Alternative of.

O God! my sins are manifold; against my life they cry, [temple fly.
And all my guilty deeds foregone up to Thy
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?
"Forgive!" a blessèd voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven."

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell; they spurn me in their pride; [they deride;
They render evil for my good; my patience
Arise! my King! and be the proud in righteous ruin driven!
"Forgive!" the awful answer came, "as thou wouldst be forgiven!"

Seven times, O Lord, I've pardoned them; seven times they've sinned again;
They practise still to work me woe, and triumph in my pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment driven!
"Forgive!" the voice in thunder spake, "or never be forgiven!"

Bp. Heber.

1358. FORGIVENESS, Bliss of.

Trembling before Thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend!—O smile, and heal the strife!

The Saviour smiles! Upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll:
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfil;

Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

Loud is the song,—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!
Augustus L. Hillhouse.

1359. FORGIVENESS, Fruits of.

Oh what stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven!
Rebels He deigns to call His sons,
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair though feeble light;
Through all your lives let mercy run.

Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift fly your gifts and charity;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness health apply.

Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.
Rippon.

1360. FORGIVENESS, Human.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she, who bloomed so beauteously,
Beneath the weapon bends—
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it—but He came from heaven,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed;
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's dark pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died.
J. Edmeston.

1361. FORGIVENESS, Pleasure of.

Have you never felt the pleasure of forgiving fraud or wrong
Rippling through your soul like measure sweet of sweetest poet's song?
Have you never felt that beauty lies in pain for others borne?
That the sacredness of duty bids you offer love for scorn?
'Tis the Christian, not the Stoic, that best triumphs over pain.

1362. FORMALITY, Church.

A man may cry church! church! at every word,
With no more piety than other people,—
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple;
The Temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill savor,
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavor!
Thomas Hood.

1363. FORTITUDE, Advantage of.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still: is it meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much; [rock,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on a
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Shakespeare.

1364. FORTITUDE, Cultivating.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In base and desolate bosoms: mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence: not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.
Lord Byron.

1365. FORTITUDE, Incentive to.

O, never from thy tempted heart
Let thine integrity depart!
When disappointment fills the cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up;
Truth will prevail, and justice show
Her tardy honors, sure though slow.
Bear on—bear bravely on!

Bear on! Our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born for lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given,
A labor which shall fit for heaven;
When duty calls, let love grow warm;
Amid the sunshine and the storm,
With faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest.
Bear on—bear bravely on!

1366. FORTITUDE, Philosophic.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,

Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock the shrinking, thou hast
With a sedate and all-enduring eye; [smiled
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favorite
child, [piled.
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him
Lord Byron.

1367. FORTUNE, Change of.

When Fortune smiles and looks serene,
'Tis "Pray, sir, how d'ye do,
Your family are well, I hope;
Can I serve them or you?"

But if, perchance, her scale should turn,
And with it change your plight,
'Tis then, "I'm sorry for your fate,
But times are hard—good-night."

1368. FORTUNE, Counterpoise of.

Will Fortune never come with both hands
full, [letters?
But write her fair words still in foulest
She either gives a stomach and no food,—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
Shakespeare.

1369. FORTUNE, Defiance of.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet:
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity:
Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection:
Yet scare-crow like I'll walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.
Robert Herrick.

1370. FORTUNE, Diversity of.

What different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little manikin thing
Survives to wear many a wrinkle;
While death forbids another to wake,
And a son that it took nine moons to make
Expires without even a twinkle:

Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and
slips,
For fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hailed and wooed as a lord?
And that to be shunned like a leper?
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn;
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar only, and pepper.

One is littered under a roof
Neither wind nor water proof;
That's the prose of Love in a cottage:
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not
fetch,
Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,
The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly ushered in
To a prospect all bright and burnished:
No tenant he for life's back slums;
He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnished.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes,
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to
street
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses!
Thomas Hood.

1371. FORTUNE, Endowments of.

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath diverse ways to enrich her followers:
To some she honor gives without deserving;
To other some, deserving, without honor;
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit with-
out wealth; [wealth,
Some wealth without wit; some nor wit nor
But good smock faces, or some qualities
By nature, without judgment; with the
They live in sensual acceptation, [which
And make show only without touch of sub-
stance. *George Chapman.*

1372. FORTUNE, Gifts of.

See, high in air the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering
ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden
friends, [kings,
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
To snatch (still more adored) the golden
shower.

Gold glitters most where virtue shines no
more,
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries,
Unkennelled from the prisons and the stews,
Pour in, all opening in their idol's praise!
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchewed,
Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorged to the throat, yet lean and ravenous
Sagacious all to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest
chance!) [still:
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch,
O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or
power,
Stanch to the foot of Lucre till they die.
[they fly

Or if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim mismeasured, and impetuous speed,
Some, darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
Through fury to possess it: some succeed,
But stumble and let fall the taken prize.
From some, by sudden blasts 'tis whirled away, [of gain.
And lodged in bosoms that ne'er dreamed
To some it sticks so close, that when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamored of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together, some (unhappy rivals!) seize,
And rend abundance into poverty:
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles;
Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at (Just victims of exorbitant desire!) [those
Who perish at their own request, and whelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain:
The number small which happiness can bear.
Though various for awhile their fates, at last
One curse involves them all; at death's approach
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn in just proportion to their store.
Edward Young.

1373. FORTUNE, Goddess of.

On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort, [court,
The hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits, [fits:
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by
In this still labyrinth around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry;
A sigil in this hand the gypsy bears,
In t'other a prophetic sieve, and shears.
Samuel Garth.

1374. FORTUNE, Puppet of.

The wheel of fortune, rapid in its flight,
Lags not for man, when on its swift routine;
Nor does the goddess ponder unresolved;
She wafts at once, and on her lofty car
Lifts up her puppet—mounts him to the skies,
Or from the pinnacle hurls headlong down
The steep abyss of disappointed hope.
Mercy Warren.

1375. FORTUNE, Revolution of.

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate; [skill,
Whose motions, if we catch and guide with
(For human good depends on human will)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes its bent;
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind; [prize,
Now, now she meets you with a glorious
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
John Dryden.

1376. FORTUNE, Seizing.

The old Scythians [wings,
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with
To show her gifts come swift and suddenly
Which, if her favorite be not swift to take,
He loses them forever. *George Chapman.*

1377. FORTUNE, Winning.

Fortunes are made, if I the facts may state—
Though poor myself, I know the fortunate:
First, there's a knowledge of the way from whence [sense:
Good fortune comes—and this is sterling
Then perseverance, never to decline
The chase of riches till the prey is thine;
And firmness never to be drawn away
By any passion from that noble prey—
By love, ambition, study, travel, fame,
Or the vain hope that lives upon a name.
George Crabbe.

1378. FOUNDATIONS, Deep.

Let them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair,
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to fly,
And think their turrets top the sky.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn before I run, to creep.
Who digs through rocks, to lay his groundwork low, [though slow.
May in good time build high, and sure,
Christopher Harvey.

1379. FOUNDATIONS, Unsafe.

Build'st thou on Wealth?—its wings are ever spread
Its trusting votaries to elude and fail;
On Science?—see! his favorite sons have fled
Like the pale lamp that lit their midnight toil, [vernal soil.
Forgotten as the flower that deck'd the

Build'st thou on Love?—the simple heart it cheers
When high in health, and all around is gay,
Yet leads to folly, vanity, and tears;
Build'st thou on Fame?—the dancing meteor's ray [away.
Glides not more swift, more unperceived

Ah! why on sands like these thy temple rear?
How shall its base the storms and billows shun!
Seek the Eternal Rock with humble fear,
And on the tablet of each setting sun
Grave with a diamond's point some deed of duty done.

1380. FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, Search for the.

Thee have thousands sought in vain
Over land and barren main,
Chidher's well—of which men say,
That thou makest young again;
Fountain of eternal youth,
Washing free from every stain.
To thy waves the aged moons
Aye betake them when they wane;
And the suns their golden light,
While they bathe in thee, retain.
From that fountain drops are flung,
Mingling with the vernal rain,

And the old earth clothes itself
In its young attire again.
Thitherward the freckled trout
Up the water-courses strain,
And the timid wild gazelles
Seek it through the desert plain.
Great Iskander, mighty lord,
Sought that fountain, but in vain;
Through the land of darkness went
In its quest with fruitless pain,
When by wealth of conquered worlds
Did his thirst unslaked remain.
Many more with parchèd lip
Must lie down, and dizzy brain,
And of that, a fountain sealed
Unto them, in death complain.
If its springs to thee are known,
Weary wanderer, tell me plain.
From beneath the throne of God
It must well, a lucid vein.
Richard Chenevix Trench.

1381. FRAILTY, Earthly.

Lord, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is styled honor, riches, or fair eyes;
But is—fair dust!
I surname them gilded clay,
Dear earth, fine grass or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both regiments,
The world's and Thine;
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was dust before doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread
Affront those joys wherewith Thou didst endow,
And long since wed,
My poor soul, e'en sick of love;
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heaven and Thee,
Planted in me.
George Herbert.

1382. FRAILTY, Grades of.

Frail creatures are we all! To be the best,
Is but the fewest faults to have:
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave.
S. T. Coleridge.

1383. FRAILTY, Human.

Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost. *William Cowper*

1384. FRAILTY, Life's.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet, on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!
Richard Henry Wilde.

1385. FRATERNITY, Offence against.

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffused through all that doth make all one whole;
This the worst superstition, Him except,
Aught to desire, Supreme Reality!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
O fiends of superstition! not that oft
The erring priest hath stained with brother's blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,

Peopled with death; or where more hideous trade [guish;
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human an-
I will raise up a mourning, O ye fiends!
And curse your spells that film the eye of faith,
Hiding the present God; whose presence lost,
The moral world's cohesion, we become
An anarchy of spirits! Toy-bewitched,
Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
No common centre man, no common sire
Knoweth! A sordid, solitary thing,
'Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart,
Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams,
Feeling himself, his own low self, the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one self! self that no alien knows!
Self far diffused as angel's wing can travel!
Self spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is faith!
This the Messiah's destined victory!

S. T. Coleridge.

1386. FRATERNITY, Triumph of.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime, [lighter.
Yet high hopes make the heart throb
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice in living thunder—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story:
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They passed, nor see the work they wrought;
Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blos-
But the live lightning of their thought [som!
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bo-
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming! [som—

Creeds, empires, systems rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future's page
To our humanity more truthful!
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
To waken at the name of "brother;"
And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing;
Then shall unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart
And Love's own world with smiles more sunny—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Aye, it must come! The tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted:
The sword earth's mighty ones have leant on
Is cankered, with our heart's blood crusted.
Room! for the men of mind make way!
Ye robber rulers, pause no longer,
Ye cannot stay the opening day!
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
The people's advent's coming!

Gerald Massey.

1387. FREEDOM, Battle of.

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach! thou craven, crouching slave,
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame
They too will rather die than shame.
For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!

Lord Byron.

1388. FREEDOM, Christian.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field [pared
Of nature; and though poor, perhaps, com-
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valley his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,

Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes, ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city, planned or e'er the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less.
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells. *William Cowper.*

1389. FREEDOM, Decree of.

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long,
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

1390. FREEDOM, Foes of.

And Freedom thus, of old, so often fell
Before Ambition, when the herd, that crawls
Within the crowded haunt, the sordid hell
Where luxury and lust have built their walls,
Sunk in each vice that deadens and enthralls,
Bartered their unprized liberty for gold;—
As the pure stream upon the palate palls,
When wine has fired the senses, so they sold
The rights, that prouder hearts than being dearer hold. *James Gates Percival.*

1391. FREEDOM, Personification of.

O Freedom!—thou art not as poets dream—
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand [thy brow,
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword;
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched [thee;
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten
They could not quench the life thou hast from heav'n;
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison-walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.
William Cullen Bryant.

1392. FREEDOM, Progress of.

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page [tears—
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong and
One onward step of truth from age to age.

The poor are crushed, the tyrants link their chain; [grates;
The poet sings through narrow dungeon-
Man's hope lies quenched;—and, lo! with steadfast gain [fates.
Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse

Men slay the prophets; faggot, rack, and cross
Makes up the groaning record of the past;
But evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last.
J. R. Lowell.

1393. FREEDOM, Virtuous.

What! since the prætor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law?
Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free
From those fond notions of false liberty:
'Tis not the prætor's province to bestow

True freedom; nor teach mankind to know
What to ourselves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd, vicious life:
As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;
For reason still is whispering in your ear,
Where you are sure to fail, the attempt forbear.
No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.
Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst try
To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
The rules of physic would against thee cry.
The high-shoed ploughman, should he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in humankind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence had'st thou the skill
So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine, [mine.
Be wise and free, by Heaven's consent and

Persius, tr. by John Dryden.

1394. FREEDOM, War of.

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

The handbreadth cloud the sages feared
Its bloody rain is dropping;
The poison-plant the fathers spared
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses the earth;
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-fields blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men of the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?—
Hark to the answer: Slavery!

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen.
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon!
O North and South,
It victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let Slavery die!"
And union find in freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in its going?
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his o'erthrowing!
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds,
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay the curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But blest the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor

John Greenleaf Whittier.

1395. FREE GRACE, Message of.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more they only miss,
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

1396. FREE WILL, Foreknowledge and.

Man (ingenious to contrive his woe,
And rob himself of all that makes this vale
Of tears bloom comfort) cries if God foresees
Our future actings, then the objects known
Must be determined, or the knowledge fail;
Thus liberty's destroyed, and all we do
Or suffer, by a fatal thread is spun.
Say, fool, with too much subtilty misled,
Who reasonest but to err, does Prescience change
The property of things? Is aught thou seest
Caused by thy vision, not thy vision caused
By forms that previously exist? To God
This mode of seeing future deeds extends,
And freedom with foreknowledge may exist.

George Bally.

1397. FREE WILL, Inference of.

We drive the furrow with the share of faith
Through the waste fields of life, and our own hands [flowers;
Sow thick the seeds that spring to weeds or
And never strong necessity nor fate
Trammels the soul that firmly says I *will!*
Else are we playthings, and 'tis Satan's mock
To preach to us repentance and belief.

Alice Carey.

1398. FREE WILL, Issues of.

So from the heights of will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.
From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea!

O. W. Holmes.

1399. FRETFULNESS, Traits of.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key, [bee.
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humble-
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
What, sole!—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

William Cowper.

1400. FRIEND, Confidence in a.

Reserve will wound it; and distrust destroy.
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core,
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself:
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix:
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee:
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

Edward Young.

1401. FRIEND, A Constant.

When adversities flow,
Then love ebbs: but friendship standeth stiffly
In storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair
Face, but addeth fresh colors to a fast
Friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor
Nor place, nor destiny, can alter or [misery,
Diminish. O friendship! of all things the
Most rare, and therefore most rare because
Excellent; whose comforts in misery [most
Are always sweet, and whose counsels in
Prosperity are ever fortunate. [ship
Vain love! that only coming near to friend-
In name, would seem to be the same, or
In nature. [better,

John Lilly.

1402. FRIEND, A Departed.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the silent land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps [pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

J. G. Whittier.

1403. FRIEND, The True.

The true friend is not he who holds up Flattery's mirror,
In which the face to thy conceit most pleasing hovers; [Sirrah!
But he who kindly shows thee all thy vices,
And helps thee mend them ere an enemy discovers.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1404. FRIENDS, Best.

Let others boast them as they may,
Of spirits kind and true,
Whose gentle words and loving smiles
Have cheered them on life through;
And though they count of friends a host,
To bless the paths they've trod,
These are the ones have lov'd *me* most,
My mother, wife, and God!

Richard Coe, Jr.

1405. FRIENDS, Dying.

We tread one path to glory,
Are guided by One hand,
And led in faith and patience
Unto one Fatherland!
Then let this hour of parting
No bitter grief record,
But be an hour of union
More blessed with our Lord!
With Him to guide and save us,
No changes that await,
No earthly separations,
Can leave us desolate! *Spitta.*

1406. FRIENDS, Entertainment of.

They tell me I am shrewd with other men;
With thee I'm slow, and difficult of speech
With others I may guide the car of talk:
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair, [shelf;
And choose my newest garment from the
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God Himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

O friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,

Where simple rustics spread their festal fare,
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me,
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine;
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.
Julia Ward Howe.

1407. FRIENDS, Faithful.

Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair [seen
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when
In darkest day. And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt
My oracles; my wings in high pursuit.
O, I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours;
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
Robert Pollok.

1408. FRIENDS, False and True.

False friends, like insects in a summer's day,
Bask in the sunshine, but avoid the shower;
Uncertain visitants, they fly away, [lower.
E'en when misfortune's cloud begins to

Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops
Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall;
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,
Both stand together, or together fall.

1409. FRIENDS, Lack of.

A rare thing is faith, and friendship is a marvel among men,
Yet strange faces call they friends, and say they believe when they doubt.
Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection,
For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind.
Be sparing of advice by words, but teach thy lesson by example;
For the vanity of man may be wounded, and retort unkindly upon thee.
There be some that never had a friend, because they were gross and selfish:
Worldliness, and apathy, and pride leave not many that are worthy, [a friend;
But one who meriteth esteem need never lack
For as thistle-down flieth abroad, and casteth its anchor in the soil,
So philanthropy yearneth for a heart where it may take root and blossom.
For alas! how few be friends, of whom charity hath hoped well!
How few there be among men who forget themselves for others!
Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren as rivals, [secret ends.
Masking envy with friendship, to serve his
And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged that sacred name,
For it calleth any man friend who is not known for an enemy;
And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth at thy board;
But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials of want?
Such be as vultures round a carcass, assembled together for the feast:
But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they specks among the clouds.
There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have thy confidence;
Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for thee: [barren scene,
To them is the chilling world a drear and
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find they the occasion.
For, though no man excludeth himself from the high capability of friendship,
Yet verily is the man a marvel whom truth can write a friend. *M. F. Tupper.*

1410. FRIENDS, Mercenary.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave:
So his familiars to his buried fortunes [him,
Slink all away: leave their false vows with
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. *Shakespeare.*

1411. FRIENDS, Old.

Old friends and true friends,
Don't talk to me of new friends.
The old are best,
Who stand the test,
Who book their names as through friends;
Who started on truth's burning line,
And suffer fining like good wine.

Old hands and true hands,
That better work than new hands,
With right good will,
And cunning skill,
On life's good ship the crew-hands;
That work and wear, in weal or woe,
That bless and bind up as they go.

Old heads and sound heads,
Love's regal band of crowned heads,
The few, the true
Who dare to do,
Persistent, conscience-bound heads;

The stars that shimmer all more bright
In deeper peace on darkest night.

Old hearts and true hearts,
The old yet ever new hearts,
The choice old wine,
The Ophir mine,
Sunlight and evening dew hearts;
The bruised amid earth's stormy strife,
The perfume on the air of life.
E. Scrantom.

1412. FRIENDS, Parting of.

Friend after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.
James Montgomery.

1413. FRIENDS, Prayer for.

Father, who to us hast given
Love and friends as summer flowers,
Who hath brought the once sad-hearted
To the joys of many hours,
Hear us, Friend of love divine,
Let the friends we love be Thine.

Lo! they gather at the fireside—
Happy hearts, and shining eyes;
And they walk along the valleys,
Cheering us with sympathies;
But we ask Thee evermore,
Let them all Thy Name adore.

Look upon the merry children,
Look upon the happy young;
And by their sweet, ringing voices,
Let Thy words of praise be sung,
That their happy lives may be
Given alone, O Lord, to Thee.

When shall fall the evening shadows,
And the sunset dyes are deep,
And Thy children, safely sheltered,
Calm and happy, fall asleep,
And hands uncling that held us fast,
Let not that parting be the last.

Let us meet again in heaven,
Undivided families;
Heart to heart in happy greeting,
And unbroken sympathies,
In Thy home and near to Thee,
Let us with our dear ones be.
Marianne Farningham.

1414. FRIENDS, Quality of.

Essential honor must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro,
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin, though sure that none should know. [stood;
Where friendship speaks, honesty's under-
For none can be a friend that is not good.
Catherine Phillips.

1415. FRIENDS, Quarrels of.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise [love
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere in
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. *Shakespeare.*

1416. FRIENDS, Retain thy.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hook of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.
Shakespeare

1417. FRIENDSHIP, Boon of.

Hail, friendship; since the world began,
Heaven's kindest, noblest boon for man;
All other joys with meteor fire
Quench'd in the mists of time expire;
But thou, unhurt by fortune's blast,
Shin'st brightest, clearest, at the last!
The dreary heart, unwarmed by thee,
Broods o'er a sullen destiny;
Heaven's fairest gift would fail to bless
That cold and wintry haunt of cheerless selfishness. *Miss Holford.*

1418. FRIENDSHIP, Broken.

Alas! they had been friends in youth:
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline!
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted,—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,

Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.
S. T. Coleridge.

1419. FRIENDSHIP, Course of.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had stilled the tide;
A few bright days of summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept;
While dancing step and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone;
O, brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way
The parting vessels bore;
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—O, nevermore!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe;
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are formed below.
Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

1420. FRIENDSHIP, Growth of.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth;
Though planted in esteem's deep fixèd soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.
Joanna Baillie.

1421. FRIENDSHIP, Intimate.

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—Oh, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crown'd with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder?
Shakespeare.

1422. FRIENDSHIP, Philosophy of.

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship:
For confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.
If thou see thy friend to be selfish, thou canst not be sure of his honesty;
And in seeking thine own weal, thou hast wronged the reliance of thy friend.
Flattery hideth her varnished face when friendship sitteth at his board;
And the door is shut upon suspicion, but candor is bid glad welcome;
For friendship abhorreth doubt, its life is in mutual trust,
And perisheth, when artful praise proveth it is sought for a purpose.
A man may be good to thee at times, and render thee mighty service,
Whom yet thy secret soul could not desire as a friend;
For the sum of life is in trifles, and though, in the weightier masses,
A man refuse thee not his purse, nay, his all in thine utmost need,
Yet if thou canst not feel that his character agreeth with thine own,
Thou never wilt call him friend, though thou render him a heart full of gratitude.
A coarse man grindeth harshly the finer feelings of his brother;
A common mind will soon depart from the dull companionship of wisdom.
A weak soul dareth not to follow in the track of vigor and decision;
And the worldly regardeth with scorn the seeming foolishness of faith.
A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters,
And if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.
M. F. Tupper.

1423. FRIENDSHIP, Power of.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this—my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.
Charles Mackay.

1424. FRIENDSHIP, Tested.

Sheik Schubli, taken sick, was borne one day
Unto the hospital. A host the way
Behind him thronged. "Who are you?"
Schubli cried;
"We are your friends," the multitude replied.
Sheik Schubli threw a stone at them; they
fled. [said;
"Come back, ye false pretenders!" then he
"A friend is one who, ranked among his foes
By him he loves, and stoned, and beat with
blows,
Will still remain as friendly as before,
And to his friendship only add the more."
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1425. FRIENDSHIP, Unity of.

I had a friend that lov'd me:
I was his soul: he liv'd not but in me:
We were so close within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet: we were so mix'd,
As meeting streams—both to ourselves were
lost.
We were one mass, we could not give or take,
But from the same: for he was I; I, he:
Return, my better-half, and give me all my-
For thou art all! [self,
If I have any joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to myself: methinks I rob
Thee of thy part. *John Dryden.*

1426. FRIENDSHIP, Wreath of.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.
Fitz-Greene Halleck.

1427. FRUGALITY, Rule of.

By no means run in debt: take thine own
measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too
wide, [chide.
And spares himself, but would his tailor
Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading
clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under sail. [so
Old courtiers know this; therefore set out
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the
bell. [gave.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er
Say not, then, this with that lace will do
well;
But, this with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labor, folly long a doing.
George Herbert.

1428. FRUITFULNESS, Moral.

By nature peccable and frail are we,
Easily beguiled; to vice, to error prone;
But apt for virtue too. Humanity
Is not a field where tares and thorns alone
Are left to spring; good seed hath there been
sown [shoot
With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the
Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone;
But in a kindly soil it strikes its root, [fruit.
And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant
Robert Southey.

1429. FRUITFULNESS, Prayer for.

Lord, I have lain
Barren too long, and fain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to Thee;
Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I go hence:
That when I come
At harvest to be reapèd, and brought home,
Thine angels may
My soul in Thy celestial garner lay,
Where perfect joy and bliss
Eternal is.

If to entreat
A crop of purest wheat
A blessing too transcendent should appear
For me to hear, [take
Lord, make me what thou wilt, so thou wilt
What thou dost make,
And not disdain [grain:
To house me, though among thy coarsest
So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gatherèd by Thee:
When the full sheaves are spent,
I am content. *Francis Quarles.*

1430. FUNERAL, Hymn for a.

Come forth! come on, with solemn song!
The road is short, the rest is long!
The Lord brought here, He calls away!
Make no delay;
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt;
Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door!
The task is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest;
Good-night! the day was sultry here,
In toil and fear;
Good-night! the night is cool and clear.

Chime on, ye bells! Again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in;
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun,
Which Christ has for His people won!
Sach.

1431. FUTURE, Blindness to the.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Alexander Pope.

1432. FUTURE, Hope for the.

Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, *patience!* in another life, we say, [*borne!*
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor, routed leavings; or will [they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,

From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.
Matthew Arnold.

1433. FUTURE, Hue of the.

A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust:
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes, all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone,
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as mis'ry's woful night.
Robert Burns.

1434. FUTURE, Ignorance of the.

I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitter strife [men—
With friends, or shame and general scorn of
Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain—
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life [strength,
Even now, while I am glorying in my
Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe [taught—
Its workings? Gently—so have good men
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.
William Cullen Bryant.

1435. FUTURE, Obscurity of the.

Search starry mysteries overhead,
Where wonders gleam; yet bear in mind
That EARTH'S our planet, firm to tread,
Nor in the star-dance left behind.

For nothing is withheld, be sure,
Our being needed to have shown,
The far was meant to be obscure,
The near was placed so to be known.

Cast we no astrologic scheme
To map the course we must pursue;
But use the lights whene'er they beam,
And every trusty landmark too.

The Future let us not permit
To choke us in its shadow's clasp;

It cannot touch us, nor we it;
The present moment's in our grasp.
William Allingham.

1436. FUTURE, Present and.

When these brief trial-days are spent, there dawns a glad eternity.
There, lost in measureless content, our tears and sorrows cease to be;
Here virtue toils with earnest care;
Her glorious crown awaits her there!

Here I must seek; there I shall find; for there shall virtue all unfold
Before my holier, purer mind, her worth so great, so manifold;
The God of Love, whom I adore,
I there shall worship more and more.

There, in that light, shall I discern what here on earth I dimly saw;
Those deep and wondrous counsels learn, whose mystery filled me here with awe;
There trace, with gratitude intense,
The hidden links of Providence.

Perchance—ah, would that this might be!—will some blest soul in that abode
Cry "Hail! for thou hast rescued me, and won my heart to heaven and God!"
O God! what exquisite delight,
To save a soul from sin and night!
C. F. Gellert.

1437. FUTURE, Promises of the.

And there lives not a victim of Pride and Power
But hopes in the Future to win release;
But dreams of some bright and golden hour,
When the reign of Oppression and Wrong shall cease; [might,
And Truth and Love, with their beauty and
Shall banish the sombre-hued shadows of night.
Not a toiler who plods 'neath a burden of care,
But dreams of relief and liberty there;
Not a weary seeker for truth and light,
But waits for a morning tranquil and bright,
When the shadows of Doubt and Darkness shall fly,
And visions of beauty shall gladden his eye.

Oh, who could endure the burdens of life;
The heart-aches of Falsehood, of Envy, and Strife: [grief;
The gloom-laden years of misfortune and
The baffled schemes that are void of relief,
Who heard not the joy-notes of Hope, as she sings
Of the benisons Time on his pathway flings?
There is bread for the hungry, and wealth for the poor, [pure;
And fountains of pleasure whose waters are
Rest for the weary, and sight for the blind,
And freedom from all that o'ershadows the mind.
There is solace for Sorrow's woe-laden plaint,
Truth for the seeker, and strength for the faint. *Edward Hartley Dewart.*

1438. FUTURE, Shaping the.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! we live our life again;
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain—
Man's works shall follow him!
J. G. Whittier.

1439. FUTURE, The Christian's.

After the Christian's tears,
After his fights and fears,
After his weary cross,
All things below but loss—
What then?

Oh! then—a holy calm,
Resting on JESUS' arm,
Oh! then—a deeper love
For the holy home above.

After this holy calm,
This rest on Jesus' arm,
After this deepen'd love
For the pure home above—
What then?

Oh! then—work for him,
Perishing souls to win,
Then JESUS' presence near,
Death's darkest hour will cheer.

And when the work is done,
When the last soul is won,
When JESUS' love and power
Have cheered the dying hour—
What then?

Oh! then—the crown is given!
Oh! then—the rest in heaven!
Endless life, in endless day,
Sin and sorrow pass'd away.

1440. FUTURE, The Worldling's.

After the joys of earth,
After its songs of mirth,
After its hours of light,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame

Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

After this sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

Oh! then—the judgment throne!
Oh! then—the last hope—gone!
Then, all the woes that dwell
In an eternal hell.

1441. FUTURE, Veil over the.

It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

Did we know that the voices now gentle and bland,
Will forego the fond word and the whisper-ing tone;
Did we know that the eager and warm-pressing hand
Will be joyfully forward in "casting the stone;"

Did we know the affection engrossing our breast
Will end, as it oft does, in madness and pain;
That the passionate soul will but hazard its rest,
And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to gain;

Oh! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom;
All light would be quenched in youth's elo-quent eye,
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb. *Eliza Cook.*

1442. GAIN, Criminal.

Your hoards are great, your walls are strong,
But God is just;
The gilded chambers built by wrong
Invite the rust.

What! know ye not the gain of crime
Is dust and dross;
It ventures on the waves of time,
Foredoomed to loss!
John Greenleaf Whittier.

1443. GAIN, True.

Sometime, O Lord! at least in show,
A thankful heart we do profess,
When Thou such blessings dost bestow,
As outward riches, health, or peace:
But for that means which may conduce
Our souls to their true bliss to raise,
We make not very frequent use
Of thankful words, or hymns of praise.

O God! forgive this crying sin;
More wise, more thankful, let us grow;
To mend this fault let us begin,
And grace obtain more grace to show;
For corn, and wine, and oil's increase,
A body sound, a witty brain,
A free estate, an outward peace,
Without this blessing were in vain.
George Wither.

1444. GAMBLING, Objects of.

Some play for gain; to pass time others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say:
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play proves loser in the end.
Robert Heath.

1445. GAMBLING, Penalty of.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short being shun,
And thought to fly, content to be undone;
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.
Edward Young.

1446. GAYETY, Innocent.

Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshot his humble nest.
The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gayety of those [bed;
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripped off by cruel chance;
From gayety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe. *William Cowper.*

1447. GENEROSITY, Excessive.

Oh! the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone;
Shakespeare's Timon.

1448. GENIUS, Hope and.

Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star:
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is the star, her light is ever thine.
Thomas Campbell.

1449. GENIUS, Impediments of.

Genius! thou gift of Heaven! thou light divine!
Amid what dangers art thou doomed to shine!

Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigor, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy noble efforts, to contend with pain;
Or want (sad guest!) will in thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom;
To life's low cares will thy proud thought confine, [thine.
And make her sufferings—her impatience—
George Crabbe.

1450. GENIUS, Lights of.

Upheaving pillars, on whose tops
The white stars rest like capitals,
Whence every living spark that drops
Kindles and blazes as it falls!
And if the arch-fiend rise to pluck,
Or stoop to crush their beauty down,
A thousand other sparks are struck,
That glory settles in her crown.
The huge ship, with its brassy share,
Ploughs the blue sea to speed their course,
And veins of iron cleave the air,
To wrest them from their burning source!
All, from the insect's tiny wings,
And the small drop of morning dew,
To the wide universe of things,
The light is shining, burning through.
Too deep for our poor thoughts to gauge,
Lie their clear sources, bright as truth,
Whence flows upon the locks of age
The beauty of eternal youth.
Think, oh my faltering brother! think!
If thou wilt try, if thou hast tried
By all the lights thou hast, to sink
The shaft of an immortal tide!
Alice Carey.

1451. GENIUS, Nature of.

What is genius? 'Tis a flame
Kindling all the human frame;
'Tis a ray that lights the eye,
Soft in love, in battle high;
'Tis the lightning of the mind,
Unsubdued and undefin'd;
'Tis the flood that pours along
The full clear melody of song;
'Tis the sacred boon of heaven,
To its choicest favorites given.
They who feel can paint it well,
What is genius? Byron, tell!

1452. GENIUS, Piety and.

How beautiful is genius when combined
With holiness! Oh! how divinely swell
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched
By the soft hand of piety, and hung
Upon religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music in the ear of God.

1453. GENIUS, Vitality of.

He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on;
He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there;
There are who still remember how he bore
Upward his daring pinions, till the air
Seemed living with the crown he wore;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps—and yet around the sightless eye,
And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays!
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
There hovers still the light of other days;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep forever, but will rise [now,
Fresh to more daring labors—now, even
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
The gathered slumber leaves his lifted brow;
From his half-opened eye, in fuller beams,
His wakened spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep. The spell is gone.
The deadly charm departed. See him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
Run as the famished eagle darts her wing;
The goal is still before him, and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquer: shall they take,
They, who with feebler pace still keep their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,
Now he renews the race, the victor's bay?
Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal; they may try
To darken and degrade it—it may rust
Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die;
And when it wakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth, and higher.
James Gates Percival.

1454. GENTLEMAN, Nature's.

Whom do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the fool, the brute,
If they but own full tithe of gold and wear a courtly suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line, the ribband at the knee, [degree:
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high
But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her* nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace and light, upon the brain and heart?

She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom.
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters blessings round.
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by nature's gentleman, the good, the just, the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell.
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.
The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;
His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling strife.
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue!
He's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic game,
And shines as nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard:
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech.
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves Him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed;
Justice and mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallowed sphere as virtue's polar star.
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and dark,
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn; lit by Promethean spark,
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide;
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace.
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place. *Eliza Cook.*

1455. GENTLEMAN, Qualities of a.

He is a noble gentleman; withal
Happy in 's endeavors: the gen'ral voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And ev'ry fair demeanor, an example:
Titles of honor add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honor to his title.
John Ford.

1456. GENTLENESS, Words of.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently! 't is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. *D. Bates.*

1457. GEOLOGY, Atheistic.

Searching those edges of the universe,
We have the central fields, a fallow part;

To feed the eye more precious things amerce,
And starve the darkened heart.

Then all goes wrong; the old foundations rock;
One scorns at him of old who gazed unshod;
One striking with a pick-axe thinks the shock
Shall move the seat of God.

Jean Ingelow.

1458. GETHSEMANE, Agony in.

On His pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasped, His eyes are raised in prayer—
Alas, and is there strife He cannot bear,
Who calmed the tempest, and who raised the dead?
There is! there is! for now the powers of hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the hour
When death exerts his last permitted power,
When the dead weight of sin, since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him who deigned to dwell
A man with men, that He might bear the stroke [yoke—
Of wrath divine, and break the captives'
But O, of that dread strife what words can tell? [a groan,
Those, only those which broke, with many
From His full heart—"O Father, take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day;
Yet, Father, not My will, but Thine, be done!"
It could not pass away—for He alone
Was mighty to endure and strong to save;
Nor would Jehovah leave Him in the grave,
Nor could corruption taint His Holy One.

Thomas Dale.

1459. GETHSEMANE, Christ in.

The moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow,
Set with the morning-star, was not yet dim;
And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling, hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.
'Twas the last watch of night. Gethsemane,
With its bathed leaves of silver, seem'd dissolved
In visible stillness; and as Jesus' voice,
With its bewildering sweetness, met the ear
Of His disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whisper in a silent world.
They came on slowly. Heaviness oppress'd
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindness
Of His deep love was pour'd, He felt the need
Of near communion, for His gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hush'd silentness,
Alone with God, He fell upon His face,
And as His heart was broken with the rush
Of His surpassing agony, and death,
Wrung to Him from a dying universe,
Was mightier than the Son of man could bear,
He gave His sorrows way, and in the deep
Prostration of His soul, breathed out the prayer,
"Father, if it be possible with Thee,
Let this cup pass from Me." Oh, how a word,
Like the forced drop before the fountain breaks,
Stilleth the press of human agony!
The Saviour felt its quiet in His soul;
And though His strength was weakness, and the light
Which led Him on till now was sorely dim,
He breathed a new submission—"Not my will,
But Thine, be done, O Father!" As He spoke,
Voices were heard in heaven, and music stole
Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky,
As if the stars were swept like instruments.
No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
With an illumined forehead, and the light,
Whose fountain is the mystery of God,
Encalm'd within His eye, bow'd down to Him
And nerved Him with a ministry of strength.
It was enough—and with His god-like brow
Re-written of His Father's messenger,
With meekness whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, He return'd again
To His disciples, and awaked their sleep,
For "he that should betray Him was at hand."

N. P. Willis.

1460. GETHSEMANE, Eden and.

That Garden, where of old our guilt began
Wrought death and pain;
But this, where Jesus prays by night for man,
Brings life and joy again.

Hither, of His own will, the Lord for all
Comes to atone;
And stays the thunderbolts about to fall
From the dread Father's throne.

1461. GETHSEMANE, Interest of.

Jesus, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go—
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place He loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet—
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat;
When from noise He would be free,
Then He sought Gethsemane.

Thither by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths He taught
Often set their hearts on flame;
Therefore they as well as He
Visited Gethsemane.

Oft conversing here they sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
Oh! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord Himself is there!
All things thus did there agree
To endear Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,
On the conflict much He thought;
This He knew the destined place,
And He loved the sacred spot;
Therefore Jesus chose to be
Often in Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

View Him in that olive press, [blood—
Wrung with anguish, whelmed with
Hear Him pray in His distress,
With strong cries and tears, to God:
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Washed by Kedron's water pool
Grow most rank and bitter weeds:
Think on these, my soul, my soul!
Wouldst thou sin's dominion flee,
Call to mind Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe:
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death;
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither, Lord, Thou didst resort
Ofttimes with Thy little train;
Here would keep Thy private court—
Oh! confer that grace again;
Lord, resort with worthless me,
Ofttimes to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share
In a favor so divine;
But since sin first fixed Thee there,
None have greater sins than mine;
And to this my woful plea
Witness thou, Gethsemane!

Sins against a holy God,
Sins against His righteous laws,
Sins against His love, His blood,
Sins against His name and cause,
Sins immense as in the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart!
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with Thy mercy's dart!
Wound the heart that wounded Thee!
Break it, in Gethsemane? *Joseph Hart.*

1462. GETHSEMANE, Lesson of.

Wouldst thou learn the depth of sin,
All its bitterness and pain?
What it cost thy God to win
Sinners to Himself again?
Come, poor sinner, come with me;
Visit sad Gethsemane.

Wouldst thou know God's wondrous love?
Seek it not beside the throne;
List not angels' praise above,
But come and hear the heavy groan
By the Godhead heaved for thee,
Sinner, in Gethsemane.

When His tears and bloody sweat,
When His passion and His prayer,
When His pangs on Olivet,
Wake within thee thoughts of care—
Remember, sinner, 'twas for thee
He suffered in Gethsemane!

Hate the sin that cost so dear,
Love the God that loved thee so;
Weep if thou wilt, but likewise fear
To bid that fountain freshly flow,
That gushed so freely once for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane.
John S. B. Monsell.

1463. GETHSEMANE, View of.

Bring the thrilling scene
Home to my inmost soul:—the sufferer's cry,
"Father, if it be possible, this cup [Thine:"
Take thou away. Yet not My will, but
The sleeping friends who could not watch one hour, [kiss,
The torch, the flashing sword, the traitor's
The astonished angel, with the tear of Heaven
Upon His cheek, still striving to assuage [God
Those fearful pangs that bowed the Son of
Like a bruised reed. Thou who hast power to look
Thus at Gethsemane, be still! be still!
What are thine insect-woes compared to His
Who agonizeth there? Count thy brief pains
As the dust atom on life's chariot-wheels,
And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

1464. GHOSTS, Haunts of.

Unconfined
By shroud or coffin, disembodied souls,
Uneasy spirits, steal into the air [tolls
From ancient graveyards when the curfew
At the day's death. Pestilence and despair
Fly with the sightless bats at set of sun.
And wheresoever murders have been done,
In crowded palaces or lonesome woods,
Where'er a soul has sold itself and lost
Its high inheritance, there, hovering, broods
Some sad, invisible, accursed Ghost!
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

1465. GIFTS, Influence of.

Policy counselleth a gift, given wisely and in season,
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the influence of gifts.
The lover unsmiled before, is welcomed for his jewelled bauble:
The righteous cause without a fee must yield to bounteous guilt:
How fair is a man in Thine esteem whose just discrimination seeketh Thee, [gifts!
And so, discerning merit, honoreth it with

Yea, let the cause appear sufficient, and the motive clear and unsuspicious,
As given unto one who cannot help, or proving honest thanks.
There liveth not one among a million who is proof against the charm of liberality,
And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with the wisest. *M. F. Tupper.*

1466. GIFTS, Neglected.

And yet, what god-like gifts neglected lie
Wasting and marr'd in the forgotten soul!
The finest workmanship of God is there.
'Tis fleeter than the wings of light and wind;
'Tis subtler than the rarest shape of air;
Fire and wind and water do its will;
Earth hath no secret from its delicate eye;
The air no alchymy it solveth not;
The star-writ heavens are read and understood,
And every sparry mineral hath a name,
And truth is recognized, and beauty felt,
And God's own image stamp'd upon its brow.
N. P. Willis.

1467. GIFTS, Spiritual.

Could I command with voice or pen
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass
My speech and preaching would surpass:
Vain were such eloquence to me
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor;
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep,
What were such zeal, such power to me,
Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future as the things gone by;
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span,
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind,
Charity bears a humble mind,
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all,
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought,
But charity shall never fail,
Her anchor is within the veil.
James Montgomery.

1468. GIVING, Analogies of.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give:—
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea,
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God, and the gift He gave.

1469. GIVING, Grounds for.

But what or who are we, alas!
That we in giving are so free?
Thine own before our offering was,
And all we have we have from Thee.
For we are guests and strangers here,
As were our fathers in Thy sight;
Our days but shadow-like appear,
And suddenly they take their flight.
George Wither.

1470. GIVING, Life by.

The sun gives ever; so the earth;
What it can give so much 'tis worth:
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
So, too, the air, it gives us breath:
When it stops giving comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath to us wealth upheaped;
Only by giving it is reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by selfish rind,
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself;
Who gives not is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live.

1471. GIVING, Reward of.

See the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free;
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

1472. GIVING, Rules for.

I had a seeming friend;—I gave him gifts, and he was gone;
I had an open enemy; I gave him gifts and won him;
Common friendship standeth on equalities, and cannot bear a debt;
But the very heart of hate melteth at a good man's love: [rivet the links;
Go to, then, thou sayest,—I will give and
For pride shall kick at obligation, and push the giver from him. [thy largess,
The covetous spirit may rejoice, revelling in
But chilling selfishness will mutter—I must give again:
The vain heart may be glad, in this new proof of man's esteem,
But the same idolatry of self abhorreth thoughts of thanking. [inate test,
Nevertheless, give; for it shall be a discrim-
Separating honesty from falsehood, weeding insincerity from friendship:
Give, it is like God; thou weariest the bad with benefits: [good by gratitude.
Give, it is like God; thou gladdenest the
Give to thy near of kin, for Providence hath stationed thee his helper;
Yet see that he claim not as his right thy free-will offering of duty.
Give to the young, they love it; neither hath the poison of suspicion
Spoilt the flavor of their thanks, to look for latent motives.
Give to merit, largely give; his conscious heart will bless thee:
It is not flattery, but love,—the sympathy of men his brethren. [desponding mind
Give, for encouragement in good; the weak,
Hath many foes, as much to do, and leaneth on its friends. [thy better;
Yet heed thou wisely these; give seldom to
For such obtrusive boon shall savor of presumption;
Or, if his courteous bearing greet thy prof fered kindness,
Shall not thine independent honesty be vexed at the semblance of a bribe?
Moreover, heed thou this: give to thine equal charily,
The occasion fair and fitting, the gift well chosen and desired:
Hath he been prosperous and blessed? a flower may show thy gladness;
Is he in need? with liberal love, tender him the well-filled purse:
Disease shall welcome friendly care in grapes and precious unguents;
And where a darling child hath died, give praise, and hope, and sympathy:
Yet once more, heed thou this: give to the poor discreetly, [table arm:
Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy chari-
To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit occasion;
Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the casual lottery of gifts.
The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liberality would palsy;
Work and wages make a light heart; but the mendicant asketh with a heavy spirit.
A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more than money,
And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh man less happy.

M. F. Tupper.

1473. GLORY, Divine.

Glory of God! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know:
Our faith and reason are both shocked to find
Man in the post of honor, thee behind.

Reason exclaims, "Let every creature fall,
Ashamed, abased, before the Lord of all!"
And Faith, o'erwhelmed with such a dazzling blaze,
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the Only-Wise.

Oh lost in vanity till once self-known!
Nothing is great or good but God alone:
When thou shalt stand before His awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know its place.

Glorious Almighty, first, and without end!
When wilt Thou melt the mountains, and descend? [rays,
When wilt Thou shoot abroad thy conquering
And teach these atoms, Thou hast made, Thy praise?

Thy glory is the sweetest heaven I feel!
And, if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,
Thy love, triumphant o'er a selfish will,
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My reason, all my faculties, unite
To make Thy glory my supreme delight:
Forbid it, Fountain of my brightest days,
That I should rob Thee, and usurp Thy praise!

My soul, rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope nor wish to be esteemed or great:
To take the impression of a will divine—
Be that Thy glory, and those riches Thine.

Confess Him righteous in His just decrees;
Love what He loves, and let His pleasure please;
Die daily; from the touch of sin recede;
Then thou hast crowned Him, and He reigns indeed.

Madame Guyon, tr. by Cowper.

1474. GLORY, Future.

Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which religion taught:
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it too; [glow,
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious
"Believe? expect? I know it to be so!"

1475. GLORY, Marks of.

Medals, ranks, ribands, lace, embroidery, scarlet,
Are things immortal to a mortal man,
As purple to the Babylonian harlot:
An uniform to boys is like a fan
To women; there is scarce a crimson varlet
But deems himself the first in glory's van.

Lord Byron.

1476. GLORY, Military.

The last words of Marco Bozzaris were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore,
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain:
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death,
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song and dance and wine—
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,

Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.
Fitz-Greene Halleck.

1477. GLORY, Passion for.

Come, then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven;
Follow thou those gloomy ways—
No such law to me was given;
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.
Mark Akenside.

1478. GLORY, War for.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures and the waste of life?
The varying fortunes of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
The smoking ruin and the crumbled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all.
Lord Byron.

1479. GOD, Abode of.

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with His dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath His mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from His own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go;
There, in the solitude,
He fills their hearts with food.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;
His Shepherd is the Lord;
For He who feeds the sheep
Will sure His offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.
Krummacher, tr. by Charles T. Brooks.

1480. GOD, Abraham's.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!
Jehovah! Great I Am!
By earth and Heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest!

The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm His friend!
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' Blood.

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To Heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,

To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With Mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace!
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
Forever reigns!

He keeps His own secure;
He guards them by His side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless Bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land;
The listening spheres attend
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be!
Jehovah! Father! great I Am!
We worship Thee!"

Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at His almighty grace,
Forever new:
He shows His prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. *Thomas Olivers.*

1481. GOD, All Things from.

Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountains' height,
And mak'st the cliff with sunshine bright,
Oh grant that I may own Thy hand,
No less in every grain of sand!

With forests huge of dateless time,
Thy will hath hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath a tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee.

While clouds to clouds through ages call,
Thou pour'st the thundering waterfall;
But every silent drop of dew
Reflects Thy ordered world to view.

In all the immense, the strange, the old,
Thy presence careless men behold;
In all the little, weak, and mean,
By faith be Thou as clearly seen.

Teach Thou that not a leaf can grow
Till life from Thee within it flow;
That not a speck of dust can be,
O Fount of Being! save by Thee.

Instruct my soul, by shows distraught,
Too vast and loud for peaceful thought,
That every quiet mote and gleam
With Thee, to musing spirits, beam.

Inspire me, Thou, in every glance
Of all our dreams confuse as chance,
In every change of mortal things,
To see a power from Thee that springs.

In every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
To know a plan ordained above,
Begun and ending all in love.

So smallest bubbles here on earth
With me shall claim a heavenly birth,
And each faint atom passing by
Seem bright with Thine eternal eye.

So best we learn what light sublime
Is hid within the clouds of time,
Whose darkness, dreadful though it be,
From those who seek conceals not Thee.
John Sterling.

1482. GOD, Anthem to.

Harps of eternity! begin the song,
Redeemed, and angel harps! begin to God,
Begin the anthem ever sweet and new,
While I extol Him holy, just, and good.
Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love!
Eternal, uncreated, infinite!
Unsearchable Jehovah! God of truth!
Maker, upholder, governor of all:
Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unupheld.
Omnipotent, unchangeable, Great God!
Exhaustless fulness! giving unimpaired!
Bounding immensity, unspread, unbound!
Highest and best! beginning, middle, end.
All-seeing Eye! all-seeing, and unseen!
Hearing, unheard! all knowing, and unknown!

Above all praise! above all height of thought!
Proprietor of immortality!
Glory ineffable! Bliss underived! [ousness,
Of old Thou build'st Thy throne on righte-
Before the morning Stars their song began,
Or silence heard the voice of praise. Thou laid'st
Eternity's foundation stone, and saw'st
Life and existence out of Thee begin. [still
Mysterious more, the more displayed, where
Upon Thy glorious throne Thou sitt'st alone;
Hast sat alone; and shalt forever sit
Alone; invisible, immortal One!
Behind essential brightness unbeheld.
Incomprehensible! what weight shall weigh,
What measure measure Thee? what know we more [taught,
Of Thee, what need to know, than Thou hast
And bid'st us still repeat, at morn and even—
God! everlasting Father! holy One!
Our God, our Father, our Eternal All. [turn;
Source whence we came; and whither we re-
Who made our spirits, who our bodies made;
Who made the heaven, who made the flowery land; [all;
Who made all made; who orders, governs
Who walks upon the wind; who holds the wave
In hollow of Thy hand; whom thunders wait; [obey:
Whom tempests serve; whom flaming fires
Who guides the circuit of the endless years:
And sitt'st on high, and mak'st creation's top
Thy footstool: and behold'st below Thee, all—
All naught, all less than naught, and vanity.
Like transient dust that hovers on the scale,
Ten thousand worlds are scattered in Thy breath.
Thou sitt'st on high, and measur'st destinies,
And days, and months, and wide revolving years:
And dost according to Thy holy will;
And none can stay Thy hand; and none withhold
Thy glory; for in judgment, Thou, as well
As mercy, art exalted day and night:
Past, present, future, magnify Thy name.
Thy works all praise Thee: all Thy angels praise:
Thy saints adore, and on Thy altars burn
The fragrant incense of perpetual love.
They praise Thee now: their hearts, their voices praise,
And swell the rapture of the glorious song.
Harp! lift thy voice on high—shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! glory to God,
And to the Lamb, who bought us with His blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.
Shout back to ancient Time! Sing loud, and wave
Your palms of triumph! sing, Where is thy sting,
O Death? where is thy victory, O grave?
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Harp, lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout,
And loudest, ye redeemed! glory to God,
And to the Lamb—all glory and all praise;
All glory and all praise, at morn and even,
That come and go eternally; and find
Us happy still, and Thee forever blest.
Glory to God, and to the Lamb. Amen.
Forever, and forevermore. Amen.

Robert Pollok.

1483. GOD, Attractions of.

And as the waxing moon can take
The tidal waters in her wake,
And lead them round and round to break
Obedient to her drawings dim;
So may the movements of His mind,
The first Great Father of mankind,
Affect with answering movements blind,
And draw the souls that breathe by Him.

Jean Ingelow.

1484. GOD, Attributes of.

O God, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice,
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths Thou art;
O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me!
While Thee, all infinite, I set
By faith before my ravished eye;
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpowered I sink, I faint, I die!

Eternity Thy fountain was,
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.
Greatness unspeakable is Thine;
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by Thy word,
It lives, and moves, and is, from Thee.

Thy parent-hand, Thy forming skill,
Firm fixed this universal chain;
Else empty barren darkness still
Had held its unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth or sea or sky
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By Thee was to perfection brought!
High is Thy power above all height;
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,
Only to Thee, O God, is known!

Heaven's glory is Thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway:

Vain man? thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see
Is plain and naked to Thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee
Shines clearly as the morning light;
In light Thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell stand all displayed,
And open to Thy piercing view.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
The immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laughest to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunderest and amazed they fly!
With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before Thy awful face;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre [praise.
And through heaven's vault resound Thy
In earth, in heaven, in all, Thou art;
The conscious creature feels Thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone!
Justice and truth before Thee stand:
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows Thy tender love;
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace:
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move:
Thy willing mercy flies apace.
To Thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From Thee, great Source of being, flow.

Parent of Good, Thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air or sea or land
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in Thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those Thy daily favors share,
Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.
Thy sun Thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all who hate or bless Thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

Yet while at length, who scorned Thy might
Shall feel Thee a consuming fire;
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to Thy love aspire!
All creatures praise the eternal Name,
Ye hosts that to His court belong
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames
Awake the everlasting song!
Thrice Holy! Thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is Thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.
Breithaupt, tr. by J. Wesley.

1485. GOD, Book of.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven;
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand, whom God has given
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fix'd unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower;
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace;
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display:
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry,
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. *John Keble.*

1486. GOD, Boundless Love of.

Could we with ink the ocean fill, [made,
Were the whole world of parchment
Were every single stick a quill,
Were every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God alone,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

1487. GOD, Care of.

There is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That Eye is fix'd on seraph throngs;
That Ear is fill'd with angel's songs;
That Arm upholds the worlds on high;
That Love is throned beyond the sky.
Bp. Heber.

1488. GOD, Delight in.

I love, and have some cause to love, the earth:
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air—her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea,—she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore;
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye—
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky;
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
Without Thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without Thy presence, heaven's itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;
The loudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness—
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee!
Francis Quarles.

1489. GOD, Discovery of.

To critic cold and sly God never yet appeared;
No riddle ever was by logic solved and see,
To cleared:
It takes a pure and humble heart the Lord to
And free-winged wit to soar through mystery.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1490. GOD, Eternity of.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him, He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly
To Him where rest is only sweet;
Thy God is great, His mercy nigh,
His strength upholds the tottering feet
Trust Him, for His grace is sure,
Ever doth His truth endure;
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness.
He will give thee peace and gladness!
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns! *Zehn.*

1491. GOD Everywhere Present.

Where'er I turn my restless eye, [to sphere,
Wandering from earth to heaven, from sphere
Great God! I feel Thy present Deity,
Everywhere feel Thee—Thou art everywhere.
Yes! Thou art there—above the empyreum
Veiled all in light: [high,
Filling creation with Thy presence bright,
With the proud splendor of Thy majesty.
The little flower that grows
Beneath me; the gigantic mountain steep,
Whose brow is covered with eternal snows,
Whose roots are planted in the deep;

The breeze that murmuring blows
Among the green leaves, rustling in the sun,
And yonder glorious star, advancing on,
Gladdening earth, heaven, and all things as he goes;
These tell me that 'tis Thou [whose wing,
Who giv'st that sun his brightness—Thou
Upon the rapid whirlwind journeying,
From the Aurora to the West doth go;
And that the mountain's towering height
Is Thy majestic throne: [blooms alone,
And that the flower which breathes and
Breathes, blooms in Thy pure sight.

'Tis Thine immensity [ed,
Which compasses all this, and more; confess-
As in the greatest—in the least;
Atom—or comet, blazing through the sky:
Thine is the circling robe
Of darkness, Thine the subtle veil
Of the opening morning pale, [globe.
When first she throws her glories o'er the
And when the spring descends
On the wide world, and decks her joyous bowers,
Thou smilest gently in her loveliest flowers;
Thy spirit with their sweetest odors blends.
When the red Sirius bears
His burning ardors through the summer hour,
Thy breezes play among the swelling ears,
And calm and temper his too furious power.
I seek the leafy shade [trees
And Thou art there; among the welcoming
I feel Thy visitings in the freshened breeze;
My spirit rests—my cares, my sorrows fade.

Then a religious fear
Troubles my bosom, and I hear a sound:
"Humbly adore Him here,
In this mysterious solitude profound."
Thou art upon the mighty waves
Of the deep sea; and Thou dost bind
The bursting fury of the wind—
Or let it loose, when the wild tempest raves.
Where'er I go, where'er I turn,
I see Thee, feel Thee!—in the flowery mead,
As in the starry field above our head,
Where such unnumbered torches burn.
Thou art the God of atoms—as of suns!
Of the poor, perishing worm
That in the dust the eye of mortals shuns,
Or angels pure, who veil their dazzled form
Before Thee! Thou dost hear the hymn
Of this Thy lowly worshipper; of the poor
And innocent lamb the bleatings, as the roar
Of the fierce lion, or of seraphim
The anthem; and to all beneficent
Thou bendest down Thine ear, and givest
Their destined portion. Thou, who reignest,
Eternally, the offering I present [livest
Accept in mercy; mercifully view
This transitory being; let me stand
As ever in Thy presence—see Thy hand
In all things, and in all Thy wisdom too.
Fill up my mounting soul
With holy ardor; that where'er I tread,
Like Thee I may a blessed influence shed,
And own Thee, trace Thee through the extended whole
Of the wide universe. The race of man
Are all Thy sons—the Tartar, Laplander,
Rude Indian, and the sunburnt African—
Thine image all—and all my brethren are.

Melendez, tr. by John Bowring.

1492. GOD a Father.

Great system of perfections! Mighty Cause
Of causes mighty! Cause uncaused! Sole Root
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of GOD!
First father of effects, that progeny
Of endless series! (where the golden chain's
Last link admits a period, who can tell?)
Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
Father of all that is or seen, or sees!
Father of all that is, or shall arise!
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform; or dense, or rare;
Opaque or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
Of like amaze and mystery to man.
Father of these bright millions of the night!
Of which the least full Godhead had proclaimed,
And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or say,
Is appellation higher still Thy choice?
Father of matter's temporary lords!
Father of spirits! (nobler offspring! sparks
Of high paternal glory! rich endowed
With various measures and with various
Of instinct, reason, intuition! beams [modes
More pale or bright from day divine, to break
The dark of matter organized—the ware
Of all created spirit! beams that rise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
Of next approach to GODHEAD.) Father fond
(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
Of intellectual beings! beings blessed [ply
With powers to please Thee—not of passive
To laws they know not; beings lodged in seats
Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons—
Of this proud, populous, well-policied, [Thee:
Though boundless habitation, planned by
Whose several clans their several climates suit,
And transposition, doubtless, would destroy

Edward Young.

1493. GOD, Fulness of.

A million beats of man's united heart
Are fainter than one throb of ocean's pulse,
Which thrills her awful veins in every part,
And throws up waifs of shells and crimson dulse.

A million tides of ocean's weltering breast
Are weaker than one glance that lights the sun,
When in the bannered east he breaks his rest,
His race gigantic round the sky to run.

A million journeys of the sun's swift foot
Are smaller than one limit of the space

Through which the tree of life from being's root [en's face.
Upsprings, powdered with stars, in heav-

A million trees of life, with all their loads,
But poorly God's profound domain reveal:
The crowds of worlds that throng heaven's thickest roads
Are letters of a word his lips unseal.

A million worlds, with universes rife,
His all-creative might can nowise drain:
When closing order bounds chaotic strife,
His fulness as before doth still remain.

That fulness such, in truth's stupendous force,
That to His thought serene and tender gaze,
The frailest insect, warbling through its course,
Is just as near as seraph in his blaze.

Yea, though all worlds of space would be, combined,
Too small to fit His finger to a ring;
Yet is He not to humblest creatures blind,
But daily spreads their board, and hears them sing.

Each tear forlorn that trickles down man's cheeks,
He marks, and pities every aching sigh;
To give them compensation ever seeks;
Their life-woes shares; and takes them when they die.

And in His home—though pæans swept the halls,
And glory domed the universal height—
If over one poor soul hell spread its palls,
There would be night, and wailing in the night. *Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

1494. GOD, Glimpses of.

In days of old, on Sinai, the Lord Jehovah came, [flame!—
In majesty of terror, in thunder-cloud and
On Tabor, with the glory of sunniest light to rest, [pressed.
The excellence of beauty in Jesus was ex-

All hours and days inclined there, and did Thee worship meet;
The sun himself adored Thee, and bowed him at Thy feet:
While Moses and Elias upon the Holy Mount
The co-eternal glory of Christ our God recount.

O holy, wondrous vision! but what, when this life past, [heaven at last?
The beauty of Mount Tabor shall end in
But what, when all the glory of uncreated light [win the fight?
Shall be the promised guerdon of them that *Cosmas.*

1495. GOD, Glory of.

An aged Sultan placed before his throne one day [one clay;
Three urns: one golden was, one amber, and

When with his royal seal the slaves had sealed each urn, [in turn.
He ordered his three sons to take their choice

Upon the golden vase the word *Empire* was writ; [jewels stud.
The haughty word resplendent groups of
The eldest grasped the golden urn, and opened it— [with blood!
But shrank in horror back to find it filled

The word *Glory* upon the amber vase shone bright; [cluster o'er
The luring word fresh wreathes of laurels
The second chose the amber urn—pathetic sight! [now known no more.
'Twas filled with dust of men once famed,

No word inscribed upon its front the clay vase bore, [choice had saved.
And yet for this the youngest prince his
He oped the urn of clay his father's feet before— [there engraved.
And lo! 'twas empty, but God's name was

The Sultan to the wondering throng of courtiers turned, [weighed the most!
And asked them which of all those vases
Far different thoughts within their various bosoms burned: [host.
Into a threefold party broke the courtier

The warriors said, "The golden vase, symbol of power." [of fame."
The poets said, "The amber vase, emblem
The sages said, "The clayey vase, God's name its dower: [that name."
The globe is lighter than one letter of

Then said the Sultan to his sons: "Remember well [this day.
The meaning of this scene, the lesson of
When your lives' dust is balanced over heaven and hell, [God outweigh?"
Ah! think, will its renown the name of *Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

1496. GOD, Glory to.

To Jehovah, God of might,
Everlasting, infinite,
Dwelling in His boundless heaven,
Be eternal glory given!
His the power, the love, the light,
His the day and His the night,
His the happy blue on high,
Earth's green round of spring and joy.

Darkness with its unseen smile,
Light that cheers our daily toil,
Midnight with its silent love
Brooding o'er us from above,
Rivers with their gentle song,
Sea-waves with their smiling throng,
Forests bending to the breeze,
Calm and tempest, all are His.

Life with all its changes here,
Hopes that rise above this sphere,
Visions of the far and nigh,
Gleams of glad eternity,

Peace that soothes the aching soul,
Health that makes the wounded whole,
Love that fills the heart with bliss,
Song and silence, all are His.

Let us then our honor bring
To this mighty Lord and King,
Let a new and ceaseless song
Break from every heart and tongue.
Praise Him as the God of might,
Praise Him as the Lord of light,
To His name our song we raise,
Father, Son, and Spirit praise.

Horatius Bonar.

1497. GOD, Greatness of.

"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry when in the east
The day is blooming like a rose of fire;
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
When art Thou seen more gracious, God of power,
Than in the morn's great resurrection hour?

"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry when blackness shrouds [nings flame,
The noon-day heavens, and crinkling light-
And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds
In fiery letters write Thy dreadful name.
When art Thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path?

"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry when in the west [eye;
Day, softly vanquished, shuts his glowing
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die. [repose
When givest Thou, Lord, our hearts more bless'd
Than in the magic of Thy evening shows?

"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry at dead of night, [deep;
When silence broods alike on land and
When stars go up and down the blue-arched heights, [sleep.
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams
When beckonest Thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy nights?

"Lord, Thou art great!" in nature's every form;
Greater in none, simply most great in all;
In tears and terror, sunshine, smile, and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt Thy call.
"Lord, Thou art great!" Oh, let me praise Thy name,
And grow in greatness as I Thine proclaim.

Seidel, tr. by C. T. Brooks.

1498. GOD, Immensity of.

First, Mightiest Deity! Eternal Mind!
Revealed, but hidden One!
Thou in a vale of fadeless glory shrined,
Yet to all seen and known!
Holy Jehovah! whose immortal essence
I weigh not, but confess [ence,
And feel Thine influence, Thy celestial pres-
In all my happiness.
All lives, all breathes, all vegetates in Thee;
Thy power all being gives;
The bird upsoars, the fish divides the sea,
Man understands, and lives.
The farther my inquiring thoughts advance,
The farther dost Thou fly;
And naught I see, but mine own ignorance
And Thine immensity. [contain,
Thee, whom the heaven of heavens cannot
How should those thoughts embrace?
My feeble reason strives and soars in vain
Thy cloud-wrapped path to trace.
That reason in the infinite recess
Of dazzling light is drowned,
And, blinded in its night of nothingness,
Bows, humbled to the ground.
For if to man to know Thee it were given,
He would be like to Thee; [heaven
Would wrest Thy sceptre, and usurp in
Thy throne of majesty.
But Thou art far beyond my knowledge, Lord,
Filling all space—all time;
The first—the last—ungoverned and adored!
Thou mak'st Thy path sublime.
Thou givest motion to the heavens; Thy hand
Pours out the deep, proud sea;
And the adamantine pillars of the land
Are reared and propped by Thee.
Thy way is in th' empyreum, and Thy feet
Tread the eternal hills;
Yet Thy glance visits death's profoundest pit,
And night with brightness fills; [ride,
And from that car of light where Thou dost
Thine eye, serene and holy,
Mourns over man's intolerable pride,
Laughs at his towering folly.
But Thou art vaster than the unbounded sky,
And the unfathomed ocean;
Thou art, and wert before eternity—
Before or rest or motion. [they bring
How shall I praise Thee? Seraphs, when
The homage of their lyre, [wing,
Veil their bright face beneath their flaming
And tremble and retire.
Eternal Majesty, immense abyss!
Light and Infinity!
Canst Thou unveil Thee to a worm like this?
No! 'Tis all dark to me. [speak,
Who art Thou? Where? Oh, condescend to
And let Thy servant hear;
Oh, lend me wings, and I my God will seek
Through every rolling sphere.
I'll ask the rapid wind, I'll ask the storm,
I'll ask Orion bright:
"Say, hast thou seen His venerable form,
The shadow of His light?"
I'll meet the comet in his fiery way,
Stay Sirius on his road; [day,
I'll stop the hurrying night, the hastening
To tell me where is God?
I'll ask—forgive my daring, gracious One!
And lead the wanderer home—

Oh, may I catch one light-beam from Thy throne,
Through ages yet to come!
For how should earthly dust presume to rise
So daringly, so high?
And how should dim and dying mortal eyes
Bear splendors of the sky?
I cannot bear them; but I feel and know
That Thou art everywhere; [low—
And worms and worlds, the lofty and the
All, all Thy power declare; [love,
All, all Thy love proclaim—Thy power and
Obvious to every sense;
And heard in all, around, beneath, above,
In varied eloquence.
I see Thee in the flower; I feel Thee still
In every breath of air;
I hear Thee in the music of the rill—
God! Thou art everywhere.
This is enough all sadness to control,
All doubts and fears to chase;
And to shed over my enraptured soul
The rivers of Thy grace.
To contemplate, enjoy, admire, adore,
And send sweet thoughts toward heaven;
What can an earthly spirit ask for more?
What more to man be given?
Lost in Thy works, yet full of humble trust,
I close the worthless lay;
Bow down my reverent forehead in the dust,
And in meek silence pray.

Melendez, tr. by John Bowring.

1499. GOD, Incomprehensibility of.

Where art Thou? Thou! Source and Support of all
That is or seen or felt. Thyself unseen,
Unfelt, unknown—alas, unknowable!
I look abroad among Thy works—the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns;
Life-giving earth, and ever-moving main,
And speaking winds—and ask if these are Thee!
The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
The restless tide's outgoing and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
Though hailed as gods of old, and only less,
Are not the Power I seek; are Thine, not Thee!
I ask Thee from the past: if in the years,
Since first intelligence could search its source,
Or in some former unremembered being,
(If such, perchance, were mine), did they behold Thee?
And next interrogate Futurity, [mute;
So fondly tenanted with bitter things
Than e'er experience owned—but both are
And past and future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies, [turn
Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued, I
From all vain parley with the elements,
And close my eyes, and bid the thought turn inward
From each material thing its anxious guest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe Himself—Spirit to spirit!
O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt Thou hide Thee?
What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
Nor human eye may look on Thine and live?
Welcome the penalty! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light
Who would not dare to die? [like this
Peace, my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
Await His will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude to gaze [stead,
On Him—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.
Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the vail, no longer separating
The holiest of all—as erst, disclosing
A brighter dispensation; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
Even to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart!

Eliza Townsend.

1500. GOD, Infinity of.

Thou, Lord! art all in all, and man is naught:
For though in privileged hours his soaring thought [light
Would seem to catch a glance of Thee, Thy
Soon becomes dazzling, and he sinks in night.
Yes! we are blind—and when we most aspire,
Most feel our weakness and our vain desire.
We trace the comets in their orbits—fly
From star to star, across the crowded sky,
And, far beyond what natural powers discern,
Guided by art, we nature's mysteries learn:
But when we think of Thee—confounded, lost,
From one proud billow to another tossed,
Our reason wrecked, the horizon shaded o'er,
We dash upon a dark and dangerous shore.

What art Thou, Lord? By what high name, what word
Of majesty, shall we address Thee, Lord?
God! awful sound, recess of mystery!
God! what strange notions of infinity,
Infinity of wisdom, power, and love, [move,
Through the stilled heart in shadowy visions
Linked with all space, all being, deep and vast:
'Tis a vague sense of future and of past—
Of things beyond the stars, of death, of birth,
Of a winged spirit wandering o'er the earth,
Travelling from sun to sun, of whispering wind,
Of thunder, of a more than mortal mind,
That sometimes visits man: a rolling flood
Invisible; an infinite tide of good,
O'erflowing all; a presence in the air,
Upon the land, the waters, everywhere!
God! God! word written on the waves, impressed
Upon fair Nature's universal breast,—
Wafted by every breeze, and borne along

By every motion that has sense or song—
Splendent above and beautiful below,
The soul of all the universe art Thou!
We find Thee there—we revel in the thought
Forgive the daring, Lord! we know Thee not.
When man hath scaled the heavens, and weighed the sun,
And visited the stars—then, Infinite One!
Then may he, then though still unworthily,
Lift up his thoughts and turn his eyes to Thee;
To Thee, whose glorious brightness human eye
Ne'er gazed on yet in its intensity.
O God! I tremble when on Thee I think;
I feel as if I shuddered on the brink
Of profanation—yet I love Thee: read
My doubting, fearing heart—it loves indeed!
Loves, and would fain obey—O, touch the chord
That vibrates at Thy name, and tune it, Lord!
To reverence and to virtue: all beside—
The vain desires of folly or of pride—
All, all I throw, an offering at Thy feet;
Accept that homage, Being Infinite!

John Bowring.

1501. GOD, Jewish Hymn to.

God of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of Desolation flow;
Father of vengeance! that with purple feet
Like a full wine-press tread'st the world below;
The embattled armies wait Thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till Thou hast marked the guilty land for woe.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress;
Father of mercies! at one word of Thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness,
And fountain sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillared temples rise Thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land Thy thunders broke, O Lord!
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword,
Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,
For Thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land Thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad City lift her crownless head,
And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam
In streets where broods the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers
To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves.
With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The strangers' bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
In the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead Thy children home;
He that went forth a tender, prattling boy,
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come;
And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare,
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed the irradiate throne.

Henry Hart Milman.

1502. GOD, Love of.

Why comes this fragrance on the summer breeze,
The blended tribute of ten thousand flowers,
To me a frequent wander 'mid the trees,
That form those gay, though solitary bowers!
One answer is around, beneath, above,
The echo of the voice, that "God is Love."

Why bursts such melody from bush and tree,
The overflowing of each songster's heart,
So filling mine that it can scarcely be
Content to listen, but would take its part?
'Tis but one song I hear where'er I rove,
Though countless be the notes, that "God is Love."

In heaven's starred pavement at the midnight hour,
In roseate hues that come at morning dawn,
In the bright bow athwart the falling shower,
In woods and waters, hills and velvet lawn,
One truth is written, all conspire to prove,
What grace of old revealed, that "God is Love."

Nor let this pulse of health, this step of joy,
This heart so moved with beauty, perfume, song,
This spirit, soaring through a gorgeous sky,
Or diving ocean's coral caves among,
Fleeter than darting fish or swiftest dove—
All, all, declare the same, that "God is Love."

Davies.

1503. GOD, Majesty of.

God is a Name my soul adores—
The almighty Three, th' eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

From Thy great self Thy being springs—
Thou art Thy own original,

Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

Thy voice produced the sea and spheres;
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine:
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows:
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.

A glance of Thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Of light Thou form'st Thy dazzling robe;
Thy ministers are living flame.

Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms:
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace?
Beneath Thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of Thy face.

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but Thy wisdom knows Thy might;
None but Thy word can speak Thy name.

Isaac Watts.

1504. GOD, Messengers of.

All that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father! speaks of Thee;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way,

The fearful storms that sweep the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from Thy awful throne.

Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour
All we enjoy and all we love,
Bring with them lessons from above.

Nor thus content, Thy gracious hand,
From midst the children of the land,
Hath raised, to stand before our race,
Thy living messengers of grace.

We thank Thee that so clear a ray
Shines on Thy straight, Thy chosen way,
And pray that passion, sloth, or pride,
May never lure our steps aside.

William Cullen Bryant.

1505. GOD, Morning Hymn to.

IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNIX.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all night long,
And all night visited by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink;
Companion of the morning star at dawn—
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake; O wake, and utter praise!
Ye ice-falls, ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once, amidst their maddest plunge,
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts! [ven,
Who made you glorious as the gates of hea-
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun [flowers
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God, let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo—God!
God, sing ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice! [sounds!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God! [peaks,
Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain, thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed down
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes, suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me. Rise, O ever rise;
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth;
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell there the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

1506. GOD, Name of.

Thy great name,
In all its awful brevity, doth bless
The tongue that uses it; for me,
I ask no higher office than to fling
My spirit at Thy feet, and cry Thy name,
God! through eternity. *P. J. Bailey.*

1507. GOD, Ode to.

O Thou eternal One; whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One! [plore;
Whom none can comprehend and none ex-
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee [mount
There is no weight nor measure: none can
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark, [try
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence: Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze, [from Thee:
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams.
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee? [host,
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! O, what am I then? Naught!

Naught! yet the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here? and how so marvellously [clod
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Derzhavin, tr. by Bowring.

1508. GOD, Omnipotence of.

The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Ye winds of night, your force combine
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,

And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God. *H. K. White.*

1509. GOD, Omnipresence of.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign:
"Adam! thou knowest heaven His, and all the earth,
Not this rock only; His omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by His virtual power, and warmed;
All the earth He gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift! surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confined,
Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat; from whence had
All generations, and had hither come [spread
From all ends of the earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons.
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain,
God is, as here, and will be found alike
Present; and of His presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and parental love, His face
Express, and of His steps the track divine."
John Milton.

1510. GOD, Praise to.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favor,
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!
Henry Francis Lyte.

1511. GOD, Presence of.

What art Thou, mighty One? and where Thy seat? [lands,
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the
And Thou dost bear within Thy awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on Thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind [dread noon.
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's
Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span,
Dost Thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracks, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of His throne to trace, [space.
Who glows through all the fields of boundless
H. K. White.

1512. GOD, Search after.

I sought Thee round about, O Thou my God!
In Thine abode.
I said unto the earth: "Speak! art Thou He?"
She answered me:
"I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In general, [claim
Contained therein—they with one voice pro-
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abyss—
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Inquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air, if that were He; but
It told me no.
I from the towering eagle to the wren
Demanded then [such;
If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full choir
Answered: "To find thy God thou must look higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars—
Said: "We obey [but they
The God thou seekest." I asked what eye
Could see or hear— [or ear
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below;
With an unanimous voice, all these things said: [made."
"We are not God, but we by Him were

I asked the world's great universal mass,
If that God was:
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
As stupefied:
"I am not He, O man! for know that I
By Him on high
Was fashioned first of nothing; thus instated
And swayed by Him, by whom I was created."

I sought the court, but smooth-tongued flattery
Deceived each ear; [there
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing and lying;
I' the country, craft in simpleness arrayed—
And then I said: [great—
"Vain is my search, although my pains be
Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I, then,
Even thus, began:
"O man, what art thou?" What more could I say
Than dust and clay.
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last—
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
Formed from that earth to which I must return?

I asked myself, what this great God might be
That fashioned me;
I answered: The all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense—
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,
Lord over all;
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being. He is the Creator
Both of the water,
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list—
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace
Thy glorious face
(So far forth as it may discovered be)
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,
To human sight
Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest,
In which to our weak sense Thou comest nearest.

Oh make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God, most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God most just!
Remit all our offences, we entreat—
Most good, most great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy guest,
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.
Thomas Heywood.

1513. GOD, Seeking.

And have I measured half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?

The morning of my life is past,
The noon is almost o'er;
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.

Darkness He makes His secret place,
Thick clouds surround His Throne;
Nor can I yet behold His face,
Or find the God Unknown.

A God that hides Himself He is,
Far off from mortal sight;
An inaccessible Abyss
Of uncreated Light.

Far off He is, yet always near;
He fills both earth and Heaven,
But doth not to my soul appear,
My soul from Eden driven.

O'er earth a banish'd man I rove,
But cannot feel Him nigh:
Where is the pardoning God of Love,
Who stoop'd for me to die?

I sought Him in the secret cell
With unavailing care:
Long did I in the desert dwell,
Nor could I find Him there.

Still every means in vain I try;
I seek Him far and near:
Where'er I come, constrain'd to cry,
"My Saviour is not here."

God is in this, in every place:
Yet oh! how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God!

Empty of Him, who all things fills,
Till He His Light impart,
Till He His glorious Self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

O Thou, who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself Unseen, Unknown!
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone!

Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold Thy face, and live!

A darker soul did never yet
Thy promised help implore:
O! that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose Him more!
Charles Wesley.

1514. GOD, The Soul and.

God and the soul are two birds free,
And dwell together in one tree:
This eateth various-flavored fruits
Of sense's thoughts and world's pursuits;
That tasteth not, nor great nor small,
But silently beholdeth all.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1515. GOD, Thought of.

I look to Thee in every need, and never look in vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love, and all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life, disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears, I sink beside the road:
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above, my restlessness to still; [my faltering will:
Around me flows Thy quickening life, to nerve
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

1516. GOD, Unsearchable.

I cannot find Thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee! Even when most adoring
Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought, upsoaring, [not there.
From furthest quest comes back: Thou art

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth; there, O God! Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee! still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.
Eliza Scudder.

1517. GOD, Voice of.

God hath a voice that ever is heard [bird;
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom;
Let the hurricane whistle or warblers rejoice,
What do they tell thee but God hath a voice?
God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noon-day, the star of the night; [of light;
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountains of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?
Eliza Cook.

1518. GOD, Waiting.

Dread is the leisure up above
The while He sits whose name is love,
And waits, as Noah did, for the dove,
To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us, while, houseless things,
We beat about with bruisèd wings
On the dark floods and water-springs,
The ruined world, the desolate sea;
With open windows from the prime,
All night, all day, He waits sublime,
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from His eternity.
Jean Ingelow.

1519. GOD, Weighing.

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious Cherubim.
Robert Herrick.

1520. GOD, Wonderful.

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

Oh how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!
F. W. Faber.

1521. GOD, Worshipping.

O worship the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;

His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant.

1522. GODLINESS, Advantage of.

About the joys and pleasures of the world,
This question was not seldom in debate—
Whether the righteous man, or sinner, had
The greatest share, and relished them the most?
Truth gives the answer thus, gives it distinct,
Nor needs to reason long: The righteous man.
For what was he denied of earthly growth,
Worthy the name of good? Truth answers—Naught.
Had he not appetites, and sense, and will?
Might he not eat, if Providence allowed,
The finest of the wheat? Might he not drink
The choicest wine? True, he was temperate;
But then was temperance a foe to peace?
Might he not rise, and clothe himself in gold?
Ascend, and stand in palaces of kings?
True, he was honest still and charitable:
Were then these virtues foes to human peace?
Might he not do exploits, and gain a name?
Most true, he trod not down a fellow's right,
Nor walked up to a throne on skulls of men;
Were justice, then, and mercy, foes to peace?
Had he not friendships, loves, and smiles, and hopes?
Sat not around his table sons and daughters?
Was not his ear with music pleased? his eye
With light? his nostrils with perfumes? his lips
With pleasant relishes? grew not his herds?
Fell not the rain upon his meadows? reaped
He not his harvests? and did not his heart
Revel at will through all the charities
And sympathies of nature, unconfined?
And were not these all sweetened, and sanctified
By dews of holiness shed from above? [halls?
Might he not walk through Fancy's airy
Might he not History's ample page survey?
Might he not, finally, explore the depths
Of mental, moral, natural, divine?
But why enumerate thus? One word enough.
There was no joy in all created things,
No drop of sweet, that turned not in the end
To sour, of which the righteous man did not
Partake—partake, invited by the voice
Of God, his Father's voice—who gave him all
His heart's desire. And o'er the sinner still,
The Christian had this one advantage more:
That when his earthly pleasures failed, and
They always did to every soul of man, [fail
He sent his hopes on high, looked up, and reached [heaven,
His sickle forth, and reaped the fields of
And plucked the clusters from the vines of God.

Robert Pollok.

1523. GODLINESS, Example of.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in sea, while in, above the world...
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated in a mount screne,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm!
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
(A mingled mob! a wandering herd!) he sees
Bewildered in the vale.... in all unlike:
His full reverse in all! What higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care, ... the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame.... his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature.... his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities:
His, the composed possession of the true.
Alike, throughout, is his consistent peace—
All of one color, and an even thread;
While parti-colored shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them [blows
A madman's robe.... each puff of fortune
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs. . . .
Where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity; [adore;
What makes them only smile, makes him
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees—
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Edward Young.

1524. GODS, Death among the.

Between divine and human life what is the odds?
A human life is but a watch-tick to the gods.
Their hour has many ticks; their day has many an hour; [dower.
And many days fill up their year's enormous
But when threescore and ten of those large years a god
Has told, he is touched by death's appropriating rod.
And all those years like arrows fly in heaven's bowers, [swift than ours!
Because in bliss unmixed they pass more
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1525. GOLD, Bribery of.

Stronger than thunder's wingèd force,
All-powerful gold can spread its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke.
Horace, tr. by T. Martin.

1526. GOLD, a Curse.

Gold! Gold! in all ages the curse of mankind, [mind;
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
And the mind be the slave of a look or a word.
To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,
Yield honor, affection, and lasting renown.
Park Benjamin.

1527. GOLD, Description of.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless,
As even its minted coins express, [Bess,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen
And now of a Bloody Mary.
Thomas Hood.

1528. GOLD, Evils of.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars;
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss; that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave, man, rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
Shakespeare.

1529. GOLD, a God.

Gold is the greatest god; though yet we see
No temples rais'd to Money's majesty,
No altars fuming to her power divine,
Such as to Valor, Peace, and Virtue shine,
And Faith and Concord.
Juvenal, tr. by John Dryden.

1530. GOLD, Greed of.

Mammon. I too have poised the heart of men, and watch'd
With sleepless eye what avenue may best
Yield us access. And here I answer, Gold.
Smile not that yellow dust should have such power; [then
For what is man but dust? What marvel
Dust over dust holds sway? The blighted earth
No longer yields him her spontaneous fruit.
Poor wretch, his sweat moistens his daily bread.
Labor is bread, and bread is life: and thus
He lives a pensioner for every breath
Upon Another's bounty—yoke to us
Insufferable, not the less to man.
But gold appears a tower other than God,
With honors, pomp, and endless pleasures stored,
Impregnable while life shall last. Poor fool,
He knows not in the lowest keep a fire
Smoulders in its own ashes self-conceal'd:
It glows; it flames; it never says, Enough—
More is more fuel—till the shrivell'd soul,
Alive but wrapt in cerements of death,
Breathes out itself upon that funeral pyre.
Whatever counsels may obtain this day,
Let mortals worship at this golden shrine,
They will not fail of hell. What would ye more? *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

1531. GOLD, Love of.

Yes! Rather than be poor,
What will not mortals do, what not endure?
Such dread disgrace to shun,
From virtue's toilsome path away we run.
Quick, let us mid the roar
Of crowds applauding to the echo pour
Into the capitol,
Or down into the nearest ocean roll

Our jewels, gems, and gold,
Dire nutriment of ills and miseries untold!

If with sincere intent
We would of our iniquities repent,
Uprooted then must be
The very germs of base cupidity,
And our enervate souls
Be braced by manlier arts for nobler goals!
The boy of noble race [chase,
Can now not sit his steed, and dreads the
But wields with mastery nice [dice!
The Grecian hoop, or even the law-forbidden

What marvel, if the while
His father, versed in every perjured wile,
For vilest private ends [friends,
Defrauds his guests, his partners, and his
His pride, his only care,
To scramble wealth for an unworthy heir!
They grow his ill-got gains, [ne'er attains!
But something still he lacks, and something
Horace, tr. by Theodore Martin.

1532. GOLD, Origin of.

The Fallen looked on the world and sneered.
"I can guess," he muttered, "why God is feared,
For the eyes of mortal are fain to shun
The midnight heaven that hath no sun. [wait
I will stand on the height of the hills and
Where the day goes out at the western gate,
And, reaching up to its crown, will tear
From its plumes of glory the brightest there:
With the stolen ray I will light the sod,
And turn the eyes of the world from God."

He stood on the height when the sun went down, [crown,
He tore one plume from the day's bright
The proud beam stooped till he touched its brow,
And the print of his fingers are on it now;
And the blush of its anger forevermore
Burns red when it passes the western door.
The broken feather above him whirled,
In flames of torture around him curled,
And he dashed it down on the snowy height,
In broken flashes of quivering light.
Ah, more than terrible was the shock [rock!
Where the burning splinters struck wave and
The green earth shuddered, and shrank and paled, [quailed;
The wave sprang up, and the mountain
Look on the hills, let the scars they bear
Measure the pain of that hour's despair.

The Fallen watched while the whirlwind fanned
The pulsing splinters that ploughed the sand;
Sullen he watched, while the hissing waves
Bore them away to the ocean caves;
Sullen he watched, while the shining rills
Throbbed through the hearts of the rocky hills;
Loudly he laughed, "Is the world not mine?
Proudly the links of its chain shall shine;
Lighted with gems shall its dungeon be,
But the pride of its beauty shall kneel to me."
That splintered light in the earth grew cold,
And the diction of mortals hath called it gold. *Sarah E. Carmichael.*

1533. GOLD, Poison of.

Three hungry travellers found a bag of gold:
One ran into the town where bread was sold.

He thought, I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die.

But they too thought, when back his feet have hied,
We will destroy him, and the gold divide.

They killed him, and, partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.

O World! behold what ill thy goods have done: [one!
Thy gold thus poisoned two, and murdered
Oriental.

1534. GOLD, Power of.

Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides; [heads:
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
This yellow slave [cursed;
Will knit and break religions; bless the ac-
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.
This is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again:
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
To the April day again. [spices
For this, the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry. *Shakespeare.*

1535. GOLD, Strife for.

Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms:
And oh! the worst of all its arts,
It rends asunder loving hearts.
Anacreon, tr. by Thomas Moore.

1536. GOLD, Struggle for.

Gold many hunted—sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night, and labored all the day.
And what was this allurement, dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called

A god; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace, [friends,
Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life;
And, to complete the horrid murderous rite
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls, and an eternity of bliss, [joy!
To gain them—what? an hour of dreaming
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of woe.
Most, for the luxuries it bought—the pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown—
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
Robert Pollok.

1537. GOLD, Vanity of.

To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No! all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage the mind.
Samuel Johnson.

1538. GOLD, Want of.

Want sense, and the world will o'erlook it;
Want feeling—'twill find some excuse;
But if the world knows you want money,
You're certain to get its abuse.
The wisest advice in existence,
Is ne'er on its kindness to call;
The best way to get its assistance,
Is—show you don't need it at all!

"Man's the Gold!" said the bard, with a feeling
That still his discretion outran;
For each day of our life is revealing
The bard should have said, "Gold is Man."
Gold is genius, and greatness, and merit;
Want gold—you want all that gold brings!
But if fortune you only inherit,
The world will excuse other things.
Charles Swain.

1539. GOLDEN RULE, Universality of the.

Thus said Jesus: "Go and do
As thou would'st be done unto:"
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.

Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.

Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.

If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all His children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.
W. Roscoe.

1540. GOOD, Final.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain:
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far-off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.
Alfred Tennyson.

1541. GOOD, Unexpected.

But what of all the joys of earth was most
Of native growth, most proper to the soil—
Not elsewhere known, in worlds that never fell—
Was joy that sprung from disappointed woe.
The joy in grief; the pleasure after pain;
Fears turned to hopes; meetings expected
Deliverances from dangerous attitudes; [not;
Better for worse; and best sometimes for worst;
And all the seeming ill, ending in good—
A sort of happiness composed, which none
Has had experience of, but mortal man.
Robert Pollok.

1542. GOOD-BY, Preference of.

Farewell! Farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
'Tis a whispered tone, 'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good-by!"

Adieu! Adieu! may greet the ear
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good-by!"

Go watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—

When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand—
A long, a last "Good-by." *Eliza Cook.*

1543. GOOD DEEDS Repaid.

Good deeds in this world done
Are paid beyond the sun;
As water on the root
Is seen above in fruit.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1544. GOOD NAME, Love of.

Good name was dear to all: without it, none
Could soundly sleep, even on a royal bed;
Or drink with relish from a cup of gold:
And with it, on his borrowed straw, or by
The leafless hedge, beneath the open heavens,
The weary beggar took untroubled rest.
It was a music of most heavenly tone,
To which the heart leaped joyfully, and all
The spirits danced: for honest fame, men laid
Their heads upon the block, and while the axe
Descended, looked and smiled. It was of
Invaluable—riches, health, repose, [price
Whole kingdoms, life, were given for it, and
Who got it was the winner still; and he [he
Who sold it durst not open his ear, nor look
On human face, he knew himself so vile.
Robert Pollok.

1545. GOOD NAME, Value of a.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing: [thousands;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Shakespeare.*

1546. GOODNESS, Beauty of.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
Shakespeare.

1547. GOODNESS, Divine.

See the shining dew-drops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
God is ever good.

See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming
God is ever good.

Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
God is ever good.

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing
God is ever good.

Bring, my heart, thy tribute—
Songs of gratitude—
While all nature utters,
God is ever good.

1548. GOODNESS, Nobility of.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
Alfred Tennyson.

1549. GOODNESS, Reputation of.

A very little goodness goes for much.
I'm kind, they say—
Give coals in winter, cordials for the sick;
They love me, those poor hinds, though I have
ne'er
Resigned a pleasure, let a whim be crossed,
Pinched for an hour the stomach of desire,
For one of them.

1550. GOODNESS, Reward of.

Who has good deeds brought well to end,
For him the gloomy forests shine;
The whole world is to him a friend,
And all the earth a diamond mine.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1551. GOODNESS, Teaching.

She taught us how to live;
With blameless life girt round with sanctity,
Lowly in heart, in soul and purpose high,
Sweet lessons did she give
Of faith, of love, of hope; for all that shone
Brightest in Christian lives, she made her own.
W. H. Burleigh.

1552. GOODNESS OF GOD, Evidences of the.

God is good! Each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark-green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that "God is good."

I hear it in the rushing wind;
Hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds, with gold and silver lined,
Are still repeating, "God is good."

Each little rill, that, many a year,
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird in accents clear,
Joins in the song that "God is good."

The restless main, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, "God is good."

Countless hosts of burning stars
Sing His praise with light renewed;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, "God is good."

The moon that walks in brightness, says,
God is good! and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that "God is good."

1553. GOOD WORKS, The Best.

"Of all good works of men, which is the best?"
A young man once a prophet thus addressed,
And this reply the prophet on him pressed:
"From strife exempt, good works together chime,
And all are beautiful each in its time."
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1554. GOSPEL, Analogy of the.

Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain:
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast is fed
By Providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My Gospel shall descend—
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

"Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise;
The vocal groves
Shall sing the God,
And every tree
Consenting nod."
Philip Doddridge.

1555. GOSPEL, Ark of the.

The gospel's glorious hope,
Its rule of purity, its eye of prayer,
Its fort of firmness on temptation's steep,
Its bark that fails not, 'mid the storm of death
He spread before them, and with gentlest tone,
Such as a brother to his sister breathes,
His little sister, simple and untaught,
Did urge them to the shelter of that ark
Which rides the wrathful deluge.
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

1556. GOSPEL, Breath of the.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds,
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roaring round the coral reef.
Alfred Tennyson.

1557. GOSPEL, Immortality of the.

In all our way through life the gospel sheds
Its kind and healing beams o'er all our woes:
And when our days are done, it lights the path
That leads us on to brighter, happier scenes;
And it will live and shine when all beside
Has perished in the wreck of earthly things.

1558. GOSPEL, Light of the.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beams poured
Uttered again His fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's light abroad.
And like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.
C. F. Hoffman.

1559. GOSPEL, Progress of the.

Solemn praise
And prayers devoutly breathed, the tears, the sighs
Of penitential grief, the broken heart,
Now formed the Gentile's purer sacrifice
To the true God. The philosophic lore
Of learned Athens sunk ere long, eclipsed
By truth's resistless blaze; the vain parade
Of empty jargon, and unmeaning forms,
No longer won the prostituted praise
Of wondering Greece. The Stoic's fond pretence
Was urged no more; the boasted apathist
Confessed the strength of nature, owned the power,
The use of passion, deigned to feel himself
And sympathize the miseries of man
John Lettice.

1560. GOSPEL, Spread of the.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,
That Name to us is Love.
James Montgomery.

1561. GOSPEL, Stream of the.

O, have you not heard of a beautiful stream,
That flows through our Father's land?
Its waters gleam bright
In the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.

With murmuring sound doth it wander along
Through fields of eternal green,
Where songs of the blest
In their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.

Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne
Of Jehovah alone;
O, come where its bright waves roll!

This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound
In its waters is found;
O, sinner, it flows for thee!

O, will you not drink of the beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, Come,
All ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.

1562. GOSPEL, Traits of the.

O worthy gift of heavenly love to man!
Blessed exposition of salvation's plan! [line,
By truth confirmed, through each important
A revelation of the Will divine! [bend,
The rule to which our stubborn hearts should
The rich man's monitor, the poor man's friend!
The good man's trust, the scoffer's secret dread!
A song of peace to soothe death's fearful bed,
Of peace from God, long tempted, oft denied,
To man the contrite, humble child of pride!
H. Selwyn.

1563. GOVERNMENT, Art of.

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers: [stop them;
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
The forces, and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests: when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven, then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.
Ben Jonson.

1564. GOVERNMENT, Free.

A government on freedom's basis built,
Has, in all ages, been the theme of song
And the desire of great and god-like men,
For this the Grecian patriots fought—for this
The noblest Roman died. Shall I go on?
Name Tell, and Hampden, and our Washington?
The perfect hero whose example shows
How war with righteousness may be allied—
The conqueror with the Christian; and how man
In blessing others finds his highest fame!
Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

1565. GOVERNMENT, Instinctive.

So work the honey-bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts, [home;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring
To the tent royal of their emperor. [home
Who, busy'd in his tent, surveys
The singing mason building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. *Shakespeare.*

1566. GRACE, Adaptation of.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go.
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;

For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. [lie,
When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

1567. GRACE, Comfort of.

Nor exile I, nor prison, fear; love makes my courage great; [every state.
I find a Saviour everywhere, His grace in
Nor castle-walls, nor dungeons deep, exclude His quickening beams.
There I can sit, and sing, and weep, and dwell on heavenly themes!
Madame Guyon.

1568. GRACE, Fountain of.

The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain! [fountain.
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a
For sin and uncleanness and every transgression, [salvation.
His blood flows must freely in streams of
Cho. Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, [Jordan!
We'll praise Him again when we pass over

Ye souls that are wounded, to Jesus repair,
Now He calls you in mercy, and can you forbear? [mountain,
Though your sins are increased as high as a
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.

Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious; [victorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, He is more than
With shouting proclaim it, oh trust in His passion! [tion!
He saves us most freely, oh glorious salva-

Our Jesus His name now proclaims all victorious, [rious:
He reigns over all, and His kingdom is glo-
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
In triumph ascribing to Him our salvation.

With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore; [the more;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise Him
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever!
Thornby.

1569. GRACE, Free.

O God, how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the bless'd decree,
That grace can e'er be found, when sought,
And naught shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;
But torture, stake, or prison-wall
Can be endured with faith and prayer.
Eliza Cook.

1570. GRACE and Glory.

The Lord will grace and glory give
To those who humbly seek His face;
We live for glory while we live,
And seek it in the paths of grace,

For grace is glory here begun,
And till the heavenly prize is won,
The Christian finds, through all his race,
That grace is glory, glory grace.
James Montgomery.

1571. GRACE, Gospel.

God, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
Benjamin Beddome.

1572. GRACE, Manner of.

Ye bold to explain, describe, define
The progress of the life divine,
Your learned ignorance allow,
And own it grows ye know not how!

No mortal eye the manner sees,
The imperceptible degrees,
By which our Lord conducts His plan,
And brings us to a perfect man.
Charles Wesley.

1573. GRACE, Prayer for.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
Oh! let Thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

The dew doth every morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove?
The dew for which grass cannot call
Drops from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness, void of love;
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

Oh! come, for Thou dost know the way;
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say
Drop from above.
George Herbert.

1574. GRACE, Slighted.

"No, I cannot, cannot yet
Yield me to the Saviour's call;
All my sinful joys forget,
At His feet for mercy fall."

So the fair one said, and turn'd
From the throne of grace away;
Soon, alas! she pray'd and mourn'd,
When too late to mourn or pray.

Sickness came with rapid pace—
Laid her on a bed of death;
Terror stared her in the face,
She must yield her fleeting breath.

"Send," she cried, "for mercy send—
Bring the man of God with speed;
Tell him I am near my end,
Tell him that his prayers I need."

Waken'd at the midnight hour,
To the dying couch he flew;
There was work beyond his power,
More than mortal man could do.

"Save me, save me," cried the fair,
Shriek on shriek heart-rending rose;
"Down I sink to dark despair,
Down to everlasting woes."

Vainly did the man of prayer
Point her to the crucified,
Vainly whisper'd in her ear,
"Christ for every sinner died."

"Lost," she cried, "forever lost!
Every ray of hope has fled;
Now too late I count the cost"—
Horror follow'd—she was dead.
William Hunter.

1575. GRACE, Throne of.

There is a spot of consecrated ground
Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are found:
'Tis named (and Christians love the well-known sound)
The throne of grace.

'Tis here a calm retreat is always found:
Perpetual sunshine gilds the sacred ground;
Pure airs and heavenly odors breathe around
The throne of grace.

While on this vantage-ground the Christian stands,
His quickened eye a boundless view commands;
Discovers fair abodes not made with hands—
Abodes of peace.

Terrestrial objects, disenchanted there,
Lose all their power to dazzle or insnare:
One only object then seems worth our care—
To win the race.

This is the mount where Christ's disciples see
The glory of incarnate Deity:
'Tis here they find it good indeed to be,
And view His face.

A new creation here begins to rise—
Fruits of the Spirit, flowers of Paradise,
Watered from heaven in full and sure supplies
By streams of grace.

Toward this blest spot the Spirit bends His ear,
The fervent prayer, the contrite sigh, to hear;
To bid the mourner banish every fear,
And go in peace.

Here may the comfortless and weary find
One who can cure the sickness of the mind;
One who delights the broken heart to bind—
The Prince of Peace.

Saviour! the sinner's friend, our hope, our all!
Here teach us humbly at Thy feet to fall;
Here on Thy name with love and faith to call
For pardoning grace.

Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,
Till, numbered with thy ransomed flock above,
We cease to want, but never cease to love,
The throne of grace.
Miss Charlotte Elliott.

1576. GRACE, Works of.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
Philip Doddridge.

1577. GRACES, A Trio of.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brothers call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul— [find
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

Friedrich Schiller.

1578. GRATITUDE, Demand for.

Lord, with what bounty and rare clemency
Hast Thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If Thou hadst let us run,
Gladly had man adored the sun
And thought his gods most brave;
Where now we shall be better gods than he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treas-
The Trinity and Incarnation: [ure,
Thou hast unlock'd them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The works of Thy creation
Unto Thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier cabinet is the Trinity
Whose sparkling light access denies:
Therefore Thou dost not show
This fully to us, till death blow
The dust into our eyes;
For by that powder Thou wilt make us see.

But all Thy sweets are pack'd up in the other,
Thy mercies thither flock and flow:
That, as the first affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Because this box we know;
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserved, and dark to Thee;
When Thou demandest but a heart,
He cavils instantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart
Defrauding Thee, who gavest two for one.

George Herbert.

1579. GRATITUDE, Hymn of.

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

1580. GRATITUDE, Instinct of.

He that has nature in him must be grateful
'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser nature,
Tying the weak and strong, the poor and
powerful, [to men.
Subduing men to brutes, and even brutes

Samuel Madan.

1581. GRATITUDE, Personification of.

Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense that her hands
Uprear is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossoms, and
her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to Him she sings,

To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves whatever [dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
Christopher Smart.

1582. GRATITUDE, Reward of.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits receiv'd: propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant in-
And doubles all its blessings. [cense,
George Lillo.

1583. GRAVE, Address to the.

Dust receive thy kindred!
Earth take now thine own!
To thee this trust is rendered;
In thee this seed is sown.

Time's tide of change and uproar
Breaks above thy head;
Feet of restless millions
O'er thy chambers tread.

Earthquakes, whirlwinds, tempests,
Tear the quivering ground;
Voices, trumpets, thunders,
Fill the air around.

But these sounds of terror
Pierce not this low tomb;
Nor break the happy slumbers
Of this quiet home.

Couch of the tranquil slumber
For the weary brow;
Rest of the faint and toiling,
Take this loved one now.

Guard the precious treasure.
Ever-faithful tomb!
Keep it all unrifled,
Till the Master come.
Horatius Bonar.

1584. GRAVE, Adorning the.

Erewhile, on England's pleasant shores, our sires
Left not their churchyards unadorned with [shades
Or blossoms, but indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwells
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty. There the yew,
Green even amid the snows of winter, told
Of immortality, and gracefully
The willow, a perpetual mourner, drooped;
And there the gadding woodbine crept about,
And there the ancient ivy. From the spot
Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years [hands
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and
That trembled as they placed her there, the rose [spoke
Sprung modest, on bowed stock, and better
Her graces than the proudest monument.
There children set about their playmate's grave
The pansy. On the infant's little bed,
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,
Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames,
And maids that would not raise the reddened eye— [of joy
Orphans, from whose young lids the light
Fled early—silent lovers, who had given
All that they lived for to the arms of earth,
Came often, o'er the recent graves to strew
Their offerings, rue, and rosemary, and flowers. *William Cullen Bryant.*

1585. GRAVE, Bliss of the.

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die;
And the best of the world is its path to the sky— [gave
Be it gloomy or bright, for the life that He
Let us thank Him—but blessed be God for the grave! [bliss,
'Tis the end of our toil, 'tis the crown of our
'Tis the portal of happiness—aye, but for this,
How hopeless were sorrow, how narrow were love, [above!
If they looked not from earth to the rapture
J. K. Mitchell.

1586. GRAVE, Blossom from the.

Rest, weary dust, lie here an hour;
Ere long, like blossom from the sod,
Thou shalt come forth a glorious flower,
Fit for the eye of God.
Horatius Bonar.

1587. GRAVE, Christ in the.

No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay;
Th' imprisoning stone is roll'd away;
'Tis now a cell, where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ear of mourners say,
"Come see the place where Jesus lay."
'Tis now a fane where love can find
Christ everywhere embalm'd and shrin'd;
Aye, gathering up memorials sweet,
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.
J. Keble.

1588. GRAVE, Congregation of the.

Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome, vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred; [mean,
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the

The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Robert Blair.

1589. GRAVE, Couch of the.

Ah! hush now your mournful complainings,
Nor mothers your sweet babes deplore;
This death, we so shrink from, but cometh
The ruin of life to restore.
Who now would the sculptor's rich marble,
Or beautiful sepulchres crave?
We lay them but here, in their slumber:
This earth is a couch, not a grave.

The seed, which we sow in its weakness,
In the spring shall rise green from the earth;
And the dead we thus mournfully bury,
In God's springtime again shall shine forth.
Mother Earth, in thy soft bosom cherish
Whom we lay to repose in thy dust;
For precious these relics we yield thee;
Be faithful, O Earth! to thy trust.
The happy and just times are coming,
When God every hope shall fulfil:
And visibly then must thou render
What now in thy keeping lies still.
Prudentius.

1590. GRAVE, Decorating the.

Come and deck the grave with flowers,
That is now a blessed bed,
Where the truest Friend of ours
Stooped to rest His holy head:
For the Saviour, in it lying,
Did its grief and gloom destroy,
Took from death the dread of dying,
Gave to life its crown and joy.
John S. B. Monsell.

1591. GRAVE, Domain of the.

I stood within the grave's o'ershadowing vault:
Gloomy and damp it stretched its vast domain;
Shades were its boundary; for my strained eye sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things;
This, in the encountering darkness passed away,
That took the tone in which a mourner sings.

I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom;
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

Around me stretched the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ached upon mine ear;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chilled my heart with fear.

The former men of every age and place,
From all their wanderings gathered, round me lay;
The dust of withered empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid generations passed away.

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine, or the plague, gave up their breath;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
By thousands swept into the arms of Death.

I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that have been;
Far and confused the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.

Death's various shrines—the Urn, the Stone, the Lamp—
Were scattered round, confused, amid the dead;
Symbols and Types were mouldering in the damp,
Their shapes were waning, and their meaning fled.

Unspoken tongues, perchance in praise or woe,
Were charactered on tablets Time had swept;
And deep were half their letters hid below
The thick small dust of those they once had wept.

No hand was here to wipe the dust away;
No reader of the writing traced beneath;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay;
Nor sigh nor sound from all the heaps of Death.

One place alone had ceased to hold its prey;
A form had pressed it and was there no more;
The garments of the grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapped Him on the rocky floor.

He only with returning footsteps broke
The eternal calm wherewith the Tomb was bound;
Among the sleeping dead alone He woke,
And blessed with outstretched hands the host around.

Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their woe the loaded air along.

They to the verge have followed that they love,
And on the insuperable threshold stand;
With cherished names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasped hand.

But vainly there the mourners seek relief
From silenced voice, and shapes Decay has swept,
Till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those o'er whom they wept.

All that have died, the earth's whole race, repose,
Where Death collects his treasures, heap on heap;
O'er each one's busy day the night-shades close;
Its Actors, Sufferers, Schools, Kings, Armies—sleep.
Caroline Clive.

1592. GRAVE, Gone to the.

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave: and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Bp. Reginald Heber.

1593. GRAVE, House of the.

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full i' cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

From the Anglo-Saxon, H. W. Longfellow.

1594. GRAVE, Hymn of the.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, they that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep;
Brothers, sisters of the worm—
Summer's sun, or Winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast—
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, ruined thrones;
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine.
Flashing from heaven's golden gate—
Thousands, thousands, round His state—
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on thy sight,
Earth be turned to living light—
Kingdom of the ransomed just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem!
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod—
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the mourner's tears,
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now in hope of Him we trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

George Croly.

1595. GRAVE, Our Heritage the.

Only a tomb, no more!
A future resting-place

Where God shall lay thee down, and bid
All thy long wanderings cease.

Thy life unrest and toil;
Thy course a pilgrimage;
Only in death thou goest down,
To claim thy heritage;—

A heritage which death
Shall seal to thee for aye,
A resurrection-heritage
When all things pass away.

A home of endless peace,
Beyond these hills of strife;
When these old rocks give up their dead,
And death shall end in life.
Horatius Bonar.

1596. GRAVE, Preaching of the.

As Adi, with the youthful prince Nomân,
His pupil, strolled one day where slowly ran
A river past a cemetery gray, [say?
He asked, Knowest what yon silent tenants
This is the speech their mouths of ruin hold,
The gist of thousand songs and proverbs old;
"Ye toiling caravans, who travel by,
Like you we lived; and you like us shall die!
What throngs have made their camels here recline [wine
Before our doors, and in their halt quaffed
Mixed with this stream! The morning passed away,
And, lo! they had become of time the prey,
And disappeared in its mutations strange;
For time itself is only change on change!"
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1597. GRAVE, Rest in the.

Lie down, frail body, here,
Earth has no fairer bed,
No gentler pillow to afford—
Come, rest thy home-sick head.

Lie down with all thy aches,
There is no aching here;
How soon shall all thy life-long ills
Forever disappear.

Foot-sore and worn thou art,
Breathless with toil and fight,
How welcome now the long-sought sleep
Of this all-tranquil night.

Brief night and quiet couch
In some star-lighted room,
Watched but by one beloved Eye,
Whose light dispels all gloom.

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the thought-worn brow,
Rest for the weary way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more,
Shall pass the moan or sigh.
Horatius Bonar.

1598. GRAVE, Sadness of the.

I love to muse when none are nigh,
Where yew-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave.

It seems a mournful music, meet
To soothe a lonely hour;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from pleasure's bower.

I know not why it should be sad,
Or seem a mournful tone,
Unless by man the spot be clad
With terrors not his own.
Bernard Barton.

1599. GRAVE, Tent of the.

A furloughed soldier, here I sleep, from battle spent,
And in the resurrection I shall strike my tent.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1600. GRAVE, Warnings of the.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;—O my Mother Earth!
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse—my brain runs wild—I rave;
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the Grave!

"The Grave that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By death and hell;

"I charge thee live!—repent and pray:
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a mourner? Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O live!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a wanderer? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"Live!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all His children feel:
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,—
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His providence adore:
'Tis done! Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

'Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

James Montgomery.

1601. GRAVEYARD, Hymn of the.

Ah me! this is a sad and silent city.
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!
Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.

This is pale beauty's bower: but where the beautiful,
Whom I have seen come forth at evening's hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
Amid the wreaths of spring to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place: but where the bustling—
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—
The lookers-on—the snowy garments rustling;
The money-changers, and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur: where are they—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

This is a place of refuge and repose.
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom: where are the gloomy?
The gloomy are not citizens of death—
Approach and look, where the long grass is plumy;
See them above! they are not found beneath!
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

This is a place of sorrow: friends have met
And mingled tears o'er those who answered not; [wet?
And where are they whose eyelids then were
Alas! their griefs, their tears are all forgot;
They, too, are landed in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

This is a place of fear: the firmest eye
Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.
John Bethune.

1602. GREAT MEN, Death of.

A callow bird of not so many days
As there are leaves upon the wildling rose,
Chirps from yon sycamore; this violet
Sprung up an hour since from the fibrous earth:
At noon the rain fell, and to-night the sun
Will sink with its old grandeur in the sea—
And yet to-day a god died. . . . Nature smiles
On our mortality. A sparrow's death,
Or the unnoticed falling of a leaf,
Is more to her than when a great man dies.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

1603. GREAT MEN, Defects of.

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.
The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.
Shakespeare.

1604. GREAT MEN, Good.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.
For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain! [obtain?
What wouldst thou have a good great man
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heaps of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

1605. GREAT MEN, Need of.

Festus. Oh! the brave and good who serve
A worthy cause can only one way fail;
By perishing therein. Is it to fail?
No; every great or good man's death is a step
Firm set towards their end—the end of being;
Which is the good of all and love of God.
The world must have great minds, even as great spheres
Or suns, to govern lesser restless minds,
While they stand still and burn with life; to keep
Them in their places, and to light and heat them.
Philip James Bailey.

1606. GREAT MEN, Power of.

He had a twofold nature, and the one
Was of a brighter order, with the souls
Who shine along the path of centuries
In full and perfect brightness, standing forth
In their own loftiness, the beacon-lights
By which the world is guided and upborne
From its forever downward tendency;
By which it gathers beauty and is formed
To the one true refinement, that of thought
And chastened feeling—with such better souls
Communing in an equal fellowship,
As clear in intellect, as brightly clear
In every high conception, and as warm
In all emotions, where the heart of man
Ascends and widens, and with outspread wings [ing
Shadows all human hearts in kindness, lend-
Its inspiration unto all who feel
The glow of its benignity, and dwell
Blessed in its steady sunshine. As a rock
Lifts its blue forehead from a mountain ridge,
And heaves a cloudless summit into heaven,
Forever smiling in the softened beam
Of an eternal noonday;—to the world
Of living things, who watch it far below
With a mute look of wonder, as a throne
On which the gods are dwelling—to that
Soaring in unstained purity, it seems [world,
The centre of devotion, and the fane
Where the heart bows in awe, and offers up
Its deepest adoration:—so these souls
Are to the humbler spirits, who go on
Mincing along the track they draw, upreared
To a commanding loftiness, and set
As idols on their pedestals to fill [bend
The crowd with wonder. Men are made to
Before the mighty, and to follow on [great,
Submissive where the great may lead—the
Whose might is not in crowns and palaces,
In parchment rolls or blazoned heraldry,
But in the power of thought, the energy
Of unsupported mind, whose steady will
No force can daunt, no tangled path divert,
From its right-onward purpose. Few are they,
And well that they are few, who in the blaze

Of genius kindled, like a baleful star
To such a flame as terrifies, and bears
Ruin when rushing onward—who in wrath
Are launched along the path where nations go,
The highway of the battle, and the field
Where power is won, and thrones are emptied.
The spirits who originate and bend [Few
All meaner hearts to wonder and obey,
As if their look were death, their word were fate;
As if they held the balance and the sword
To measure out their happiness, and give
To each his stated portion, and avenge
All such as dare to murmur.

James Gates Percival.

1607. GREATNESS, Age of.

O great bard!
Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
Nor less a sacred roll than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the archives of mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of truth,
Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!

S. T. Coleridge.

1608. GREATNESS, Conditions of.

A faithless heart, how despicably small!
Too strait aught great or generous to receive!
Filled with an atom! filled and fouled with self!
And self mistaken! self that lasts an hour!
Instincts and passions of the nobler kind
Lie suffocated there; or they alone, [open
Reason apart, would wake high hope, and
To ravished thought that intellectual sphere
Where order, wisdom, goodness, providence
Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly great desire.
The mind that would be happy must be great. . . .
Great in its wishes—great in its surveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend,
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
A man of compass makes a man of worth. . . .
Divine contemplate, and become divine.
As man was made for glory and for bliss,
All littleness is an approach to woe. . . .
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood—let in happiness;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing up to God . . . which makes a man!

Edward Young.

1609. GREATNESS, Consistent.

Be great in act as you have been in thought;
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Shakespeare.

1610. GREATNESS, Cost of.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions, see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How much of other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease;
Think, and if still the things they envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbons, if thou art silly, [Billy.
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life? [wife.
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus'
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

Alexander Pope.

1611. GREATNESS, Enduring.

A king, who by the public mouth was named the Great,
Was on his station's frailty wont to meditate.
Against all arrogance as a protecting gate
This phrase he oft repeated: "Only God is great."
Those words he bade them on the palace wall ingrain, [day remain.
Whose fragment columns, crumbling, to this
City and realm are sunk, but travellers relate
You still may read the motto: "Only God is great."

Oriental.

1612. GREATNESS, Fallen.

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! [forth
This is the state of man: to-day he puts
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms, [him:
And bears his blushing honors thick upon
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride [me,
At length broke under me; and now has left
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors! [to,
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Shakespeare.

1613. GREATNESS, False.

Mylo, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.
He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the ploughboy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown:
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!
Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Crœsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.
Isaac Watts.

1614. GREATNESS, Inspiration of.

There is a fire that has its birth
Above the proudest hills of earth;
And higher than the eternal snows
The fountain whence it rose.

It came to man in ancient days,
And fell upon his ardent gaze,
A god descending in his car,
The spirit of a star.

And as the glorious vision broke
Full on his eye, at once he woke,
And with the rush of battling steeds
He sprang to generous deeds.

Then first he stood erect and free,
And in the might of destiny
A stern, unconquerable fate
Compelled him to be great.

He strove not for the wreath of fame; [came,
From Heaven the power that moved him
And welcome as the mountain air
The voice that bade him dare.

Onward he bore, and battled still
With a most firm, enduring will;
His only hope to win and rise,
His only aim, the skies.

He saw their glories blaze afar;
A soul looked down from every star;
And from its eye of lightning flew
A glance that thrilled him through.

Full in the front of war he stood;
His home, his country claimed his blood:
Without one sigh that blood was given;
He only thought of—Heaven.
James Gates Percival.

1615. GREATNESS, Political.

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts, [tame;
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts:
History is but the shadow of their shame;
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers, knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself! in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

1616. GREATNESS, Standard of.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in man has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd,
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fel-
The rest is all but leather or prunello. [low;
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings, [kings;
That thou mayst be by kings, or wives of
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness! say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to
Or make an enemy of all mankind! [find
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes;

Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
Alexander Pope.

1617. GREATNESS, Tomb of.

Cyrus, the dreaded arbiter, a dawning empire's trust, [the just,
The eagle child of victory, the great, the wise,
Assyria's famed and conquering sword, and Media's regal strength,
Hath bowed his head to earth beneath a mightier hand at length. [o'ergrown,
There is a solitary tomb, with rankling weeds
A single palm bends mournfully beside the mouldering stone,
Amidst whose leaves the passing breeze, with fitful gust and slow,
Seems sighing forth a feeble dirge for him who sleeps below.
Beside, its sparkling drops of foam a desert fountain showers;
And, floating calm, the lotus wreathes its red and scented flowers.
Here lurks the mountain fox unseen beside the vulture's nest; [silent quest.
And steals the wild hyena forth, in lone and
Is this deserted resting-place the couch of fallen might? [inspiring light?
And ends the path of glory thus, and fame's
Chief of a progeny of kings renowned and feared afar, [thine honor's star!
How is thy boasted name forgot, and dimmed
Approach!—what saith the graven verse?
"Alas for human pride!
Dominion's envied gifts were mine, nor earth her praise denied.
Thou traveller, if a suppliant's voice find echo in thy breast, [tal rest!"
O, envy not the little dust that hides my mor-

1618. GRIEF, Angels of.

With silence only as their benediction
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given; [truly
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as
As in His heaven. *John G. Whittier.*

1619. GRIEF, Benefit of.

Not all in vain do sorrows here
Pierce with keen arrows every heart;
Lessons divine their lips impart:
There's balm and blessing in a tear.

The griefs, which every heart may know,
Which earth is powerless to console,
May keep the tendrils of the soul
From taking deeper root below.

The storm that sways the forest trees,
Still roots them deeper in the soil;
So sorrow, conflict, care and toil
Nurture our strength by slow degrees.

Though ruthless seems the Winter wild,
The spring is sleeping in its breast;
And snow-storms braid her flowery vest
For genial Spring is Winter's child.
Edward Hartly Dewart.

1620. GRIEF, Consolation for.

Yes, thou mayest weep, for Jesus shed
Such tears as those thou sheddest now,
When for the living or the dead
Sorrow lay heavy on His brow.

He sees thee weep, yet doth not blame
The weakness of thy flesh and heart;
Thy human nature is the same
As that in which He took a part.

He knows its weakness, for He felt
The crushing power of pain and woe,
How body, soul, and spirit melt
And faint beneath the stunning blow.

What if poor sinners count thy grief
The sign of an unchastened will;
He who can give thy soul relief
Knows that thou art submissive still.

Turn thee to Him, to Him alone;
For all that our poor lips can say
To soothe thee, broken-hearted one,
Would fail to comfort thee to-day.

We will not speak to thee, but sit
In prayerful silence by thy side:
Grief has its ebbs and flows; 'tis fit
Our love should wait the ebbing tide.

Jesus Himself will comfort thee,
In His own time, in His own way;
And haply more than "two or three"
Unite in prayer for thee to-day.

1621. GRIEF, Counselling.

Men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief,
Which they themselves not feel; but taste it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no! 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself. *Shakespeare.*

1622. GRIEF, Deep.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, [mark.
And let thine eye look like a friend on Den-
Do not, forever, with thy veilèd lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust: [die,
Thou know'st 'tis common—all that live must
Passing through nature to eternity.
Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief, [seem,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
Shakespeare.

1623. GRIEF, Dismission of.

Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief;
Mistaken kindness! Our hearts heal too soon.
Are they more kind than He who struck the blow;
Who bid it do His errand in our hearts,
And banish peace till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it back, a true and endless peace?
Calamities are friends. *Edward Young.*

1624. GRIEF, End of.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
Shakespeare.

1625. GRIEF, Fruits of.

From lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
"Blessed are they that mourn."

Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
A noble faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

How rich, how sweet, how full of strength,
Our human spirits are
Baptized unto the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
"O blessed are the hearts that mourn;
They shall be comforted."

1626. GRIEF, Healing for.

Oh Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from that wounded part,
Breathe sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
Oh who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day! *Thomas Moore.*

1627. GRIEF, Impressions of.

Who that a watcher doth remain
Beside a couch of mortal pain,
Deems he can ever smile again?

Or who that weeps beside a bier
Counts he has any more to fear
From the world's flatteries, false and leer!

And yet anon and he doth start
At the light toys in which his heart
Can now already claim its part.

O heart of ours! so weak and poor,
That nothing there can long endure;
And so their hurts find shameful cure,—

While every sadder, wiser thought,
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,
Fades quite away, and comes to naught.
Archbishop R. C. Trench.

1628. GRIEF, Joy from.

Thus ever in the steps of grief
Are sown the precious seeds of joy;
Each fount of Marah hath a leaf,
Whose healing balm we may employ.

Then 'mid life's fitful, fleeting day,
Look up—the sky is bright above!
Kind voices cheer thee on thy way!
Faint spirit! trust the God of love!
A. D. Woodbridge.

1629. GRIEF, Passionless.

I tell you hopeless grief is passionless—
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the mid night air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls as countries, lieth silent—bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare

Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy dead in silence like to death,
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it: the marble eyelids are not wet—
If it could weep, it could arise and go.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1630. GRIEF, Personification of.

Next him went Grief and Fury, matchèd fair;
Grief all in sable, sorrowfully clad, [cheer;
Down hanging his dull head with heavy
Yet inly being more than seeming sad;
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the heart, [led
That from thenceforth a wretched life they
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of
Dolor's dart. *Edmund Spenser.*

1631. GRIEF, Pining.

What equal torment to the grief of mind,
And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart?
What medicine can any leech's art [hide,
Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance
And will to none her malady impart?
Edmund Spenser.

1632. GRIEF, Sleepless.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake [sound of Fame
Those whom they thirst for; though the
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall [gone;
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are
The bars survive the captive they inthrall;
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun; [live on;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was [breaks;
The same, and still the more, the more it
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold. *Lord Byron.*

1633. GRIEF, Sympathy in.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, [mine.
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience; [mine,
Measure his woe the length and breadth of
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry, sorrow, wag! and hem when he should groan; [drunk
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man. *Shakespeare.*

1634. GROUND, Hallowed.

What is hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd and miss'd,
The lips repose our love has kiss'd:
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb:

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind;
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth— [birth
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground.
Thomas Campbell.

1635. GROWTH, Heavenward.

The oak-tree's boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground,
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides softly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.

1636. GROWTH, True.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.
Ben Jonson.

1637. GUIDANCE, Christ's.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. *Zinzendorf.*

1638. GUIDANCE, Divine.

Is this the way, my Father? 'Tis, my child.
Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary wild,
If thou wouldst reach the city, undefiled,
Thy peaceful home above.

But enemies are round! Yes, child, I know
That where thou least expectest thou'lt find a foe;
But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,
Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark! Child, take my hand,
Cling close to Me: I'll lead thee through the land;
Trust My all-seeing care; so shalt thou stand
'Midst glory bright above.

My footsteps seem to slide! Child, only raise
Thine eye to Me, then in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings; thou shalt praise
Me for each step above.

O Father, I am weary! Child, lean thy head
Upon My breast. It was My love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on, till I have said,
"Rest, rest for aye, above."

1639. GUIDANCE, Need of.

I stand like one has lost his way,
And no man near him to inquire it of;
Yet there's a Providence above that knows
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct
Inquiring justice: the passengers that travel
In the wide ocean where no paths are.
Look up and leave their conduct to a star.
Sir Robert Howard.

1640. GUIDANCE, Prayer for.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd, that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years!

So long Thy Power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!
John Henry Newman.

1641. GUIDANCE, Seeking.

To what am I reserved? Great God,
The counsel of Thy will display;
Nor let me underneath the load
Of anxious doubt forever stay.

Thou seest I cannot journey on
Till Thou the lingering cloud remove,
And make the destined action known,
And lead me by the fire of love.

My every choice, desire, design,
I now implicitly submit;
My will is fixed to follow Thine,
And lies indifferent at Thy feet.

Loosed and detached, I cease from man;
Opinions, names, are clean forgot;
This all my aim, and all my plan,
To do, and be—I know not what.

But wilt Thou not at last appear,
Make darkness light before my face,
And crooked straight, and doubtful clear,
And show, and shine on all my ways?

Who on Thine only truth depend,
Who Thee mine only Master own;
To me Thou wilt Thy Spirit send,
And govern me Thyself alone.

Thy wisdom and Thy power shall join
To effectuate what Thy Love decrees;
My work, and place, and friends assign,
And crown the whole with full success.
Charles Wesley.

1642. GUILT, Beginning of.

Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.
Young.

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads even those who claim
The homage of mankind as their born due,
And find it till they forfeit it themselves.
Lord Byron.

He who once sins, like him who slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice;
Though conscience check him, yet these rubs gone o'er, [more.
He glides on smoothly and looks back no
Juvenal.

1643. GUILT, Remorse of.

Moloch. There is a power
Mightier than pride, or war, or pleasure's thrall,
Or greed of gold—the intolerable pangs
Of conscience seeking rest and finding none,
The terror which hath torment. Slighting this, [wrong.
We do ourselves, we do our cause much
Friends, I have seen the wretched outcast rove,
Driven by the anguish of tyrannic guilt,
From land to land self-exiled. I have seen
Parents imbrue their clench'd hands in the blood
Of their own children. Nor do I despair
Of more. So dreadful are the shadows cast
From the dark outlines of that prison of death
Whence never yet a prisoner return'd.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1644. GUILT, Scourge of.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings; the blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness. *Nicholas Rowe.*

1645. HABIT, Slaves of.

The slaves of custom and established mode,
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.
And such an age as ours balks no expense,
Except of caution and of common sense.
William Cowper.

1646. HABITS, Change of.

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass and many sorrows;
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.
Nicholas Rowe.

1647. HABITS, Evil.

When at first from virtue's path we stray
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay!
More bold at length, by powerful habit led,
Careless and seared the dreary wild we tread;
Behold the gaping gulf of sin with scorn,
And plunging deep, to endless death are borne.
J. Scott.

1648. HABITS, Growth of.

We are not worst at once; the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stop the breach with clay; [phy,
But let the stream grow wider, and Philoso-
Aye, and Religion too, may strive in vain
To stem the headlong current.

1649. HABITS, Holy.

Slowly fashioned, link by link,
Slowly waxing strong,
Till the spirit never shrink,
Save from touch or wrong.

Holy habits are thy wealth,
Golden pleasant chains;
Passing earth's prime blessing—health
Endless, priceless gains.

Holy habits give thee place
With the noblest, best,
All most god-like, of thy race,
And with seraphs blest.

Holy habits are thy joy,
Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Yielding good without alloy,
Lengthening, too, thy days.

Seek them, Christian, night and morn,
Seek them noon and even;
Seek them till thy soul be born
Without stains—in Heaven. *T. Davis.*

1650. HAPPINESS, Aiming for.

To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and evil;
In earth, yea, in heaven, if thou seek it for thyself, seeking thou shalt not find.
Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of Usefulness;
Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is a fragrance to thy spirit;
Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal,
Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy. *M. F. Tupper.*

1651. HAPPINESS, Attaining.

Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said; 'tis the pursuit of all that live,
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained;
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flowery paths of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goodness. *John Armstrong.*

1652. HAPPINESS, Caution of.

How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour! [exults!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend. [bless'd;
Thou happy wretch! by blindness thou art
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, smiler! at thy peril thou art pleased:
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Is Heaven tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
And in its favors formidable too: [favors;
Its favors here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cause and consequence;
O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye,
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert:
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them: nay, invert
To worse than simple misery their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenomed rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness: beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Edward Young.

1653. HAPPINESS, Chance of.

Oh happy you! who blest with present bliss,
See not with fatal prescience future tears,
Nor the dear moment of enjoyment miss
Through gloomy discontent, or sullen fears
Foreboding many a storm for coming years;
Change is the lot of all. Ourselves with scorn
Perhaps shall view what now so fair appears;
And wonder whence the fancied charm was born,
Which now with vain despair from our fond grasp is torn. *Mrs. Mary Tighe.*

1654. HAPPINESS, Christian.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who spreads His arms and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine! and naught of earthly things, [power,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.

"Go, worthless world," I cry, "with all that's thine;
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine."

The good I have is from His store supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
With Him my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside, [sessed.
And poor without Him, though of all pos-
Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,—
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen: [clines,
A glorious Sun that wanes not, nor de-
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene, [shines.
And sweetly on His people's darkness
All may depart,—I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling; lifts me up when down;
Reclaims me wandering; guards from every foe; [crown,
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But, when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.
Henry Francis Lyte.

1655. HAPPINESS, Conditions of.

Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still. . . .
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports:
Rich from within, and self-sustained, the
The true is fixed and solid as a rock: [true,
Slippery the false, and tossing as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain:
That, like the fabled, self-enamored boy,
Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself. . . .
Then, envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Edward Young.

1656. HAPPINESS, Desire for.

Love God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy:
These were the words first uttered in the ear
Of every being rational made, and made
For thought, or word, or deed accountable.
Most men the first forgot, the second none.
Whatever path they took, by hill or vale,
By night or day, the universal wish,

The aim, and sole intent, was happiness:
But, erring from the Heaven-appointed path,
Strange tracks indeed they took through barren wastes,
And up the sandy mountain climbing toiled,
Which, pining, lay beneath the curse of God,
And naught produced: yet did the traveller look,
And point his eye before him greedily,
As if he saw some verdant spot, where grew
The heavenly flower, where sprung the well of life.
Where undisturbed felicity reposed; [cern,
Though Wisdom's eye no vestige could dis-
That happiness had ever passed that way.
Robert Pollok.

1657. HAPPINESS, Domestic.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of virtue; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
William Cowper.

1658. HAPPINESS, Example of.

He is the happy man whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it and were he free to choose, [peace the fruit
Would make his fate his choice; whom
Of virtue, and whom virtue fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
William Cowper.

1659. HAPPINESS, Gauge of.

The Greeks said grandly, in their tragic phrase,
"Let no one be called happy till his death."
To which I add, Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out, and the labor done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven, at least
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honor us with truth, if not with praise.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1660. HAPPINESS, Haunts of.

True happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb. [went,
Where duty went, she went, with justice
And went with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fann'd; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish,—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
Robert Pollok.

1661. HAPPINESS, King's Idea of.

King Henry. O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
Shakespeare.

1662. HAPPINESS, Plant of.

True happiness is not the growth of earth.
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.
Sweet plant of Paradise! its seeds are sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould;
It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was known
To blossom here—the climate is too cold.
R. B. Sheridan.

1663. HAPPINESS, Quest of.

Tell me, ye wingèd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—
"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,—
"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—
"Yes, in heaven!" *Charles Mackay.*

1664. HAPPINESS, Price of.

How cheap
Is genuine happiness, and yet how dearly
Do we all pay for its base counterfeit!
We fancy wants, which to supply we dare
Danger and death, enduring the privation
Of all free nature offers in her bounty,
To attain that, which, in its full fruition,
Brings but satiety. The poorest man
May taste of nature in her element, [richest,
Pure, wholesome, never cloying; while the
From the same stores, does but elaborate
A pungent dish of well-concocted poison.
J. N. Barker.

1665. HAPPINESS, Theories of.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name: [eternal sigh
That something still which prompts the
For which we bear to live or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow? [shrine,
Fair opening to some court's propitious
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee. [are blind;
Ask of the learned the way? The learned
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain; [vain!
Some, swelled to gods, confess even virtue
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall—
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Alexander Pope.

1666. HAPPINESS, True.

O happy soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his honors here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.
Isaac Watts.

1667. HAPPINESS, Trustful.

Through the love of God our Saviour
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favor;
All, all is well!
Precious is the blood that heal'd us,
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the Hand stretch'd forth to shield us;
All must be well!

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;

Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well!
Happy, still to God abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well!

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well!
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying
All must be well! *Mary Bowly.*

1668. HAPPINESS, Virtue and.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below;"
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives;
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
Forever exercis'd, yet never tir'd:
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find:
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul.
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still and opens on his soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find.)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
Alexander Pope.

1669. HARVEST, Analogy of.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!
Henry Alford.

1670. HARVEST, End of the.

The time for toil has passed, and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did but what I strove to do—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Elizabeth Akers.

1671. HARVEST, Hymn of.

Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd:
Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If Summer warms the fruitful earth;
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripen'd grain;
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest! all is Thine!
The rains that falls, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound!

John Hampden Gurney.

1672. HARVEST, Spiritual.

The harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

Burgess.

1673. HATRED, Cure of.

Is he not sailing,
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and
is he not guided
By the same star that guides thee? Why should'st thou hate, then, thy brother?
Hateth he thee? Forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; on earth it is called *forgiveness.* *Bishop Tegner.*

1674. HATRED, Misanthropic.

Warp'd by the world in disappointment's school,
In words too wise, in conduct *there* a fool;
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
He curs'd those virtues as the cause of ill,
And not the traitors who betray'd him still;
Nor deem'd that gifts bestow'd on better men,
Had left him joy, and means to give again.
Feared, shunned, belied, ere youth had lost her force,
He hated men too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.

Lord Byron.

1675. HATRED, Poison of.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm:
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

Lord Byron.

1676. HATRED, Wish of.

Oh, that I could but mate him in his might,
Oh, that we were on the dark wave together,
With but one plank between us and destruction, [arms,
That I might grasp him in these desperate
And plunge with him amid the weltering
And view him gasp for life. [billows,

Charles R. Maturin.

1677. HEARING, Attentive.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

George Herbert.

1678. HEARING, Mystery of.

Thy functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! And a spirit aërial
Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
To enter than oracular cave;
Strict passage thro' which sighs are brought,
And whispers for the heart their slave:
And shrieks, that revel in abuse
Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,

Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair;
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's last retreats!
William Wordsworth.

1679. HEARING, Sense of.

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense;
For even the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence; [ill.
And knowing not what's good, yet find the
And though this sense first gentle music sound,
Her proper object is the speech of men;
But that speech, chiefly, which God's heralds sound,
When their tongues utter what His spirit wrote. *Sir John Davies.*

1680. HEART, Activity of the.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.
Von Logau, tr. by H. W. Longfellow.

1681. HEART, Breaking a.

When other things are broken, they are nothing worth, [er;
Unless it be to some old Jew or some repair-
But hearts, the more they're bruised and broken here on earth, [er.
In heaven are so much the costlier and the fair-
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1682. HEART, Bitterness of.

Its bitterness the heart alone can know—
The blight, the death of hope, and love, and fame;
The fire that all can dim but none can tame;
Departed peace, which time can ne'er bestow;
The tender feelings of unsullied years,
When earth and heaven are beautiful and bright,
When nothing dims the eye's serenest light,
And life is fairer seen through innocent tears.
O, who would wear the tedious years away,
That hang around us like a rusted chain,
Clinging the closer each dull, joyless day,
And printing all its links in scars of pain,
O, who can feel this bitterness of heart,
This death-like chill, that curdles all the soul,
This ever-writhing round a venomed dart,
Nor keenly wish to reach life's final goal.
James Gates Percival.

1683. HEART, Burying a.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God."
William Edmondstoune Aytoun.

1684. HEART, Calls to the.

Who calleth thee, Heart? World's Strife,
With a golden heft to his knife:
World's Mirth, with a finger fine
That draws on a board in wine
Her blood-red plans of life:
World's Gain, with a brow knit down:
World's Fame, with a laurel crown,
Which rustles most as the leaves turn brown—
Heart, wilt thou go?
—"No, no!
Calm hearts are wiser so."

Howbeit all is not lost:
The warm noon ends in frost,
The worldly tongues of promise,
Like sheep-bells die off from us
On the desert hills cloud-crossed!
Yet, through the silence, shall
Pierce the death-angel's call,
And "Come up hither," recover all.
Heart, wilt thou go?
—"I go!
Broken hearts triumph so."
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1685. HEART, Changes in the.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes, night and day, too, like the sky; [driven,
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be
And darkness and destruction, as on high;
But when it hath been scorch'd and pierc'd and riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to tears. *Lord Byron.*

1686. HEART, Christ in the.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,—
So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.
The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs Thy hand divine: [chords,
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch its
Till every note and string shall answer Thine. *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

1687. HEART, Consecration of the.

"Had I a thousand hearts, I'd raise
Them all in my Redeemer's praise,"
We sometimes cry;
And still we find it hard to give
Our one poor offering, and live
As He were by!

O purest, truest, boundless love!
Worthy of Him who reigns above,—
Our heavenly guide!
He takes the heart we fain would give,
He deigns in it Himself to live,
With us to 'bide.

Tune, Lord, this heart as 'twere a lyre
Of heavenly make, till every wire
And every chord

Wake but one strain—one deepest thrill,
Long, louder, sweeter, fuller still,—
Love to my Lord.
Louisa von Plettenbaus.

1688. HEART, Contents of the.

I'll introduce thee to a single heart;
A human heart; we enter not the worst:
But one by God's renewing Spirit touched;
A Christian heart, awaked from sleep of sin.
What seest thou here? what mark'st? observe it well— [tress,
Will, passion, reason, hopes, fears, joy, dis-
Peace, turbulence, simplicity, deceit,
Good, ill, corruption, immortality.
A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
Oft lodging fiends; the dwelling-place of all
The heavenly virtues—charity and truth,
Humility, and holiness, and love,
And yet the common haunt of anger, pride,
Hatred, revenge, and passions foul with lust;
Allied to heaven, yet parleying oft with hell;
A soldier listed in Messiah s band,
Yet giving quarter to Abaddon's troops:
With seraphs drinking from the well of life,
And yet carousing in the cup of death;
An heir of heaven, and walking thitherward,
Yet casting back a covetous eye on earth:
Emblem of strength and weakness; loving now,
And now abhorring sin; indulging now,
And now repenting sore; rejoicing now
With joy unspeakable, and full of glory;
Now weeping bitterly, and clothed in dust.
A man willing to do, and doing not;
Doing, and willing not; embracing what
He hates, what most he loves abandoning.
Half saint, and sinner half—half life, half death; [and Hell!
Commixture strange of Heaven, and Earth,
What seest thou here? what mark'st? A battle-field— [war
Two banners spread; two dreadful fronts of
In shock of opposition fierce engaged—
God, angels, saw whole empires rise in arms;
Saw kings exalted; heard them tumbled down;
And others raised, and heeded not; but here
God, angels, looked; God, angels, fought; and Hell
With all his legions fought: here error fought
With truth; with darkness light; and life with death:
And here not kingdoms, reputations, worlds,
Were won; the strife was for eternity;
The victory was never-ending bliss;
The badge, a chaplet from the tree of life.
Robert Pollok.

1689. HEART, Cross and.

Cross, most adored, to thee I give my heart;
Heart I have not, except to love thy cross.
Cross, thou hast won my wayward, alien heart;
Heart, thou hast owned the triumph of the cross.
Cross, tree of life, to thee I nail my heart;
Heart cannot live that lives not on the cross.
Cross, be thy blood the cleansing of my heart;
Heart, be thy blood an offering to the cross.
Cross, thou shalt have the homage of my heart;
Heart, thou shalt be the temple of the cross.
Cross, blessed is he who yields to thee his heart;
Heart, rest secure, thou cleavest to the cross.
Cross, key of heaven, open every heart;
Heart, every heart, receive the holy cross.

1690. HEART, Darkness in the.

Festus. Some seem to live,
Whose hearts are like those unenlightened stars [less—
Of the first darkness—lifeless, timeless, use-
With nothing but a cold night air about them;
Not suns—not planets—darkness organized,
Orbs of a desert darkness, with no soul
To light its watch-fire in the wilderness,
And civilize the solitude one moment.
There are such seemingly; but how or why
They live I know not. This to me is life:
That if life be a burden, I will join
To make it but the burden of a song
Philip James Bailey.

1691. HEART, Depravity of the.

Lord, when we search the human heart,
We find a fallen world within;
There is no health in any part,
Sin reigns throughout, and death by sin.

Large provinces are pagan still,
Where other lords dominion share;
Idols of mind, affection, will,
The power of darkness triumphs there.

Here, the false prophet's wild domains,
Where lust, and cruelty, and hate,
With baleful passions, fire the veins,
And seal the conscience up in fate.

'Midst all the stubborn, stiff-necked Jew,
Blind, like his kindred prone to roam,
Denies the Saviour whom he slew,
Mammon his God, and earth his home.

I know a bosom, which within
Contains the world's sad counterpart;
'Tis here,—the reign of death and sin;
O God! evangelize my heart!

Then will I strive, through earth's whole round,
Thy name, Thy knowledge to diffuse;
And send the Gospel's joyful sound
To pagans, infidels, and Jews.
James Montgomery.

1692. HEART, Germs in the.

A young maiden's heart
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs,
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season;
And tho' the love of home first breaks the soil,
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,
While that one fades, as summer's lush of bloom

Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.
Maids must be wives and mothers, to fulfil
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.
Frances Anne Kemble.

1693. HEART God's Love for the.

With God 'tis one
To guide a sunbeam or create a sun—
To rule ten thousand thousand worlds or none.
Go, worlds! said God, but learn, ere ye de-
My favored temple is an humble heart; [part,
Therein to dwell I leave my loftiest skies—
There shall my holy of all holies rise!
Philip James Bailey.

1694. HEART, Highway of the.

A wretched thing it were, to have our heart
Like a broad highway or a populous street,
Where every idle thought has leave to meet,
Pause, or pass on, as in an open mart;
Or like some roadside pool, which no nice art
Has guarded, that the cattle may not beat
And foul it with a multitude of feet,
Till of the heavens it can give back no part.
But keep thou thine a holy solitude, [alone;
For He who would walk there, would walk
He who would drink there, must be first endued
With single right to call that stream his own;
Keep thou thine heart, close-fastened, unrevealed,
A fenced garden and a fountain sealed.
Richard Chenevix Trench.

1695. HEART, Influence of the.

'Tis Home where'er the heart is:
Where'er its lov'd ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Thronged haunts or mossy dell;
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is;
Its fairy spells can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert spring.
There are green isles in each ocean,
O'er which affection glides;
And a haven on each shore,
When love's the star that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is;
Nor chains, nor dungeon dim,
May check the mind's aspirings,
The spirit's pealing hymn!
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power,—
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

1696. HEART, Music in the.

There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart;
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holier strain repeat.
John Keble.

1697. HEART, Occupants of the.

Within the heart of ev'ry man are found a hundred swine; [your body twine.
Slay these, or the Brahmanic cord around
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1698. HEART, Out of Tune.

Blue bends the sky above,
Blue runs the stream below,
Earth quiet as a dove;
Would that my heart were so!
Nor leaf nor shadow falls,
On all the green hillside;
Even to the cuckoo's calls
Echo but half replied.
So lazy goes the hour,
The very dragon-fly,
Perched on the dozing flower,
Moves neither wing nor eye.
Bird, blossom, branch, and stream,
All quiet as the air;
And lying, as in a dream,
Earth seemeth passing fair.
Oh, what a hymn divine
Breathes from this golden noon;
Only this heart of mine
Is beating out of tune!

1699. HEART, Soil of the.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had—
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees
A paradise of mysteries—
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?
These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts; culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.
And such is man. A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds:
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as the aconite:
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or flow'ret fair.
John Bowring.

1700. HEART, Storms in the.

The ills that darken life
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm;
The ocean, lashed to fury loud,
Its high waves mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity
To passion's dark and boundless sea.
There sleeps no calm, there smiles no rest,
When storms are warring in the breast;
There is no moment of repose
In bosoms lashed in hidden woes;
The scorpion stings, the fury rears,
And every trembling fibre tears;

The vulture preys with bloody beak
Upon the heart that can out break!
James Wallis Eastburn.

1701. HEART, Temple of the.

Beats there a heart within that breast of thine?
Then compass reverently its sacred shrine:
For the true spiritual Caaba is the heart,
And no proud pile of perishable art. [sign
When God ordained the pilgrim rite, that
Was meant to lead thy thought to things divine.
A thousand times *he* treads that round in vain
Who e'en one human heart would idly pain.
Leave wealth behind; bring God thy heart—best light [dark night.
To guide thy wavering steps through life's
God spurns the riches of a thousand coffers,
And says, "My chosen is he his heart who
Nor gold nor silver seek I, but above [offers.
All gifts, the heart, and buy it with My love;
Yea, one sad, contrite heart, which men despise,
More than My throne and fixed decree I prize."
Then think not lowly of thy heart, though lowly,
For holy is it, and there dwells the Holy.
God's presence-chamber is the human breast;
Ah, happy he whose heart holds such a guest!
Oriental, tr. by Professor Falconer.

1702. HEART, Weakness of the.

Which is the weakest thing of all
Mine heart can ponder?
The sun a little cloud can pall
With darkness yonder?
The cloud a little wind can move
Where'er it listeth?
The wind, a little leaf above,
Though sear, resisteth?

What time that yellow leaf was green,
My days were gladder;
But now, whatever Spring may mean,
I must grow sadder.
Ah me! a *leaf* with sighs can wring
My lips asunder—
Then is mine heart the weakest thing
Itself can ponder.

Yet, Heart, when sun and cloud are pined
And drop together,
And at a blast which is not wind
The forests wither,
Thou from the darkening, deathly curse,
To glory breakest—
The Strongest of the universe
Guarding the weakest!
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1703. HEATHEN, Judging the.

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian's lowliest forest mound—
And *they* have made it holy ground.
O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature own her simple child!
And Nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known,
The hidden language traced thereon;
Who from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings;
Not with our partial eye shall scan,
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban
The spirit of our brother man!
John Greenleaf Whittier.

1704. HEATHENISM, Gods of.

Apollyon, Baalim, Beelzebub,
Bel, Dagon, Chemosh, Nisroch, Arioch,
Merodach, Moloch, these and countless more,
With hosts of spirits subordinate to each,
They to their princedoms, these to Satan
Ranged in imperious tyranny abroad, [bound,
And chose their various realms as liked them best,
And parcell'd out the kingdoms of the world
Amongst them as their rightful heritage.
Each region had its dynasty of gods:
Primeval Asshur hers, whose altars blazed
Upon the plains of Shinar: Persia hers,
Beside her founts of liquid fire: and where
The mighty Indus rolls its tide of wealth,
Innumerable shrines, sparkling with gems,
Studded the odorous banks. But none like Greece
Could boast its names of graceful deities
For every fountain, and for every breeze,
For every stream, and wood, and ocean shore,
For night and day, for sunshine, and for storm,
For every changeful phase of Nature's moods,
For every passion of the human heart,
For wine, for war, for laughter, and for tears,
For nuptial dances, and for funeral dirge,
For all things from the cradle to the grave
And past the grave in Hades—over all
Were gods, or goddesses, or demigods, [dent;
Sylphs, nymphs, fawns, muses, graces presi-
For here the sevenfold power of Ashtaroth,
Encamping with his limitary hosts,
First fix'd his seat, in after years removed
Where Tiber rolls beneath the walls of Rome.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1705. HEAVEN, Appearance of.

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far,
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted: here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed: there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems.
William Wordsworth.

1706. HEAVEN, Approach to.

And lo, upon the extreme verge of cloud,
As once at Eden's portals there appear'd

A company of angels clothed in light,
Thronging the path or in the amber air
Suspense. And in the twinkling of an eye
We were among them, and they cluster'd round [again
And waved their wings, and struck their harps
For gladness: every look was tenderness,
And every word was musical with joy.

"Welcome to heaven, dear brother, welcome home.
Welcome to thy inheritance of light!
Welcome forever to thy Master's joy!
Thy work is done, thy pilgrimage is past;
Thy guardian angel's vigil is fulfill'd;
Thy parents wait thee in the bowers of bliss;
Thy infant babes have woven wreaths for thee;
Thy brethren who have enter'd into rest
Long for thy coming; and the angel choirs
Are ready with their symphonies of praise.
Nor shall thy voice be mute: a golden harp
For thee is hanging on the trees of life;
And sweetly shall its chords forever ring,
Responsive to thy touch of ecstasy,
With Hallelujahs to thy Lord and ours."

So sang they; and that vast defile of clouds
Re-echoed with the impulses of song
And music, and the atmosphere serene
Throbb'd with innumerable greetings.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1707. HEAVEN, Attractions of.

Though earth has still many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright, [glad sight,
Is the hope of the heart, and the spirit's
In the land which no mortal may know.

There the water of life, bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on and forever will flow;
Its waves as they roll are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life, in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.

Oh! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know.
Bernard Barton.

1708. HEAVEN, A Year in.

One year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been,
One year has heaven's white portal shut back the sound of sin;
And yet no voice, no whisper comes floating down from thee, [may be.
To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven

Our hearts before it listen—the beautiful closed gate: [we wait
The silence yearns around us: we listen and
It is thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies bloom; [no room?
In thine immortal garland canst find for these

Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking with us here:
Now from the heights of heaven seems earth no longer dear?
We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed state afar, [distant star.
Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and

Heaven is but life made richer; therein can be no loss:
To meet our love and longing thou hast no gulf to cross:
No adamant between us uprears its rocky screen; [serene.
A veil before us only:—thou hast the light

That veil 'twixt earth and heaven a breath might waft aside:
We breathe one air, beloved, we follow one dear Guide: [rain,
Passed into open vision, out of our mist and
Thou seest how sorrow blossoms, how peace is won from pain.

And half we feel thee leaning from thy deep calm of bliss, [is!
To say of earth, "Beloved, how beautiful it
The lilies in this splendor—the green leaves in this dew; [clothed anew!"
O earth is also heaven, with God's light

Because we know thee near us and nearer still to Him [brim,
Who fills the cup of being with glory to the
We will not stain with grieving our fair, though fainter light, [sight.
But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in

And as in waves of beauty the swift years come and go, [flow,
Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall
Hearing, from that sweet country where blighting never came,
Love chime the hours immortal, in earth and heaven the same. *Lucy Larcom.*

1709. HEAVEN, Beauties of.

Beautiful Zion, built above!
Beautiful city that I love!
Beautiful gates of pearly white!
Beautiful temple, God its light!

Beautiful trees, forever there!
Beautiful fruits they always bear!
Beautiful rivers gliding by!
Beautiful fountains, never dry!

Beautiful light, without the sun!
Beautiful day revolving on!

Beautiful worlds on worlds untold!
Beautiful streets of shining gold!

Beautiful heaven where all is light!
Beautiful angels clothed in white!
Beautiful songs that never tire!
Beautiful harps through all the choir!

Beautiful crowns on every brow!
Beautiful palms the conquerors show!
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear!
Beautiful all who enter there!

Beautiful throne for God the Lamb!
Beautiful seats at God's right hand!
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease!
Beautiful home of perfect peace!

George Gill.

1710. HEAVEN, Bliss of.

We're going home, we've had visions bright
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd,
And the waves of bliss are flowing round.
Oh! that beautiful world! oh, that beautiful world!

We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free!
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good;
Where stars, once dimm'd at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth's bloom.
Oh, that beautiful world! oh, that beautiful world!

'Mid the ransom'd throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.
Oh, that beautiful world! oh, that beautiful world!

1711. HEAVEN, Christ in.

When on my new-fledged wings I rise
To tread those shores beyond the skies,
What object first should meet my eyes,
And where should I begin my joys?
I'll run through every golden street
And ask each blissful soul I meet,
Where is the God whose praise ye sing?
O lead me, stranger, to your King!

1712. HEAVEN, City of.

In Thee my powers, my treasures live,
To Thee my life must tend;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!
And wherefore should I seek above
The city in the sky?
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised?

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven!

Eliza Scudder.

1713. HEAVEN, Cloudless.

No shadows yonder!
All light and song;
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?

No weeping yonder!
All fled away;
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder;
Hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp forever.

None wanting yonder,
Bought by the Lamb!
All gathered under
The evergreen palm;
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

Horatius Bonar.

1714. HEAVEN, Communing in.

Oft in my mansion would some elder saint
(For dignity was there humility)
Linger and tell his story, or ask mine:
Or I would listen from an infant's lip
A tale of such delightsomeness as poured
New meaning into words henceforth. And oft
A group of the beatified, enlink'd
In all the bonds of holy lineage,
Would cluster underneath the trees of life,
One eye kindling another, one deep thought
Waking another thought, and this another,
Until all bosoms overflow'd with love,
And all perforce would hasten to the throne,
And at their Father's footstool pour their hearts
In one full tide of rapture forth.

Sweet was the intercourse of saint with saint;
Nor less of saints with angels. Now appear'd
The lustrous promise which ordain'd at first
That in Messiah's Bridal angelhood
Should find its perfected felicity:

Whether rejoicing in the Bridegroom's joy;
Or drinking in the beauty of the Bride;
Or with some ward, as Oriel oft with me,
Retracing in astonish'd retrospect, [sprang
How good from evil, light from darkness
By counsel of All-wise, Almighty love.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1715. HEAVEN, Degrees in.

If loftier posts superior state declare;
More virtuous acts if ampler meeds requite;
If brightest crowns on noblest prowess light,
And well-sown fields a fuller harvest bear;
If thrones, dominions, princedoms, powers there are,
Which God's inferior hosts excel in might,
If day's bright orb outshine the lamp of night,
And Hesper's radiance the remotest star:
Then shall the younger brethren of the sky,
If right I scan the records of their fate,
In varied ranks of social harmony
God's mount encircle. Glorious is the state
E'en of the lowest there: but seats more nigh
The Sovereign's throne His greater servants wait.
Bishop Mant.

1716. HEAVEN, Delights of.

Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land; could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred Throne
Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above!

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky. *Anne Steele.*

1717. HEAVEN, Description of.

Before us now it rose, builded aloft
Upon the heavenly Zion. Never eye
Of mortal man had seen, nor ear had heard,
Though ravish'd with the distant fame thereof,
Glory like this; the handiwork of God,
And fashion'd of heaven's choice material, light, [cent shone:
Through which the Light of Light translu-
The mansion of Creation's Architect;
The palace of the Everlasting King:
Its gates of pearl, its edifice of gold;
Its very streets of pure crystalline gold;
Its walls on twelve foundations superposed
(Of which divine realities the earth
Can only lend its feeble semblances),
The jasper streak'd with many a tender dye,
The sapphire of celestial blue serene,
The agate once Chalcedon's peerless boast,
The fathomless repose of emerald,
The ruby, and blood-tinctured sardonyx,
The chrysolite like amber sheathing fire,
The beryl emulous of ocean's sheen,
The opal-tinted topaz clear as glass,
The soft pale purple of the chrysoprase,
The Melibœan hyacinth, and last
The lucid violet of amethyst.
But not of pearly gates, or golden streets,
Or bulwarks, or foundations built of jewels
Thought we that day, or linger'd to admire;
For we were on our way to meet our God.

The city had no temple; for itself
From wall to wall, from base to pinnacle,
Was one harmonious veilless sanctuary,
One Holiest of all: of which the shrine
Reveal'd amid the clouds of Sinai
Yielded the earliest pattern. This the house
Which Israel's royal seer in symbol saw,
And by the Spirit's hand on his described.
This the beloved apostle, rapt in spirit
To some high watch among the lasting hills,
Beheld. Most blessed, beatific sight!
Here veil'd in radiant clouds, clouds only call'd [folded,
From the supreme of brightness they en-
Was set the throne of Majesty in heaven.
In front seven ever-burning lamps of fire,
Which are the Spirits of God: and round about
Mysterious cherubim, instinct with eyes,
Fourfold in glory, symbolized in forms
Of lion-like imperial royalty,
Of patient sacrificial ministry,
Of human, more than human sympathy,
Of soaring eagle-plumed intelligence,
Most highest of all creatures, whereof each
Caught and reflected some peculiar rays,
Some distinct aspect of his Lord; but all
Uniting in one everlasting song,
Cried, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of hosts."
And here around were four-and-twenty thrones
In wider circuit, like a starry belt,
And on them four-and-twenty hierarchs
In priestly' apparel, but with kingly crowns,
Sitting sublime. And in mid view, behold,
What seem'd the likeness of a sea of glass.
But not on glassy sea, or royal priests,
Or cherubim of glory gazed we then;

For we were on our way to meet our God,
Children about to see their Father's face.
. . . . . But at last
It seem'd as rising from the sapphire throne
Messiah led us forth at large to view
The city' Himself had builded and prepared
After His Father's counsel for His Bride,
A city, or a temple, or a home,
Or rather all in one. Enrich'd it was
With every exquisite design of love,
And every form of beauty. Not a film
Stain'd its bright pavement of transparent gold;
Not a harsh murmur vex'd its silences,
Or with the melodies of angels jarr'd.
No cloud darken'd its empyrean. Joy
Held court here in its own metropolis.
And through the midst the crystal river flow'd
Exhaustless from the everlasting throne,
Shaded on either side by trees of life
Which yielded in unwearying interchange
Their ripe vicissitude of monthly fruits
Amid their clustering leaves medicinal;
Of fruits twelve manner: for eternity,
Measured by ages limitless to man,
Has intervals and periods of bliss
And high recurring festivals that stand
On the sidereal calends mark'd in light. [God
Through these celestial groves the Lamb of
Led us delighted. Every sight and sound
Ravish'd the sense: and every loving heart
Reflected joy to joy and light to light,
Like crystals in a cave flashing with fire,
And multiplied our bliss a million-fold.
O blessed royal priesthood! priests and kings
Under the Great High Priest and Prince of Peace,
Who now in tender grace assign'd to each
His priestly' abode within the House of God
(So Solomon around his temple built
The chambers for its stated ministries),
Where each might be alone with God, or mix
In converse with his fellow-saints at will,
Adorn'd with those peculiar gifts He knew,
Who knows us better than we know ourselves,
Would gratify those tastes and feelings most
Himself had planted: delicate delights;
If little, loving from their littleness, [vised;
Which nought but Love could ever have de-
If rich and large, more precious from the love
That gave them than from excellence or cost;
The bounties of a Father's thoughtfulness,
The tokens of the Bridegroom's tenderness.
Gifts of the Spirit and with His love instinct.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1718. HEAVEN, Desiring.

Let me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest;
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared His people's rest.
I would gain the realms of brightness,
Where they dwell for evermore;
I would join the friends that wait me,
Over on the other shore.
Let me go; 'tis Jesus calls me;
Let me gain the realms of day;
Bear me over, angel pinions;
Longs my soul to be away.

Let me go where none are weary—
Where is raised no wail of woe;
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart; I cannot stay.

Let me go; why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

Let me go where tears and sighing
Are forevermore unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

Let me go, O speed my journey,
Saints and seraphs lure away,
O! I almost feel the raptures
That belong to endless day.
Oft methinks I hear the singing
That is only heard above,
Let me go, O! speed my going,
Let me go where all is love.

L. Hartsough.

1719. HEAVEN, Dreams of.

Dream'st thou of heaven?—what dreams are thine,
Fair child, fair, gladsome child,
With eyes that like the dew-drop shine,
And bounding footsteps wild!

Tell me what hues the immortal shore
Can wear, my bird, to thee,
E're yet one shadow hath passed o'er
Thy glance and spirit free?

"O, beautiful is heaven and bright,
With long, long summer-days;
I see its lilies gleam in light,
Where many a fountain plays.

"And there, unchecked, methinks I rove,
And seek where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove,
Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine!
Say, with what solemn glory fraught
Is heaven in dreams of thine?

"O, where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,

My soul, a wanderer here, shall know
The exile-thirst no more.

"The burden of a stranger's heart,
Which here along I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With my first wakening there.

"And, borne on eagle's wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every realm, from every star,
Of glory and of power."

O woman! with the soft, sad eye
Of spiritual gleam,
Tell me, of those bright worlds on high,
How doth thy fond heart dream?

By thy sweet, mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved in fear and woe;
Say, what is heaven to thee?

"O, heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt love's meeting hour;
Where from the past no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower;

"Where every severed wreath is bound;
Where none have heard the knell
That smites the heart with that deep sound,
Farewell, beloved—farewell."

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

1720. HEAVEN, Employment in.

Service there is rest,
Rest, service: for the Paradise of saints,
Like Eden with its toilless husbandry,
Has many plants to tend, and flowers to twine,
And fruit trees in the garden of the soul,
That ask the culture of celestial skill. [meads,
Some wander'd amid vines, and flowery
And from the grateful lips of angels learn'd
More virtues than he knew who spake of trees
From cedars to the hyssop on the wall.
Some perfected their skill in dance and song,
With lyre or lute accompanied, and made
Those woods and valleys vocal with sweet sounds, [birds
Sweeter than those which from a thousand
Fill Vallombrosa's vale in spring-time. Here
It was perpetual spring. Some clomb with ease,
Swift as the winds, the everlasting hills,
And from their summit bathed in light survey'd [mused:
The glorious landscape. Some in silence
Heaven has its calm unbroken solitudes
For prayer and lonely meditation meet.
And some in clusters, walking or recline,
Heard from an elder saint or guardian spirit
The awful story of the past, or bent
Over the mystic chart of prophecy,
Brother to brother saying, "It is done.
The day-spring is at hand."

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1721. HEAVEN, Entering.

Here is no bootless quest;
The city's name is Rest;
Here shall no fear appall;
Here love is all in all;
Here shalt thou win thy ardent soul's desire;
Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.
Lift, lift thy wondering eyes!
Yonder is Paradise,
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of that land!
And these that throng to meet thee are thy kin
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
The city gates unfold; enter, O enter in!

1722. HEAVEN, Epitome of.

Zion is our home;
Jerusalem, the city of our God.
O happy home! O happy children here!
O blissful mansions of our Father's house!
O walks surpassing Eden for delight! [tears:
Here are the harvests reap'd once sown in
Here is the rest by ministry enhanced:
Here is the banquet of the wine of heaven,
Riches of glory incorruptible,
Crowns, amaranthine crowns of victory,
The voice of harpers harping on their harps,
The anthems of the holy cherubim,
The crystal river of the Spirit's joy,
The Bridal palace of the Prince of Peace,
The Holiest of Holies—God is here.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1723. HEAVEN, Esteeming.

What a poor value do men set on heaven!
Heaven, the perfection of all that can [mony,
Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or har-
Health, beauty; and all this not subject to
The waste of time; but in their height eternal;
Lost for a pension or a poor spot of earth,
Favor of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure,
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
Should run to light their tapers at a glow-worm.

James Shirley.

1724. HEAVEN, Experience of.

We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin;
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

1725. HEAVEN, Fair.

Eye hath not seen,
Ear hath not heard, nor can the human heart
Those joys conceive, which blissful heritage
Christ for His faithful votaries prepares.
Samuel Hayes.

1726. HEAVEN, Fatherland.

There is a place where my hopes are stayed;
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are forever fair.
That blissful place is my Fatherland;
By faith its delight I explore:
Come favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to that shore.

There is a place where the angels dwell—
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
But there is the palace of God.

There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me:
Exalted with Christ upon His throne,
The King in His beauty they see.

There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er—
A place which the Lord to me will give;
And then I shall sorrow no more.
William Hunter.

1727. HEAVEN, Friendship in.

Oft weeping memory sits alone,
Beside some grave, at even,
And calls upon some spirit flown,
O say, shall those on earth our own
Be ours again in heaven?

Amid these lone, sepulchral shades,
Where sleep our dear ones riven,
Is not some lingering spirit near,
To tell if those divided here
Unite and know in heaven?

Shall friends who o'er the waste of life
By the same storms are driven,
Shall they recount, in realms of bliss,
The fortunes and the tears of this,
And love again, in heaven?

When hearts which have on earth been one,
By ruthless death are riven,
Why does the one which death has reft
Drag off in grief the one that's left,
If not to meet in heaven?

The warmest love on earth is still
Imperfect when 'tis given;
But there's a purer clime above,
Where perfect hearts in perfect love
Unite; and this is heaven.

If love on earth is but "In part,"
As light and shade at even,—
If sin doth plant a thorn between
The truest hearts—there is, I ween,
A perfect love in heaven.

O happy world! O glorious place!
Where all who are forgiven
Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts, like meeting streams, shall flow,
Forever one, in heaven.

1728. HEAVEN, Gleams of.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision:
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.
Nancy A. W. Priest.

1729. HEAVEN, Glory of.

Since o'er Thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about Thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord! one beam of Thine:
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine!

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit so impure
Upon Thy glory gaze?

Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.
W. A. Mühlenberg.

1730. HEAVEN, God in.

Yes, 'tis God's presence gives the welcomed blest
Their joy and bliss supreme. With Him to dwell,
To see His glory, and His praises tell,
To copy Him of perfectness possest,
The Holy, Holy, Holy! First and best
Of joys, fruition's base and pinnacle;
Without Him, heav'n would more resemble hell,
Darkness with Him were light, and labor rest.
Bishop Mant.

1731. HEAVEN, Happiness in.

Here may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses luminous;
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their breath sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on the heavenly noise
That angels sing to tell their untold joys;
Their understanding, naked truth, their wills,
The all and self sufficient goodness fills,
That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow;
No bloodless malady empales their face;
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow;
No nakedness their bodies doth embase;
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace;
No fear of death the joy of life devours;
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers;
No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
All full, and yet no time they do on food bestow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood;
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass.
Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
On which soft streaming manna, like pure snow, did wave.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony,
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
Or flowery odor mixed with spicery;
No soft embrace or pleasure bodily:
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odor, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place;
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace;
Ingraced into so high a favor there
The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains
Among those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and
That heavenly music of so wondrous frame,
Psalming aloud the holy honors of His name!
Giles Fletcher.

1732. HEAVEN, Harps in.

And at Oriel's signal came
My father, bearing in his hand a harp
Of simplest form, but manifold in tones
Of musical modulations without end,
And gave it to me, saying, "Take it, my son;
It is Heaven's workmanship, and made for thee."
I took it, nothing loath; and, though on earth
In lute or harp my skill was nothing, then
Immediately I felt the tremulous strings
Responsive to my every thought, as when
The wind in sportive or in pensive mood
Wakens Æolian music. Strung it was
And pitch'd in most mysterious unison
With my heart's sympathies; for when I laid
My fingers on its airy chords, straightway
My very soul gush'd forth in melody,
The harp and harper vibrating in tune;
While words, like echoes of an old refrain
That heard in childhood, haunts our riper years,
Broke in heaven's music from my lips.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1733. HEAVEN, Home in.

A home in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven,
From his home below, to his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, join'd with the bride, says "come!"
Come, seek His face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.
William Hunter.

1734. HEAVEN, Hope of.

These are the crowns that we shall wear
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

Far off as yet, reserved in heaven,
Above that veiling sky,
They sparkle, like the stars of even,
To hope's far-piercing eye.

These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which then we shall put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

That city with the jewelled crest,
Like some new-lighted sun;
A blaze of burning amethyst—
Ten thousand orbs in one;

That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-sand.

With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles;
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

Time's glory fades; its beauty now
Has ceased to lure or blind;
Each gay enchantment here below
Has lost its power to bind.

Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

Come crown and throne, come robe and palm!
Burst forth glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!
Horatius Bonar.

1735. HEAVEN, Incorruptible.

No joy is true, save that which hath no end;
No life is true, save that which liveth ever;
No health is sound, save that which God doth send;
No love is real, save that which changeth never.

Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could fade;
If its fair glory could hereafter wane;
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,
Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.

And what would be the city of the just,
If time could shake its battlements, or age
Could crumble down its palaces to dust,
Or with its towers victorious warfare wage;

If its pure river could sink low or cease,
Or its rich palm-boughs shed the leaf and die;
If there could pass upon its loveliness
One darkening taint of time's mortality;

If its high harmonies could lose their tone,
Or one of its glad songs could silenced be;
If, of its voices, even the feeblest one
Should falter in the glorious melody;

If one of all its stars should e'er grow faint,
Or one of its bright lamps should e'er burn low;
If, through its happy air, decay's dull taint
Should for a moment its dark poison throw!

But no. Its beauty is forever vernal;
Its glory is the glory of its King,
Undying, incorruptible, eternal;
And ever new the songs its dwellers sing.
Horatius Bonar.

1736. HEAVEN, Inhabitants of.

There is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white
There serve the great Redeemer,
And dwell with Him in light.

The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted
In god-like majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee.

Is this the Man of Sorrows
  Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod,
  And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
  Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
  From everlasting woe.

The hosts of saints around Him
  Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
  And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials,
  And tortures on their way
They came from tribulation
  To everlasting day.

1737. HEAVEN, Invitations from.

Come to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
  The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
  Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest, [band,
And crowned forever!—'midst the shining
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every
Thy spirit shall find rest! [land,

Thou hast been long alone;
Come to thy mother! on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rocked thy childhood back
  Shall take its wearied one. [once more

In silence wert thou left!
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blest in one sweet strain,
  Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head [bough;
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's
Come to thy father!—it is finished now;
  Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode [trace;
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark
And, O, bright victory!—death by love no
Come, spirit, to thy God! [place!

1738. HEAVEN, Knowledge in.

The saints on earth, when sweetly they converse,
And the dear favors of kind Heaven rehearse,
Each feels the other's joys; both doubly share
The blessings which devoutly they compare.
If saints such mutual joy feel here below,
When they each other's heavenly foretastes know,
What joys transport them at each other's sight,
When they shall meet in empyreal height!
Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would miss, [bliss.
Should they not know each other when in

Bp. Ken.

1739. HEAVEN, Landing in.

No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease, [on,
Or a sharp sword, that helped the travellers
And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the stormy brine
With steady prow. Know we shall once
At the fair haven of eternal bliss, [arrive
To which we ever steer; whether, as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.
There let my native plank shift me to land,
And I'll be happy; thus I'll leap ashore,
Joyful and fearless, on the immortal coast,
Since all I have is mortal, and it must be lost.

Isaac Watts.

1740. HEAVEN, Live for.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
  Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
  There is to those who fix their anchor-hope in heaven.

Turn thou, O man! and cast all else aside;
  Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
Low at the cross bow down—in that confide,
  Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

C. C. Colton.

1741. HEAVEN, Look to.

Look up, my soul, pant toward the eternal hills;
  Those heavens are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
  There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
  Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
  No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

Isaac Watts.

1742. HEAVEN, Man in.

Are old people bow'd by weak'ning time,
In heaven bow'd—all bow'd in heaven?
Or else are they all in blissful prime?
Yes, blest with all blessings are the blest,
Their lowest of good's above our best,
So show me the highest soul you can
In shape and mind—in mind and shape
Yet far above him is heaven's man.

Wm. Barnes.

1743. HEAVEN, Mansion in.

The heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor death nor sighing visits there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine—
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

My Father's house is built on high,
Above the arched and starry sky,
When from this earthly prison free
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;

Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
My Father is a richer King—
That heavenly mansion still I sing.

Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink, and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

William Hunter.

1744. HEAVEN, Meeting in.

Over the river they beckon to me— [side;
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther
The gleam of their snowy robes I see, [tide.
But their voices are drowned in the rushing
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before.
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of Death shall carry me.

Nancy A. W. Priest.

1745. HEAVEN, Minister's Welcome to.

In amaze
I asked what meant such gratulation there,
And one of many answered, "From thy mouth
We heard of Jesus' love, and thine the hand
That led us to His feet." It was enough;
For all the parent and the Pastor woke
Within me: all the holy memories
Of bygone days flowed in a refluent tide
Over my soul once more. Some I had known
From rosy dawn of childhood. . .
Some I had shepherded, yea, many. And
Some in after years had poured the burden
Of a wounded spirit into mine. . . . . .
And others, dying, heard me read of him
Who on the cross for mercy cried to Christ;
Heard, and themselves believed. All these I knew,
And quick as light their story flashed on me.
But in that group of filial spirits came
Many I knew not—*part of that great store*
Of unsuspected treasure heaven conceals.
And they too poured on me beatitudes.

E. H. Bickersteth.

1746. HEAVEN, My Place in.

My Jesus is gone up to heaven
To get a place for me;
For 'tis His will, that, where He is,
There should His servants be.

Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste:
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for *me* at last.

I have a God that changeth not:
Why should I be perplext?
My God, that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

Go fearless then, my soul, with God
Into another room:
Thou who hast walkèd with Him here,
Go, see thy God at home.

My dearest friends they dwell above;
Them will I go to see:
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

John Mason.

1747. HEAVEN, Nearing.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day,
Than I have been before:

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the cross,
And nearer to the crown;

But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream
Crossed ere we reach the light.

Jesus, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee, when I stand
Upon the shore of death.

Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.

Phœbe Cary.

1748. HEAVEN, Nearness of.

Surely, yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth? 'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream;
'Tis but a veil, which winds might blow aside;
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide,
From the bright dwelling of the glorified—
The Land of which I dream!

Horatius Bonar.

1749. HEAVEN, No Night in.

No night shall be in heaven! no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power—
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven! but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in heaven! no darken'd room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

No night shall be in heaven! But night is here!
The night of sorrow and the night of fear;
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in heaven! Oh, had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

1750. HEAVEN, No Stranger in.

I was no stranger in a strange land there.
But rather as one who travel-worn and weary.
Weary of wandering through many climes,
At length returning homeward, eyes far off
The white cliffs of his fatherland, and ere
The laboring ship touches its sacred soil
Leaps on the pier, while round him crowding press
Children and kith and friends, who in a breath
Ask of his welfare, and with joyous tongues
Pour all their love into his thirsty ear.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1751. HEAVEN, Obscurity of.

As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass;
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show:
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirmed by hope:
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight:
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light:
But soon the 'mediate clouds shall be dispelled;
The sun shall then be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Matthew Prior.

1752. HEAVEN, Peace in.

My soul, there is a country,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend
And (O my soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou can'st get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

H. Vaughan.

1753. HEAVEN, Prayer for.

Oh! bring us home at last,
Thou who didst guide us when our morn was bright;
Darkness is falling fast,
Gather Thy children home before the night.

O! bring us home at last,
The evening mists steal o'er us, damp and chill,

While autumn's moaning blast,
Sweeps in sad music over vale and hill.

Oh! bring us home at last; [to go?
Have we much farther through the night
Have we not almost pass'd [so.
The wilderness? Thou wilt not leave us

Oh! bring us home at last, [cease,
Our Father! Bid our weary wanderings
Uplift the veil o'ercast
Between our spirits and the home of peace.

1754. HEAVEN, Prospect of.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar.

1755. HEAVEN, Recognition in.

When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—
When sweet angels' voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of life and glory—
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angels' voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved ones long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

O ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers;
Murmured in my rapturous ear;
Evermore their sweet song lingers:
"We shall know each other there."

1756. HEAVEN, Reminders of.

When I gaze on the light of yon beautiful sky,
And the curtains of azure unfolded on high;
Their glory and splendor recall to my thought
The blissful inheritance Jesus hath bought:
I fancy the portals of heaven appear, [here.
And I feel at the moment—My home is not

When I see all around me the flowers so bright,
Which God has implanted to ravish my sight;
I hail them as pledges of heavenly love,
And think of the brighter ones blooming above: [dear,
Their fragrance reminds me of hopes that are
And I love to remember—My home is not here.

When I hear the glad song of the lark as she flies, [skies;
Still warbling her notes as she mounts to the
I think of the time when my heavenward flight
Will, like hers, be directed to regions of light;
I shall sing as I leave every trouble and fear—
My home is in heaven—My home is not here!

O land of enjoyment! O home of my heart,
What blessèd delight can thy image impart;
In the midst of affliction, of sorrow, and grief,
One thought of thy glory brings instant relief,
And quickly the darkening clouds disappear,
As the feeling steals o'er me—My home is not here.

1757. HEAVEN, Rest in.

There is an hour in peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above—in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,

Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.
William B. Tappan.

1758. HEAVEN, Sabbath of.

Where that innumerable throng
Of saints and angels mingle song;
Where, wrought with hands, no temples rise,
For God Himself their place supplies;
Nor priests are needed, in the abode
Where the whole hosts are priests to God:
Think what a Sabbath there shall be,
The Sabbath of eternity.
Thomas Grinfield.

1759. HEAVEN, Saints in.

What are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
James Montgomery.

1760. HEAVEN, Scorning.

Belial. What place can be for us [supreme
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's lord
We overpow'r! Suppose He should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in His presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate His throne
With warbled hymns, and to His godhead sing
Forc'd hallelujahs; while He lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and His altar breathes
Ambrosial odors, and ambrosial flow'rs,
Our servile off'rings? This must be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! *John Milton.*

1761. HEAVEN, Splendor of.

ON THE LONDON EXHIBITION, 1851.

Ha! yon burst of crystal splendor,
Sunlight, starlight, blent in one;
Starlight set in arctic azure,
Sunlight from the burning zone!
Gold and silver, gems and marble,
All creation's jewelry;
Earth's uncovered waste of riches,
Treasures of the ancient sea.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Iris and Aurora braided—
How the woven colors shine!
Snow-gleams from an Alpine summit,
Torch-light from a spar-roofed mine.
Like Arabia's matchless palace,
Child of magic's strong decree,
One vast globe of living sapphire,
Floor, walls, columns, canopy.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Forms of beauty, shapes of wonder,
Trophies of triumphant toil;
Never Athens, Rome, Palmyra,
Gazed on such a costly spoil.
Dazzling the bewildered vision
More than princely pomp we see;
What the blaze of the Alhambra,
Dome of emerald, to thee?
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

What to that for which we're waiting
Is this glittering earthly toy?
Heavenly glory, holy splendor,
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.
Not the gems that time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die,
Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,
Nor the gleams that come and go,
Not the mirth whose end is madness,
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
Not the notes that die at sunset,
Not the fashion of a day;
But the everlasting beauty
And the endless melody.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;
City of the jasper wall;
City of the golden pavement;
Seat of endless festival.
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of eternity,

To thy bridal-hall of gladness,
From this prison would I flee.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,
How I need thy fairer image,
To undo the syren snare?
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie;
As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare.
Let me see thee, then these fetters
Break asunder; I am free;
Then this pomp no longer chains me;
Faith has won the victory.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
No excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There, beside yon crystal river,
There, beneath life's wondrous tree,
There, with naught to cloud or sever—
Ever with the Lamb to be!
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Horatius Bonar.

1762. HEAVEN, The Indian's.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky-way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold; [gold:
No fiends torment, no Christian thirst for
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Alexander Pope.

1763. HEAVEN, Thoughts of.

I've been thinking of home; of "my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;" [house,
Of the city whose streets are paved with gold;
Of its jasper walls, so fair to behold,
Which the righteous alone shall see.

I've been thinking of home, where they need not the light
Of the sun, nor moon, nor star;
Where the gates of pearl "are not shut by day,
For no light is there," but the weary may
Find rest from the world afar.

I've been thinking of home; of the river of life
That flows through the city so pure; [life
Of the tree that stands by the side of the stream,
Whose leaves in mercy with blessings teem,
The sin-wounded soul to cure.

I've been thinking of home, of the loved ones there,
Dear friends who have gone before,
With whom we walked to the death-river side,
And sadly thought, as we watched the tide,
Of the happy days of yore.

I've been thinking of home; and my heart is full
Of love for the Lamb of God, [full
Who His precious life as a ransom gave
For a sinful race, e'en *our* souls to save
From Justice's avenging rod.

I've been thinking of home, and I'm homesick now;
My spirit doth long to be [now;
In "the better land," where the ransomed sing
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer, King;
Of mercy so costly, so free.

I've been thinking of home—yea, "home, sweet home!"
Oh! there may we all unite [raise
With the white-robed throng, and forever
To the Triune God sweetest songs of praise
With glory and honor and might!

Mary F. Kirby.

1764. HEAVEN Unveiled.

What no human eye hath seen, what no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been, in its noblest flights, conferred—
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore!

When the shaded pilgrim-land fades before the closing eye,
Then, revealed on either hand, heaven's own scenery shall lie;
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

When this aching heart shall rest, all its busy pulses o'er,
From her mortal robes undrest, shall my spirit upward soar:
Then shall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Lange.

1765. HEAVEN, Viewing.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

1766. HEAVEN AND EARTH, Contrast of.

Up above the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity, free from anxious terror,
Larger love, without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand, majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, the music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Up above, the burst of Hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapped around us like a sunlit halo)
The great vision of the face of Christ.

William Alexander.

1767. HEAVEN AND EARTH, Joys of.

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint?
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by Thy life laid down!
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away Thy crown!

C. F. Alexander.

1768. HEAVEN AND EARTH, Worlds of.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air;
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath,
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed the child whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead:
We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold: to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long-faded land—the realm of Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tender hearts and truer,
People that happy land,—the realm of Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand.
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem;
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds' roar;
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away.

Thither we hasten through the regions dim,
But lo! the wide wings of the seraphim

Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

1769. HEAVENS, Contemplating the.

'Tis past,—the sultry tyrant of the South
Has spent his short-lived rage; more grateful hours
Move silent on; the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams
Of tempered lustre, court the cherished eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where, hung aloft,
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow,
New strung in heaven, lifts its beamy horns
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines
Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of softened radiance with her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meekened Eve, [tires
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow re-
Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,
And shuts the gates of Day. 'Tis now the hour [haunts,
When Contemplation, from her sunless
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierced woods, where wrapt in solid shade
She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripened by the sun,
Moves forward and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swelled by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined
O'er all this field of glories; spacious field,
And worthy of the Master: He whose hand
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile
Inscribed the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man!
The finger of thy God. From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so filled?—these friendly lamps,
Forever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And, silent as the foot of Time, fulfil
Their destined courses. Nature's self is hushed, [through
And but a scattered leaf, which rustles
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the raised ear,
Intently listening, drinks in every breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought, [stars.
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire Divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day!) [shades,
Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in
Forgets his wonted journey through the East.
Ye citadels of light, and seats of gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that soothed
Her infant hours,—O, be it lawful now
To tread the hallowed circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines. Seized in thought,
On Fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous, fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb [ant;
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn midst his watery moons
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exiled monarch: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than Him who marks their track [stop,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward through the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of waste unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation, wide and wild;
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
And Thought, astonished, stops her bold career. [word
But, O thou mighty Mind! whose powerful
Said, "Thus let all things be," and thus they were,

Where shall I seek Thy presence? how un-
Invoke Thy dread perfection? [blamed
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion [Thee?
Support Thy throne? O, look with pity down
On erring, guilty man; not in Thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders armed
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appalled
The scattered tribes; Thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abashed, yet longing to behold her Maker!
But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustomed spot,
Drest up with sun and shade and lawns and streams,
A mansion fair and spacious for its guests,
And all replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies: the hour will come
When all these splendors bursting on my sight [sense
Shall stand unveiled, and to my ravished
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

1770. HELL, Bridge to.

Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began:
O son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
Inseparable must with me along:
For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.
Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon:
Go whither fate and inclination strong
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savor of death from all things there that live.
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid. [smell
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field, [lur'd
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying,
With scent of living carcasses design'd
For death the following day, in bloody fight;
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out hell gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse, and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse,
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move;
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep as the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to hell.
So if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joined;
And scourg'd with many a stroke the indignant waves. [drous art
Now had they brought the work by won-
Pontifical, a ridge of pendant rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made,
And durable; and now in little space [made,
The confines met of empyrean heav'n

And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
John Milton.

1771. HELL, Characters in.

And there were hypocrites unmask'd and stripp'd;
And haughty Pharisaic dignities
Low in the dust; and liars taught too late
To utter agonizing words of truth;
And gamblers, who had staked their soul and lost;
And perjurers compell'd at last to dread
God's oath; manslayers, convict or escaped,
Confessing Hades had no shade secure
From blood's avenging cry; and not a few
Diviners, necromancers, sorcerers,
Who once sought lawless commerce with the dead,
Now number'd with the damned dead themselves;
And learned infidels, who proved a God
At least among improbabilities,
Aghast forever underneath His frown.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1772. HELL, Description of.

Upon that burning wall,
In horrible emblazonry, were limned
All shapes, all forms, all modes of wretchedness,
And agony, and grief, and desperate woe,
And prominent, in characters of fire,
Where'er the eye could light, these words you read:
"Who comes this way—behold, and fear to sin!"
Amazed I stood; and thought such imagery
Foretokened, within, a dangerous abode.
But yet to see the worst a wish arose:
For virtue, by the holy seal of God
Accredited and stamped, immortal all,
And all invulnerable, fears no hurt.
As easy as my wish, as rapidly
I through the horrid rampart passed, unscathed
And unopposed; and, poised on steady wing,
I hovering gazed. Eternal Justice! Sons
Of God! tell me, if ye can tell, what then
I saw, what then I heard. Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest tost perpetually, and still
The waves of fiery darkness, 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort; and overhead,
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled
To storm, and lightning, forked lightning, crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds
Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
Forever wasting, yet enduring still;
Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,
And some in fell encounter fiercely met,
With curses loud, and blasphemies, that made
The cheek of darkness pale; and as they fought,
And cursed, and gnashed their teeth, and wished to die,
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept,
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair,
Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.
And as I listened, I heard these beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The Earth, the Resurrection morn, and seek,
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.
And to their everlasting anguish still,
The thunders from above responding spoke
These words, which, through the caverns of perdition
Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear:
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
And back again recoiled a deeper groan.
Robert Pollok.

1773. HELL, Ignoring.

To close the eyes on earth; to wake in hell,
And lift them up in torments, 'mid the pains,
Deep curses, loud laments, and penal chains
Of those who dared against their God rebel,
The GREAT, the GOOD, and from their station fell
Of glory and bliss; with them, where darkness reigns,
Where the worm dies not, and the fire remains
Unquench'd, 'mid everlasting flames to dwell!
Whose is that lot, thou knowest. God undid
The veil which screens His dreadfulness, that so
Man might be warn'd and fear. What pangs
Beneath that lot, those sights and sounds of woe,
Thou know'st not yet, nor canst thou. God forbid
Thou e'er by feeling shouldst their anguish know!
Bishop Mant.

1774. HELL, Memory a.

I'll tell thee what is hell—thy memory
Still mounted up with records of the past,
Heap over heap, all accents and all forms,
Telling the tale of joy and innocence,
And hope and peace and love; recording, too,
With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs
Wrought upon weakness and defencelessness;
The blest occasions trifled o'er or spurned;
All that hath been that ought not to have been,
That might have been so different, that now
Can but be irrevocably past!
Starkey.

1775. HELL, Mockery of.

The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled

The lip of Tantalus Thus roving on [bands,
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp.
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and
shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good, [breeds
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature
Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeræas dire.
John Milton.

1776. HELL, Penalties of.

There is a place in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur choked with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness; in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths: there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat: the usurer
Is forc'd to sup whole drafts of molten gold:
There is the murderer forever stabb'd,
Yet can never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, while in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.
John Ford.

1777. HELL, Portal of.

"Through me, ye go into the doleful city,
Through me, ye go into eternal pain,
Through me, ye go among the lost forever:
'Twas justice moved my Founder; Power
Infinite Wisdom and primeval Love, [divine,
Ordain'd and fix'd me here. Before me naught
That is existed, save eternal things,
And I unto eternity endure;
Abandon ev'ry hope, all ye that enter!"

These words in sombre colors I beheld
Inscribed upon the summit of its portal.
There sighs, and groans, and lamentable
wailings,
So rang throughout that region without star,
That on the threshold I began to weep:
Horrible tongues, discordant languages,
Words full of dolor, accents of sharp anger,
Shrill and hoarse voices, sounds of smitten
hands, [gloom,
Rose in wild tumult, eddying through the
Like sands before the whirlwind of the desert.
Dante, tr. by James Montgomery.

1778. HELL, Unbelief in.

What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after
fate?
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales that poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him
from on high: [hours,
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd
powers,
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell:
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal
meal: [o'er
Not though his monstrous bulk had cover'd
Nine spreading acres or nine thousand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the
giant's floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie:
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppress,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the
sovereign seat.
For still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount?
Which urged, and labor'd, and forc'd up with
pain, [along the plain.
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes
Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
With every blessing, and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening appetite;
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd in hell
To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill;
To vessels of their sex, which none could
ever fill.
As for the dogs, the furies, and their snakes,
The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due;
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating
smoke;
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
The avenging horror of a conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe;
But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath;
This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.
Lucretius, tr. by John Dryden.

1779. HELL, Universe of.

Four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;

Said Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus nam'd, of lamentation loud,
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice:
A gulf profound as that Serbonion bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air [fire.
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of
Thither, by harpy footed furies haul'd
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change [fierce,
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft, ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach.
John Milton.

1780. HELP, Adaptation of.

One day a blind man chanced to meet
A lame one limping in the street;
The former hoped with fond delight,
The latter would conduct him right.

The lame man cried, "Lend aid to thee?
I cannot walk, unhappy me!
And yet, methinks, to bear a load,
Thou hast good shoulders strong and broad.

If thou'lt resolve to bear me hence,
I'll be thy guide as recompense;
Thy firm strong foot will then be mine,
And my bright eye be also thine."

The lame man, with his crutches, rode
Upon the blind man's shoulders broad;
United thus achieved the pair
What each would have accomplished ne'er.
Christian Fürchtigott Gellert.

1781. HEREAFTER, Secret of the.

Not from the flowers of earth, not from the stars,
Not from the voicing sea may we [hereafter.
The secret wrest which bars our knowledge here
Of all we hope and all that we may fear—

We watch beside our graves, yet meet no sign
Of where our dear ones dwell, Ah! well,
Even now your dead and mine may long to speak
Of raptures it were wiser we should seek— [hereafter.

O hearts we fondly love! O pallid lips,
That bore our farewell kiss from this
To yonder world's eclipse! Do ye, safe home,
Smile at your earthly doubts of what would come—hereafter?

Grand birthright of the soul, naught may despoil!
O precious, healing balm, to calm
Our lives in pain and toil! God's boon, that we [hereafter!
Or soon or late shall know what is to be—
George Cooper.

1782. HEREAFTER, The Great.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me like a boundless sea,
The Great Hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers, like a golden robe,
Around the emerald isle.

There in the blue long distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowering groves
Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands
That gem the waves serene
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter,
Aforetime dim and dark,
I freely now and gladly give
Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.
Otway Curry.

1783. HERESY, Genealogy of.

Blynde obstynacye
Begate heresye,
By a myschaunce,
Of dame ignoraunce.
Heresye begate
Stryfe and debate.
Debate and ambycyon
Begate supersticyon.
Supersticion playne
Begate disdayne.
Dysdayne of trowthe
Begate slothe.
Slowthe and sluggyshnesse
Begate wylfulnesse
Wylfulness, verelye
Nygh cosyne to heresye,
Begate myschife,
Father of Wyclife,

Which ded bringe inne
His grandfather synne.
(A. D. 1542.) *John Huntingdon.*

1784. HERITAGE of Rich and Poor.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscle and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless the door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.
James Russell Lowell.

1785. HERMIT LIFE, Joys of.

Beneath this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstained with wine,
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies,
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my customed round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossèd book,
Portrayed with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed.
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings, be-dropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?
Thomas Warton.

1786. HERO, A Modern.

But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

Would'st know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

Wherever outraged nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of freedom finds
An answer in his own.

Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?
J. G. Whittier.

1787. HERO, Death of a.

Not at the battle front—writ of in story;
Not on the blazing wreck steering to glory;

Not while in martyr-pangs soul and flesh sever,
Died he—this hero new; hero forever.

No pomp poetic crowned, no forms enchained him,
No friends applauding watched, no foes arraigned him:

Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty,
Only an honest man doing his duty:

Death found—and touched with finger in flying:
Lo! he rose up complete—hero undying.

Now all men mourn for him, lovingly raise him
Up from his life obscure, chronicle, praise him;

Tell his last act, done midst peril appalling,
And the last word of cheer from his lips falling;

Follow in multitudes to his grave's portal;
Leave him there, buried in honor immortal.

So many a hero walks unseen beside us,
Till comes the supreme stroke sent to divide us.

Then the Lord calls His own—like this man, even,
Carried, Elijah-like, fire-winged, to heaven.
Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

1788. HERO, Marks of the.

What makes a hero?—not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
Of glutted avarice,—caps tossed up in air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair;
Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a titular name—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.
What makes a hero?—an heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved.
And if there be preëminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launched by the country he had served and loved:
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This, in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts,
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown.
This is the hero's compliment and crown;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still—
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.
Henry Taylor.

1789. HEROES, Examples of.

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise!
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Whenever a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever the Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.
Edna Dean Proctor.

1790. HEROES, Forgotten.

Where are the heroes of the ages past? ones
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim Forgetfulness. The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
Of his red eyeball. Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth. To-day—'tis what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.
Henry Kirke White.

1791. HEROES, God's.

Not on the gory field of fame
Their noble deeds were done;
Not in the sound of Earth's acclaim
Their fadeless crowns were won.
Not from the palaces of Kings,
Nor Fortune's sunny clime,
Came the great souls, whose life-work flings
Lustre o'er Earth and Time.

For Truth with tireless zeal they sought:
In joyless paths they trod—
Heedless of praise or blame they wrought,
And left the rest to God.
The lowliest sphere was not disdained:
Where love could soothe or save,
They went, by fearless faith sustained,
Nor knew their deeds were brave.

The foes with which they waged their strife
Were passion, self, and sin;
The victories that laurelled life,
Were fought and won within.
Not names in gold emblazoned here,
And great and good confest,
In Heaven's immortal scroll appear
As noblest and as best.

No sculptured stone in stately temple
Proclaims their rugged lot;

Like Him who was their great example,
This vain world knew them not.
But though their names no poet wove
In deathless song or story,
Their record is inscribed above;
Their wreaths are crowns of glory.
Edward Hartley Dewart.

1792. HEROES, Moral.

All may be heroes:
"The man who rules his spirit," saith the voice
Which cannot err, "is greater than the man
Who takes a city." Hence it surely follows,
If each might have dominion of himself,
And each would govern wisely, and thus show
Truth, courage, knowledge, power, benevolence,
And all the princely soul in private virtues;
Then each would be a prince, a hero, greater;
He will be man in likeness of his Maker!
Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

1793. HEROES, True.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside, [crucified,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—that were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics, Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvarys ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth rock sublime?
James Russell Lowell.

1794. HEROES, Seed of.

For right of freedom when man strives or bleeds,
The seed is sown for truest lords and earls:
Then love and glory be to those whose deeds
Have set the bracelet of the world with pearls! *Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

1795. HEROINE, Grave of a.

Within this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies;
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild-flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame:
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May:
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem the hand that moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that
The victory to her who fills this grave: [gave
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought; [was stayed
Through that long strife, her constant hope
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore, [and took,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung.
And He who long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from His seat;
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled, though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee,
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,
That ministered to thee, is open still.
William Cullen Bryant.

1796. HEROISM, Military.

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men. *John Milton.*

1797. HEROISM, True.

It's not the martial host,
Nor troops which line a coast,
That claim the jealous meed
Of sacred Valor's deed,
Nor whether admiral or captain bleed;

But the heroic soul
That gives the high control
Which others are to feel,
That arms their breast in steel,
And leads to enterprise the foaming keel.

It saves a falling State;
It seals a Tyrant's fate;
It flam'd in Hardinge's eye,
When, at the battle's cry,
It bade him, like the conquering Nelson, die. *J. Mackintosh.*

1798. HIGH PRIEST, Christ our.

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Saviour of mankind appears.

He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
John Logan.

1799. HISTORY, Duration of.

Rome, whose majesty
Is there describ'd, in after times shall owe
For her memorial to your learned pen,
More than to all those fading monuments
Built with the riches of the spoiled world.
When rust shall eat her brass, when time's strong hand
Shall bruise to dust her marble palaces,
Triumphant arches, pillars, obelisks;
When Julius' temple, Claudius' aqueducts,
Agrippa's baths, and Pompey's theatre;
Nay, Rome itself shall not be found at all,
Historian's books shall live; those strong records,
Those deathless monuments alone shall show
What, and how great, the Roman empire was.
Thomas May.

1800. HOLINESS, Highway of.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone;
He that I placed my hopes upon,
His track I see; and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No ravenous tiger shall be there.

No: nothing may go up thereon
But travelling souls; and I am one:
Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

Nor fools, by carnal men esteem'd,
Shall err therein; but they, redeem'd
In Jesu's blood, shall show their right
To travel there, till heav'n's in sight.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not;

My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! for I'm the Way!"

Lo! glad I come; and Thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live!

I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy Redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"
John Cennick.

1801. HOLINESS, Robe of.

Sometimes I upward lift mine eyes,
And, filled with pleasure, see
The happy hosts that throng the skies—
The blood-washed company.

"How beautiful their robes!" I say;
"Their garments all, how white!
Fair as the sun's ascending ray,
And clear as noonday light."

O Saviour! Thou hast made them clean—
The garments that they wear;
And all who wash in Thee their sin
May in those garments share.

I, too, may wear that spotless dress;
Its beauty I may prove:
It is the robe of holiness,
The dress of perfect love.
Thomas C. Upham.

1802. HOLINESS, Seeking.

Here in Thy royal presence, Lord, I stand;
I give myself, my all, to Thee; [blood;
Thou hast redeem'd me by Thy precious
Thine only will I be.
No love but Thine, but Thine, can me relieve,
No light but Thine, but Thine, will I receive,
No light, no love, but Thine!

Take, take me as I am; Thou need'st me not,
I know Thou need'st me not at all.
All heaven is Thine, all earth, each morning-star;
High angels wait Thy call; [star;
I am the poorest of Thy creatures, I
The child of evil and dark misery;
Yet take me as I am!

It would not cost Thee dear to bless me, Lord;
A word would do it, or a sign, [God;
It needs no more from Thee, no more, my
Thy words have power divine.
And O the boundless blessedness to me,
Loved, saved, forgiven, renewed, and blest by Thee!
O speak, O speak the word!

I know the blood of Thine eternal Son
Has power to cleanse even me;
O wash me now in that all-precious blood;
Give my soul purity;
Scatter the darkness, bid the day-star shine,
Light up the midnight of this soul of mine;
Let all be song and joy!
Horatius Bonar.

1803. HOLINESS, Throne of.

Know that Holiness keeps her throne
Not in cloisters or temples alone;
The temple where she loves to dwell
Is a pure spirit's sacred cell.
L. Van Welthem.

1804. HOLINESS, Tree of.

Of all the trees that in Earth's vineyard grew,
And with their clusters tempted man to pull
And eat, one tree, one tree alone, the true
Celestial manna bore, which filled the soul—
The tree of Holiness—of heavenly seed;
A native of the skies; though stunted much,
And dwarfed, by Time's cold, damp, ungenial soil, [pure,
And chilling winds, yet yielding fruit so
So nourishing and sweet, as, on his way,
Refreshed the pilgrim; and begot desire
Unquenchable to climb the arduous path
To where her sister plants, in their own clime,
Around the fount, and by the stream of life,
Blooming beneath the Sun that never sets,
Bear fruit of perfect relish, fully ripe.
To plant this tree, uprooted by the fall,
To earth the Son of God descended, shed
His precious blood; and on it evermore,
From off His living wings, the Spirit shook
The dews of heaven, to nurse and hasten its growth.
Nor was this care, this infinite expense,
Not needed to secure the holy plant.
To root it out, and wither it from earth,
Hell strove with all its strength, and blew with all [breath,
Its blasts; and Sin, with cold, consumptive
Involved it still in clouds of mortal damp.
Yet did it grow, thus kept, protected thus:
And bear the only fruit of true delight;
The only fruit worth plucking under heaven.
But few, alas! the holy plant could see,
For heavy mists that Sin around it threw
Perpetually; and few the sacrifice [stooped,
Would make by which alone its clusters
And came within the reach of mortal man.
For this, of him who would approach and eat,
Was rigorously exacted to the full: [world
To tread and bruise beneath the foot, the
Entire; its prides, ambitions, hopes, desires;
Its gold, and all its broidered equipage;
To loose its loves and friendships from the heart,
And cast them off; to shut the ear against
Its praise, and all its flatteries abhor;
And having thus behind him thrown what seemed
So good and fair, then must he lowly kneel,
And with sincerity, in which the Eye [lack,
That slumbers not, nor sleeps, could see no

This prayer pray: "Lord God! Thy will be done,
Thy holy will, howe'er it cross my own."
Hard labor this for flesh and blood! too hard [tree
For most it seemed: so, turning, they the
Derided, as mere bramble. *Robert Pollok.*

1805. HOLINESS, Way to.

Who would be cleansed from every sin,
Must to God's holy altar bring
The whole of life—its joys, its tears,
Its hopes, its loves, its powers, its years,
The will, and every cherished thing!

Must make this sweeping sacrifice—
Choose God, and dare reproach and shame,
And boldly stand in storm or flame
For Him who paid redemption's price;
Then trust (not struggle to believe),
And trusting wait, nor doubt, but pray
That in His own good time He'll say,
"Thy faith hath saved thee; now receive."

His time is when the soul brings all,
Is all upon His altar lain;
When pride and self-conceit are slain,
And crucified with Christ, we fall
Helpless upon His word, and lie;
When, faithful to His word, we feel
The cleansing touch, the Spirit's seal,
And know that He does sanctify.
A. T. Allis.

1806. HOLY SPIRIT, Descent of the.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,
And darted to its place of rest
On some meek brow of Jesus blest.
Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
And still those lambent lightnings stream;
Where'er the Lord is, there are they;
In every heart that gives Him room,
They light His altar every day,
Zeal to inflame, and vice consume.
John Keble.

1807. HOLY SPIRIT, Gift of the.

Day divine, when in the temple,
To the first disciples came
Glory new and treasure ample,
Mighty gifts and tongues of flame!
Day to happy souls commended,
When the Holy Ghost was given,
When the Comforter descended,
Bringing down the joy of heaven.

Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient saints alone?
Only may the ages golden
Call the Comforter their own?
No; their portion we inherit;
Ours the sorrow, ours the sin:
We beseech the Holy Spirit;
We the Comforter would win.
Thomas H. Gill.

1808. HOLY SPIRIT, Grieving the.

And art Thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sour
And cross Thy love? [power
Grieved for me? the God of strength and
Grieved for a worm, which, when I tread,
I pass away and leave it dead.

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep, foolish heart, [grieve:
And weeping live;
For death is dry as dust. Yet if we part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins express: melt into dew.

When saucy mirth shall knock or call at door,
Cry out, get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, He puts on sense:
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my God's, too; He doth groan.

O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
E'en endless tears
Without relief.
If a clear spring for me no time forbear,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no crystal, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,
If my deserts were masters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for Thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.
George Herbert.

1809. HOLY SPIRIT, a Guide.

He to His own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth. *John Milton.*

1810. HOLY SPIRIT, Influence of the.

There is a Stream, which issues forth
From God's eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream
Clear as the crystal stone.

The stream doth water Paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.

Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for Thine,
And hast to me revealed.

I see Thy face, I hear Thy voice,
I taste Thy sweetest love:
My soul doth leap: but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!

Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin!
Then should my Lord put forth His hand,
And kindly take me in!

Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last!
Blest be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.
John Mason.

1811. HOLY SPIRIT, Litany to the.

In the hours of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh, and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And reproves me for untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
R. Herrick.

1812. HOLY SPIRIT, Offices of the.

The Spirit of God
From heaven descending, dwells in domes of clay; [guides,
In mode far passing human thought, He
Impels, instructs: intense pursuit of good,
And cautious flight of evil he suggests,
But in such gentle murmurs, that to know
His heavenly voice, we must have done His will. *John Hey.*

1813. HOLY SPIRIT, Power of the.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His last farewell,
A guide—a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

He comes, His graces to impart;
A willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

He breathes that gentle voice we hear
As breeze of even;
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And speaks of heaven.

And all the good that we possess,
His gift we own;
Yea, every thought of holiness,
And vict'ry won.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. *Harriet Auber.*

1814. HOLY SPIRIT, Prayer to the.
Veni Creator Spiritus.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight:
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
Thy praise may be our endless song.
A.D. 1662.

1815. HOLY SPIRIT, River of the.

There is a River, deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows;
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.

Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign;
The Lord Himself commands the peace,
And foes conspire in vain.

Along the shores, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.

To them distressèd souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh;
They leave their cares and sorrows there,
They drink, and never die.

Flow on, sweet Stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
And all obey His will. *William Hurn.*

1816. HOLY SPIRIT, Temples of the.

If yet the Holy Spirit deigns to dwell
In earthly domes, 'tis not those defiled [lust;
With pride, with fraud, with rapine, or with
'Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake,
The clustering grape not blushes, and the fig
Decks not the prickly thistle's barren stalk;
Even thus shall all be measured by their fruits. *Charles Jenner.*

1817. HOME, Affections of the.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us!
Charles Swain.

1818. HOME, Attractions of.

And messages from shipwrecked folk
Will navigate the moon-led main,
And painted boards of splintered oak
Their port regain. *Jean Ingelow.*

1819. HOME, Centre of.

I remember the days when my spirit would turn [of song,
From the fairest of scenes and the sweetest
When the hearth of the stranger seemed coldly to burn, [too long;
And the moments of pleasure for me were
For one name and one form shone in glory and light,
And lured back from all that might tempt me to roam.
The festal was joyous, but was not so bright
As the smile of a mother, the star of my home.
The sharpest of pain, and the saddest of woes, [come;
The darkest, the deepest of shadows might
Yet each wound had its balm, while my soul could repose
On the heart of a mother, the star of my home. *Eliza Cook.*

1820. HOME, Ceremonies of.

Keep your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honor without end.

'Tis found and needs it must so be,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets its majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Let love make home a gracious court;
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand and gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
None treading on another's train.
This makes pleasures that do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life.

1821. HOME, Contented with.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given:
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.
Nathaniel Cotton.

1822. HOME, Dying at.

In all my wanderings round this world of care, [share—
In all my griefs—and God has given my
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Oliver Goldsmith.

1823. HOME, Going.

From desolated hearths, from beds of pain,
From sorrow's bitter tears, and sin's dark stain,
From lonely, aching hearts, and longings vain,
We would go home.

From hidden griefs that in our bosoms dwell,
From blasted hopes, from fears we cannot quell,
From wrongs that make our spirits writhe and swell,
We would go home.

From crushing cares, from din and feverish strife,
From scenes with death and desolation rife,
From all the weariness of mortal life,
We would go home.

Around the evening shadows gather fast,
And in the distance sounds the night wind's blast;
Our loved ones, too, far onward long have passed
To their bright home.

And voices from the spirit-land we hear,
As angel notes melodious, soft and clear,
Bidding us haste to join our lost and dear,
Who rest at home.

O well-beloved ones! we hail the light
That breaks o'er the horizon of our night;
Waking to all the ravishing delight
Of our sweet home.

A few more tears, and we shall rapturous stand
Amidst the glorified and blood-washed band,
Pouring triumphant songs at God's right hand,
In that dear home!

1824. HOME, Joys of.

Sweet are the joys of Home,
And pure as sweet; for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions, too;
But Home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars approached, become more bright,
And Home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground!
But in Home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

John Bowring.

1825. HOME, Kingdom of.

Dark is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea:
Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,
Wife at my side and my baby on knee.
King, king, crown me the king: [king!
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer and onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, king, crown me the king: [king!
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, king, crown me the king: [king!
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing.
King, king, crown me the king: [king!
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the

William Rankin Duryee.

1826. HOME, Light of.

My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou *must* go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home!

Though pleasures may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When treading thy lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire—
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam—
When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home!

And there, like a star through midnight cloud,
Thou'lt see the beacon bright;
For never till shining on thy shroud
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame may gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are beams of a wintry day:

How cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's poor wanderer come!—
My son, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

Sarah Josepha Hale.

1827. HOME, Love in the.

Domestic Love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O love of loves! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key;
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—forever close thy plume!

George Croly.

1828. HOME, Love of.

Some spot there is, some cherished spot,
We love, all other spots above;
And few so wretched that have not
Some early-cherished spot to love.

The mountain heights are dear to some,
To some the valley's deep recess;
To some the desert is a home,
With thoughts to cheer and joys to bless.

To some the tempest-troubled sea
Is music; while the snows and ice
That gird earth's arctic scenery,
To some bring dreams of paradise.

The fervor of the tropic beams—
The darkness of deep woods—the fall
Of dangerous cataract—shaken streams—
All scatter joys around them—all.

Yes! all, some spot, some cherished spot,
Love, every other spot above;
And none so destitute as not
To have some spot on earth to love.

John Bowring.

1829. HOME, Man's and Woman's.

Man's home is everywhere. On ocean's flood,
Where the strong ship with storm-defying keel
Doth link in stormy brotherhood, [tether
Earth's utmost zones together, [wave,
Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees
Where the rich diamond ripens, mid the flame
Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,
He with bronzed cheek and daring step doth rove;
He with short pang and slight
Doth turn him from the checkered light
Of the fair moon through his own forests
Where music, joy, and love, [dancing,
Were his young hours entrancing;
And where ambition's thunder-claim
Points out his lot,
Or fitful wealth allures to roam,
There doth he make his home,
Repining not.

It is not thus with Woman. The far halls,
Though ruinous and lone,
Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-mother's tone;
The home with humble walls,
Where breathed a parent's prayer around her bed;
The valley where, with playmates true,
She culled the strawberry, bright with dew;
The bower where Love her timid footsteps led;
The hearthstone where her children grew;
The damp soil where she cast
The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them bide the blast—
Affection with unfading tint recalls,
Lingering round the ivied walls,
Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,
Making fresh honey of remembered things,
Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of stings.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

1830. HOME, Memory of.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born.
The peach-tree leans against the wall
And the woodbine wanders over all.
There is the barn, and as of yore
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song.
Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still.

T. Buchanan Read.

1831. HOME, Piety in the.

Lo! where yon cottage whitens through the green,
The loveliest feature of a matchless scene;
Beneath its shading elm, with pious fear,
An aged mother draws her children near;
While from the Holy Word, with earnest air,
She teaches them the privilege of prayer.
Look! How their infant eyes with rapture speak;

Mark the flush lily on the dimpled cheek;
Their hearts are filled with gratitude and love,
Their hopes are centred in a world above,
Where, in a choir of angels, Faith portrays
The loved, departed father of their days.
Rufus Dawes.

1832. HOME, Sorrows of.

There is no spot, or high or low,
Which darkness visits not at times;
No shelter from the reach of woe,
In farthest lands of fairest climes.

The tempests shake the stoutest tree,
And every flow'ret droops in turn:
To mourn is nature's destiny,
And all that live must live to mourn.

No home so happy, but that pain,
And grief, and care, the doors will press,
When love's most anxious thoughts are vain,
More anxious from their helplessness.

And yet, if aught can soften grief,
'Tis home's sweet influence; if there be
Relief from sorrow, that relief
Springs from domestic sympathy.

The home that virtue hallows, flings
Another bliss o'er blessedness;
And e'en to sorrow's children brings
Or peace to calm, or hope to bless.
John Bowring.

1833. HOME, Sweet.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
Which, go through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain;
Ah! give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing sweetly that come to my call;
Oh, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.
J. Howard Payne.

1834. HOME, Trifles of.

The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things—
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.
Hannah More.

1835. HOME, Unity of.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair,
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.
An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win.
A world of cares without;
A world of strife shut out;
A world of love shut in.

1836. HOMES, English.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land;
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shades and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light.
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er her silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.
Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

1837. HONESTY, Frankness of.

His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent.
Shakespeare.

1838. HONESTY, Nobility of.

Trust payeth homage unto truth, rewarding honesty of action;
And all men love to lean on him, who never failed nor fainted.
Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and nobleness of nature at his heart,

And Independence took a crown and fixed it on his head;
So he stood in his integrity, just and firm of purpose,
Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels, and to men;
Yea, when the shattered globe shall rock in the throes of dissolution,
Still will he stand in his integrity, sublime—an honest man. *M. F. Tupper.*

1839. HONESTY, Rewards of.

All is vanity which is not honesty—thus is it graven on the tomb;
I speak of honest purpose, character, speech, and action.
Honesty, even by itself, though making many adversaries
Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity have soften'd,
Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man great honor. *M. F. Tupper.*

1840. HONESTY, Selling.

Yet there be others, that will truckle to a lie, selling honesty for interest;
And do they gain? They gain but loss; a little cash, with scorn.
Behold the sorrowful change wrought upon a fallen nature: [respect;
He hath lost his own esteem and other men's
For the buoyancy of upright faith, he is clothed in the heaviness of cringing.
For plain truth, where none could err, he hath chosen tortuous paths;
In lieu of his majesty of countenance, the timorous glances of servility.
Instead of Freedom's honest pride, the spirit of a slave. *M. F. Tupper.*

1841. HONESTY, Stability of.

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,
Washed whiter, but not shaken with the shock;
Whose heart conceives no sinister device;
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice. *Christopher Davenport.*

1842. HONOR, Christian.

A Christian is the highest style of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonor'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder who can tell? *Edward Young.*

1843. HONOR, Defined.

Say what is honor?—'Tis the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a realm, so pressed that in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honor is hopeful elevation—whence
Glory and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—
A foe's most favorite purpose to fulfil:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.
William Wordsworth.

1844. HONOR, a Hindrance.

Give me honors, what are these
But the pleasing hindrances,
Stiles, and stops, and stays that come
In the way 'twixt me and home?
Clear the walk and then shall I
To my heaven less run than fly.
Robert Herrick.

1845. HONOR, Love of.

What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Shakespeare.

1846. HONOR, Preserving.

Perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps honor bright. To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery. *Shakespeare.*

1847. HONOR, Road to.

There was a people once by wisest counsels steered, [reared.
Who temples twain to Virtue and to Honor
Excepting through the first—they stood so, wall to wall— [all.
No man within the second one could get at
As forecourt unto Honor's temple Virtue's stood, [was the moral good.
"Through merit praise is reached,"—such
An age did those two temples thus together stand, [the land.
And all was noble-toned and prosperous in
But long ago did Virtue's solemn temple fall;
And Honor's shrine, profaned, is open now to all. *Oriental.*

1848. HONOR, Rules of.

Speak the height of honor.
No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;
Rather to suffer than to do a wrong;
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue,
Provok'd, not to betray an enemy,
Nor eat his meat, I choke with flattery:
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;
To aim at just things; if we have wildly run
Into offences—wish them all undone.
'Tis poor in grief for a wrong done to die,
Honor to dare to live, and satisfy.
Philip Massinger.

1849. HONOR, Sacred.

Honor 's a sacred tie—the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,

And imitates her actions where she is not:
It is not to be sported with.
Joseph Addison.

1850. HONOR, Saving.

Poor frighted men at sea,
To save their lives, cast all their goods away.
In storms of fortune, where there is a strife
Which shall be sav'd, man's honor or his life;
Who would preserve this tatter'd bark from fate,
But sink the vessel to preserve the freight?
Sir Robert Howard.

1851. HOPE, an Anchor.

Let the winds blow, and billows roll,
Hope is the anchor of the soul.
But can I by so slight a tie,
An unseen Hope, on God rely?
Steadfast and sure, it cannot fail,
It enters deep within the veil,
It fastens on a land unknown,
And moors me to my Father's throne.
Charles Wesley.

1852. HOPE, Basis of.

On Truth's substantial rock Hope takes her seat,
While waves tumultuous dash against her feet;
The sky with blackness now becomes o'erspread;
The tempest threatens her devoted head;
Louder and louder still, the thunders sound;
The lightning flings its fearful glare around;
Creation trembles; but fast anchored there,
Hope sits unshaken, never in despair;
With eyes turned upward, whence her help descends,
She waits expecting till the tempest ends.
W. Holmes.

1853. HOPE, Beguiling.

The winds that played, now brisk, now slack,
Against the stream were driving back
The running waves, and made them seem
To show an upward-flowing stream:
As man, while hope beguiles him, thinks
His life is rising while it sinks.
William Barnes.

1854. HOPE, Characteristics of.

What is hope? The beauteous sun,
Which colors all it shines upon!
The beacon of life's dreary sea;
The star of immortality!
Fountain of feeling, young and warm,
A day-beam bursting through the storm!
A tone of melody, whose birth
Is, oh! too sweet, too pure, for earth!
A blossom of that radiant tree
Whose fruit the angels only see!
A beauty and a charm, whose power
Is seen, enjoy'd, confess'd, each hour!
A portion of that world to come.
When earth and ocean meet—the last o'erwhelming doom. *Charles Swain.*

1855. HOPE, Christian.

Jesus lives, and so shall I;
Death, thy sting is gone forever!
He who deigned for me to die,
Lives, the bands of death to sever:
He shall raise me with the just;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
And, His kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning;
God has promised; be it must;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and by His grace
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living:
Me He raises from the dust;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives! I know full well,
Naught from Him my heart can sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Joy, nor grief, henceforth forever:
None of all His saints is lost;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory;
Courage, then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just;
Jesus is thy Hope and Trust.
Tr. from C. F. Gellert.

1856. HOPE, Encourage.

Say thou not sadly, "never," and "no more,"
But from thy lips banish those falsest words;
While life remains, that which was thine before
Again may be thine; in Time's storehouse lie
Days, hours, and moments, that have unknown hoards
Of joy, as well as sorrow; passing by,
Smiles come with tears; therefore with hopeful eye
Look thou on dear things, though they turn away,
For thou and they, perchance, some future day
Shall meet again, and the gone bliss return;
For its departure then make thou no mourn,
But with stout heart bid what thou lov'st farewell;
That which the past hath given, the future gives as well.
Frances Anne Kemble.

1857. HOPE, Eternal.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When, wrapped in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light Thy torch at Nature's funeral pile
Thomas Campbell.

1858. HOPE, Faith and.

Fountain of song, its prayer begins and ends,
Hope is the wing by which the soul ascends;
Some may allege I wander from the path,
And give to hope the proper rights of faith;
Like love and friendship, these, a comely pair,
What's done by one, the other has a share:
When heat is felt, we judge that fire is near,
Hope's twilight comes—faith's day will soon appear.
Thus when the Christian's contest doth begin,
Hope fights with doubts, till faith's reserves come in:
Hope comes desiring and expects relief;
Faith follows, and peace springs from firm belief.
Hope balances occurrences of time; [prime.
Faith will not stop till it has reach'd the
Just like co-partners in joint stock of trade,
What one contracts is by the other paid.
Make use of hope thy laboring soul to cheer,
Faith shall be giv'n if thou wilt persevere.
We see all things alike with either eye,
So faith and hope the self-same object spy.
But what is hope? or where or how begun?
It comes from God, as light comes from the sun. *Thomas Hogg.*

1859. HOPE, Field of.

Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, death; and God adore. [know,
What's future bliss, He gives not thee to
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always to *be* blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Alexander Pope.

1860. HOPE, Fruition of.

O send me down a draught of love,
Or take me hence to drink above!
Here, Marah's water fills my cup;
But there, all griefs are swallow'd up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire;
But there, the spark's a flaming fire;
Joys here are drops, that passing flee;
But there, an overflowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here,
Will there resign to vision clear;
My hope, that's here a weary groan,
Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing;
But there, the captive is a king;
And grace is like a buried seed,
But sinners there are saints indeed.

My portion here's a crumb at best;
But there, the Lamb's eternal feast;
My praise is now a smother'd fire;
But then, I'll sing and never tire.

Now dusky shadows cloud my day;
But then, the shades will flee away;
My Lord will break the dimming glass,
And show His glory face to face.

My numerous foes now beat me down;
But then I'll wear the victor's crown;
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King!
Ralph Erskine.

1861. HOPE, Grace of.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all
That men have deemed substantial since the fall,
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chemic art,
The lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.
Hope! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak—for he can, and none so well as he—
What treasures centre, what delights, in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command;
The fragrant grove, the inestimable mine,
Were light, when viewed against one smile of thine. *William Cowper.*

1862. HOPE, Heavenly.

All hope on earth forever fled,
A higher hope remaineth;
For while His waves roll o'er my head,
I know my Saviour reigneth.
The worm may waste the withering clay,
When flesh and spirit sever;
My soul shall see eternal day,
And dwell with God forever!
Thomas Dale.

1863. HOPE, Influence of.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring;
What viewless forms the Æolian organs play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away. *Thomas Campbell.*

1864. HOPE, Inspiration of.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears: and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame, and vigor to the mind!
A joy attempered! A chastised delight!
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet,
'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below.
Edward Young.

1865. HOPE, Origin of.

Primeval Hope, the Aönian muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death and every woe
Shot from malignant stars the earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car; [War
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain, [again—
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.
Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.
Thomas Campbell.

1866. HOPE, Paternal.

When doom'd to poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
Thomas Campbell.

1867. HOPE, Personification of.

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold.
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkled favors manifold,
On whom she list, and did great liking shew,
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.
Edmund Spenser.

1868. HOPE, Philosophy of.

Hope, eager hope, the assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair. [new,
With no past toils content, still planning
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession why more tasteless than pursuit?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplished, why the grave of bliss?
Because in the great future buried deep,
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
Lies all that man with ardor should pursue;
And He who made him, bent him to the right.
Edward Young.

1869. HOPE, Power of.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower, the man to sow the seed,
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, but prompts again to deed. [seen to wave,
And ere upon the old man's dust the grass is
We look through falling tears to trust hope's sunshine on the grave. [or fond—
O no! it is no flattering lure—no fancy weak
When hope would bid us rest secure in better life beyond.
Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin, her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within, and God did ne'er betray. *Sarah F. Adams.*

1870. HOPE, Praise of.

Hope, of all ill that men endure,
The only chief and universal cure! [health!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
To ev'ry taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat, thou sure entailed estate,
Which naught has power to alienate!
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer, 1er none
Flatter unhappy man but thou alone!
Hope, thou first-fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroys:
Who out of fortune's reach dost stand,
And art a blessing still in hand!
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfil;
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!
Brother of Faith, 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heaven and earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fixed
Thy portion yet in movables is great. [estate,
Happiness itself's all one
In thee, or in possession!
Only the future's thine, the present his!
Thine's the more hard and noble bliss;
Best apprehender of our joys, which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!
Hope, thou sad lover's only friend!
Thou way, that may'st dispute it with the end!
For Love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other way again to thee:

And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.
Abraham Cowley.

1871. HOPE, Prophecies of.

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd, when life was new? *Thomas Campbell.*

1872. HOPE, The Good Man's.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation. He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampart ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark vicissitude. Even in death,
In that dread hour, when, with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre. The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope, which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed. Even He,
The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way—
Even he will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to those celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign. *Henry Kirke White.*

1873. HOPE, Unsatisfied.

I have ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they strayed
From me, sailing round the world;
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Ah! each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport,
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day when skies are fair
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall buy then all I need—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything except a heart,
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine;
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Evermore, evermore. *Barry Gray.*

1874. HOUSEHOLD, Angels in the.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.
Leigh Hunt.

1875. HOUSEHOLD, A Christian.

O happy house! where Thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcome, honored Guest,
Where none can ever fill Thy place;
Where every heart goes forth to meet Thee,
Where every ear attends Thy word,
Where every lip with blessing greets Thee,
Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy house! where man and wife in heart,
In faith and hope are one,
That neither life nor death can ever part
The holy union here begun;
Where both are sharing one salvation,
And live before Thee, Lord, always,

In gladness or in tribulation,
In happy or in evil days.

O happy house! whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in faith and prayer—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guards them with more than mother's care.
O happy house! where little voices
Their glad hosannas love to raise;
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of love and praise.

O happy house! and happy servitude!
Where all alike one Master own;
Where daily duty, in Thy strength pursued,
Is never hard nor toilsome known;
Where each one serves Thee, meek and lowly,
Whatever Thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
When they are done as unto Thee.

O happy house! where Thou art not forgot
When joy is flowing full and free;
O happy house! where every wound is brought—
Physician, Comforter—to Thee.
Until at last, earth's day's work ended,
All meet Thee in that home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy heaven of glory and of love!

Tr. from the German of Spitta.

1876. HOUSEHOLD, Happiness of the.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul; thing will,
Thought meeting thought, and will prevent-
With boundless confidence: for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face—
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm—
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
All various nature pressing on the heart—
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamor'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink, in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

James Thomson.

1877. HUMANITY, Brotherhood of.

Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall:
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart—
Sufferers are brothers all.

Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall;
Let love each harsher feeling drown—
Christians are brothers all.

Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all. *Johns.*

1878. HUMANITY, Cry of.

"There is no God," the foolish saith,
But none, "There is no sorrow;"
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

The battle hurtles on the plains—
Earth feels new scythes upon her:
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest . . honor—
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague runs festering through the town,
And never a bell is tolling:
And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling.
The young child calleth for the cup—
The strong man brings it weeping;
The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague of gold strides far and near,
And deep and strong it enters:
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses!
The rich preach rights, and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing:
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the wine-cup, lest
Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round—
"It shall be ours to-morrow!"
God's seraphs, do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow?
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes,
"And how long will you love us?"
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voice is low and breathless—
"Till death us part!"—O words to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lids that said
Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"
O God—to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!—
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull—
Men whisper, "He is dying:"
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"—
We have no strength for crying:
No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather—
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son adjures the Father—
Be Pitiful, O God!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1879. HUMANITY, Gospel of.

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

Men said at vespers: All is well!
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none:
Men clapsed each other's hands, and said:
The City of the West is dead!

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new the dreary void shall fill,
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as Thebes to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart.

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

John G. Whittier.

1880. HUMILITY, Affected.

In proud humility a pious man went through the field;
The ears of corn were bowing in the wind, as if they kneeled:
He struck them on the head, and modestly began to say,
"Unto the Lord, not unto me, such honors should you pay."

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

1881. HUMILITY, Blessing of.

O! learn that it is only by the lowly
The paths of peace are trod;
If thou wouldst keep thy garments white and holy,
Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted,
Is in God's sight a fool;
But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted,
Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As His abiding rest;
An angel by some patriarch's tent hath waited,
When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain,
Falls in the valley free;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,
Which charms the general wood;
But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth
Its unseen neighborhood.

The censer, swung by the proud hand of merit,
Fumes with a fire abhorred;
But faith's two mites, dropped covertly, inherit
A blessing from the Lord.

1882. HUMILITY, Cause for.

'Tis not because I sprung from naught
I bow with lowliness of thought;
All, but the Trinity most high,
Was nothing once as well as I.

'Tis not because I dwell in clay,
Subject to sickness and decay;
This flesh, if rightly I control,
'Tis no pollution to my soul.

'Tis not because this carcass, dead,
Will worms and putrefaction breed;
'Tis well, as if from thence should come
The violet's and the rose's bloom.

No, I shall ne'er deject my heart
By thinking on my mortal part;
Though mean, though base, though vile it be,
'Twill put on immortality.

'Twas not because, dependent here,
I poorly fill a narrow sphere;
To cast our destined lot aside,
Is not humility, but pride.

'Tis not because in life below
I little act, and little know;
In knowledge and in power there's none
Unlimited, but God alone.

What! in myself, then, can I find
No cause for lowliness of mind?
Ah, yes! for sin what thought can bear!
'Tis there I sink! 'tis wholly there!

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

1883. HUMILITY, Confident.

The mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping—
But I knock on the open door.

I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray—
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me Nay.

My mistakes His love shall cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gate of day.

If I turn not from His whisper,
If I let not go His hand,
I shall see Him in His beauty—
The King in the far-off land!

The mistakes of my life are many,
And my soul is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping—
But the Lord will let me in.

Una Locke.

1884. HUMILITY, Demand for.

Humble we must be, if to heaven we go,
High is the roof there, but the gate is low;
Whene'er thou speak'st look with a lowly eye—
Grace is increased by humility.

Robert Herrick.

1885. HUMILITY, Fable of.

From a dark cloud a drop of rain
Was falling, when, alas! ashamed
As it approach'd the boundless main,
In woful accents it exclaimed,
"How wide; how vast!—Ah, me, forlorn!
With *that* compared, I am but naught!"
While thus it view'd itself with scorn,
A shell it in its bosom caught;
Thus conscious of its humbler state,
'Twas changed into a brilliant gem,
An orient pearl—and rais'd by fate
To deck the brightest diadem.

Oriental.

1886. HUMILITY, Ideals of.

Humility is the softening shadow before the statue of Excellence,
And lieth lowly on the ground, beloved and lovely as the violet;
Humility is the fair-haired maid, that calleth Worth her brother,
The gentle silent nurse, that fostereth infant virtues:
Humility bringeth no excuse; she is welcome to God and man:
Her countenance is needful unto all who would prosper in either world:
And the mild light of her sweet face is mirrored in the eyes of her companions
And straightway stand they accepted, children of penitence and love.

M. F. Tupper.

1887. HUMILITY, Place of.

Give me the lowest place; not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place: or if for me [low,
That lowest place too high, make one more
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love Thee so.
Christina G. Rossetti.

1888. HUMILITY, Reward of.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility. *J. Montgomery.*

1889. HUMILITY, Test of.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer:
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save:
And murmur for Abana's banks,
And Pharpar's brighter wave.
J. G. Whittier.

1890. HUSBAND, To an Absent.

Linger not long. Home is not home without
thee:
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo
thy staying, [though dear,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of thy friends,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee
here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy
coming, [dell;
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy
humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow
stronger, [hill!
As night grows dark and darker on the
How shall I weep, when I can watch no
longer!
Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?
Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that
seeth me [dull;
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor
For oh! I sometimes fear when thou art with
My cup of happiness is all too full. [me,

Haste, haste thee home to thy mountain
dwelling;
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest;
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and
swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!

1891. HYPOCHONDRIA, Horrors of.

By myself walking,
To myself talking,
When as I ruminate
On my untoward fate,
Scarcely seem I
Alone sufficiently,
Black thoughts continually
Crowding my privacy.
They come unbidden,
Like foes at a wedding,
Thrusting their faces
In better guests' places,
Peevish and malcontent,
Clownish, impertinent,
Dashing the merriment:
So, in like fashions,
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,
In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering—
"Thy friends are treacherous,
Thy foes are dangerous,
Thy dreams ominous."
Fierce anthropophagi,
Spectres, diaboli—
What scared St. Anthony—
Hobgoblins, lemures,
Dreams of antipodes!
Night-riding incubi
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions:
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical!
Abaddon vexeth me,
Mahu perplexeth me;
Lucifer teareth me.
Charles Lamb.

1892. HYPOCRISY, Ceremonious.

It was withal a highly polished age,
And scrupulous in ceremonious rite.
When stranger stranger met upon the way,
First each to each bowed most respectfully,
And large profession made of humble service,
And then the stronger took the other's purse.
And he that stabbed his neighbor to the heart,
Stabbed him politely, and returned the blade
Reeking into its sheath, with graceful air.
Robert Pollok.

1893. HYPOCRISY, Deception of.

O Nature! What hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? Oh, that deceit should
In such a gorgeous palace! [dwell
O serpent heart! hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! Wolvish, raving lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st!
Shakespeare.

1894. HYPOCRISY, Detecting.

God beholds thee, wretch, though wrapt in prayer,
A wolf disguised, a painted sepulchre;
Regards no more thy cant, and godly whine,
Than yon dumb statue, on the marble shrine,
Whose hands are seen, in holy rapture closed
And steadfast eyes, to heaven alone disposed,
Prayer's senseless image, where no soul within
Speaks through the form, and animates the mien. *James Scott.*

1895. HYPOCRISY, Invisible.

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone, [earth.
By His permissive will, through heaven and
And oft, though wisdom wakes, suspicion
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity [sleeps
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no
Where no ill seems. [ill
John Milton.

1896. HYPOCRISY, Serpent of.

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them?
There are who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in Fortune's suns,
And sting the soul—ay, till its healthful frame
Is changed to secret, festering, sore disease,
So deadly is the wound. *Joanna Baillie.*

1897. HYPOCRITE, Simile of a.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,
Fancy a peacock in a poultry-yard.
Behold him in conceited circles sail,
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!
As for the humble breed retained by man,
He scorns the whole domestic clan—
He bows, he bridles,
He wheels, he sidles,
As last, with stately dodgings in a corner,
He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!

"Look here," he cries (to give him words),
"Thou feathered clay, thou scum of birds!"—
Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,—
"Look here, thou vile predestined sinner,
Doomed to be roasted for a dinner,
Behold these lovely variegated dyes!
These are the rainbow colors of the skies,
That heaven has shed upon me *con amore*—
A Bird of Paradise?—a pretty story!
I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!
Look at my crown of glory!
Thou dingy, dirty, dabbled, draggled jill!"
And off goes Partlett, wriggling from a kick,
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill!

That little simile exactly paints
How sinners are despised by saints. [door
By saints!—the Hypocrites that ope heaven's
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches;
But put the wicked, naked, barelegged poor
In parish stocks, instead of breeches.
Thomas Hood.

1898. HYPOCRITE, Unmasked.

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in: in virtue's guise
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's
In holy phrase transacted villanies [bread;
That common sinners durst not meddle with.
At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands touched the holiest things.
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
More deeply, or with graver countenance,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,
Whose infant children, at the moment, he
Planned how to rob: in sermon style he bought,
And sold, and lied; and salutations made
In scripture terms: he prayed by quantity,
And with his repetitions long and loud,
All knees were weary; with one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear, who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding— [there
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man!
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed! and yet few were deceived
His virtues being over-done, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Larded too frequently, and out of time,
With serious phraseology—were rents
That in his garments opened in spite of him,
Through which the well-accustomed eye could see [blushed,
The rottenness of his heart. None deeper
As in the all-piercing light he stood exposed,
No longer herding with the holy ones:
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
To sanctimonious seeming; but, meanwhile,
The shame within, now visible to all,
His purpose balked: the righteous smiled, and even
Despair itself some signs of laughter gave,

As ineffectually he strove to wipe
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.
Detected wretch! of all the reprobate,
None seemed maturer for the flames of hell;
Where still his face, from ancient custom,
A holy air, which says to all that pass [wears
Him by: I was a hypocrite on earth.
Robert Pollok.

1899. IDEAS, Succession of.

Mind is as the quicksilver, which, poured from vessel to vessel,
Instantly seizeth on a shape, and as instantly again discardeth it;
For it is an apprehensive power, closing on the properties of matter,
Expanding to enwrap a world, collapsing to prison up an atom:
As, by night, thine irritable eyes may have seen strange changing figures,
Now a wheel, now suddenly a point, a line, a curve, a zigzag,
A maze ever altering, as the dance of gnats upon a sunbeam,
Swift, intricate, neither to be prophesied, nor to be remembered in succession,
So the mind of a man, single, and perpetually moving,
Flickereth about from thought to thought, changed with each ideas,
For the passing second metamorphosed to the image of that within its ken,
And throwing its immediate perceptions into each cause of contemplation.
It shall regard a tree; and unconsciously, in separate review,
Embrace its color, shape, and use, whole and individual conceptions;
It shall read or hear of crime, and cast itself into the commission;
It shall note a generous deed, and glow for a moment as the doer;
It shall imagine pride or pleasure, treading on the edges of temptation;
Or heed of God and of His Christ, and grow transformed to glory.
M. F. Tupper.

1900. IDLENESS, Misery of.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd;
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar,
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on Fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to drop by dull decay;
Better to sink beneath the shock,
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.
Lord Byron.

1901. IDLENESS, Unreasonable.

Hamlet. What is man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd. *Shakespeare.*

1902. IDOLATRY, Common.

And still from Him we turn away,
And fill our hearts with worthless things;
The fires of avarice melt the clay,
And forth the idol springs!
Ambition's flame, and passion's heat,
By wondrous alchemy transmute
Earth's dross, to raise some gilded brute
To fill Jehovah's seat. *J. H. Clinch.*

1903. IDOLATRY, Human.

Hear, Father! hear and aid!
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid;
If I have sought to live
But in one light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry,
Thou that art Love, oh! pity and forgive!
Mrs. Hemans.

1904. IDOLATRY, Nature of.

If when the Lord of Glory is in sight,
Thou turn thy back upon that fountain clear,
To bow before the "little drop of light"
Which dim-eyed men call praise and glory here:
What dost thou, but adore the sun, and scorn
Him at whose only word both sun and stars were born.

If while around thee gales from Eden breathe,
Thou hide thine eyes, to make thy peevish moan
Over some broken reed of earth beneath,
Some darling of blind fancy, dead and gone,
As wisely might'st thou in Jehovah's fane
Offer thy love and tears to Thammuz slain.

Turn thee from these, or dare not to inquire
Of Him whose Name is Jealous, lest in wrath
He hear and answer thine unblest desire:
Far better we should cross His lightning's path,
Than be according to our idols heard,
And God should take us at our own vain word. *John Keble.*

1905. IDOLATRY, Overthrow of.

No more at Delos or at Delphi now
Or e'en at mighty Ammon's Lybian shrine,
The white-robed priests before the altar bow,
To slay the victim and to pour the wine,
While gifts of kingdoms round each pillar twine.
Scarce can the classic pilgrim, sweeping free
From fallen architrave the desert vine,
Trace the dim names of their divinity;
Gods of the ruined temples, where, O when are ye? *George W. Bethune.*

1906. IDOLS, Breaker of.

Lo! a hundred proud pagodas have the
Moslem torches burned,
Lo! a thousand monstrous idols Mahmoud's
zeal has overturned.

He from northern Ghuznée issuing, through
the world this word doth bear—
God is ONE; ye shall no other with the peer-
less One compare:

Till in India's farthest corner he has reached
the costliest shrine
Of the Bramins, idol-tending—which they
hold the most divine.

Profits not the wild resistance; stands the
victor at the gate,
With this hugest idol's ruin all his work to
consummate.

Forth in long procession streaming came the
suppliant priests to meet—
Came with ransom and with homage the re-
sistless one to greet.

Ransom huge of gold they offer, pearls of
price and jewels rare,
Purchase of their idol's safety, this their
dearest will he spare.

And there wanted not who counsell'd, that
He should His hand withhold,
Should that single image suffer, and accept
this needed gold.

But he rather—"God raised me, not to make
a shameful gain,
Trafficking in hideous idols, with a service
false and vain;

But to count my work unfinished, till I sweep
them from the world:
Stand, and see the thing ye sued for, by this
hand to ruin hurled."

High he reared his battle-axe, and heavily
came down the blow:
Reeled the abominable image, broken,
bursten, to and fro;

From its shattered side revealing pearls and
diamonds, showers of gold;
More than all that proffered ransom, more
than all a hundredfold.

Thou too, Heaven's commissioned warrior to
cast down each idol throne
In thy heart's profanèd temple, make this
faithful deed thine own.

Still they plead and still they promise; wilt
Thou suffer them to stand?
They have pleasures, gifts and treasures, to
enrich thee at command.

Heed not thou, but boldly strike them; let
descend the faithful blow;
From their wreck and from their ruin first
will thy true riches flow.

Thou shalt lose thy life, and find it; thou
shalt boldly cast it forth;
And then back again receiving, know it in
its endless worth.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

1907. IDOLS, Removed.

God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their
white,
I know we shall behold them, raised complete,
The dust swept from their beauty—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1908. IGNORANCE, Excuse of.

But 'tis some justice to ascribe to chance
The wrongs you must expect from igno
rance:
None can the moulds of their creation choose,
We therefore should men's ignorance excuse.
When born too low to reach to things sublime,
'Tis rather their misfortune than their crime.

Sir W. Davenant.

1909. IGNORANCE, Personification of.

With creeping, crooked pace forth came
An old, old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary gait both to and fro;
For his eyesight him failed long ago;
And on his arm a bunch of keys of ev'ry
inner door; [still in store.
But he could not them use, but kept them
But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward moved his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled
face;
Unlike to men, who, ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the giant dead;
His name, Ignara, did his nature right aread.

Edmund Spenser.

1910. ILLNESS, Consolation in.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away;

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In Life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid;

Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath;

Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend;

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disimprison'd soul
Behold Him, and adore;
Be with His Likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more;

Shall see Him wear that very Flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His Love intense, His Merit fresh
As though but newly slain.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The Trumpet's quickening sound;
And, by my Saviour's Power rebuilt,
At His right hand be found.

These eyes shall see Him in that day,
The God that died for me!
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to Thee?

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' Presence know!

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the Fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

Oh! may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away!

Augustus Montague Toplady.

1911. ILLS, Overstatement of.

We overstate the ills of life, and take
Imagination given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels, overshone
By God's clear glory,—down our earth to rake
The dismal snows instead; flake following flake,
To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills, across a level thrown,
And pant like climbers. Near the alder-brake
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.
O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of Grief!—holy herein,
That by the grief of One came all our good.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.

1912. ILLS, Philosophy of.

All evils natural are moral goods;
All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.
None are unhappy . . . . all have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains:
Error in act or judgment is the source
Of endless sighs. We sin, or we mistake,
And nature tax, when false opinion stings.
Let impious grief be banished, joy indulged;
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joyous frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe. . . .
Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts:
'Tis joy and conquest—joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in ills delights [peace.
Heaven, earth, ourselves. . . 'tis duty, glory,
Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The *crown of manhood* is a winter joy,
An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigor of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happiness to know
How much unhappiness must prove our lot;
A part which few possess. I'll pay life's tax
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a man . . . .
Who thinks it is shall never be a god.
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

Edward Young.

1913. ILLS, Responsibility for.

Man is responsible for *ills* received:
Those we call wretched are a chosen band,
Compelled to refuge in the right, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost, *that my heart has bled.*
'Tis Heaven's last effort of good will to man:
When pain can't bless, Heaven quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blessed . . . .
Inhuman or effeminate his heart:
Reason absolves the grief which reason ends.
May Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well
By previous pain, and made it safe to smile!

Edward Young.

1914. ILLUSION, True.

Dream on! Though Heaven may woo our open eyes, [skies;
Through their close lids we look on fairer
Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this;
The cheating future lends the present's bliss;
Life is a running shade, with fettered hands,
That chases phantoms over shifting sands;

Death a still spectre on a marble seat,
With ever-clutching palms and shackled feet;
The airy shapes that mock life's slender chain
The flying joys he strives to clasp in vain,
Death only grasps; to live is to pursue—
Dream on! there's nothing but illusion true!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1915. ILLUSTRATION, Habit of.

Wherefore, it is wise and well to guide the mind aright,
That its aptness may be sensitive to good, and shrink with antipathy from evil,
For use will mould and mark it, or non-usage dull and blunt;
So to talk of spirit by analogy with substance;
And analogy is a truer guide than many teachers tell of.
Similitudes are scattered round, to help us, not to hurt us;
Moses, in his every type, and the Greater than a Moses, in His parables,
Preach, in terms that all may learn, the philosophic lessons of analogy.
M. F. Tupper.

1916. IMAGINATION, Cheat of the.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseas'd,
And fevers into false creation: where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men?
The unreach'd paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again? [cure
Who loves, raves; 'tis youth's frenzy, but the
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds
Which rob'd our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone. *Lord Byron.*

1917. IMAGINATION, Pleasures of.

O blest of heaven, whom not the languid
Of luxury, the siren! not the tribes [songs
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honor, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls [not all
To charm the enlivened soul! What though
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptured gold
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn. [wings;
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only; for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
On outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love, [ers
This fair-inspired delight: her tempered pow
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
Mark Akenside.

1918. IMAGINATION, Possessions of.

Theseus. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
And, as imagination bodies forth [to heaven;
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy noth-
A local habitation and a name. [ing
Such tricks hath strong Imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear?
Shakespeare.

1919. IMAGINATION, Support of.

"Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind!
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays,
Heavy is woe; and joy, for human kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!"
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned

To elevate the more than reasoning Mind,
And color life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined:
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind [shower,
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind. *William Wordsworth.*

1920. IMMANUEL, Emblems of.

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See, in His face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace!

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own.

Is He compared to Wine or Bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying Blood of Thine,
Is Bread of Life, is heavenly Wine.

Is He a Tree? The world receives
Salvation from His healing leaves:
That righteous Branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

Is he a Rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields;
Or if the Lily He assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

Is He a Vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit
O let a lasting union join
My soul the branch to Christ the Vine!

Is He the Head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives;
The Saints below and Saints above
Joined by His Spirit and His love.

Is He a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is He a Fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a Refiner shall He sit,
And tread the refuse with His feet.

Is He a Rock? How firm He proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves:
Yet the sweet streams, that from Him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

Is He a Way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of Blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

Is He a Door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green!
A paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.

Is He design'd a Corner-stone,
For men to build their Heaven upon?
I'll make Him my Foundation too;
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

Is He a Temple? I adore
The indwelling majesty and power;
And still to His Most Holy Place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.

Is He a Star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know His glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning Star!

Is He a Sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and Righteousness;
Nations rejoice, when He appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

Oh! let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There He displays His powers abroad,
And shines and reigns, th' incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven His full resemblance bears:
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.
Isaac Watts.

1921. IMMORTALITY, Confidence in.

Of man immortal! Hear the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust: the soul is safe;
The man emerges; mounts above the wreck,
As towering flame from Nature's funeral
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles; [pyre:
His charter, his inviolable rights, [tence,
Well pleased to learn from thunder's impo-
Death's pointless darts, and Hell's defeated storms." *Edward Young.*

1922. IMMORTALITY, Denial of.

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom [fare
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we
As summer gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But are their whole of being! If the breath
Be life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death;
O Man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!
Surplus of Nature's dread activity, [vase,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She formed with restless hands unconsciously!
Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state, [fears,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy
The counter-weights! Thy laughter and thy tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,

And to repay the other! Why rejoices [good?
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood, [voices,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting
Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold? [hold
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou with-
These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou can'st have
Thy being's being is contradiction. [none;

S. T. Coleridge.

1923. IMMORTALITY, Desire for.

Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery.

1924. IMMORTALITY, Inference of.

Look Nature through: 'tis revolution all—
All change—no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise:
Earth takes th' example. See the Summer gay, [ers,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow-
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just:
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal—that a circle, this a line; [soul,
That gravitates, this soars. The aspiring
Ardent and tremulous, like flame, ascends—
Zeal and humility, her wings to Heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life, born from Death,
Rolls the vast mass, and shall forever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost, [High.
With change of counsel charges the Most
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doomed Death's single unredeemed?
If nature's revolution speaks aloud,
In her gradation, hear her louder still.
Look nature through—'tis neat gradation all
By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
Each middle nature joined at each extreme
To that above it joined, to that beneath.
Parts into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce. What love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and sense; [ray:
There, sense from reason steals a glimmering
Reason shines out in man. But how preserved
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal—earthy, part—
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal: or in man the series ends. [more;
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no
Checked Reason halts; her next step wants support; [scheme;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her
A scheme Analogy pronounc'd so true!
Analogy, man's surest guide below.

Edward Young.

1925. IMMORTALITY, Intimations of.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and
The earth, and every common sight, [stream,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light—
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day, [no more,
The things which I have seen I now can see

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong. [steep—
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

Ye blessèd creatures! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal—
The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! —
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon—
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy.

The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art—
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part— [stage"
Filling from time to time his "humorous
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind!—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave!
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive! [breed
The thought of our past years in me doth
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
Not for these I raise [breast—
That song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized, [ture
High instincts, before which our mortal na-
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never—
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight, [hour
Though nothing can bring back the
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower—
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves.
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret, [they;
Even more than when I tripped lightly as
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

William Wordsworth.

1926. IMMORTALITY, Lesson of.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

Husband and wife! no converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young days of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations and glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be moves you
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence; [not.
Not like to that in which ye rested once
Most happy,—silence eloquent, when heart
With heart held speech, and your mysterious
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat [frames,
Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,
Insensible, unheeding, folds you round,
And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in;
Away from all the living, here ye rest,
In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
Yet feel ye not each other's presence now;—
Dread fellowship!—together, yet alone.
Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love! [holds
And doth death cancel the great bond that
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind, the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited and lived?—
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh
Lifting that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory?—throne before which even now
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?—
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful unseen Presence,—are they quenched?
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not, as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?
And do our loves all perish with our frames?

Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And then soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue [give speech,
And make it set forth winning harmonies,
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents, no more?
To live in it, and when that dies go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality; [main,
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair do-
The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned
Join in this solemn, universal song. [seas,
O listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in [light;
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moon-
Is floating in day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears;
Night and the dawn, bright day and thought-ful eve,
As one great mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee. [chords
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing
To mingle in this heavenly harmony. [souls

Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
What holds it? Dust that cumbered those I mourn.
They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell [love,
In love—their God's and angels'? Mutual
That bound them here, no longer needs a speech
For full communion; nor sensations strong,
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each [silent.
By natures new impart themselves, though
Each quickening sense, each throb of holy
Affections sanctified, and the full glow [love,
Of being, which expand and gladden one,
By union all mysterious, thrill and live
In both immortal frames;—sensation all,
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and thought!
Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness
Twofold, yet single—this is love, this life!
Why call we, then, the square-built monu-ment,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest
In these shaped stones and lettered tables figures
Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God
Brought to the old Judeans;—types are these
Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,
That at this simple grave on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, thou art leading me in joy.

Richard Henry Dana.

1927. IMMORTALITY, Longing for.

Away with death—away [damps,
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling
Impervious to the day,
Where nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire
To moulder in the grave!
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry—
Away with mortal life!
But hail the calm reality,
The seraph immortality!
Hail the heavenly bowers of peace,
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lulled by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tear,
The daughter loved, the wife adored,
To our widow'd arms restored;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again forever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poisoned thorn of strife;
Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptured eyes?

H. K. White.

1928. IMMORTALITY, Mystery of.

Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou art—then, doubt if thou shalt be.
A miracle with miracles enclosed,
Is man: and starts his faith at what is strange?
What, less than wonders, from the Wonderful?
What, less than miracles, from GOD can flow?
Admit a GOD, (that mystery supreme! [cease.
That cause uncaused!) all other wonders
Nothing is marvellous for Him to do!
Deny Him.....all is mystery besides!
Millions of mysteries! each darker far
Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side?
We nothing know, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous we can't believe.
Edward Young.

1929. IMMORTALITY, Patrimony of.

O what a patrimony this! A being
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possest can raise it—worlds de-
stroyed [course
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious
When thine, O Nature! ends: too blest to
mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure this!
The monarch is a beggar to the man.
IMMORTAL! Ages passed, yet nothing gone?
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshortened by progression infinite!
Futurity forever future! Life
Beginning still, where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a deity!
'Tis the description of the meanest slave!
The meanest slave dares then LORENZO scorn?
The meanest slave thy sovereign glory shares.
Proud youth! fastidious of the lower world
Man's lawful pride includes humility;
Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
Inferiors! all immortal! Brothers all!
Proprietors eternal of Thy love. [strong,
Immortal! What can strike the sense so
As this the soul? It thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms!
No more we slumber on the brink of fate!
Roused at the sound, the exulting soul ascends
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high and fans ethereal fires;
Quick-kindles all that is divine within us,
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the
stars.
Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but one immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones
adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing less?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of hea-
O vain, vain, vain, all else! Eternity! [ven!
A glorious and a needful refuge that,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above.
Their terror, those—and these their lustre,
Eternity depending, covers all; [lose!
Eternity depending, all achieves:
Sets earth at distance; casts her into shade;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow-
The low, the lofty, joyous and severe, [ers;
Fortune's dread frowns and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap
The man beneath; if I may call him man
Whom immortality's full force inspires.
Edward Young

1930. IMMORTALITY, Progress in.

I have learned
This doctrine from the vanishing of youth.
The pictured primer, true, is thrown aside:
But its first lesson liveth in my heart.
I shall go on through all eternity.
Thank God, I only am an embryo still;
The small beginning of a glorious soul,
An atom that shall fill immensity.
A. C. Coxe.

1931. IMMORTALITY, Reason for.

Cato. It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest
well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond de-
sire,
This longing after immortality? [ror,
Or whence this secret dread, and inward hor-
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the
soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us; [after,
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out a here-
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must
we pass! [me;
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon
it. [us
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in
virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made
for Cæsar. [them.
I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and
life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in
years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements, [worlds!
The wreck of matter, and the crash of
Joseph Addison.

1932. IMMORTALITY, Transition of.

Nothing is dead but that which wished to die;
Nothing is dead but wretchedness and pain;

Nothing is dead but what encumbered, galled,
Blocked up the pass, and barred from real life.
Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise?
Too dark the sun to see it; higher stars
Too low to reach it; Death, great Death alone,
O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our transition, though the mind,
An artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all:
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance—never are alike:
Fear shakes the pencil; Fancy loves excess;
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades;
And these the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worst: 'tis past: new prospects rise
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim—
Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought,
Long life might lapse, age unperceived come
And find the soul unsated with her theme.
Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song!
O that my song could emulate my soul—
Like her, immortal. No! the soul disdains
A mark so mean: far nobler hope inflames.
If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the laurel, but the palm, inspire.
Thy nature, immortality! who knows?
And yet, who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of bright color spun,
And spun forever. Dipped by cruel Fate
In Stygian dye, how black, how brittle here!
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best joys,
deeds,
How wanting in their weight? Our highest
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how great
To mingle interests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of reason, scattered wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endowed!—to live free citizens
Of universal nature!—to lay hold,
By more than feeble faith, on the Supreme!
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines which support archangels in their state)
Our own! to rise in science as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote, and
No mystery—but that of love divine, leave
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness and from dust, to such a scene!
Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From earth's sad contrast (now deplored) more fair!
What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
Blest absolution of our blackest hour!

Edward Young.

1933. IMMORTALITY, Verdict of.

The witnesses are heard: the cause is o'er.
Let conscience file the sentence in her court,
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey.
Thus sealed by truth, the authentic record runs:
"Know, all—know, infidels! (unapt to know!)
'Tis immortality your nature solves;
'Tis immortality deciphers man,
And opens all the mysteries of his make.
Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
Without it, all his virtues are a dream.
His very crimes attest his dignity;
His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold and fame,
Declares him born for blessings infinite.
What less than infinite makes unabsurd
Passions, which all on earth but more inflames?
Fierce passions, so mismeasured to this scene,
Stretched out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,
Far beyond the worth of all below,
For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the skies."

Edward Young.

1934. IMMORTALITY, Warning from.

Come, O my soul, thy certain ruin trace;
If thou neglect the Saviour's offer'd grace,
Infinite years in torment must I spend,
And never, never, never have an end?
Oh, must I dwell in torturing despair,
As many years as atoms in the air?
When these are done, as many to ensue
As blades of grass on hills and dales that grew;
When these are gone, as many left behind
As leaves in forests, shaken by the wind:
When these are past, as many thousands more
As grains of sand upon the ocean shore;
When these run out, as many millions more
As moments in the millions past before?
When all these doleful years are spent in pain,
And multiplied by millions, yet again,
'Till numbers drown the thought; could I suppose
That then my wretched years would close,
This would afford a hope; but, oh! I shiver
To ponder on the dreadful word,—forever!
The burning gulf, where I blaspheming lie,
Is time no more, but vast eternity!!
The growing torments I endure for sin
Are never more to end, but always to begin.
Oh that the hand that cursed with the lash,
Would bless me back to nothing—with a dash!
Unjustly, I the sin-avenger hate,
Blaspheme this awful God, and curse my fate;
'Tis just, since I, who bear the eternal load,
Contemned the death of an eternal God.

1935. IMMORTALITY, Wonder of.

To think for aye! to breathe immortal breath,
And know nor hope, nor fear, of ending death;
To see the myriad worlds that round us roll
Wax old and perish, while the steadfast soul
Stands fresh and moveless in her sphere of thought;
O God omnipotent! who in me wrought [orb,
This conscious world, whose ever-growing
When the dead Past shall all in time absorb,
Will be but as begun,—oh, of Thine own
Give of the holy light that veils Thy throne,
That darkness be not mine, to take my place
Beyond the reach of light, a blot in space!
So may this wondrous life, from sin made free,
Reflect Thy love for aye, and to Thy glory be!
Washington Allston.

1936. IMPATIENCE, Check to.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

1937. IMPATIENCE, Chided.

Wait thou for time: the slow-unfolding flower
Chides man's impatient haste with long delay:
The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun;
The golden fruit of suffering's weighty power
Within the soul-like soft bells' silvery chime
Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou shouldst find a shrine
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way—

Wait thou for time; it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gayly shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower,
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal
To a high purpose in the world of strife:
Wait thou for time! *Lucy Hooper.*

1938. IMPATIENCE, Folly of.

To see what gems lie hidden where it grows,
Would'st pluck the tree of life up by the root?
Wait until the unseen into flower blows;
Wait till the jewels hang in precious fruit.
Gerald Massey.

1939. IMPRISONMENT, Joyous.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God it pleases Thee.

Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing
But still He bends to hear me sing.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty Will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.
Madame Guyon, tr. by Thos. C. Upham.

1940. INCARNATION, Wonders of the.

Oh, how wondrous is the story
Of our blest Redeemer's birth!
See, the mighty Lord of glory
Leaves His heaven to visit earth.

If some prophet had been sent
With salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the blest event
Could their warmest love refuse?

But 'twas He to whom in heaven
Hallelujahs never cease;
He, the mighty God, was given—
Given to us—a Prince of peace.

None but He who did create us
Could redeem from sin and hell;
None but He could reinstate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had He come, the glorious Stranger,
Decked with all the world calls great;
Had He lived in pomp and grandeur,
Crowned with more than royal state—

Still our tongues, with praise o'erflowing,
On such boundless love would dwell;
Still our hearts, with rapture glowing,
Feel what words could never tell.

But what wonder should it raise,
Thus our lowest state to borrow!
Oh, the high mysterious ways—
God's own Son a child of sorrow!

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure
He our suffering nature bore;
'Twas to give us heavenly treasure
He was willing to be poor.
Hannah More.

1941. INCOMPLETENESS, Law of.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled—

The promise still outruns the deed—
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1942. INCOMPREHENSIBLE, Struggle for the.

In mind, in matter, much was difficult
To understand: but what in deepest night
Retired, inscrutable, mysterious, dark,
Was evil; God's decrees; and deeds decreed,
Responsible. Why God, the just and good,
Omnipotent and wise, should suffer sin
To rise. Why man was free, accountable;
Yet God foreseeing, overruling all,
Where'er the eye could turn, whatever track
Of moral thought it took, by reason's torch,
Or Scripture's led, before it still this mount
Sprung up, impervious, insurmountable,
Above the human stature rising far;
Horizon of the mind—surrounding still
The vision of the soul with clouds and gloom.
Yet did they not attempt to scale its sides,
And gain its top. Philosophy, to climb,
With all her vigor toiled from age to age;
From age to age, Theology, with all
Her vigor, toiled; and vagrant Fancy toiled.
Not weak and foolish only, but the wise,
Patient, courageous, stout, sound-headed man
Of proper discipline, of excellent wind,
And strong of intellectual limb, toiled hard;
And oft above the reach of common eye
Ascended far, and seemed well-nigh the top:
But only seemed; for still another top
Above them rose, till giddy grown, and mad,
With gazing at these dangerous heights of God,
They tumbled down, and in their raving said,
They o'er the summit saw: and some believed;
Believed a lie; for never man on earth
That mountain crossed, or saw its farther side.
Around it lay the wreck of many a Sage,
Divine, Philosopher; and many more
Fell daily, undeterred by millions fallen;
Each wondering why he failed to comprehend
God, and with finite measure infinite.
To pass it, was no doubt desirable;
And few of any intellectual size
That did not sometime in their day attempt;
But all in vain; for as the distant hill,
Which on the right, or left, the traveller's eye [oft
Bounds, seems advancing as he walks, and
He looks, and looks, and thinks to pass; but still
It forward moves, and mocks his baffled sight,
Till night descends and wraps the scene in gloom,
So did this moral height the vision mock;
So lifted up its dark and cloudy head,
Before the eye, and met it evermore. [God
And some, provoked, accused the righteous
Accused of what? hear human boldness now;
Hear guilt, hear folly, madness, all extreme!
Accused of what? the God of truth accused
Of cruelty, injustice, wickedness!
Abundant sin! Because a mortal man,
A worm at best of small capacity,
With scarce an atom of Jehovah's works
Before him, and with scarce an hour to look
Upon them, should presume to censure God—
The infinite and uncreated God!
To sit in judgment—on Himself, His works,
His providence! and try, accuse, condemn!
If there is aught, thought or to think, absurd,
Irrational, and wicked, this is more—
This most; the sin of devils, or of those
To devils growing fast: wise men and good,
Accused themselves, not God; and put their hands
Upon their mouths and in the dust adored.
Robert Pollok.

1943. INCONSTANCY, Example of.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking, [thinking.
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert. [late;
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel.
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left no faction, but of that was left.
John Dryden.

1944. INCONSTANCY, Human.

O what a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew [true,
And crushed the building: and 'tis partly
His mind is so.

O what a sight is man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind; [bined
And like a dolphin's skin, his clothes com-
With his desires! *George Herbert.*

1945. INDOLENCE, Awaking from.

I waste no more in idle dreams
My life, my soul away;

I wake to know my better self—
I wake to watch and pray.
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain,
I've lavished all too long:
Henceforth to holier purposes
I pledge myself, my song!

I shut mine eyes in grief and shame
Upon the dreary past—
My heart, my soul poured recklessly
On dreams that could not last:
My bark was drifted down the stream,
At will of wind or wave—
An idle, light, and fragile thing,
That few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold,
And steer as conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of fate,
Though wild the ocean swells.
I know my soul is strong and high,
If once I give it sway:
I feel a glorious power within,
Though light I seem and gay.

Oh, laggard soul! unclose thine eyes—
No more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself:
Awake and soar aloft!
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings
Which thou dost fold too long;
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
And sing thy loftiest song!

Frances Sargent Osgood.

1946. INDOLENCE, Castle of.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming, bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavored and rich viands crowned:
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

Each sound, too, here, to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease:
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face,
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
With fleecy clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort; [free,
Where, from gross mortal care and business
They lay, poured out in ease and luxury:
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labor was to kill the time;
And labor dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapory god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But, ah! too late, as shall full soon be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languished there,
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where Sickness tossed alway.

Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snoring night and day;
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,
Forever fed with watery supply:
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deemed, and some her deemed a wit.

A lady proud she was of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low;
She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spitals know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humor ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,
With aching head, and squeamish heartburnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate mankind,
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks;
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst Apoplexy crammed Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox. *James Thomson.*

1947. INDOLENCE, Penalty of.

What multitudes the curse shall feel
Who keep their talent unemployed,
Shut out from heaven, shut up in hell,
For doing neither harm nor good!
Charles Wesley.

1948. INDOLENCE, Victim of.

Not all at once,
He yielded to the soothing voice of sleep;
But having seen a bough of laurel wave,
He effort made to climb; and friends, and even
Himself, talked of his greatness, as at hand,
And prophesying drew his future life.
Vain prophecy! his fancy, taught by sloth,
Saw in the very threshold of pursuit
A thousand obstacles; he halted first,
And while he halted, saw his burning hopes
Grow dim and dimmer still: ambition's self,
The advocate of loudest tongue, decayed;
His purposes, made daily, daily broken,
Like plant uprooted oft, and set again,
More sickly grew, and daily wavered more:
Till at the last, decision, quite worn out,
Decision, fulcrum of the mental powers,
Resigned the blasted soul to staggering chance;
Sleep gathered fast, and weighed him downward still;
His eye fell heavy from the mount of fame;
His young resolves to benefit the world.
Perished, and were forgotten; he shut his ear
Against the painful news of rising worth;
And drank with desperate thirst the poppy's juice;
A deep and mortal slumber settled down
Upon his weary faculties oppressed;
He rolled from side to side, and rolled again;
And snored, and groaned, and withered, and expired,
And rotted on the spot, leaving no name.
Robert Pollok.

1949. INDUSTRY, Benefit of.

Ho, all who labor, all who strive!
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
O, to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do. *C. F. Orne.*

1950. INDUSTRY, Incentives to.

Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead: absorbed entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath;
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss!
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in Disease's sad abyss,
While he whom Toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind;
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find,
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds.

. . . . . .

Come, follow me; I will direct you right,
Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
Sincere as sweet: come, follow this good Knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him [to your sight.

Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
The world is poised, and managed mighty states;
To high discovery some, that new creates
The face of earth; some to the thriving mart:
Some to the rural reign and softer fates;
To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart:
All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and all Art. *James Thomson.*

1951. INDUSTRY, Monuments of.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock,
Your columns the fathomless fountains' cave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye 're a puny race thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.
Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noiseless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain. *Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.*

1952. INDUSTRY, Motives for.

Death worketh,
Let me work too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,
Let me work too;
Time undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,
Let me work too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.
Horatius Bonar.

1953. INDUSTRY, Peace of.

Still hope! still act! Be sure that life,
The source and strength of every good,
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

To toil, in tasks however mean,
For all we know of right and true—
In this alone our worth is seen;
'Tis this we were ordained to do.

So shalt thou find in work and thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give;
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be taught,
By thee let others nobler live.

Thou wilt have angels near above,
By whom invisible aid is given;
They journey still on tasks of love,
And never rest, except in heaven.
Sterling.

1954. INDUSTRY, Works of.

Now sober Industry, illustrious power!
Hath raised the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy; now sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare, tames the stubborn soil;
Leads the long drain along the unfertile marsh:
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks, and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests and the golden grain.
Michael Bruce.

1955. INFANCY, Death in.

In due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
They bind the unoffending creature's brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
Then do a festal company unite
In choral song; and, while the uplifted cross
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
Uncovered to his grave: 'tis closed—her loss
The mother *then* mourns, as she needs must mourn; [dued;
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief sub-
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.
William Wordsworth.

1956. INFANCY, Thoughts of.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx?
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little cephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way

Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

1957. INFANT, A Birdling.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest,
Oh God! Thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters nevermore shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird, with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity, is here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise—
Hear, oh my God, one earnest prayer!
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

Emily Judson.

1958. INFANT, Death of an.

Smiling, a bright-eyed seraph bent over an infant's dream;
To view his mirrored form he leant, as in the crystal stream.
"Fair infant, come," he whispered low, "and leave the earth with me,—
To a bright and happy world we'll go: this is no home for thee.
Each sparkling pleasure knows alloy, nor cloudless skies are here; [a tear.
A care there is for every joy, for every smile
The heart that dances free and light may soon be chained by sorrow;
The sun that sets in calm to-night may rise in storms to-morrow!
Alas! to cloud a brow so fair that griefs and pains should rise!
Alas! that this dark world of care should dim those laughing eyes!
To seek a brighter land with me, infant, thou wilt not fear;
For piteous Heaven the sad decree recalls that sent thee here!"
It seemed on him the sweet babe smiled, his wings the seraph spread:
They're gone,—the angel and the child. Poor mother! thy son is dead!

1959. INFANT, Destiny of the.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.
By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,
Lik a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chord lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

H. W. Longfellow.

1960. INFANT, Gift of an.

With what unknown delight the mother smiled
When this frail treasure in her arms she pressed;
Her prayer was heard—she clasped a living child;
But how the gift transcends the poor request;
A child was all she asked, with many a vow;
Mother—behold the child an angel now!

Now in her Father's house she finds a place;
Or if to earth she takes a transient flight,
'Tis to fulfil the purpose of His grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the world of light;
A ministering spirit sent to thee,
That where she is, there thou may'st also be.

Jane Taylor.

1961. INFANT, Ignorance of an.

Child of day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine earn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot;
Nor, if thou knewest, could'st return!
And why the wish! the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

Walter Savage Landor.

1962. INFANT Lullaby.

Sweet baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessèd soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy Spouse, thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine eldest brother is a King,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe: sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy protector threaten'd are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need,
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed;
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain [thee;
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for
And by His torments and His pain
Thy rest and ease secured be.
My baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not;
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.
George Wither.

1963. INFANTS, Future Life of.

A babe in glory is a babe forever:
Perfect as spirits, and able to pour forth
Their glad heart in the tongues which angels use,
These nurslings, gather'd in God's nursery,
Forever grow in loveliness and love
(Growth is the law of all intelligence),
Yet cannot pass the limit which defines
Their being. They have never fought the fight,
Nor borne the heat and burden of the day,
Nor stagger'd underneath the weary cross;
Conceived in sin, they sinned not; though they died,
They never shudder'd with the fear of death:
These things they know not, and can never
Yet fallen children of a fallen race, [know.
And early to transgression, like the rest,
Sure victims, they were bought with Jesus' blood,
And cleansed by Jesus' Spirit, and redeem'd
By His Omnipotent arm from death and hell:
A link betwixt mankind and angelhood:
As born of woman, sharers with all saints
In that great ransom paid upon the cross:
In purity and inexperience
Of guilt akin to angels. Infancy
Is one thing, manhood one. And babes, though part
Of the true archetypal house of God
Built on the heavenly Zion, are not now,
Nor will be ever, massive rocks rough-hewn,
Or ponderous corner-stones, or fluted shafts
Of columns, or far-shadowing pinnacles;
But rather as the delicate lily-work
By Hiram wrought for Solomon of old,
Enwreathed upon the brazen chapiters,
Or flowers of lilies round the molten sea.
Innumerable flowers thus bloom and blush
In heaven. Nor reckon God's designs in them
Frustrate, or shorn of full accomplishment:
The lily is as perfect as the oak;
The myrtle is as fragrant as the palm;
And Sharon's roses are as beautiful
As Lebanon's majestic cedar crown.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

1964. INFANTS, Mourning for.

Weep not for them! it is no cause of sorrow
That theirs was no long pathway to the tomb;
They had one bright to-day, no sad to-morrow
Rising in hope, and darkening into gloom.

Weep not for them! their snowy plumes expanded, [light;
E'en now are waving through the worlds of
Perchance, on messages of love demanded,
They sweep across your chambers in the night.

Weep not for them! Give tears unto the living!
O waste no vain regret on lot like theirs!
But rather make it reason for thanksgiving,
That ye have nurtured angels unawares.

1965. INFIDELITY, Guilt of.

"There is a God," all nature cries,
All knowledge proves "there is a God:"
"There is no God," the fool replies,
Whose heart is duller than the clod.

The grateful clod, refreshed with rains,
Pours flowers along its Maker's path;
But the fool's heart a fool's remains,
Untouch'd by love, unmoved by wrath.

And yet the wretch himself deceives;
While fiends believe and trembling fly,
He trembles though he disbelieves;
And conscience gives his life the lie.
James Montgomery.

1966. INFIDELS, Character of.

Is it in words to paint you! O ye fallen!
Fallen from the wings of reason, and of hope!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite;
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain;
Lovers of argument, averse to sense;
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains;
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame;
More senseless than the irrationals you scorn;
More base than those you rule; than those you pity
Far more undone! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity.
Edward Young.

1967. INFIDELS, Rebuke of.

The solemn mountain lifts its head, the Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet from its crystal bed doth leap to greet His name;
High swells the deep and fitful sea upon its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes its mouth to hurl the falsehood back.

"No God!" With indignation high, yon fervent sun is stirr'd,
And the pale moon turns paler still, at such an impious word;
And from their thrones in heaven the stars look down with angry eye,
That man, a worm of dust, should mock eternal majesty.

1968. INFLUENCE, Christian.

Late to our town there came a maid,
A noble woman, true and pure,
Who, in the little while she stayed,
Wrought works that shall endure.

It was not anything she said,
It was not anything she did:
It was the movement of her head—
The lifting of her lid.

Her little motions when she spoke,
The presence of an upright soul,
The living light that from her broke,
It was the perfect whole.

We saw it in her floating hair,
We saw it in her laughing eye;
For every look and feature there
Wrought works that cannot die.

For she to many spirits gave
A reverence for the true, the pure,
The perfect—that has power to save,
And make the doubting sure.

She passed—she went to other lands,
She knew not of the work she did;
The wondrous product of her hands
From her is ever hid.

Forever, did I say? O, no?
The time must come when she will look
Upon her pilgrimage below,
And find it in God's book,

That, as she trod her path aright,
Power from her very garments stole;
For such is the mysterious might
God grants the upright soul.

A deed, a word, our careless rest,
A simple thought, a common feeling,
If He be present in the breast,
Has from Him powers of healing.

F. H. Perkins.

1969. INFLUENCE, Demand of.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity;
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
Must goad the soul to be erect and free;
Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung—
Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause denied.

James Russell Lowell.

1970. INFLUENCE, Double.

The bird that to the evening sings
Leaves music when her song is ended;
A sweetness left, which takes not wings,
But with each pulse of eve is blended:
Thus life involves a double light,
Our acts and words have many brothers;
The heart that makes its own delight,
Makes also a delight for others.

The owls that hoot from midnight tower
Shed gloom and discord ere they leave it;
And sweetness closes, like a flower
That shuts itself from tones that grieve it:
Thus life involves a double joy,
Or double gloom, for each hath brothers;
The heart that makes its own annoy,
Makes also an annoy for others.

Charles Swain.

1971. INFLUENCE, Good.

Sow on in faith! Sow the good seed! another after thee
Shall reap. Hast thou not garnered many fruits
Of others' sowing, whom thou knowest not?
Canst tell how many struggles, sufferings, tears,
All unrecorded, unremembered all, [good!
Have gone to build up what thou hast of

1972. INFLUENCE, Immortal.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a worldless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes:
These things shall never die.

The timely hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart:
These things can never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss.
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high, [met;
Those hands have clasped, those lips have
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high:
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true;

So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

1973. INFLUENCE, Lesson of.

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like spirits
Whose wings the winds dissever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud the bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

1974. INFLUENCE, Opportunity for.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;
If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten;
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.
Harriet W. List.

1975. INFLUENCE, Path of.

Yet within thy human bosom
Dwells a force creative too;
Outward circumstance it fashions,
All invests with its life-hue.

And the glory lies in using,
Right and true, this wondrous strength;
Soaring where thy chains permit thee,
Not murmuring for more length.

Puzzle thee the paths of duty,
As their varied course they run?
Oh, linger not in wilds of doubt!
Strike unto the nearest one.

'Twill lead thee to some fairer height
Radiant with celestial glow,
Where the prospect all before thee
Brighter, clearer, still shall grow.

Then whilst thou art upward hastening,
New visions from new heights to gain,
No more shall *how onward* vex thee;
Duty done, life's path is plain.

1976. INFLUENCE, Perpetuity of.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks
the stone, [on,
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores
run, [the sun.
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in
J. G. Whittier.

1977. INFLUENCE, Power of.

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have
thought,
They go out from us thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have
wrought
In hearts we know not, and may never know.
F. W. Faber.

1978. INFLUENCE, Responsibility of.

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind forevermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore;
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be; and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in
our wake. *Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton.*

1979. INFLUENCE, Saintly.

When one that holds communion with the
skies [rise,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence these treasures are sup-
plied. *William Cowper.*

1980. INFLUENCE, Unconscious.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them
But for a thousand years [more;
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear. *John Keble.*

1981. INGRATITUDE, Base.

The stall-fed ox, that is grown fat, will know
His careful feeder, and acknowledge too;
The generous spaniel loves his master's eye,
And licks his fingers though no meat be by:
But man, ungrateful man, that's born and
bred [and fed
By Heaven's immediate power; maintained
By His providing hand; observed, attended,
By His indulgent grace; preserved, defended,
By His prevailing arm: this man, I say,
Is more ungrateful, more obdure than they.
Man, O, most ungrateful man, can ever
Enjoy Thy gift, but never mind the Giver;

And like the swine, though pampered with enough,
His eyes are never higher than the trough.
Francis Quarles.

1982. INGRATITUDE, Human.

We find the fiercest things that live,
The savage born, the wildly rude,
When soothed by Mercy's hand, will give
Some faint response of gratitude.

But man!—oh! blush, ye lordly race!—
Shrink back, and question thy proud heart!
Do ye not lack that thankful grace
Which ever forms the soul's best part?

Will ye not take the blessings given,
The priceless boon of ruddy health,
The sleep unbroken, peace unriven,
The cup of joy, the mine of wealth—

Will ye not take them all, and yet
Walk from the cradle to the grave,
Enjoying, boasting, and forget
To think upon the God that gave?

Thou'lt even kneel to blood-stained kings,
Nor fear to have thy serfdom known;
Thy knee will bend for bauble things,
Yet fail to seek its Maker's throne.
Eliza Cook.

1983. INGRATITUDE, Monster of.

Time hath a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes;
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. *Shakespeare.*

1984. INGRATITUDE, Unkindness of.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Shakespeare.

1985. INJURIES, Blessings for.

Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe:
Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
Imblaze with gems the wrist that tears thy side;
With fruit nectareous or balmy flower.
All nature calls aloud, "Shall man do less
Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?"
Hafiz, tr. by Sir William Jones.

1986. INJURIES, Revenge of.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor;
Great hearts we task'd beyond their power, [but seld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:
To scorn to owe a duty over long;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind!
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he.
Lady Elizabeth Carew.

1987. INNOCENCE, Armor of.

A just man cannot fear;
Not though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
The senseless rigor of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
Should in a point meet all, to take his life;
His innocency is armor 'gainst all these.
Ben Jonson.

1988. INNOCENCE, Happiness of.

O innocence, the sacred amulet
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
Of all misfortunes, injury and death!
That makes a man in tune still in himself;
Free from the hell to be his own accuser,
Ever in quiet, endless joys enjoying;
No strife, nor no sedition in his powers;
No motion in his will against his reason;
No thought 'gainst thought—
But all parts in him friendly and secure.
Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons
He can with ev'ry wish be in their plenty;
When the infectious guilt of one foul crime
Destroys the free content of all our time.
George Chapman.

1989. INQUIRIES, Answers to.

Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom?
We strew thy pathway to the tomb.
Stars, wherefore do ye rise?
To light thy spirit to the skies.
Fair Moon, why dost thou wane?
That I may wax again.
O Sun, what makes thy beams so bright?
The Word that said, "Let there be light."

Planets, what guides you in your course?
Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.
Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?
My Maker called me and I came.
O Light, thy subtle essence who may know?
Ask not; for all things but myself I show.
What is yon arch which everywhere I see?
The sign of omnipresent Deity.
Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?
Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, His throne.
Ye clouds, what bring ye in your train? [rain.
God's embassies—storm, lightning, hail or
Winds, whence and whither do ye blow?
Thou must be born again to know.
Bow in the cloud, what token dost thou bear?
That Justice still cries "*strike*," and Mercy, "*spare*." [given?
Dews of the morning, wherefore were ye
To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.
Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble, tell me why?
To show the course of all beneath the sky.
Stay, Meteor, stay thy falling fire!
No, thus shall all the hosts of heaven expire.
Ocean, what law thy chainless waves confined? [mind.
That which in Reason's limits holds thy
Time, whither dost thou flee?
Time past, time present, time to come—*to-day*.
Ye dead, where can your dwelling be?
The house for all the living: come and see.
O Life, what is thy breath?
A vapor lost in death.
O Death, how ends thy strife?
In everlasting life.
O Grave, where is thy victory?
Ask Him who rose again from me.
James Montgomery.

1990. INSANITY, Cause of.

Of lunacy
Innumerous were the causes: humbled pride,
Ambition disappointed, riches lost,
And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft
By man inflicted on his brother man;
Sorrow that made the reason drunk, and yet
Left much untasted—so the cup was filled:
Sorrow that like an ocean, dark, deep, rough,
And shoreless, rolled its billows o'er the soul
Perpetually, and without hope of end.
Robert Pollok.

1991. INSTINCT, Animal.

Tell me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores; and bring home the corny ear;
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear [fear,
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and
Evil, like us, they shun, and covet good;
Abhor the poison and receive the food;
Like us they love or hate; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their action they intend;
And use the means proportion'd to the end.
Matthew Prior.

1992. INSTINCT, Reason and.

Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside!
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labors at in vain.
This, too, serves always; reason, never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood [food?
To shun their poison and to choose their
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
Alexander Pope.

1993. INSTRUCTION, Adaptation of.

God sends His teachers into every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of
Into the selfish rule of one sole race: [Truth
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.
There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is

A sympathy with nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.
James Russell Lowell.

1994. INSTRUCTION, Exemplary.

He is a good divine that follows his
Own instructions; I can easier
Teach twenty what were to be done, than
To be one of the twenty to follow laws
My own teaching: The brain may devise
For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er
A cold decree. *Shakespeare.*

1995. INSTRUCTION, Reward of.

Break oblivion's sleep,
And tell with florist's art,
To plant the gems of virtue deep
In childhood's fruitful heart.
To thee the babe is given,
Fair from its glorious Sire,
Go, nurse it for the King of heaven
And He will pay the hire.
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

1996. INTELLECT, Council of the.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.
Shakespeare.

1997. INTELLECT, Distribution of.

But strange indeed the distribution seemed
Of intellect; though fewer here complained;
Each with his share, upon the whole, content. might
One man there was—and many such you
Have met—who never had a dozen thoughts
In all his life, and never changed their course; place,
But told them o'er, each in its 'customed
From morn till night, from youth till hoary age.
Little above the ox which grazed the field
His reason rose: so weak his memory,
The name his mother called him by, he scarce
Remembered; and his judgment so untaught, swamp,
That what at evening played along the
Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,
He thought the devil in disguise, and fled
With quivering heart, and winged footsteps home.
The word philosophy he never heard,
Or science; never heard of liberty,
Necessity, or laws of gravitation:
And never had an unbelieving doubt.
Beyond his native vale he never looked;
But thought the visual line, that girt him round, moon,
The world's extreme: and thought the silver
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
No broader than his father's shield. He lived— died—
Lived where his father lived—died where he
Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved. God.
Be not surprised. He loved, and served his
There was another, large of understanding,
Of memory infinite, of judgment deep:
Who knew all learning, and all science knew,
And all phenomena, in heaven and earth,
Traced to their causes; traced the labyrinths
Of thought, association, passion, will;
And all the subtile, nice affinities
Of matter, traced; its virtues, motions, laws;
And most familiarly and deeply talked
Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven,
And read the glorious visions of the skies;
And to the music of the rolling spheres
Intelligently listened; and gazed far back
Into the awful depths of Deity;
Did all that mind assisted most could do;
And yet in misery lived, in misery died,
Because he wanted holiness of heart.
A deeper lesson this to mortals taught,
And nearer cut the branches of their pride;
That not in mental, but in moral worth,
God excellence placed; and only to the good,
To virtue, granted happiness alone.
Robert Pollok.

1998. INTELLECT, Grades of.

But when the silence and the calm come on,
And the high seal of character is set,
We shall not all be similar. The flow
Of life-time is a graduated scale;
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is set
A standard measuring our worth for heaven.
The pathway to the grave may be the same,
And the proud man shall tread it, and the low, pany.
With his bow'd head, shall bear him com-
And there will be no precedence of power,
In waking at the coming trump of God!
But in the temper of the invisible mind,
The god-like and undying intellect,
There are distinctions that will live in heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance!
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more.
'Tis life's probation task. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power;
And, as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.
N. P. Willis.

1999. INTELLECT, Power of.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form, indeed, the associate of a mind
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind,

That form, the labor of Almighty skill,
Framed for the service of a freeborn will,
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
Hers is the state, the splendor and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
For her the memory fills her ample page
With truths pour'd down from every distant age,
For her amasses an unbounded store,
The wisdom of great nations, now no more;
Though laden, not encumber'd with her spoil,
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil,
When copiously supplied, then most enlarged,
Still to be fed, and not to be surcharged.
For her the fancy, roving unconfined,
The present muse of every pensive mind,
Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
To Nature's scenes than Nature ever knew.
At her command winds rise and waters roar,
Again she lays them slumbering on the shore;
With flower and fruit the wilderness supplies,
Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise.
For her the judgment, umpire in the strife
That Grace and Nature have to wage through life,
Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,
Appointed sage preceptor to the will,
Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

William Cowper.

2000. INTELLECT, Wealth of.

Where, thy true treasure? Gold says, "Not in me:" poor;
And "Not in me," the Diamond. Gold is
India's insolvent: seek it in thyself—
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
In being so descended, formed, endowed;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In senses which inherit earth, and heavens;
Enjoy the various riches nature yields;
Far nobler, give the riches they enjoy:
Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright sire;
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half-create the wondrous world they see.
Our senses, as our reason, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolored chaos still.
Objects are but the occasion; ours the exploit:
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which Nature's admirable picture draws,
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
Say, then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad
(Superior wonders in himself forgot),
His admiration waste on objects round,
When Heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man,
What wealth in senses such as these! What wealth
In fancy, fired to form a fairer scene
Than sense surveys!—in memory's firm record,
Which (should it perish) could this world recall
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colors fresh, originally bright,
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in intellect, that sovereign power!
Which sense and fancy summons to the bar—
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the mass those underlings import,
From their materials sifted and refined,
And in truth's balance accurately weighed,
Forms art and science, government and law—
The solid basis and the beauteous frame,
The vitals and the grace of civil life!
And (sad exception!) manners set aside,
Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
Of his idea, whose indulgent thought,
Long, long ere chaos teemed, planned human bliss.
What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,
Disdaining limit or from place or time;
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear,
Th' almighty *fiat*, and the trumpet's sound!
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be!
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to rise! made,
Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty
And wander wild through things impossible!
What wealth in faculties of endless growth!
In quenchless passions, violent to crave!
In liberty to choose! in power to reach!
And in duration (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!
Ask you, what power resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? Is virtue's, then, unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improvable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure—its income is divine.

Edward Young.

2001. INTEMPERANCE, Blight of.

Once the demon enters,
Stands within the door;
Peace, and hope, and gladness
Dwell there nevermore.

Mary Dwinell Chellis.

2002. INTEMPERANCE, Curse of.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed—'*Tis drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

2003. INTEMPERANCE, Desolations of.

My native land! 'mid thy cabin homes,
Amid thy palaces, a demon roams;
Frenzied with rage, yet subtle in his wrath,
He crushes thousands in his fiery path;
Stalks through our cities unabashed, and
Into the cup of sorrow bitter woes— [throws
Gives to pangs of grief an added smart,
With keenest anguish wrings the breaking heart,
Drags the proud spirit from its envied height,
And breathes on fondest hopes a killing blight,
Heralds the shroud, the coffin, and the pall,
And the graves thicken where his footsteps fall! *William H. Burleigh.*

2004. INTENTION, Retribution of.

Bikásur had of penances fulfilled his task,
And promise won of any boon that he might ask.
"Grant, Siva, that on whom I place my hand,
He may become a heap of ashes on the land."
The boon is granted. Lo! at once Bikásur strives [ror drives
To place his hand on *Siva's* head, whom ter-
To fly, as close the steps of his pursuer press.
Then Hari, Nand's blue son, saw Siva's deep distress,
And went before Bikásur, and demanded why
He thus was chasing Siva round the earth and sky. [had received—
And then he said—when he the whole truth
"Bikásur! by some goblin you have been deceived.
The mighty boon is all a cheat, a vanity:
Just put your hand upon your own head, and then see!" [and drunk,
Bikásur, made by Maia's power both blind
The test applied, and to a heap of ashes sunk!
Rejoicing music floated from the heavenly bowers, [down flowers.
And all the gods applauded loud, and rained
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2005. INTERCESSION, Legend of.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.
H. W. Longfellow.

2006. INTERCESSOR, Our.

'Mid visions of eternal light,
That glow on Eden's plain,
Where never comes the shade of night
In spirit realms to reign—
Where robe and crown of angels glow,
There's One in tears alone—
One interceding for our woe—
'Tis Jesus by the throne.

2007. INTERMEDIATE STATE, Description of the.

Oriel. Though its inhabitants
Were more than many a throng'd metropolis,
Scatter'd throughout its solitudes they seem'd,
Where'er I trod, but few and far betwixt,
And seldom group'd in converse. Every one
Had his own chastisement to bear; on each
And every one the Eye of God was fix'd;
On every one the Hand of God was press'd.
And for the most part silence reign'd; few sighs [morse,
Were heard, or groans, or mutterings of re-
And chiefly these among the last arrived,
Who, when they knew themselves forever lost,
Wept and bewail'd their ruin, till, their tears
And bitter outcries bringing no relief,
They, like their fellows, sank upon the ground,
Or wander'd to and fro in mute despair.
Most, peradventure, chose to be alone [brook
From that sheer misery, which could not
Another convict's eye to read their woe.
But yet it was not always thus: at times
They met, and fearfully exchanged their pangs
And drear forebodings, which, from words I
Centred on judgment and eternity. [caught,

Lost souls of every type were there; and yet
The hell of one was not another's hell.
Nor needed separate prisons to adjust
The righteous meed of punishment to each.
As they had sinn'd, they suffer'd; for the
Of perfect righteousness abode on them, [flame
God's righteousness on their unrighteousness,
Distinct, discriminate, distributive,
More tolerant of guilty ignorance
Than of intolerable guilty pride, [straint,
Restraining that which chafed against re-
Abhorring most the most abhorrent deeds,
Lighter on some, on others more intense;
Severest on the guiltiest, but to all
An earnest of the final lake of fire.

Some I beheld, who from the gayest haunts
Of fashion's revelries and pageantries
Were summon'd by the icy hand of death,
Blithe men, fair women, and, most piteous sight,
Children in years but not in wickedness:
And some, who fell asleep in sinks of vice,
Amid the orgies of their drunkenness
Breathing out curses in a harlot's ear,
And waken'd, unawares, amazed, to find
Damnation, oft invoked, at last their own.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2008. INVITATION, Accepting the.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!
Charlotte Elliott.

2009. INVITATION, Angelic.

"Ye have a land of mist and shade,
Where spectres roam at will;
Dense clouds your mountain heights invade,
And damps your valleys fill;
But ne'er may midnight care, or woe,
Eclipse our changeless ray;
'*Come hither*,' if ye seek to know
The bliss of perfect day.

"Doubt, like the Bohan-Upas, spreads
A blight where'er ye tread;
And Hope, a pensive mourner, sheds
The tear o'er harvests dead:
With us, no traitorous foe assails
When love her home would make;
An angel's welcome never fails;
'*Come*,' and that warmth partake.

"Time revels 'mid your dearest joys,
Death smites your brightest rose,
And sin your bower of peace destroys;
Where will ye find repose?
Ye're wearied in your pilgrim race,
Sharp thorns your path infest;

'*Come hither*,' rise to our embrace,
And Christ shall give you rest."

'Twas thus at twilight's hallowed hour
The angels' lay came down,
Like dews upon the sick'ning flower
When droughts of summer frown:
How sweet, upon the ambient air,
Swelled out their music free!
O, when the pangs of death I bear,
Sing ye that song to me.
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

2010. INVITATION, Christ's.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see thee!"
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied.
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow." *H. W. Longfellow.*

2011. INVITATION, Death's.

Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast:
She heard the call and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She has gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace gate,
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft,
But she hath made the answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.
Henry Alford.

2012. INVITATION, Gracious.

Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems.
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus:
It is something more than all—
Greater good because of evil,
Larger mercy through the fall.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
And, oh, come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
F. W. Faber.

2013. IRRESOLUTION, Influence of.

None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.
For though, ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
Or when it first forsakes the elastic string,
It err but little from the intended line,
It falls at last far wide of his design;
So he who seeks a mansion in the sky,
Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye
That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.
William Cowper.

2014. ISOLATION, Human.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.
Christopher Pearse Cranch.

2015. JACOB, The Ladder of.

Well does Jacob's ladder suit
To the Gospel's throne of grace;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Every hour, in every place:
By assuming flesh and blood,
Jesus heaven and earth unites;
We by faith ascend to God,
God to dwell with us delights.

2016. JACOB, Vision of.

He slept beneath the desert skies,
His pillar was the desert stone,
Yet heavenly visions blessed his eyes,
And cheered his spirit sad and lone.
He saw the stair of light let down,
Whose shining steps the angels trod,
And called the desert where it shone
The gate of heaven—the house of God.

Thy sleepless eye, O God, still keeps
Its watch o'er every cov'nant heir;
And angels down that ladder's steps
From Thee to me a blessing bear.
Through Christ to Thee ascends my prayer,
Through Christ on me is grace bestowed;
Each place becomes, when Christ is there,
The gate of heaven—the house of God.

In dungeons dark, in dwellings mean,
Where suffering saints have bent the knee,
That mystic ladder has been seen,
And angels come with gifts from Thee.
This night may I the vision see,
My spirit climb that radiant road;
This night my quiet chamber be
The gate of heaven—the house of God.

2017. JEALOUSY, Injustice of.

Among the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence.
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.
Charles Churchill.

2018. JEALOUSY, Personification of.

Yet is there one more cursed than they all,
That canker-worm, that monster, Jealousy,
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all love's delight to misery,
Through fear of losing his felicity.
Nor ever is he wont on aught to feed
But toads and frogs (his pasture poisonous),
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy blood, or humor rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
That doth with cureless care consume the heart,
Corrupt the stomach with gall vicious,
Cross-cuts the liver with eternal smart,
And doth transfix the soul with death's eternal dart. *Edmund Spenser.*

2019. JEALOUSY, Venom of.

O Jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom
Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
And drinks my spirit up. *Hannah More.*

The venom clamors of a jealous woman,
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
Shakespeare.

2020. JEHOVAH Tsidkenu.

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure, and John's simple page; [sprinkled tree,
But, e'en when they pictured the blood-
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Sion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me; I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free:
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast;
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate, and shield!

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath; [free,
For, while from life's fever my God sets me
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death-song shall be.

Robert Murray McCheyne.

2021. JERUSALEM, Desolate.

Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne?
Where the lone desert rears the craggy stone,
Where suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring.
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed? [subdued?
Where now thy power, which all those kings
No martial myriads muster in thy gates,
No suppliant nation at thy temple waits,
No prophet bard thy glittering courts among,
Wakes the full lyre, and swells the tide of song;
But lawless force, and meagre want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear;
While cold oblivion, 'mid the ruins laid,
Hides his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.

Bishop Heber.

2022. JERUSALEM, Modern.

Fair shines the moon, Jerusalem,
Upon the hills that wore
Thy glory once, their diadem
Ere Judah's reign was o'er:
The stars on hallowed Olivet
And over Zion burn,
But when shall rise thy splendor set?
Thy majesty return?

The peaceful shades that wrap thee now
Thy desolation hide;
The moonlit beauty of thy brow
Restores thine ancient pride:
Yet there, where Rome thy Temple rent,
The dews of midnight wet
The marble dome of Omar's tent,
And Aksa's minaret.

Thy strength, Jerusalem, is o'er,
And broken are thy walls;
The harp of Israel sounds no more
In thy deserted halls:
But where thy Kings and Prophets trod,
Triumphant over death
Behold the living Soul of God—
The Christ of Nazareth!

The halo of His presence fills
Thy courts, thy ways of men;
His footsteps on the holy hills
Are beautiful as then;
The prayer, whose bloody sweat betray
His human agony,
Still haunts the awful olive shade
Of old Gethsemane.

Woe unto thee, Jerusalem!
Slayer of Prophets, thou
That in thy fury stonest them
God sent and sends thee now:
Where Thou, O Christ! with anguish spent
Forgave Thy foes, and died,
Thy garments yet are daily rent,
Thy soul is crucified!

They darken with the Christian name
The light that from Thee beamed,
And by the hatred they proclaim
Thy Spirit is blasphemed;
Unto Thine ear the prayers they send
Were fit for Belial's reign,
And Moslem cimeters defend
The temple they profane.

Who shall rebuild Jerusalem?
Her scattered children bring
From earth's far ends, and gather them
Beneath her sheltering wing?
For Judah's sceptre broken lies,
And from his kingly stem
No new Messiah shall arise
For lost Jerusalem!

But let the wild ass on her hills
Its foal unfrighted lead,
And by the source of Kedron's rills
The desert adder breed:
For where the love of Christ has made
Its mansion in the heart,
He builds in pomp that will not fade
Her heavenly counterpart. *Bayard Taylor.*

2023. JERUSALEM, The New.

HORA NOVISSIMA.

The world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the GOD, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed:
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The Kingdom to the FATHER
Whose own it was before—

Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless—
Yes, calm! for storm is past—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Sion know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest:
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satiate,
The full, yet craving still.
That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet:
There life set free from sin;

When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate:
And perfect from unperfected,
And fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph then:
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar
Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him Who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites! is rife,
Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
To have our Home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place:

And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know:
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away;
And none shall there be jealous;
And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.
There JESUS shall embrace us,
There JESUS be embraced—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chas'd.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and showing,
Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed,
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness:
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness:
And JESUS to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see:
And JESUS shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee:
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
And every ear shall hear it:
Behold thy King's array:
Behold thy GOD in beauty,
The Law hath pass'd away!
Yes! GOD my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
Forever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Sion
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.
For thee, O dear dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O come, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,
True GOD and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own:
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone:

The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit —
The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath Thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe!
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
O realm and home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest Father
Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep;
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Sion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold;
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I *have* the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes,
The LORD shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The LORD shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art?
Bernard of Morlaix, tr. by J. M. Neale.

2024. JESUS, Anywhere with.

Anywhere with Jesus, says the Christian heart; [part;
Let Him take me where He will, so we do not
Always sitting at His feet, there 's no cause for fears;
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears!

Anywhere with Jesus, though He please to
Into fires the fiercest, into suffering; [bring
Though He bid me work or wait, or only bear for Him,
Anywhere with Jesus, still shall be my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb
With its frighting terror, with its dreaded gloom; [life,
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn
Fainting with the constant toil, drooping in the strife.

Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be
Dreary, dark, or desolate, if He's with me;
He will love me alway, every need supply;
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.

2025. JESUS, Ashamed of.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!
Joseph Grigg.

2026. JESUS, Charity of.

The Master came one evening to the gate
Of a far city; it was growing late,
And, sending His disciples to buy food,
He wandered forth, intent on doing good,
As was His wont. And in the market-place
He saw a crowd, close gathered in one space,
Gazing with eager eyes upon the ground.
Jesus drew nearer, and thereon He found
A noisome creature, a bedraggled wreck,
A dead dog with a halter round his neck.
And those who stood by mocked the object there,
And one said, scoffing, "It pollutes the air!"
Another, jeering, asked, "How long to-night
Shall such a miscreant cur offend our sight?"
"Look at his torn hide," sneered a Jewish wit;
"You could not cut even a shoe from it,"
And turned away. "Behold his ears that bleed," [deed!"
A fourth chimed in. "An unclean wretch in-
"He hath been hanged for thieving," they all cried, [to side.
And spurned the loathsome beast from side
Then Jesus, standing by them in the street,
Looked on the poor spent creature at His feet,
And, bending o'er him, spake unto the men,
"*Pearls are not whiter than his teeth.*" And
The people at each other gazed, asking, [then
"Who is this stranger pitying the vile thing?"
Then one exclaimed, with awe-abated breath,
"This surely is the Man of Nazareth;
This must be Jesus, for none else but He
Something to praise in a dead dog could see!"
And, being ashamed, each scoffer bowed his head,
And from the sight of Jesus turned and fled.
An Oriental Legend.

2027. JESUS, Cling to.

Cling to the Crucified!
His death is life to thee, —
Life for eternity.
His pains thy pardon seal;
His stripes thy bruises heal;
His cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.
His blood is all to thee,
It purges thee from sin;
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean.
Cling to the Crucified!

Cling to the Crucified!
His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee:

His countenance is light,
Even to the darkest night.
That love shall never change—
That light shall ne'er grow dim;
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.
Cling to the Crucified! *Horatius Bonar.*

2028. JESUS, Grasping.

'Tis not the infant's feeble grasp
Which holds the mother fast:
It is the mother's gentle clasp
Around her darling cast.
Just so Thy child would cling to Thee,
Knowing Thy pity long;
For, feeble as my faith may be,
The hand I clasp is strong.

2029. JESUS, Looking to.

Jesu, Saviour, Son of God,
Bearer of the sinner's load;
I to Thee will look and live,
And, in looking, praises give.
Looking lightens, looking heals,
Looking all the gladness seals;
Looking breaks the binding chain,
Looking sets us free again;
Looking scatters all our night,
Makes our faces shine with light;
Looking quickens, strengthens, brings
Heavenly gladness on its wings!
Jesu, Saviour, Son of God,
Bearer of the sinner's load,
I would rise to Thee above,
I would look, and praise, and love;
Ever looking let me be
At the blood-besprinkled tree,
Blessing Thee with lip and soul,
While the endless ages roll.
Horatius Bonar.

2030. JESUS, Mementos of.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And ev'ry wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus died for me.
The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That heaven itself came down, and bled,
To win a mortal's love.
Isaac Watts.

2031. JESUS, Name of.

Jesu—name all names above—Jesu, best and dearest! [nearest!
Jesu, fount of perfect love, holiest, tenderest,
Jesu, source of grace completest—Jesu purest, Jesu sweetest!
Jesu, well of power divine, make me, keep me, seal me—Thine!
Thou didst call the prodigal, Thou didst pardon Mary— [never vary—
Thou whose words can never fail, love can
Lord, amidst my lost condition, give—for Thou canst give—contrition.
Thou canst pardon all mine ill, if Thou wilt: —oh, say "I will!"
Woe, that I have turned aside after fleshly pleasure!
Woe, that I have never tried for the heavenly treasure! [ible, eternal!
Treasure, safe in homes supernal, incorrupt-
Treasure, no less price hath won, than the passion of the Son!
Theoclistus, tr. by J. M. Neale.

2032. JESUS, Need of.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious;
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
With little earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need a Friend like Thee;
A Friend to soothe and sympathize—
A Friend to care for me;
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want to,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very blind;
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With dark and evil mind;
I need the light of Jesus,
To tread the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory,
Where I shall see my God.
Frederick Whitfield.

2033. JESUS, Omnipresence of.

Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still, small accents greet mine ear?
"'Tis I; be not afraid.

'Tis I, who led thy steps aright;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light;
'Tis I; be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bears not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on Me;
'Tis I; be not afraid.

The bitter cup fear not to drink;
I know it well—oh! do not shrink;
I tasted it o'er Kedron's brink;
'Tis I; be not afraid.

Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed;
'Tis I; be not afraid."

When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet;
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

From out the dazzling Majesty,
Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,
Whispering, "Beloved, lovest thou me?
'Twas not in vain I died for thee;
'Tis I; be not afraid."
Mrs. A. P. Charles.

2034. JESUS, Precious Name of.

Whate'er the anguish of my breast, its fluttering doth cease
Whene'er Thy name of comfort fills my spirit with Thy peace! [doth give—
No consolation is so sweet as that Thy name
Thy Jesus' name! O David's Son, and Lord by whom I live!

Thy name of Jesus is a store of all that heart can need, [som, leaf, and seed!
Enfolding every precious thing—fruit, blos-
He spends his time most worthily who seeks that Name to know: [flow!
Its ocean-fulness riseth still as ages onward

Apart from Jesus' precious name I've nothing to desire;
Of all beside, e'en were it mine, my heart would only tire.
Apart from Him there's naught of worth, created things are vain; [my gain!
He is my glory and my wealth, my honor and

Thy precious name, Lord Jesus Christ! is better far to me,
Than all the wealth that can be found in earth, or air, or sea.
Thou art the paradise, set forth by God's own hand of love;
Thy presence is itself the heaven, where I shall dwell above.
Baron von Canitz.

2035 JESUS, Touching.

He came a leper, all unclean and foul;
He left, as fresh as freshest infancy.
So come I to Thy feet, unclean in soul,
So leave I, Lord, cleansed and restored by Thee.

I touch Thee and am cured! No touch of mine
Can render Thee impure, whatever be
The foulness of the hand that touches Thine:
Thee it defiles not, yet it cleanses me.

I touch Thee, and the electric current flows;
My touch has all Thy skill and power revealed;
Thee I infect not with my sins or woes,
And yet by touching Thee my soul is healed.

It gives to Thee my sickness, and to me
Imparts Thy health; my evil Thou dost bear,
And I Thy good; all my iniquity
From me Thou takest, I Thy beauty wear

That touch to me is Paradise restored,
It is to me the very gate of heaven.
Thou art my help, my happiness, O Lord,
In Thee I stand, delivered and forgiven.
Horatius Bonar.

2036. JESUS Unchanged.

All is dying; hearts are breaking,
Which to ours were once fast bound;
And the lips have ceased from speaking,
Which once uttered such sweet sound;
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave:
All is fading, all is fleeing,
Earthly flames must cease to glow;
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
"Lean on Me alone," He sayeth,
"Hope and love and firmly trust!"
Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives!
Spitta, tr. by R. Massie.

2037. JESUS, Work of.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The Hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much Divine.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While, broke beneath His powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.
Anne Lætitia Barbauld.

2038. JEWS, Desolation of the.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!
And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And where shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?
Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!
Lord Byron.

2039. JEWS, Fate of the.

Their glory faded, and their race dispersed,
The last of nations now, though once the first,
They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn;
If we escaped not, if Heaven spared not us,
Peeled, scattered, and exterminated thus;
If vice received her retribution due,
When we were visited, what hope for you?
William Cowper.

2040. JEWS, Honor of the.

Thrice happy nation! Favorite of heaven!
Selected from the kingdoms of the earth
To be His chosen race, ordained to spread
His glory through remotest realms, and teach
The Gentile world Jehovah's awful name.
William Hodson.

They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Received the transcript of the Eternal Mind;
Were trusted with His own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of His cause;
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
And theirs, by birth, the Saviour of us all,
William Cowper.

2041. JOHN, The Preaching of.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Repent! repent! repent!
For the kingdom of God is at hand,
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be
As the waters cover the sea,
And encircle the continent!

Repent! repent! repent!
For lo, the hour appointed,
The hour so long foretold
By the Prophets of old,
Of the coming of the Anointed,
The Messiah, the Paraclete,
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh!
He shall not strive nor cry,
Nor his voice be heard in the street;
Nor the bruised reed shall he break,
Nor quench the smoking flax!
And many of them that sleep
In the dust of earth shall awake,
On that great and terrible day,
And the wicked shall wail and weep,
And be blown like a smoke away,
And be melted away like wax.
Repent! repent! repent!

O Priest, and Pharisee,
Who hath warned you to flee
From the wrath that is to be!
From the coming anguish and ire!
The axe is laid at the root
Of the trees, and every tree
That bringeth not forth good fruit,
Is hewn down and cast into the fire!

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither?
In the hour that is uncertain,
In the day of anguish and trouble,
He that stretcheth the heavens as a curtain,
And spreadeth them out as a tent,
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall wither,
And the whirlwind shall take you away as stubble!
Repent! repent! repent!

PRIEST.

Who art thou, O man of prayer!
In raiment of camel's hair,
Begirt with leathern thong,
That here in the wilderness,
With a cry as of one in distress,
Preachest unto this throng?
Art thou the Christ?

JOHN.

Priest of Jerusalem,
In meekness and humbleness,
I deny not, I confess
I am not the Christ!

PRIEST.

What shall we say unto them
That sent us here? Reveal
Thy name, and naught conceal!
Art thou Elias?

JOHN.

No!

PRIEST.

Art thou that Prophet, then,
Of lamentation and woe,
Who, as a symbol and sign
Of impending wrath divine
Upon unbelieving man,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter?

JOHN.

Nay,
I am not he thou namest!

PRIEST.

Who art thou, and what is the word
That here thou proclaimest?

JOHN.

I am the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness alone:
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;
Make His paths straight
In the land that is desolate!

PRIEST.

If thou be not the Christ,
Nor yet Elias, nor he,
That, in sign of the things to be,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter,
Then declare unto us, and say
By what authority now
Baptizest thou?

JOHN.

I indeed baptize you with water
Unto repentance; but He,
That cometh after me,
Is mightier than I and higher;
The latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unloose;
He shall baptize you with fire,
And with the Holy Ghost!
Whose fan is in His hand;
He will purge to the uttermost
His floor, and garner His wheat,
But will burn the chaff in the brand
And fire of unquenchable heat!
Repent! repent! repent!

H. W. Longfellow.

2042. JOY, Aids to.

Their lost they have, they hold; from pain
A keener bliss they borrow.
How natural is joy, my heart!
How easy after sorrow! *Jean Ingelow.*

2043. JOY, Mad.

Mankind is mad!
Such mighty numbers list against the right
(And what can't numbers, when bewitched, achieve!)
They talk themselves to something like belief
That all earth's joys are theirs, (as Athens' fool
Grinned from the port, on every sail his own.)
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth—and half, a lie:
To cheat the world and cheat themselves, they smile. [own
Hard, either task! The most abandoned
That others, if abandoned, are undone:
Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes
(And Providence denies it long repose),
O, how laborious is their gayety! [spleen,
They scarce can swallow their ebullient
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say? some cannot sit it out . . .
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And show us what their joy, by their despair.
The clotted hair!—gored breast!—blasphemeing eye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!— [denies
Shut, shut the shocking scene. But Heaven
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, LORENZO—see the reeking blade,
Th' envenomed phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot, (slower suicide!
And pride in these, more execrable still!) . . .
How horrid all to thought! But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.
From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be blessed:
Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour.

Edward Young.

2044. JOY, Mixture of.

There is no joy unmixed with grief—
Each garden has more weeds than flowers—
Care rides upon the winged hours,
And doubt forever haunts belief.

We stop to pluck some beauteous flower,
And cold precaution idly scorn,
To find some sharp and hidden thorn
Exacts a forfeit for the dower.

There have been tears of wormwood shed,
For every pleasure life can bring;
The joys of earth are flowers that spring
From out the ashes of the dead.

Edward Hartly Dewart.

2045. JOY, Soil for.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

John Newton.

2046. JOY, Virtuous.

Virtue alone can give true joy;
The sweets of virtue never cloy:
To take delight in doing good,
In justice, truth, and gratitude,
In aiding those whom cares oppress,
Administering comfort to distress:
These, these are joys which all who prove
Anticipate the bliss above;
These are the joys, and these alone,
We ne'er repent or wish undone.

2047. JUDAS, Remorse of.

Judas Iscariot. Lost! lost! forever lost!
I have betrayed
The innocent blood! O God! if thou art love, [tempter?
Why didst thou leave me naked to the
Why didst thou not commission thy swift lightning
To strike me dead? or why did I not perish
With those by Herod slain, the innocent children [hands
Who went with playthings in their little
Into the darkness of the other world,
As if to bed? Or wherefore was I born,
If Thou in Thy foreknowledge didst perceive
All that I am, and all that I must be?

I know I am not generous, am not gentle
Like other men; but I have tried to be,
And I have failed. I thought by following Him,

I should grow like Him; but the unclean spirit
That from my childhood up hath tortured me,
Hath been too cunning and too strong for me.
Am I to blame for this? Am I to blame
Because I cannot love, and ne'er have known
The love of woman or the love of children?
It is a curse and a fatality,
A mark, that hath been set upon my forehead,
That none shall slay me, for it were a mercy
That I were dead, or never had been born.

Too late! too late! I shall not see Him more
Among the living. That sweet, patient face
Will nevermore rebuke me, nor those lips
Repeat the words: One of you shall betray Me!
It stung me into madness. How I loved,
Yet hated Him! But in the other world!
I will be there before Him, and will wait
Until He comes, and fall down on my knees
And kiss His feet, imploring pardon, pardon!

I heard Him say: All sins shall be forgiven,
Except the sin against the Holy Ghost.
That shall not be forgiven in this world,
Nor in the world to come. Is that my sin?
Have I offended so there is no hope
Here nor hereafter? That I soon shall know.
O God, have mercy! Christ, have mercy on me!

Throws himself headlong from the cliff.

H. W. Longfellow.

2048. JUDGING, Rules for.

Rashly, nor ofttimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother;
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the mind.
And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was meted by the sword,
When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided the right,
When the footsteps of blindfold innocence were tracked by burning ploughshares,
And the still, condemning water delivered up the wizard to the stake:
For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be,
Fixing the right or the wrong by the issues of failure or success.
Judge not of things by their events; neither of character by providence;
And count not a man more evil, because he is more unfortunate;
For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sunshine of prosperity,
But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise Father's love.

M. F. Tupper.

2049. JUDGMENT, Book of.

Almighty Judge, how shall poor wretches
The dreadful look, [brook
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When Thou shalt call
For every man's peculiar book?
What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I hear tell,
That some will turn Thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when Thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into Thy hand:
Let that be scann'd.
There Thou shalt find my faults are Thine

George Herbert.

2050. JUDGMENT, Day of.

Thus came
The day that many thought should never come; [come;
That all the wicked wished should never
That all the righteous had expected long;
Day greatly feared, and yet too little feared,
By him who feared it most; day laughed at much
By the profane; the trembling day of all
Who laughed; day when all shadows passed, all dreams;
When substance, when reality commenced.
Last day of lying, final day of all
Deceit, all knavery, all quackish phrase;
Ender of all disputing, of all mirth
Ungodly, of all loud and boasting speech.
Judge of all judgments; Judge of every judge;
Adjuster of all causes, rights and wrongs.
Day oft appealed to, and appealed to oft
By those who saw its dawn with saddest heart:
Day most magnificent in Fancy's range,
Whence she returned, confounded, trembling, pale,
With overmuch of glory faint and blind:
Day most important held, prepared for most,
By every rational, wise, and holy man:
Day of eternal gain, for worldly loss:
Day of eternal loss, for worldly gain.
Great day of terror, vengeance, woe, despair!
Revealer of all secrets, thoughts, desires!
Rein-trying, heart-investigating day,
Which stood between Eternity and Time,
Reviewed all past, determined all to come,
And bound all destinies for evermore.
Believing day of unbelief! Great day!
Which set in proper light the affairs of earth,
And justified the government Divine.
Great day! what can we more! what should we more?
Great triumph day of God's Incarnate Son!
Great day of glory to the Almighty God!
Day whence the everlasting years begin
Their date! new era in eternity!
And oft referred to in the song of heaven!

Robert Pollok.

2051. JUDGMENT, Delay of.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day.
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait,

John Greenleaf Whittier.

2052. JUDGMENT, Description of the.

And on the throne,
When strengthen'd by the Spirit I look'd, behold
One seated, from whose unveil'd face the earth
As mantled with its former robes, and heaven,
Its azure curtains shrivelling like a leaf,
Melted as melts a dream of the night. But lo,
Before the throne in countless millions stood
New risen the dead, all of them, small and great,
Speechless with terror, by the angels soon
Far to the left reduced; while on the right
Advanced the saints in blissful multitudes;
And round about the throne were seraphim
And cherubim of glory, and the chiefs
Of the celestial host; meanwhile the rest
Stretch'd like a fringe of light beyond the saints,
Beyond the ruin'd dead, beyond the spirits
Accursed in concentric walls of flame.
And then and there the likeness as of books
Before the awful Presence of the Judge
Was seen, the massive chronicles of time,
The law, the Gospel, and the book of life.

This the last open'd was first read. And as
The names engraven on its crystal leaves
Fell singly from Messiah's lips, the saints
From martyr'd Abel to the youngest babe
Caught heavenward for the joy of His espousals
Stood forth apparent in that holy light,
Their blood-wash'd robes purer than driven snow,
Palms in their hands, and woven in their hair
Garlands of amaranth. And one by one
The beams of the Divine glory seem'd to rest
On each: and in the twinkling of an eye,
In sight and audience of the universe,
That one became the object, whereon all,
Forgetful of themselves and all besides,
Gazed. Not the faintest film of guilt remain'd
Beneath the scrutiny of Perfect Love,
Such was the virtue of His blood, and such
The lustre of His seamless robe of light.
But every thought, and word, and act of grace,
Writ in the book of His remembrance, shed
A halo of such radiant holiness
O'er every member of the mystic Bride,
That all, not saints alone but seraphim,
With shouts of lofty joy congratulant,
Nor seraphs only, but the lost perforce,
Both men and devils, as the Son of God
Proclaim'd the righteousness of saints, and placed
A crown of glory on the brow of each,
Echoed the verdict of the Throne, Amen.

The latest saint received his blest award;
When the King stooping from the snow-white throne
Held forth the sceptre of His grace, and bade us touch
The symbol, and draw nearer while He spake:

"Come, all ye blessed of My Father, come
Inherit ye the royalties and realms,
Ere the foundations of the world were laid
For you prepared and destined. Heirs of God,
Joint heirs with Me, receive your heritage;
Come ye, who bore My cross, and wear My crown;
Come share My glories, ye who shared My griefs;
But first assessors to My throne abide,
The while I judge Mine enemies and yours."

So saying, He drew us nearer to His side,
And placed us on His glorious right. O scene
Of solemn unimaginable awe!
Ere this, though nurtured in Millennial wonders,
The saints were with themselves absorb'd, nor dared
Look otherwhere than on their peers and Judge.
But now it seem'd we were again the Bride,
And seated by the Bridegroom's side; for lo,
The likeness as of countless thrones appear'd
On that unutterably radiant cloud
Which was Messiah's judgment-throne, nor think
Room wanting in that vast sidereal dome,
Each in its order'd place, tier above tier,
Rank above rank, so marvellously set,
Or such the virtue here of sight and sound,
We saw the shades that pass'd on every brow,
We heard the whisper of the faintest sigh.
Before us first the hosts of rebel spirits
Under angelic wardens; next to these
Their miserable victims, of mankind:
And still beyond them angels numberless:
Beside us, to the right hand and the left,
The diverse glories of the stars: and far
Below our feet, our mother planet, earth,
Glow'd in the embers of her final fire,
Except the solitary land conceal'd
Beneath the shadow of the hand of God.

And now the Anointed Judge, fronting the left,
Summon'd the apostate spirits one by one
Before Him. Face to face with us they stood,
Whom they had wrestled with in dubious fight
And plied with hellish crafts in pilgrim days.
Dreadful it was to see them now unmask'd,
And, as the story of each appear'd, to learn
What poisonous arrows they had shot, what snares
Had strew'd, what pitfalls of iniquity
Had digg'd for us, albeit Heavenly Love
Led our unwary footsteps safely home.
Now we beheld the secret springs of ill
Which moved the mighty drama of the world,
And saw how often proud infatuate men,
Like Ahab by the lying fiend beguiled, fell:
Were dupes of hell. On each the judgment
As he had sinn'd, so was to each the weight
And measure of eternal punishment
Weigh'd in the scales of Perfect Equity,
Poised to the small dust of the balances,
And meted to a gossamer's viewless breadth;
And with such clear necessity adjudged

By One, whose long forbearance had been drain'd
To the last drop, by Love, Almighty Love,
Uttering its slow irrevocable words
In tones of wrath so strangely blent with grief,
So calm, so true, so just, that even the damn'd
Could only answer, "Thou art righteous, Lord:"
And, as the awful sentence fell on each
Of chains and everlasting banishment
To his own portion in the lake of fire,
As by the Spirit of holiness compell'd
We and the blessed angels said, Amen.

. . . . Nor longer pause,
For now the everlasting Son of God
Summon'd the millions of the dead, the lost,
Each to appear before the great white throne.
And lo, the angels round about them urged,
Urged and compell'd obedience, or they
Had gladlier sunk that hour to utter night.

Yes, there was Cain the fratricide, the brand
Of murder still upon his brow; and they
Who mock'd the saintly Enoch; and the brood
Begotten of the fallen sons of light,
Giants in sin as size; and they who sank
Blaspheming heaven around the ark they built;
And they who in another deluge found
Untimely burial, Pharaoh and his chiefs;
The rebel sons of Reuben: and the seer
Who loved the wages of unrighteousness,
The son of Bosor; multitudes of slain
From the polluted homes of Canaan;
And he who fell upon the bloody heights
Of Mount Gilboa, Saul the son of Kish;
And crowds of miserable idolaters,
Of whom I mark'd lascivious Jezebel:
Sinners of every age and every type;
The proud, despiteful, fierce, implacable,
Unthankful, and unholy, and unclean;
And they who lived in pleasure, dead the while;
Haters of God; and whosoever loved
And whosoever wrought the devil's lie.

Time's river in that awful retrospect
Was flowing swiftly by; when lo, I heard
The traitor's name, and from among the dead
He stagger'd shuddering to the judgment bar,
And eye to eye met Him whose sacred life
He sold for lucre; infinite contempt
Was branded on his brow, who knew at last
Good were it for him had he ne'er been born.
Nero was there; and none appear'd to shrink
More terror-stricken from the face of God;
In vain: and many, who with lighter guilt
Had yet imbued their hands in holy blood,
Nor wash'd them in the only fount.

But who of saints or angels could revive
All the dread scenes of that tribunal? Time
In that judicial retrospect appear'd
To bare itself before eternity:
Though as the ages onward roll'd, they each
Yielded an ever larger harvest-field
To the keen scythe of death. But when at last
The period of my mortal pilgrimage
Arrived for judgment, I beheld the forms
Of many I had known from youth to prime,
Sheep, wayward sheep, whom I had vainly sought,
Now fronting the Chief Shepherd face to face.
And now the fold was closed: and it was mine
To witness I had call'd in vain. O God,
Thou know'st, Thou only, what sustain'd me then.
Still the dark plots grew darker, as the end
Drew near, and tangled labyrinths of crime
More intricate: all were unravell'd now;
And deeds, scarce trusted to the subtle winds
And whispered in the ear with bated breath,
Were now in presence of the universe
Proclaim'd. Rebel ingratitude had kept
Its worst, its blackest for the close of all:
But when the last impenitent, who died
With devils leagued and devilish arms in hand
Fighting against apparent Deity,
Had all received the terrible award
Of Justice, and among their comrades slunk,
Once more was silence for a space in heaven;
Until the Judge arising from His throne
Bent on the countless multitudes convict
His visage of eternal wrath, and spake
In tones which more than thousand thunders shook
The crumbling citadel of every heart,—
"Depart from Me, ye cursed, into fire,
Fire for the devil and his hosts prepared,
Fire everlasting, fire unquenchable;
Myself have said it: let it be: Amen."
And from the upper firmament there came
A Voice Almighty, "Let it be: Amen."
And all the trembling angels said, "Amen."
And the pale Bride repeated, "Yea, Amen."

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2053. JUDGMENT, Escape from.

Ay, Justice, who evades her?
Her scales reach every heart;
The action and the motive,
She weigheth each apart;
And none who swerve from right or truth
Can 'scape her penalty!

Sarah J. Hale.

2054. JUDGMENT, Eternal.

Eternity, the various sentence passed,
Assigns the severed throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrosial. What ensues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven. . . .
The goddess, with determined aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates:
Then from the crystal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathoms; there to rest,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds, and hell through all her glooms
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

Edward Young.

2055. JUDGMENT, Fame at the.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast; [whoe'er
Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you
Devote yourselves to fame, and think her
fair; [grace;
Whose shining acts times brightest annals
Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd, or re-
sign'd; [join'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires
Who raised the vale, and laid the mountains
low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
All lost? All undistinguished? nowhere
found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace
sound. *Edward Young.*

2056. JUDGMENT, Forestalled.

Great day! for which all other days were
made; [earth;
For which earth rose from chaos, man from
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
Already is begun the grand assize
In thee, in all. Deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom..
Forestalls—and by forestalling proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment
Is idle nature laughing at her sons? [pass?
Who conscience sent her sentence will sup-
And *God above* assert that *God in man.* [port;
Thrice happy they that enter now the court
Heaven opens in their bosoms.
Edward Young.

2057. JUDGMENT, Hymn of.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
fire, [His ire;
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead
are bowed.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are poured
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are
there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard; [are stirred:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel
From the sea, from the land, from the south
and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
all set, [are met;
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word!
Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Creator, on us Thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in
heaven! *Henry Hart Milman.*

2058. JUDGMENT, Power of.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are
drawn right. *Alexander Pope.*

2059. JUDGMENT, Revelation of.

The Book is opened and the seal removed;
The adamantine Book; where every thought,
Though dawning on the heart, then sunk
again
In the corrupted mass, each act obscure,
In characters indelible remain. ['scaped
How vain thy boast, vile caitiff, to have
An earthly forum; now, thy crimson stains
Glare on a congregated world; thy Judge
Omniscience, and Omnipotence thy scourge!
Thy mask, hypocrisy, how useless here,
When, by a beam shot from the Fount of
light,
The varnished saint starts up a ghastly fiend.
George Bally.

2060. JUDGMENT, Unavoidable.

From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one shall 'scape that muster-roll;
Each, as if he alone were there,
Shall stand, and win or lose his soul:
These from the Judge's presence go
Down into everlasting woe;
Vengeance hath barred the gates of hell—
The scenes within no tongue can tell.

But lo! far off, the righteous pass
To glory; from the King's right hand,
In silence, on the sea of glass,
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While He who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath His feet.
James Montgomery.

2061. JUDGMENT, Vision of.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final
fate, [thought?
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his
I think of nothing else. . . . I see. I
feel it! [round!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling
All deities, like summer swarms, on wing!
All basking in the full meridian blaze.
I see the Judge enthroned! the flaming guard!
The volume opened! opened every heart!
A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron—intercessor none!—now passed
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour. . . .

For guilt, no plea! to pain, no pause—no bound!
Inexorable all! and all extreme!
Edward Young.

2062. JUST, Death of the.

When to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
His silver temples in their last repose;
When, o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows
And blights the fairest; when our bitter tears
Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

But oh, despair not of their fate who rise
To dwell upon the earth when we withdraw!
Lo! the same shaft by which the righteous dies,
Strikes through the wretch that scoffed at mercy's law,
And trod his brethren down, and felt no awe
Of Him who will avenge them. Stainless worth,
Such as the sternest age of virtue saw,
Ripens, meanwhile, till time shall call it forth
From the low modest shade, to light and bless the earth.
William Cullen Bryant.

2063. JUST, Memory of the.

As 'mid the ever-rolling sea
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the billows of the main
Fret, rage, and break themselves in vain;

As in the heavens the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;

So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

2064. JUSTICE, Course of.

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past to future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!
William Wordsworth.

2065. JUSTICE, Delay of.

The Sun of Justice may withdraw his beams
Awhile from earthly ken, and sit concealed
In dark recess, pavilioned round with clouds:
Yet let not guilt presumptuous rear her crest,
Nor virtue droop despondent: soon these clouds,
Seeming eclipse, will brighten into day,
And in majestic splendor He will rise,
With healing and with terror on His wings.
George Lally.

2066. JUSTICE, Divine.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. *Shakespeare.*

2067. JUSTICE, Human.

Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind:
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty:
A fine and slender net the spider weaves
Which little and slight animals receives;
And if she catch a summer bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords, like Sampson, and escape;
So like a fly, the poor offender dies;
But like the wasp the rich escapes and flies.
Sir John Denham.

2068. JUSTICE, Triumph of.

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before;
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified—
Victor over death and pain,
Forever. *R. W. Emerson.*

2069. KINDNESS, Blessing of.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.
D. C. Colesworthy.

2070. KINDNESS, Demand for.

The world's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest!
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art
Is this, who skills of comfort best;
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him by.
John Keble.

2071. KINDNESS, Domestic.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast
  Who loved thee so fondly as he? [young,
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
  And joined in thy innocent glee: [tongue,
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
  His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and
  Thy father is passing away. [bold:

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
  May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well mayst thou cherish and comfort her
  For loving and kind she hath been: [now,
Remember thy mother! for thee will she pray,
  As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone
  E'en to the dark valley of death. [way,

Be kind to thy brother! his heart will have
    dearth
  If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
  If love and affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are;
  The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer, by far,
  Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister! not many may know
  The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
  The surface that sparkles above;
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
    hours,
  And blessings thy pathway shall crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flow-
  More precious than wealth or renown. [ers,

2072. KINDNESS, Duty of.

Be kind to each other!
  The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
  Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection
  How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
  Of kindness—*returned!*
When day hath departed,
  And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
  Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,
  Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
  Against those ye love!
Nor change with to-morrow
  Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow
  The closer still cling!
Oh, be kind to each other!
  The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
  Perchance may be gone!

Charles Swain.

2073. KINDNESS, Foes of.

There's no dearth of kindness
  In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
  We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning,
  Trampling one another!
While we are inly yearning
  At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness
  Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneness
  Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
  Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
  In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
  Though it be unspoken,
From the heart it sendeth
  Smiles of heaven, in token
That there be none so lowly
  But have some angel-touch:
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
  We live for self too much!

As the wild-rose bloweth,
  As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
  In the heart forever;
But if men will hanker
  Ever for golden dust,
Best of hearts will canker,
  Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
  In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
  We gather thorns for flowers.
O cherish God's best giving,
  Falling from above!
Life were not worth living,
  Were it not for love.

Gerald Massey.

2074. KINDNESS, Law of.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and
    fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that in-
    trudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileged; and he that hunts

Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. *William Cowper.*

2075. KINDNESS, Reward of.

Androcles from his injured lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parched with heat,
He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat:
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roared approaching; but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed, arrived within,
And with expressive looks his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand,
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought; he wiped the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood;
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
But thus to live—still lost—sequestered still—
Scarce seemed his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
Home! native home! O might he but repair!
He must—he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and, doomed to perish on the sands
Of the full theatre, unpitied stands;
When lo! the self-same lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famished into rage.
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man his healer, pauses on his way,
And softened by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze:
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is natural—nature bade him rend
An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.
William Cowper.

2076. KISSES, Affection's.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "O list!"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

2077. KISSES, Quality of.

Some say that kissing's a sin;
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this warld
Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu',
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.

2078. KNOWLEDGE, Advantage of.

Knowledge holdeth by the hilt, and heweth out a road to conquest;
Ignorance graspeth the blade, and is wounded by its own good sword:
Knowledge distilleth health from the virulence of opposite poisons;
Ignorance mixeth wholesomes unto the breeding of disease:
Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth a friend in all things;
But ignorance is everywhere a stranger; unwelcome; ill at ease and out of place.
M. F. Tupper.

2079. KNOWLEDGE, Dangers of.

How idly of the human heart we speak,
Giving it gods of clay! How worse than vain
Is the school homily, that Eden's fruit
Cannot be pluck'd too freely from "the tree
Of good and evil." Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in heaven; she is its light—its God!
And in the heart of man she sits as high,
Though grovelling eyes forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but this world's idols. The pure mind
Sees her forever: and in youth we come
Fill'd with her sainted ravishment, and kneel,
Worshipping God through her sweet altar-fires,
And then is knowledge "good." We come too oft— [soon
The heart grows proud with fulness, and we
Look with licentious freedom on the maid
Throned in celestial beauty. There she sits,
Robed in her soft and seraph loveliness,
Instructing and forgiving, and we gaze
Until desire grows wild, and, with our hands
Upon her very garments, are struck down,
Blasted with a consuming fire from heaven
Yet, oh! how full of music from her lips
Breathe the calm tones of wisdom! Human praise
Is sweet—till envy mars it, and the touch

Of new-won gold stirs up the pulses well;
And woman's love, if in a beggar's lamp
'Twould burn, might light us clearly through the world; [tongue,
But Knowledge hath a far more 'wildering
And she will stoop and lead you to the stars,
And witch you with her mysteries—till gold
Is a forgotten dross, and power and fame
Toys of an hour, and woman's careless love,
Light as the breath that breaks it. He who binds [heaven;
His soul to knowledge steals the key of
But 'tis a bitter mockery that the fruit
May hang within his reach, and when, with thirst [taste,
Wrought to a maddening frenzy, he would
It burns his lips to ashes! *N. P. Willis.*

2080. KNOWLEDGE, Ignorance of.

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
Lord Byron.

2081. KNOWLEDGE, Pursuit of.

What is its earthly victory? Press on!
For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the eyry of your eagle thought
Ye shall look down on monarchs. O press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence: and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!
Press on! for it is god-like to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essence of heaven!
Press on!—"for in the grave there is no work,
And no device."—Press on! while yet ye may! *Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

2082. KNOWLEDGE, True.

What is true knowledge? Is it with keen eye
Of lucre's sons to thread the mazy way?
Is it of civic rights, and royal sway,
And wealth political, the depths to try?
Is it to delve the earth, or soar the sky?
To marshal nature's tribes in just array?
To mix, and analyse, and mete, and weigh
Her elements, and all her powers descry?
These things, who will may know them, if to know
Breed not vain glory. But o'er all to scan
God, in His works and word shown forth below;
Creation's wonders, and Redemption's plan;
Whence came we, what to do, and whither go:
This is true knowledge, and "the whole of man." *Bishop Mant.*

2083. KNOWLEDGE, Wisdom and.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds, [place,
Till smooth'd, and squared, and fitted to its
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
William Cowper.

2084. LABOR, Benefit of.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart. [shower;
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth; [eth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assail-
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow; [billow;
Work—thou shall ride o'er Care's coming
Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping, [leaping;
How through his veins goes the life-current
How his strong arm in its stalworth pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not! though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee! [bound thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God. *Frances S. Osgood.*

2085. LABOR, Burden of.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

2086. LABOR, Hymn of.

Son of the carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By joining it to Thine.

Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

Thy bright example I pursue;
To Thee in all things rise:
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.
Charles Wesley.

2087. LABOR, Lesson of.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

2088. LABOR, Little.

If little labor, little are our gains:
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.
Robert Herrick.

2089. LABOR, Objects of.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.
William Drummond.

2090. LABOR, Original.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest." *John Milton.*

2091. LADIES, Blind Girl's Ideas of.

I have a fancy ladies are like flowers,
And so I class them and keep them in my mind.
The gentle and delicate are the jasmines;
The mirthful and warm-hearted—these are pinks;
The loving are the rose, for love is sweet,
And beautiful in mother as in bride;
The stately and precise are dahlias, set
As they were carved and colored for a show;
The tulip, such as talk of love and beaux;
The spiritual, whose pure, sweet thoughts seem given, [heaven—
As are the star-beams from the vault of
These are the lilies: and the violets
Are gentle-hearted ones who love the lilies,
And would be like them could they choose their fate. *Sarah J. Hale.*

2092. LAMB, Marriage of the.

Ascend, Beloved, to the joy;
The festal day has come;
To-night the Lamb doth feast His own,
To-night He with His Bride sits down,
To-night puts on the spousal crown,
In the great upper room.

Ascend, Beloved, to the love;
This is the day of days;
To-night the bridal-song is sung,
To-night ten thousand harps are strung,
In sympathy with heart and tongue,
Unto the Lamb's high praise.

The festal lamps are lighting now
In the great marriage-hall;
By angel-hands the board is spread,
By angel-hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid;
The King His own doth call.

The gems are gleaming from the roof,
Like stars in night's round dome;
The festal wreaths are hanging there,
The festal fragrance fills the air,
And flowers of heaven, divinely fair,
Unfold their happy bloom.

Long, long deferred, now come at last.
The Lamb's glad wedding-day;
The guests are gathering to the feast,
The seats in heavenly order placed,
The royal throne above the rest;—
How bright the new array!

Sorrow and sighing are no more,
The weeping hours are past;
To-night the waiting will be done,
To-night the wedding robe put on,
The glory and the joy begun;
The crown has come at last.

Without, within, is light, is light;
Around, above, is love, is love!
We enter, to go out no more,
We raise the song unsung before,
We doff the sackcloth that we wore;
For all is joy above.

Ascend, Beloved, to the life;
Our days of death are o'er;
Mortality has done its worst,
The fetters of the tomb are burst,
The last has now become the first,
Forever, evermore.

Ascend, Beloved, to the feast;
Make haste, thy day is come;
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call
To share the heavenly festival,
In the new Salem's palace-hall,
Our everlasting home!

Horatius Bonar.

2093. LAMB, Marriage Supper of the.

The marriage supper of the Lamb was come.
And, even as we were, we saw what seem'd
A banquet of all heavenly fruits and food,
And chalices of crystal wreath'd with flowers,
Before us. And what seem'd was there. And lo,
The Prince, at once our Minister and Host,
Assign'd to each his festal couch, whereon
No sooner were the happy guests recline,
Than He Himself crown'd every cup with joy,
And charged attendant seraphim to keep
The table loaded with the choicest bloom
Celestial walks could yield. They, nothing loath,
Bore from the Paradise of God such rich
Exuberance of vernal promise, mix'd
With the ripe fruits of summer (for in heaven
Summer and spring dance ever hand in hand),
As heaven itself had never seen till now
Pluck'd in one hour and on one board profuse,
Yet presently repair'd its gift, nor seem'd
The poorer. These the blessed angels piled,
In large unsparing hospitality, [lack'd
Before the presence of their guests. Nor
Greetings, nor glad surprises, nor fond eyes
Flashing their welcome to beloved ones round: [saints
Whether the bliss of guardian spirits or
Was greater, whether children most rejoiced
In parents, or their parents most in them,

I know not: this I know, all hearts were
Angels and principalities and thrones [full.
Confess'd they never tasted joy like this;
While youthful cherubs without number flew,
Shaking a dewy fragrance from their wings,
And in their rosy fingers bore to each
Some token of the Royal grace. And soon
The genial flow of converse, like the sound
Of many waters heard far off, appear'd
A multitudinous tide of mirth and love.
Edward Henry Bickersteth

2094. LAND, The Better.

"I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band.
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or amidst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom:
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!"
Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

2095. LANGUAGE, Power of.

When Amruzail describes what he has seen,
Such power in his language lies,
That as he paints flocks, wastes, oases green,
His hearers' ears are turned to eyes!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2096. LAW, Cost of.

Once (says an author, when I need not say),
Two travellers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong, [along.
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd
Before her each with clamor plead the laws,
Explained the matter, and would win the cause. [right,
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
"There take (says Justice), take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster, on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace. Adieu!"
Alexander Pope.

2097. LAW, Power of.

Laws, as we read in ancient sages,
Have been like cobwebs in all ages.
Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
And laws for little folks are made;
But if an insect of renown,
Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
The flimsy fetter flies in sunder.
James Beattie.

2098. LAZINESS, Penalty of.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease:
To live dissolved in pleasures still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain: [seen,
So much of surfeits, headaches, gouts are
We scarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.
John Dryden.

2099. LEARNING, Indigested.

Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This bookcase, with dark booty almost burst,
This forager on others' wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd but not dress'd, and rich to beggary:
A pomp untamable of weeds prevails:
Her servant's wealth, encumber'd Wisdom mourns. [wise."
And what says Genius? "Let the *dull* be
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong,
And loves to boast where blush men less inspir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of sense,
Considers reason as a leveller, [crowd;
And scorns to share a blessing with the
That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim
To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.
Edward Young.

2100. LEARNING, Unused.

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows, [sows.
Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never
Oriental.

2101. LENT, The True.

There's winter on the hills to-day,
The sad wind soughs o'er churchyard knolls,
And weary nature seems to say, [sinful souls."
"'Tis Lenten-tide for

The barb is in our heart to-day;
Sore crushed with sense of ail and sin,
We feebly strive and faintly pray,
'Gainst danger near, for grace within.

We mourn our pride and passion's stain,
The earthly in our hearts enshrined;
The rebel flesh, too oft in vain
Commanded by the nobler mind;

And all of human curse or care
Which lurks life's dangerous paths among,
To quench the altar-flame of prayer,
Or hush the heavenward strain of song.
W. Morley Punshon.

2102. LEPER, Healing a.

"Room for the leper! room!" And, as he came, [room!"
The cry passed on, "Room for the leper, "Room for the leper!" And aside they stood,
Matron and child, and pitiless manhood, all
Who met him on his way, and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"
He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that ev'ry eye
Follow'd with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye, a drowsy sloth
Fetter'd his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seem'd struck with eld;
Even his voice was changed, a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steep'd in sluggishness.
He strove with it a while, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slacken'd within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
Day after day he lay as if in sleep; [scales
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white
Circled with livid purple cover'd him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepen'd beneath the hard, unmoisten'd scales, [hair—
And from their edges grew the rank white
And Helon was a leper!
Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burn'd with a struggling light, and a low chant [roof
Swell'd through the hollow arches of the
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisle, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bow'd down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb; [lip
And with the sackcloth round him, and his
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:

"Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God! [rod;
For He has smote thee with His chastening
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

"Depart, and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more,
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink;

"And pass thou not between
That weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
Depart, O leper! and forget not God!"

And he went forth alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose [name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea; he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touch'd
The loathsome water to his fever'd lips,
Praying that he might be so blest, to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer to his lip,
Crying "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,

He fell upon the earth till they should pass
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name: [tone
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-
Of a rich instrument, most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear; yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have couch'd too in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
His stature modell'd with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touch'd with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn
Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
As if His heart were moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand [clean!"
And laved the sufferer's brow, and said, "Be
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood [veins,
Coursed with delicious coolness through his
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his
The dewy softness of an infant's stole. [lips
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipp'd Him.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

2103. LIBERALITY, Best.

Best unbar the doors
Which Peter's heirs keep locked so overclose;
They only let the mice across the floors,
While every churchman dangles as he goes
The great key at his girdle, and abhors
In Christ's name, meekly. Open wide the house— [mind,
Concede the entrance with Christ's liberal
And set the tables with His wine and bread.
What! commune in "both kinds"? In every kind—
Wine, wafer, love, hope, truth, unlimited,
Nothing kept back.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

2104. LIBERTY, Christian.

True liberty was Christian, sanctified,
Baptized, and found in Christian hearts alone.
First-born of Virtue, daughter of the skies,
Nursling of truth divine; sister of all
The graces, meekness, holiness, and love:
Giving to God, and man, and all below,
That symptom showed of sensible existence,
Their due unasked; fear to whom fear was due;
To all, respect, benevolence, and love.
Companion of religion! where she came
There freedom came: where dwelt, there freedom dwelt; [pired.
Ruled where she ruled, expired where she ex-
"He was the freeman whom the truth made free:"
Who first of all the bands of Satan broke;
Who broke the bands of Sin; and for his soul
In spite of fools consulted seriously;
In spite of fashion persevered in good:
In spite of wealth or poverty, upright;
Who did as reason, not as fancy bade;
Who heard temptation sing, and yet turned
Aside; saw sin bedeck her flowery bed, [not
And yet would not go up; felt at his heart
The sword unsheathed, yet would not sell the truth;
Who, having power, had not the will to hurt;
Who blushed alike to be or have a slave;
Who blushed at naught but sin, feared naught
Who finally, in strong integrity [but God;
Of soul, 'midst want, or riches, or disgrace,
Uplifted calmly sat, and heard the waves
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet;
Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul reproach,
And both despised sincerely; seeking this
Alone—the approbation of his God,
Which still with conscience witnessed to his peace.

Robert Pollok.

2105. LIBERTY, Forgotten Heroes of.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And there the last unfinished word
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were covered by the sounding sea;
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty!

Thomas Moore.

2106. LIBERTY, Instinct of.

Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,
Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
But gladly would escape; and, if need were,
Scatter the colors from the plumes that bear
The emancipated captive through blithe air
Into strange woods, where he at large may live
On best or worst which they and Nature give!
The beetle loves his unpretending track,
The snail the house he carries on his back;
The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown
The bed we give him, though of softest down;

A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,
All rank! What sovereign, worthy of the name,
If doomed to breathe against his lawful will
An element that flatters him—to kill,
But would rejoice to barter outward show
For the least boon that freedom can bestow?
William Wordsworth.

2107. LIBERTY, Progress of.

There is a twilight dawning on the world,
The herald of a full and perfect day,
When Liberty's wide flag shall be unfurled,
And kings shall bow to her superior sway;
Already she is on her august way,
And marching upward to her final goal;
Nations the warning of her voice obey,
Away the clouds of fear and error roll,
The chain is broken that bound the thralled and fettered soul.
James Gates Percival.

2108. LIBERTY, Triumph of.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
On, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
Into the depth of ages; we may trace,
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but might cast to earth the train
That trample her, and break their iron net,
Yes, she shall look on brighter days and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.
William Cullen Bryant.

2109. LIFE, Abuse of.

A bright or dark eternity in view,
With all its fixed, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue,
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings!
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with ten-fold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced!

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When preparations to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found;
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break;
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound
For our departure calls; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.
Carlos Wilcox.

2110. LIFE, Active.

Life is onward: use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly—choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.
Life is onward: never
Look upon the past,
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.
Life is onward: try it,
Ere the day is lost;
It hath virtue—buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.
Life is onward: heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If hope chant before you
Her prophetic strain.
Life is onward: prize it
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh! do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal
Through life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the soul.

2111. LIFE, Autumn of.

The leaves around me falling,
Are preaching of decay,
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must too decline,
The year, its bloom resigning
Its lot foreshadows mine!

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam and shoot away;
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends are gone before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Wait, wait," they say, "and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
Oh! rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin."

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner to salvation,
An exile to his home;
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.
S. F. Smith.

2112. LIFE, a Book.

Man's life's a book of history;
The leaves thereof are days;
The letters, mercies closely joined;
The title is God's praise.
John Masson.

2113. LIFE, Boundaries of.

Between two breaths what crowded mysteries lie— [sigh!
The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn
Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,
As living shadows for a moment seen
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness whence we came. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

2114. LIFE, Brevity of.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot!
Henry King.

2115. LIFE, Caravan of.

Where pilgrims seek the Prophet's tomb
Across the Arabian waste,
Upon the ever-shifting sands
A fearful path is traced.

Far up to the horizon's verge,
The traveller sees it rise—
A line of ghastly bones that bleach
Beneath those burning skies.

Across it tempest and simoom
The desert-sands have strewed,
But still that line of spectral white
Forever is renewed.

For while along the burning track
The caravans move on,
Still do the way-worn pilgrims fall
Ere yet the shrine be won.

There the tired camel lays him down
And shuts his gentle eyes;
And there the fiery rider droops,
Toward Mecca looks, and dies.

They fall unheeded from the ranks:
On sweeps the endless train;
But there, to mark the desert path,
Their whitening bones remain.

And thus I read the mournful tale
Upon the traveller's page,
I thought how like the march of life
Is this sad pilgrimage.

For every heart hath some fair dream,
Some object unattained,
And far off in the distance lies
Some Mecca to be gained.

But beauty, manhood, love, and power
Go in their morning down,
And longing eyes and outstretched arms
Tell of the goal unwon.

The mighty caravan of life
Above their dust may sweep,
Nor shout nor trampling feet shall break
The rest of those who sleep.
Anne Charlotte Lynch.

2116. LIFE, Computation of.

Threescore and ten, by common calculation,
The years of man amount to—but we'll say
He turns fourscore; yet, in my estimation,
In all those years he has not lived a day.
Out of the eighty you must first remember
The hours of night you pass asleep in bed;
And counting from December to December,
Just half your life you'll find you have been dead.
To forty years at once by this reduction
We come; and sure the first five of your birth,
While cutting teeth and living upon suction,
You are not alive to what this life is worth!
From thirty-five next take, for education,
Fifteen, at least, at college and at school.
When, notwithstanding all your application,
The chances are, you may turn out a fool.
Still twenty we have left us to dispose of,
But during them your fortune you've to make; [knows of,
And granting, with the luck of some one
'Tis made in ten, that's ten from life to take.
Out of the ten you must allow for yet left
The time for shaving, tooth and other aches—
Say four, and that leaves six too short, I vow, for
Regretting past and making fresh mistakes!
Meanwhile, each hour dispels some fond illusion,
Until at length, *sans* eyes, *sans* teeth, you may

Have scarcely sense to come to this conclusion,
You've reach'd fourscore, but haven't lived a day. *J. R. Planché.*

2117. LIFE, Curtains of.

Death have we hated, not knowing what it meant,
Life have we loved, through green leaf and [through sere,
Though still the less we knew of its intent:
The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year,
Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair
Hung round about a little room, where play
Weeping and laughter of men's empty day.
William Morris.

2118. LIFE, Decline of.

Summer ebbs; each day that follows
Is a reflex from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.
He who governs the creation,
In His providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human-kind.
Yet we mark it not; fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loath to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.
William Wordsworth.

2119. LIFE, Destinies of.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show
Is alone before him:
Past Time is dead and the grasses grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from Death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath,
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him
And from one another;
All is spectral, and vague, and dim,
Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof, all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care; [night,
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of
And He is there.
John Greenleaf Whittier.

2120. LIFE, Dirge of.

What is the existence of man's life
But open war, or slumbered strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which bears his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower which buds and grows
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in the mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial which points out
The sunset as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.
Henry King.

2121. LIFE, Earnest.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we—
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!

Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.
Horatius Bonar.

2122. LIFE, Epitome of.

Day dawned; within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.
Day closed; a child had seen the light:
But, for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.
Spring rose; the lady's grave was green;
And near it, oftentimes, was seen
A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.
Years fled; he wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.
And then he died! behold before ye
Humanity's poor sum and story;
Life—Death—and all that is of Glory.
B. W. Procter.

2123. LIFE, Eternal.

A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

The eternal life beyond the sky
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate:
The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.
Manrique, tr. by H. W. Longfellow.

2124. LIFE, Godly.

He lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may;
To make His precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely named, and no such thing,
But rather death disguised.
William Cowper.

2125. LIFE, Importance of.

They say this life is but a wreath
Of vapor, melting in the sky;
The small frail flower which grows beneath,
Then drooping, shuts its languid eye;
A tale repeated round the hearth,
Made half of mourning, half of mirth;
A bubble, bursting in the light;
A meteor, streaming in the night;
A dream, a tear, a smile, a sigh,
A breath—the breath of Deity!
A tale? Yes, one that's quivering
On every raptured seraph's string,
Since this poor clay enshrined a God,
And the lone path so meekly trod,
Adoring, wonderingly they've traced,
Through all our misery-haunted waste.
A bubble! At its burst there falls
A diamond from its brittle thralls,
In lustre peerless and divine
Upon the sainted brow to shine,
Or burn its fearful, livid stain,
Into the woe-doomed rebel's brain.
Oh, that can be no trivial thing,
However rapidly it fly,
Which bears our souls upon its wing,
And fashions our eternity!
Though small the seedling, from it grow
Heaven's boundless bliss, and hell's black woe.
Emily Judson.

2126. LIFE, Island.

Opening the map of God's expansive plan,
We find a little isle, this life of man;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around, and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore [shore,
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells; [great,
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
They shriek and sink—survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
William Cowper.

2127. LIFE, Length of.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
Horatius Bonar.

2128. LIFE, Measuring.

They err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time;
Others are always young.

'Tis not the number of the lines
On life's fast filling page,
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs,
Which constitute their age.

Some souls are serfs among the free,
While others nobly thrive;
They stand just where their fathers stood;
Dead, even while they live.

Others, all spirit, heart, and sense,
Theirs the mysterious power
To live in thrills of joy or woe,
A twelvemonth in an hour!

Seize, then, the minutes as they pass;
The woof of life is thought!
Warm up the colors; let them glow
With fire of fancy fraught.

Live to some purpose; make thy life
A gift of use to thee:
A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy!

Bryan W. Procter.

2129. LIFE, Mental.

The earth is full of life; the living Hand
Touched it with life; and all its forms expand
With principles of being made to suit [brute.
Man's varied powers and raise him from the
And shall the earth of higher ends be full—
Earth which thou tread'st—and thy poor mind be dull?
Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep?
Thou "living dead man," let thy spirit leap
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow
Thro' thy soul's shut-up mansion. Would'st thou know [death;
Something of what is life, shake off this
Have thy soul feel the universal breath [be
With which all nature 's quick, and learn to
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see;
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance;
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse;
Love, joy, even sorrow—yield thyself to all!
They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall.
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large the mind!
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
And be like man at first, a LIVING SOUL.

Richard Henry Dana.

2130. LIFE, Mockery of.

O, life and all its charms decay!
Alluring, cheating, on they go;
The stream forever steals away
In one irrevocable flow;
Its dearest charms, the charms of love,
Are fairest in their bud, and die
Whene'er their tender bloom we move;
We touch the leaves, they withered lie.
At distance all how gay, how sweet,
A very land of fairy blisses,
Where smiles and tears, and soft words meet,
And willing lips unite in kisses;
But when we touch the magic shore,
The glow is gone, the charm is fled;
We find the dearest hues it wore
Are but the light around the dead,
And cold the hymeneal chain
That binds their cheated hearts in one,
And on, with many a step of pain,
Their weary race is sadly run;
And still as on they plod their way,
They find, as life's gay dreams depart,
To close their being's toilsome day,
Naught left them but a broken heart.

James Gates Percival.

2131. LIFE, Parable of.

A man through Syria's deserts speeding
His camel by the halter leading,
The beast grew shy, began to rear,
With gestures wild to plunge and tear;
So fearful was his snort and cry
The driver was obliged to fly.
He ran, and saw a well which lay
By chance before him in the way.
He hears the snorting camel near,
And lost all consciousness in fear.
He plunged not in the shaft, but crept
And hanging 'neath the brink he kept.
A blackberry bush its bed had found
Within the gaping fissures round;
Hereto the driver firmly clung,
While loud his doleful wailings rung.
He looked on high, and lo! he saw
Above his head the camel's jaw,
About to seize him as his prize.
Then in the well he cast his eyes;
A dragon on the ground he saw,
That gaped with fearful, yawning jaw,
His prey there ready to devour,
When it should fall into his power.
Thus hovering between the two,
Another evil met his view.
Where in the stony fracture hung
The bush's roots, to which he clung,
He saw two mice within the crack,
The one was white, the other black.
He saw the black one and the white,
How they the roots alternate bite.
They gnawed, and pulled, and dug around,
And tore from off the roots the ground;
When he the crumbling earth espies,
On high the dragon casts his eyes,
To see how soon, with load and all,
The bush, torn by the roots, would fall.
The man with anxious terror quailed,
Besieged, surrounded, and assailed,
While on this doleful situation,
Look'd round in vain for his salvation.
And as around he casts his eyes,
A little nodding branch he spies,
With berries ripe, nor did he feign
His lustful longing to restrain.
No more the camel's rage he saw,
Nor in the gulf the dragon's jaw,
No more the mice that gnawed the root,
When he beheld the luscious fruit.
He let the camel rage on high,
The dragon watch with lustful eye,
The mice gnaw at the bush's root,
While greedily he seized the fruit.
Right good he deemed them to appease
His cravings, and he plucked at ease,
And thus his fear, his doleful lot,
Were in the juicy sweets forgot.
"Who is the fool," methinks I hear
Thee ask, "who thus forgets his fear?"
Know, then, O friend, that man art thou!
But take the explanation now,
The dragon lurking on the ground,
Is death's grim yawning gulf profound;
The threat'ning camel standing there

Is life's anxiety and care.
'Tis you who gasp, 'twixt life and death,
Upon the world's green bush for breath.
The two that, gnawing at the tree,
Shall soon the bush, as well as thee,
Deliver to the dragon's might,
The mice, their names are day and night.
Concealed, the black one gnaws away
From evening to the dawn of day,
The white one gnaws and undermines
From morn until the sun declines.
And 'midst these horrors and alarms
Thou lustest for the berries' charms,
Forgetting camel, life's distress,
And dragon death in the abyss,
As well as mice, the night and day,
And dost alone attention pay
To snatching berries, as they peep
From out the grave's dark fissures deep.
Friedrich Rückert.

2132. LIFE, Parting with.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together [ther,
Through pleasant and through cloudy wea-
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time; [clime
Say not Good Night—but in some brighter
Bid me Good Morning. *A. L. Barbauld.*

2133. LIFE, Periods of.

Our youth is like the opening day—
As swiftly pass the hours away;
While like the birds on active wing,
Unthinkingly we sport and sing.

Our manhood is the fervid noon—
Its sunny moments pass as soon;
Its brightest hour will soon be o'er,
And time once past returns no more.

Old age is like the evening gray,
Closing around the traveller's way,
Who faint and weary seeks the road
Which leads him to a safe abode.

Morn, noon, and eve will soon be past,
And death's dark night approaches fast;
No light can cheer the midnight gloom,
Which reigns within the silent tomb.

Let us improve our life's short day,
That when its hours have pass'd away,
We may behold, without a fear,
Death's long and dreary night draw near.

Another morn will surely break,
And all our sleeping dust awake;
Oh, may we then with joy arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.
Mrs. Loud.

2134. LIFE, Personal.

Shall I be slave to every noble soul;
Study the dead, and to their spirits bend;
Or learn to read my own heart's folded scroll,
And make self-rule my end?

Thought from *without*—O shall I take on trust,
And life from others modelled steal or win;
Or shall I heave to light, and clear of rust
My true life from *within*?

O, let me be myself! But where, O, where,
Under this heap of precedent, this mound
Of customs, modes, and maxims, cumbrance
Shall the Myself be found? [rare,

O thou *Myself*, thy fathers thee debarred
None of their wisdom, but their folly came
Therewith; they smoothed the path, but made
For thee to quit the same. [it hard

What aileth thee, myself? Alas! thy hands
Are tired with old opinions—heir and son,
Thou hast inherited thy father's lands
And all his debts thereon.
Jean Ingelow.

2135. LIFE, Play of.

All the world's a stage; [ers.
And all the men and women are merely play-
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man, in his time, plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.
At first, the infant;
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy; with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly, to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier; [pard;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
Jealous in honor; sudden and quick in quar-
Seeking the bubble reputation [rel;
Even in the cannon's mouth.
And then, the justice;
With fair round belly, with good capon lined;
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part.
The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide [voice,
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.
Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. *Shakespeare.*

2136. LIFE, Providence in.

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise.

All's for the best, if a man would but know
Providence wishes us all to be blest; [it;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and, All's for the best.

All's for the best; then fling away terrors;
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
All's for the best; unbiased, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope, and be happy, that All's for the best.
M. F. Tupper.

2137. LIFE, Quiet.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.
Alexander Pope.

2138. LIFE, Ride of.

Each day you have is but a steed,
Caparisoned or well or ill;
The weeks, the fresh relays you need;
Your soul, the mystic rider still.
The spurs and stirrups are of deed,
The sightless bridle is of will;
While faring forth you smile or bleed,
Take care, with heed the saddle fill.
William Rounseville Alger.

2139. LIFE, River of.

There is a pure and tranquil wave,
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams, which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend
O'er weary lands to stray;

The pilgrim faint, and nigh to sink
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refresh'd beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, O my soul, do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing!

There droop that wing, when far it flies
From human care, and toil, and strife,
And feed by those still streams, that rise
Beneath the Tree of Life!

It may be that the breath of love
Some leaves on their pure tide have driven,
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down from Heaven.

So shall thy wounds and woes be healed,
By the blest virtue that they bring;
So thy parch'd lips shall be unsealed
Thy Saviour's praise to sing!
William Ball.

2140. LIFE, Sadness of.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing— [wheat;
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing— [sweet;
And still, oh still, their dying breath is
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill; [prize them
And sweet are all things, when we learn to
Not for their sake, but His, who grants them or denies them! *Aubrey De Vere.*

2141. LIFE, Seasons of.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in every shape they wear? [head,
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her
With milky juice, requiring to be fed:
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives;
Infirm the stalks, unsoiled are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as is man, is most replete [heat.
With kindly moisture, and prolific
Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Not froze with fear nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious gray.
Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace:
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face;

His scalp if not dishonored quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.
E'en our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were:
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

2142. LIFE, Sin against.

A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust:
"He sins against this life who slights the next." [know!
What is this life? How few their favorite
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Loved life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard!
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end, deplorable! a means, divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing—worse than naught—
A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much.
Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd:
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace.
In prospect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
Edward Young.

2143. LIFE, Sympathy of.

Each creature holds an insular point in space:
Yet what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,
But all the multitudinous beings round
In all the countless worlds, with time and place
For their conditions, down to the central base,
Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound,
Life answering life across the vast profound,
In full antiphony, by a common grace!
I think this sudden joyance which illumes
A child's mouth sleeping, unaware may run
From some soul newly loosed from earth's tombs:
I think this passionate sigh, which half begun
I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
Of God's calm angel standing in the sun.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

2144. LIFE, Theories of.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day!"
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies!"
Lord, in my views let both united be—
I live in pleasure, when I live to thee!
Philip Doddridge.

2145. LIFE, Time of.

The past is a dream,
The future a breath,
The present a gleam
From birth unto death.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2146. LIFE, Unity of.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
William Wordsworth.

2147. LIFE, Up-hill.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end. [day?
Will the day's journey take the whole long
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.
Christina G. Rossetti.

2148. LIFE, Use of.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought, [thought
This world would school each wandering
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.
Manrique, tr. by H. W. Longfellow.

2149. LIFE, Varieties of.

Some are serving—some commanding;
Some are sitting—some are standing;
Some rejoicing—some are grieving;
Some entreating—some relieving;
Some are weeping—some are laughing;
Some are thirsting—some are quaffing;
Some accepting—some refusing;
Some are thrifty—some abusing;

Some compe..ing—some persuading;
Some are flatt'ring—some degrading;
Some are patient—some are fuming;
Some are modest—some presuming;
Some are leasing—some are farming;
Some are helping—some are harming;
Some are running—some are riding;
Some departing—some abiding;
Some are sending—some are bringing;
Some are crying—some are singing;
Some are hearing—some are preaching;
Some are learning—some are teaching;
Some disdaining—some affecting;
Some assiduous—some neglecting;
Some are feasting—some are fasting;
Some are saving—some are wasting;
Some are losing—some are winning;
Some repenting—some are sinning;
Some professing—some adoring;
Some are silent—some are roaring;
Some are restive—some are willing;
Some preserving—some are killing;
Some are bounteous—some are grinding;
Some are seeking—some are finding;
Some are thieving—some receiving;
Some are hiding—some revealing;
Some commending—some are blaming;
Some dismemb'ring—some new framing;
Some are quiet—some disputing;
Some confuted and confuting;
Some are marching—some retiring;
Some are resting—some aspiring;
Some enduring—some deriding;
Some are falling—some are rising.
These are sufficient to recite,
Since all men's deeds are infinite;
Some end their parts when some begin;
Some go out and some come in.

Bp. Horne.

2150. LIFE, Way of.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.
Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill. *Manrique.*

2151. LIGHT, A Shining.

EPITAPH OF A VANISHED STAR.

So said, he raised, according to his vow,
On the green grass, where oft his townfolk met,
Under the shadow of a leafy bow
That leaned toward a singing rivulet,
On pure white stone, whereon, like crown on brow,
The image of the vanished star was set;
And this was graven on the pure white stone
In golden letters—"WHILE SHE LIVED SHE SHONE."

Jean Ingelow.

2152. LIGHT, Creation of.

"Let there be light!" The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of Nature broke,
And Light around Creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

C. F. Hoffman.

2153. LIMBO, Fool's.

Up hither like aërial vapors flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life:
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds.
And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems find
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast awry
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues
Into the devious air; then might ye see tost
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The paradise of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.

John Milton.

2154. LITANY, Penitential.

Saviour! when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power:
Turn, oh! turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold:
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice:

Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

Sir Robert Grant.

2155. LITANY, The Soul's.

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me;
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee:
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through the mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
To eternal life.

James Montgomery.

2156. LITTLE CHILDREN Everywhere.

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water side;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside:
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!
In the far isle of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings, and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod—
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified—
Little children, ye abide!

Mary Howitt.

2157. LITTLE THINGS, Doing.

Let us be content to work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point agrees to leave the head;
And if a man should cry, "I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and point,"
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.

2158. LITTLE THINGS, Influence of

Letters joined make words,
And words to books may grow
As flake on flake, descending,
Forms an avalanche of snow.
A single utterance may good
Or evil thoughts inspire;
One little spark, enkindled,
May set a town on fire.
What volumes may be written
With little drops of ink!
How small a leak, unnoticed,
A mighty ship will sink!
A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.
A daily penny, saved,
A fortune may begin;
A daily penny, squandered,
May lead to vice and sin.
Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets, joining,
Form the ocean's tide.
Our hours and days, our months and years,
Are in small moments given:
They constitute our time below,
Eternity in heaven.

2159. LITTLE THINGS, Power of.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.
And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.
So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.
Little deeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

2160. LITTLE THINGS, Regard.

Regard no vice as small, that thou mayest brook it:
No virtue small, that thou mayest overlook it.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2161. LITTLE THINGS, Results of.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again: and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great,
A watch fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
Charles Mackay.

2162. LITTLE THINGS, Tests.

"Little by little," the tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread
For the young, unwary feet.
"Little by little, and day by day,"
I will tempt the careless soul astray
Into the broad, flowery way,
Until the ruin made is complete.

"Little by little," sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright
Up to the regions of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
"Little by little, and day by day."

2163. LONGING, Emblem of.

As 'plains the homesick ocean-shell
Far from its own remembered sea,
Repeating, like a fairy spell
Of love, the charmed melody
It learned within that whispering wave,
Whose wondrous and mysterious tone
Still wildly haunts its winding cave
Of pearls, with softest music-moan—
So asks my homesick soul below,
For something loved, yet undefined:
So mourns to mingle with the flow
Of music, from the Eternal Mind;
So murmurs, with its child-like sigh,
The melody it learned above.
To which no echo may reply,
Save from thy voice, Celestial Love!
Frances Sargent Osgood.

2164. LONGING, Benefit of.

The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal:
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,

Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize the longing.
James Russell Lowell.

2165. LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done,
In earth and heaven the same.
Give us this day our daily bread;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power
And glory, ever be. *Adoniram Judson.*

2166. LORD'S PRAYER, Paraphrase of the.

Our Father—

By the right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption;

Who art in heaven—

The throne of Thy glory,
The portion of Thy children,
The temple of Thy angels.

Hallowed be Thy name—

By the thought of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands.

Thy kingdom come—

Of Providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us;

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—

Toward us without resistance,
By us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension.

Give us this day our daily bread

Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls.

And forgive us our trespasses—

Against the commands of Thy law,
Against the grace of Thy Gospel;

As we forgive them that trespass against us—

By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our persons;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—

Of overwhelming afflictions,
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices,
Of error's seductions,
Of sinful affections;

For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever—

Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all.

Amen.

As it is in Thy purposes,
So it is in Thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So shall it be to Thy praise.
C. Bernard.

2167. LORD'S SUPPER, Emblems of the.

Honey in the lion's mouth,
Emblem mystical, divine,
How the sweet and strong combine;
Cloven rock for Israel's drouth;
Treasure-house of golden grain,
By Joseph laid in store,
In his brethren's famine sore
Freely to dispense again;
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;
Well from bitter changed to sweet;
Shew-bread laid in order meet,
Bread whose cost dost ne'er increase,
Though no rain in April fall;
Horeb's manna, freely given,
Showered in white dew from heaven,
Marvellous, angelical;
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain;
Salem's monarch's bread and wine—
Thou the antidote shalt be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.
Richard Chenevix Trench.

2168. LORD'S SUPPER, Invitation to the.

Lo, the feast is spread to-day!
Jesus summons, come away!
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come and taste the Bread of Heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,
Spurn His mercy once again?
From amidst life's social ties,
From the farm and merchandise,
Come, for all is now prepared;
Freely given, be freely shared.

Blessèd are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage feast;
Blessèd who on Him shall feed,
Bread of Life, and drink indeed.
Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er,
They shall never hunger more.

Make, then, once again your choice,
Hear to-day His calling voice;
Servants, do your Master's will;
Bidden guests, His table fill:
Come, before His wrath shall swear:
Ye shall never enter there.
Henry Alford.

2169. LOSSES, Benefit of.

Sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing: they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O! this thread of gold,
We should not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

2170. LOSSES, Gain of.

'Tis thus we gain by losing,
And win by failure here;
We doff the gleaming tinsel,
The golden crown to wear.

Our sickness is our healing,
Our weakness is our might,
Life is but death's fair offspring,
And day the child of night.

'Tis thus we rise by setting,
Thro' darkness reach our day;
Our own ways hourly losing,
To find the eternal way.

'Tis by defeat we conquer,
Grow rich by growing poor;
And, from our largest givings,
We draw our fullest store.

Horatius Bonar.

2171. LOSSES, Greatest.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay, [moan.
And the strong tide went out with weary

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were those who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And the one upon the West
Turned an eye that could not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust
And one of a green grave [no more;
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart is gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

Frances Brown.

2172. LOST, The Living.

Matron! the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth have passed,
And now the mould is heaped above
The dearest and the last!
Bride! who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers are pale!
Ye deem the human heart endures
No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,
Of which the sufferers never speak,
Nor to the world's cold pity show
The tears that scald the cheek,
Wrung from their eyelids by the shame
And guilt of those they shrink to name,
Whom once they loved with cheerful will,
And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead;
Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve;
And reverenced are the tears ye shed,
And honored ye who grieve.
The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament and all condemn;
And o'er the world of spirits lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

William Cullen Bryant.

2173. LOT, The Common.

Once in the light of ages past,
There lived a man: and WHO was HE?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembles Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown;
His name is perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair!—but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee.
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN!
James Montgomery.

2174. LOVE, Bar to.

'Tis just, that God should not be dear
Where *self* engrosses all the thought;
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
What else is loved, the Lord is not.

The love of Thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts (their scantiness is such)
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispossess'd;
The love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despised a guest.
Madame Guyon.

2175. LOVE, Bliss or Bane of.

Love! what a volume in a word! an ocean
in a tear! [in a sigh!
A seventh heaven in a glance! a whirlwind
The lightning in a touch—a millennium in a
moment!
What concentrated joy, or woe, in bless'd
or blighted love! *M. F. Tupper.*

2176. LOVE, Charms of.

If thou would'st have thy charms enchant our
eyes, [lies:
First win our hearts, for there thy empire
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless
throne,
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year
to year: [they shone,
Would'st thou they still should shine as first
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eye alone.
Thomas Moore.

2177. LOVE, Companionship of.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in
mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I
sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

2178. LOVE, Course of True.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffed in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and
earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Shakespeare.

2179. LOVE, Creative.

Love is the root of creation; God's essence;
worlds without number
Lie in His bosom, like children; He made
them for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, He
breathed forth His spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright stand-
ing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with
a flame out of heaven.
H. W. Longfellow.

2180. LOVE, Departed.

Call back the dew
That on the rose at morn was lying;
When the day is dying,
Bid the sunbeam stay:
Call back the wave
E'en while the ebbing tide's receding

Oh! all unheeding
Of thy voice are they.
As vain the call
Distraction makes on love departed;
When the broken-hearted
Bitter tears let fall:
Dew and sunshine, wave and flower,
Renew'd, return at destin'd hour,
But never yet was known the power
Could vanish'd love recall.
Charles Dickens.

2181. LOVE, Devoted.

Shall I desert him now
When grief has laid his blighting hand upon him?
He who in all the splendor of his rank,
With royal favor crowned, and martial fame—
By beauty wooed, by chivalry adored—
In this full blaze of glory, bowed his pride,
And knelt a captive at the captive's feet?
Is love alone in beds of roses found,
Beneath a heaven of fair, unshadowed blue?
No! 'tis to shame, to sorrow, to despair,
That faithful love its holiest triumph owes!
Caroline Lee Hentz.

2182. LOVE, Divine.

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away, [last for aye.
Except the love of God, which shall live and
The forms of men shall be as they had never been; [and tender green;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song, [evening long;
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills, [from the hills.
And all the fair white flocks shall perish
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox, [of the rocks,
The wild-boar of the wood, and the chamois
And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust shall lie;
And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty whale, shall die,
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no more, [shore to shore;
And they shall bow to death who ruled from
And the great globe itself, so the holy writings tell,
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell, [pass away,
Shall melt with fervent heat—they shall all
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
Bernard Rascas, tr. by W. C. Bryant.

2183. LOVE, Early

Let us love while life is young,
And the vital stream is glowing;
When the heart is newly strung,
And the tide of health is flowing.
Ere those waving locks of jet,
By the touch of age, are thinning,
While the cheek is blooming yet,
And the eye is bright and winning.
Love in life's delightful spring—
You will find returning passion;
Wait till youth has taken wing—
Love will then be out of fashion.
James Gates Percival.

2184. LOVE, Enduring.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away! [thou art,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment
Let thy loveliness fade as it will, [heart
And around the dear ruin each wish of my
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known, [dear!
To which time will but make thee more
O the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose! *Thomas Moore.*

2185. LOVE, Enemies of.

How great the task to guard thee here,
Where wind is rough, and frost is keen,
And all the ground with doubt and fear
Is chequered birth and death between!
Space is against thee—it can part;
Time is against thee—it can chill;
Words—they but render half the heart;
Deeds—they are poor to our rich will.
Jean Ingelow.

2186. LOVE, Fidelity of.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love,
Which alters when it alterations finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. [cheeks
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
Shakespeare.

2187. LOVE, First.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And Life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead. [lot.
And then, we women cannot choose our
Robert Bulwer Lytton.

2188. LOVE, Heaven of.

When, on a day, the gates of Paradise
Stand open for the good as their reward,
Great hosts, both men of virtue and of vice,
Will look in doubt and terror to the Lord.
But I, whatever be the others' fates, [cerned,
Shall stand, by doubt and fear quite uncon-
Since, long before, to me on earth the gates
Of Paradise through thee were open turned!

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2189. LOVE, Immeasurable.

Go, count the sands that form the earth,
The drops that make the mighty sea;
Go, count the stars of heavenly birth,
And tell me what their numbers be;
And thou shalt know LOVE'S mystery.

No measurement hath yet been found,
No lines or numbers that can keep
The sum of its eternal round,
The plummet of its endless deep,
Or heights, to which its glories sweep.

Yes, measure LOVE, when thou canst tell
The lands where seraphs have not trod,
The heights of heaven, the depths of hell,
And lay thy finite measuring-rod
On the infinitude of God.

Thomas C. Upham.

2190. LOVE, Importance of.

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss! [most
Gives and receives all bliss; fullest when
Thou givest. Spring-head of all felicity!
Deepest when most is drawn. Emblem of God! [drink.
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers
Essence that binds the uncreated Three:
Chain that unites creation to its Lord:
Centre to which all being gravitates.
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law:
Entirely blest, because thou seekest no more,
Hopes not, nor fears; but on the present lives,
And holds perfection smiling in thy arms.
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven; sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise; the spring, the well,
That fills the bowl, and banquet of the sky.

Robert Pollok.

2191. LOVE, Maternal.

A tender mother lives
In many lives; through many a nerve she spread, [feels;
From child to child the quick affections
Forever wandering, yet forever fixed.
Nor does division weaken, nor the force
Of constant operation e'er exhaust
Parental love. All other passions change
With changing circumstances; rise or fall,
Dependent on their object; claim returns;
Live on reciprocation, and expire
Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
Without a rival, and without an end.

Hannah More.

2192. LOVE, Matured.

Oh, no—not even when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee *more*,
Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
And, though I seemed to love thee more,
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

Thomas Moore.

2193. LOVE, Mean of.

You say to me-wards your affection's strong,
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
Slowly goes far; the mean is best; desire
Grown violent, does either die, or tire.

Robert Herrick.

2194. LOVE, Might of.

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Alfred Tennyson.

2195. LOVE, Pain of.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But oh, it is the worst of pain
To love and not be lov'd again!

Anacreon, tr. by Thomas Moore.

2196. LOVE, Pre-eminence of.

Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out.
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.
Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind.
Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner
Of moral virtues, at the door remain. [train
Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask:
Love that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound:
Unruly passions, whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse. *Edmund Waller.*

2197. LOVE, Present.

Love has neither past nor future,
Till thou break its awful vow;
Neither was nor shall be blessèd:
It is one eternal Now.
Julia Ward Howe.

2198. LOVE, Price of.

The fairest pearls that northern seas do breed,
For precious stones from eastern coasts are sold; [is freed;
Naught yields the earth that from exchange
Gold values all, and all things value gold.
Where goodness wants an equal change to make, [take.
There greatness serves, or number place doth

No mortal thing can bear so high a price,
But that with mortal thing it may be bought;
The corn of Sicil buys the western spice;
French wine of us, of them our cloth is sought. [spice,
No pearls, no gold, no stones, no corn, no
No cloth, no wine, of Love can pay the price.

What thing is Love which naught can countervail?
Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is Love.
All worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
As lowest earth doth yield to heaven above.
Divine is Love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

2199. LOVE, Reciprocal.

Love me if I live!
Love me if I die!
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh?
Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor,
Ah! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure?
Kiss me for my love!
Pay me for my pain!
Come, and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st again!
B. W. Procter.

2200. LOVE, Redeeming.

Love strong as death, nay stronger,
Love mightier than the grave;
Broad as the earth, and longer
Than ocean's widest wave.
This is the love that sought us,
This is the love that bought us,
This is the love that brought us
To gladdest day from saddest night,
From deepest shame to glory bright,
From depths of death to life's fair height
From darkness to the joy of light.
Horatius Bonar.

2201. LOVE, Rules for.

First seek an object worthy of you flame;
Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain;
And, last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my works shall move;
These are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is opprest,
Make choice of one who suits your honor best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

2202. LOVE, Sceptre of.

I hold the sceptre in my hand
Which rules the universe of things;
Which rules the ocean, rules the land,
And puts to shame the power of kings.

The iron wheels of cruel war,
The swords and scimetars of strife!
They see its glories from afar,
And bow before its power of life.

Look up! Its lifted light behold:
Not framed by human power or art;
Not made of wood, or stone, or gold;
'Tis Love! the sceptre of the heart.

'Tis Love! All things shall love obey;
All things its high behests fulfil;
It holds the thunders in its sway;
It says to stormy seas, "Be still."

My Father smiled, and bade me take,
My infant hand, that sceptre fair;
Beneath its power the nations shake,
For God's Omnipotence is there.
Thomas C. Upham.

2203. LOVE, Scope of.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide the o'erflowing of the mind,
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind: [blest,
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.
Alexander Pope.

2204. LOVE, Superiority of.

Oh, who would cease to love?
Who quench that spark divine,
To lay the darkened soul
On pride or passion's shrine?
What is the boasted good
What wealth, what power can own?
Better be loved, a slave,
Than honored on a throne.
Emily Judson.

2205. LOVE, Treatment of.

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.
Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.
John Dryden.

2206. LOVE, True.

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthenware;
It is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content;
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home;
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true Love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
And hath its will through blissful gentleness—
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes;
A love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points,
But loving-kindly ever looks them down
With the o'erconing faith of meek forgiveness; [hour,
A love that shall be new and fresh each
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest *now*;
A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,
But faces Truth and Beauty as their peer,
Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts
By a clear sense of inward nobleness;
A love that in its object findeth not
All grace and beauty, and enough to sate
Its thirst of blessing, but, in all of good
Found there, it sees but Heaven-granted types
Of good and beauty in the soul of men,
And traces, in the simplest heart that beats,
A family-likeness to its chosen one,
That claims of it the rights of brotherhood.
James Russell Lowell.

2207. LOVE, Unbought.

Love is not to be bought—'tis of the soul
The noblest element, the spirit bond
That links the angel with humanity.
As well might'st thou attempt to purchase heaven,
To vend the stars, make traffic of the skies,
Or measure out what is immeasurable,
As count each feeling in the pulse of love.
Charles Swain.

2208. LOVE, Woman's.

When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek,
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair
And holds his feeble hand:
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand:
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him:
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again;
Still, still she must regret,
She never can forget!
Mary Anne Brown.

2209. LOVE, Works of.

Seemeth not Love at times so occupied
For thee, as though it careth for none beside?
To great and small things Love alone can reach,
And cares for each as all, and all as each.
Love of my bonds partook, that I might be
In turn partaker of its liberty.
Love found me in the wilderness, at cost
Of painful guests, when I myself had lost.
Love on its shoulders joyfully did lay
Me, weary with the greatness of my way.
Love lit the lamp and swept the house all round,
Till the lost money in the end was found.
Love the King's image there would stamp again, [stain.
Effaced in part, and soiled with rust and

'Twas Love, whose quick and ever-watchful eye
The wanderer's first step homeward did espy.
From his own wardrobe Love gave word to bring [ring.
What things I needed—shoes, and robe, and
Love threatens that it may not strike, and still
Unheeded, strikes, that so it may not kill.
Love set me up on high, Love brought me down again.
Love often draws good for us from our ill,
Skilful to bless us even against our will.
Once o'er this painful earth a man did move,
The Man of griefs, because the Man of Love.
Hope, Faith, and Love at God's high altar shine, [divine.
Lamp triple-branched, and fed with oil
Two of these triple-lights shall once grow pale, [veil.
They burn without, but Love within the
Nothing is true but Love, or aught of worth;
Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth.
O merchant at heaven's mart for heavenly ware,
Love is the only coin which passes there.
The wine of Love can be obtained of none,
Save Him who trod the wine-press all alone.
Richard Chenevix Trench.

2210. LOVE, Zeal in.

I'll do my best to win, whene'er I woo;
That man loves not who is not zealous too.
Robert Herrick.

2211. LUST, Perpetuity of.

Like a toad within a stone
Seated while Time crumbles on;
Which sits there since the earth was curs'd
For man's transgression at the first;
Which living through all centuries,
Not once has seen the sun arise;
Whose life, to its cold circle charmed,
The earth's whole summers have not warmed;
Which always—whitherso the stone
Be flung—sits there, deaf, blind, alone;
Aye, and shall not be driven out
Till that which shuts him round about
Break at the very Master's stroke,
And the dust thereof vanish as smoke,
And the seed of man vanish as dust:
Even so within this world is Lust.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

2212. LUST, Power of.

Baalim. Friends, I have breathed
Upon the lamp of hymeneal joy,
And it hath sicken'd, sicken'd and expired,
Almost as soon as lighted. Oftener yet
Have I beguiled unstable hearts to seek
In license pleasures God has link'd to love,
And blown upon their innocence, and bent
In triumph not unmix'd with pity and scorn
O'er the unhallow'd couch. Men arm'd in proof
Against all other wiles have yielded here,
And, conquer'd by a glance, a blush, a sigh,
For one brief hour upon a stranger's bosom
Have barter'd immortality of bliss.
And haply in my woven chains of flowers,
Chains light as gossamer, I, Baalim,
Have bound more captives to our prince's car
Than thou hast held in fortresses of power,
Or thou, Apollyon, slain on fields of blood.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2213. LUXURY, Bane of.

O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine!
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
O'erwhelmed, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham; [Greece;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.
Dyer.

2214. LUXURY, Trophies of.

There, in her den, lay pompous luxury,
Stretch'd out at length: no vice could boast such high
And genial victories as she had won:
Of which proud trophies there at large were shown,
Besides small states and kingdoms ruined,
Those mighty monarchies, that had o'erspread
The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conquering arms
From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms
Were quite consumed: there lay imperial Rome, [come:
That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'er-
Fetter'd was th' old Assyrian lion there;
The Grecian leopard, and the Persian bear;
With others numberless, lamenting by:
Examples of the power of luxury.
Thomas May

2215. MAIDEN, A Virtuous.

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid— [glade,
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.
William Cowper.

2216. MAIDEN, Counsel to a.

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!
Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.
Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.
Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.
Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.
O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;
And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.
Henry W. Longfellow.

2217. MAMMON, Corruption of.

But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crime the records of mankind: [draws,
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth, heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Samuel Johnson.

2218. MAMMON, Enslavement of.

Nor riches boast superior worth,
Their charms at best superior Earth:
These oft the heaven-born mind enslave,
And make an honest man a knave.
"Wealth cures my wants," the miser cries.
Be not deceived, the miser lies:
One want he has, with all his store,
That worst of wants, the want of more.
Nathaniel Cotton.

2219. MAMMON, Use of.

There be who have made themselves friends, yea, by unrighteous mammon;
Friends, ready waiting as an escort to those everlasting habitations;
Imbodied in living witnesses, thronging to meet them in a cloud,
Charity, meekness, and truth, zeal, sincerity, and patience.
There be who have made themselves foes, yea, by honest gain:
Foes whose plaint must have its answer, before the bright portal is unbarred.
M. F. Tupper.

2220. MAN, Antithesis of.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a God!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
O, what a miracle to man is man! [dread!
Triumphantly distressed! What joy! what
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
Edward Young.

2221. MAN, Creation of.

There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous, to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Directed in devotion, to adore [chief
And worship God Supreme, who made him
Of all His works: therefore the Omnipotent,
Eternal Father (for where is not He
Present?) thus to His Son audibly spake:
"Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground." [O Man!
This said, He formed thee, Adam, thee,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life; in His own image He
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becamest a living soul.
Male He created thee; but thy consort
Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said,
"Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the earth."
John Milton.

He took
Some handfuls of the dust and moulded it
Within His plastic hands, until it grew
Into an image like His own, like ours,
Of perfect symmetry, divinely fair [therein
But lifeless, till He stoop'd and breathed
The breath of life, and by His Spirit infused
A spirit endowed with immortality.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2222. MAN, Definition of.

Man is an animal unfledged,
A monkey with his tail abridged;
A thing that walks on spindle legs,
With bones as brittle, sir, as eggs;

His body flexible and limber,
And headed with a knob of timber;
A being frantic and unquiet
And very fond of beef and riot;
Rapacious, lustful, rough, and martial,
To lies and lying scoundrels partial!
By nature formed with splendid parts,
To rise in science—shine in arts;
Yet so confounded cross and vicious,
A mortal foe to all his species!
His own best *friend*, and, you must know,
His own worst *enemy* by being so!
James Montgomery.

2223. MAN, Endowments of.

But man He made of angel form erect,
To hold communion with the heavens above,
And on his soul impressed His image fair,
His own similitude of holiness,
Of virtue, truth, and love; with reason high
To balance right and wrong, and conscience quick
To choose or to reject; with knowledge great,
Prudence and wisdom, vigilance and strength,
To guard all force or guile; and last of all,
The highest gift of God's abundant grace,
With perfect, free, unbiassed will. Thus crowned man
Was made upright, immortal made, and
The king of all.
Robert Pollok.

2224. MAN, Exaltation of.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is everything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportion, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But Man has caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow: the earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed; Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws:
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.
George Herbert.

2225. MAN, Greatness of.

Think deeply, then, O man, how great thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretells a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait:
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasure, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day,
Edward Young.

2226. MAN, Heathen Account of.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd the ethereal energy:
Which wise Prometheus tempered into paste,
And, mixt with living streams, the god-like image cast.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,

Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphosed into man.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

2227. MAN, Imprisoned.

Man, the caged bird that owned a higher nest,
Is here a while detained, reluctant guest;
Plumage and beak he shatters in his rage,
And with his prison doth vain war engage;
For him the falcon watches, and his snare
The bloody fowler doth for him prepare.
Exiled from home, he here doth sadly sing,
In spring lack autumn, and in autumn spring.
Far from his nest he shivers on a wall,
Where blows on him of rude misfortune fall:
His head with weight of misery sore bowed down, [gone.
His pinion clogged with dust, his courage
Then from his nest in heaven is heard a cry,
And straight he spreads his wings on high:
Lift him, O Lord, into the lotus-tree,
No meaner pitch may with his birth agree;
Grant him a pinion of such lofty flight,
That he may on the lotus-tree alight:
In Thy bright palaces his nest prepare;
Oh, happy, happy bird that nesteth there!
Richard Chenevix Trench.

2228. MAN, Nobility of.

O, what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear;
That Thou adornest him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer?

O, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within the dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine, [writ;
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

Nor hath He given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.
Sir John Davies.

2229. MAN, Powers of.

Thou hast a mind; intellect wingeth thee to heaven, [divest down to hell;
Tendeth thy state on earth, and by it thou
Thou hast measured the belt of Saturn, thou hast weighed the moons of Jupiter,
And seen, by reason's eye, the centre of the globe;
Subtly hast thou numbered by billions the leagues between sun and sun,
And noted in thy book the coming of their shadows:
With marvellous unerring truth thou knowest to an inch, and to an instant,
The when and the where of the comet's path that shall seem to rush by at thy command; [dignity.
Arise, thou king of mind, and survey thy
M. F. Tupper.

2230. MAN, Probation of.

Made of the dust,
And thus allied to all material worlds,
Born of the Spirit, and thus allied to God,
He during his probation's term shall walk
His mother earth, unfledged to range the sky,
But, if found faithful, shall at length ascend
The highest heavens and share My home and yours. *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

2231. MAN, Reverence for.

Learn more reverence, not for rank or wealth; that needs no learning;
That comes quickly, quick as sin does! Ay, and often leads to sin;
But for Adam's seed, Man! Trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,
With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath within.
Mrs. E. B. Browning.

2232. MAN, Standard of.

Is there for honest poverty
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
  We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
  Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
  As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!
Robert Burns.

2233. MAN, The Wise.

The wise man, said the Bible, walks with God,
Surveys, far on, the endless line of life;
Values his soul; thinks of eternity;
Both worlds considers, and provides for both;
With reason's eye his passions guards; abstains
From evil; lives on hope, on hope, the fruit
Of faith; looks upward; purifies his soul;
Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky;
Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house;
And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss. *Robert Pollok.*

2234. MAN, Vanity of.

So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters and bequeathes his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth 's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid:
So young is man, that (broke with care and sorrow)
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.
Why bragg'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou 'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young. *Francis Quarles.*

2235. MAN a Watch.

Man is a watch, wound up at first, but never
Wound up again: once down he's down forever.
The watch once down, all motions then do cease;
And man's pulse stopp'd, all passions sleep in peace. *Robert Herrick.*

2236. MANIAC, Misfortune of the.

A man, to-day the glory of his kind,
In reason clear, in understanding large,
In judgment sound, in fancy quick, in hope
Abundant, and in promise, like a field
Well cultured, and refreshed with dews from God;
To-morrow, chained, and raving mad, and whipped
By servile hands; sitting on dismal straw,
And gnashing with his teeth against the chain,
The iron chain that bound him hand and foot;
And trying whiles to send his glaring eye
Beyond the wide circumference of his woe:
Or, humbling more, more miserable still,
Giving an idiot laugh, that served to show
The blasted scenery of his horrid face;
Calling the straw his sceptre, and the stone,
On which he pinioned sat, his royal throne.
Poor, poor, poor man! fallen far below the brute!
His reason strove in vain to find her way,
Lost in the stormy desert of his brain;
And being active still, she wrought all strange
Fantastic, execrable, monstrous things.
Robert Pollok.

2237. MANKIND, Foes of.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire
Intestine broils, oppression with her heart
Wrapp'd up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image, disinherited of day, made.
Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valor saved,
If so the tyrant or his minion doom.
Want, and incurable disease (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save:
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless: and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not Happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we dote on most
From that for which we dote, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh.
Edward Young.

2238. MANKIND, Unity of.

Festus. Amid all life's quests
There seems but worthy one—to do men good.
It matters not how long we live, but how.
For as the parts of one manhood while here
We live in every age: we think, and feel,
And feed upon the coming and the gone
As much as on the now time. Man is one:
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
Each others' rights and wrongs; thus are we men. *Philip James Bailey.*

2239. MANNA, Daily.

Manna to Israel well supplied
The want of other bread;
While God is able to provide,
His people shall be fed.

Daily they saw the manna come,
And cover all the ground;

But what they tried to keep at home
Corrupted soon was found.

Vain their attempt to store it up—
This was to tempt the Lord:
Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard. *John Newton.*

2240. MARRIAGE, Age for.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age I do defy thee,
O, sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.
Shakespeare.

2241. MARRIAGE, Cares of.

"I should be happy," with a look
Towards her husband where he lay,
Lost in the pages of his book,
Soft did she say.

"I am, and yet no lot below
For one whole day eludeth care;
To marriage all the stories flow
And finish there:

"As if with marriage came the end,
The entrance into settled rest,
The calm to which love's tossings tend,
The quiet breast.

"For me love played the low preludes,
Yet life began but with the ring,
Such infinite solicitudes
Around it cling."
Jean Ingelow.

2242. MARRIAGE, Clouds of.

But no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love!
And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.
Thomas Moore.

2243. MARRIAGE, Degrading.

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having
known me; to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower
heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level
day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to
sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art
mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall
have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy—think not
they are glazed with wine.
Go to him; it is thy duty—kiss him; take
his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is
overwrought—
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him
with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to
understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, though I
slew thee with my hands.
Alfred Tennyson.

2244. MARRIAGE, Estrangement in.

Something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said:
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part forever.
Thomas Moore.

2245. MARRIAGE, Foolish.

The man that doth wed a wyfe
For her goodes and her rychesse,
And not for lygnage femynatyfe,
Procureth doloure and dystresse,
With infynyte payne and hevynesse;
For she wyll do hym moche sorrowe,
Bothe at euyn and at morowe.
A. D. 1568. *John Skelton.*

2246. MARRIAGE, Importance of.

As a girl, with ready smile,
Where shall rise some ponderous pile,
On the chosen festal day,
Turns the initial sod away,
So the bride with fingers frail
Founds a temple or a jail—

Or a palace it may be,
Flooded full with luxury,
Open yet to deadliest things,
And the Midnight Angel's wings.
Keep its chambers purged with prayer:
Faith can guard it; love is rare.

Hail the wedded task of life!
Mending husband, moulding wife.
Hope brings labor, labor peace;
Wisdom ripens, goods increase;
Triumph crowns the sainted head,
And our lilies wait the dead.

Julia Ward Howe.

2247. MARRIAGE, Losses in.

Even in the happiest choice, where fav'ring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gained, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost:
The graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the virtues meeting must secure.

Lord Lyttleton.

2248. MARRIAGE, Pledge of.

From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine:
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.

Thomas Moore.

2249. MARRIAGE, Purity of.

Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares [all.
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adul'trous love was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels. Not in the bought smile
Of harlots loveless, joyless unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court armours, [ball,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask or midnight
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

John Milton.

2250. MARRIAGE, Sorrows in.

O, Life is not perfect with Love's first kiss:
Who would win the blessing must wrestle;
And the deeper the sorrow, the dearer the bliss,
That in its rich core may nestle!
Our angels oft greet us in tearful guise,
And our saviours come in sorrow:
While the murkiest midnight that frowns from the skies,
Is at heart a radiant morrow! [and I,
We laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,
And life will have wintry weather!
So we'll hope, and love on, since you, Love,
Are Husband and Wife together.

Gerald Massey.

2251. MARRIAGES, Unfit.

"The mighty power that form'd the mind
One mould for every two design'd,
And bless'd the new-born pair:
This be a match for this, he said,
Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek them bodies here.

"But parting from their warm abode
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never join'd their hands:
Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
Our Eastern souls have dropp'd their mates
On Europe's barbarous lands."

Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceased to flow:
"Sure then," I cried, "might I but see
That gentle nymph that twin'd with me,
I might be happy too."

Isaac Watts.

2252. MARTYR, Death of a.

Silence! though the flames arise and quiver:
Silence! though the crowd howls on forever,
Silence! Through this fiery purgatory
God is leading up a soul to glory.

See, the white lips with no moans are trembling,
Hate of foes or plaint of friends' dissembling;
If sighs come—his patient prayers outlive them, [them!"
"Lord, these know not what they do. Forgive

Thirstier still the roaring flames are glowing;
Fainter in his ear the laughter growing;
Brief will last the fierce and fiery trial;
Angel welcomes drown the earth denial.

Now the amorous death-fires, gleaming ruddy
C'asp him close. Down drops the quivering body,
While through harmless flames ecstatic flying
Shoots the beauteous soul. This, this is *dying.*

Lo, the opening sky with splendor rifted;
Lo, the palm-branch for his hands uplifted;

Lo, the immortal chariot, cloud-descending,
And its legioned angels close attending.

Let his poor dust mingle with the embers,
While the crowds sweep on and none remember:
Saints unnumbered through the Infinite Glory,
Praising God, recount the martyr's story.

Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

2253. MARTYRDOM, Crown of.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemmed with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepared for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through blood and fire:
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

John Keble.

2254. MARTYRDOM, Nobility of.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid
To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time insure, to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim—
Our claim to feed upon the immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies. [known
Yet few remember them. They lived un-
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song,
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this.

William Cowper.

2255. MARTYRDOM, Revelations of.

The roots of fairest bloom lie sometime hidden
The deepest underneath the soil: the stones
Of purest crystal are from gloomiest mines:
The tenderest pearls are won from roughest seas:
And stars of colors dipp'd in Iris' vats
Beam from unfathomable distances, [night
Ere they disclose their radiance. And when
Hung darkest o'er the struggling Church—when faith
Was weary wrestling, not with heathen foes,
But, mystery of mysteries, with her
Who claim'd allegiance as the Bride of Christ—
When Satan and his fellow-fiends devised
Daily new tortures, and relentless scythes
Mow'd swaths of martyrs in the Alpine glens—
When fronting all the powers of Antichrist
Christ's feeblest braved their fiercest—then and there
Were vessels fashion'd for the Master's use
Of unexampled beauty and of price
Beyond all price.

Edward Henry Bickersteth

2256. MARTYRS, Ashes of the.

Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing Name.

Martin Luther, tr. by W. J. Fox.

2257. MARTYRS, Blood of the.

The sacred book, its value understood,
Received the seal of martyrdom in blood.
Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,
Seem, to reflection, of a different race;
Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere,
In such a cause they could not dare to fear;
They could not purchase earth with such a price,
Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.
From them to thee conveyed along the tide,
Their streaming hearts poured freely when they died; [pair,
Those truths which neither use nor years im-
Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.

William Cowper.

2258. MARTYRS, Christian.

The lion's feet, the lion's lips, are dyed with crimson gore,
A look of faith, an unbreathed prayer, the martyr's pangs are o'er.

Proud princes and grave senators gazed on
that fearful sight,
And even woman seemed to share the savage
crowd's delight;
But what the guilt that on the dead a fate so
fearful drew?
A blameless faith was all the crime the Christian martyr knew:
And where the crimson current flowed upon
that barren sand,
Up sprung a tree, whose vigorous boughs soon
overspread the land;
O'er distant isles its shadow fell, nor knew
its roots decay,
E'en when the Roman Cæsar's throne and
empire passed away.
Hamilton Buchanan.

2259. MARTYRS, Escort of the.

And, when the fadeless crown of martyrdom
Was wreathen for the martyr's holy brow,
The Captain of our armies oft ordain'd
No slender band of spirits, but legions arm'd,
And turms of the celestial chivalry,
Such as in Dothan camp'd about the seer,
To' attend His dying servants; or Himself
Descended in His chariot paved with love
To bear them straightway home.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2260. MARTYRS, Influence of the.

We must behold no object save our country,
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.
"But if we fail?" They never fail who die
In a great cause! The block may soak their
gore; [limbs
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though
years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping
thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world, at last, to freedom. What were
we,
If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson—
A name which is a virtue, and a soul
Which multiplies itself throughout all time.
Lord Byron.

2261. MARTYRS, Pre-eminence of the.

In their midst I saw
Some who appear'd more radiant than the
rest, [nence
And ask'd what meant their bright pre-emi-
In glory. Oriel answer'd, "These are they
Of whom the Church on earth so often sings;
Some of the martyrs' noble army: these
For Christ gave up their bodies to be burn'd,
Or bow'd their necks beneath the murderous
sword; [scroll
Or, though their names appear not on the
Of martyrologists, laid down their life,
No less a martyrdom in Jesus' eyes, [couch
For His dear brethren's sake—watching the
Of loathsome sickness or of slow decay;
Or binding up the ravages which men,
Marring God's image, deal on fellow-men;
Or visiting the captive in his cell;
Or struggling with a burden not their own
Until their very life-springs wore away.
These too are martyrs, brother."
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2262. MARTYRS, Seed of the.

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old, [and stones,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks
Forget not in Thy book: record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient folds [roll'd
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moan
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow [sway
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd Thy
Early may fly the Babylonian woe. [way,
John Milton.

2263. MARY MAGDALENE.

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing for
In wonder and in scorn! [lorn,
Thou weepest days of innocence departed:
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to
The Lord to pity and love. [move

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the last of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came
from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged bier should change; the bitter
Distil Arabian myrrh; [fir,
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the
Bear home the abundant grain. [swain

But come and see the bleak and barren
mountains [see
Thick to their tops with roses: come and
Leaves on the dry, dead tree. [tains,
The perished plant, set out by living foun-
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches
Forever, toward the skies. [rise,
William Cullen Bryant.

2264. MEETING, Eternal.

When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?

Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we all meet again.

2265. MEETING, Hope of.

Joyful words—we meet again!
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting,
Life in Death we meet again.

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compassed round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our last endearments weeping,
Lonely vigils silent keeping,
"Meet again" transports us home.

When the weary world is past,
Happy they whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heaven at last.
James Montgomery.

2266. MEETING, Prophecy of.

Those we love can never perish;
They at most but disappear,
And their memories we cherish,
While, unseen, we feel them near.

Soon we'll leave the mists and vapors
Which pervade the vale of tears,
And the dimly burning tapers
That but mock our hopes and fears;

Pass within the realms supernal,
Where the seeming is the real,
And the transient, the eternal,
In the loftiest ideal.

There we'll meet the loved departed
When "life's weary wheels stand still!"
Meet the noble, the true-hearted,
Who life's mission here fulfil.

Friends and lovers, sisters, brothers,
With the thousands we hold dear;
Fathers, daughters, sons, and mothers,
Within that celestial sphere.
C. C. Bedell.

2267. MELANCHOLY, Disease of.

It is not, as you conceive, an indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease; so ecstasy,
Fantastic dotage, madness, frenzy, rapture
Of mere imagination, differ partly
From melancholy, which is briefly this:
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
With fear and sorrow; first begat i' the brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence derived
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection. *John Ford.*

2268. MELANCHOLY, Kinds of.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
Which is emulation; nor the musician's,
Which is fantastical; nor the courtier's,
Which is pride; nor the soldier's, which is
Ambition; nor the lawyer's, which is politic;
Nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's,
Which is all these: but it is a melancholy
Of mine own; compounded of many simples
Extracted from many objects, and, indeed,
The sundry contemplation of my travels;
In which my often rumination wraps me
In a most hum'rous sadness. *Shakespeare.*

2269. MELANCHOLY, Misanthropic.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy,
O, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

2270. MEMORY, Associating.

And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever; it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind.
Lord Byron.

2271. MEMORY, Bells of.

Hark! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave—
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy-builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams—
There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirit's luminous land!

Wilhelm Mueller, tr. by James C. Mangan.

2272. MEMORY, Comfortless.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she speak and move; such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore? No—she never loved me truly; love is love forevermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Alfred Tennyson.

2273. MEMORY, Cup of.

Joy is a goblet that soon is drained;
It cracks in our heedless hands;
But the cup of Remembrance forever stands,
Filled with libations the wormwood of tears has stained.

We lift it against the dying sun;
We drink till the eyes run o'er; we drink till the heart will contain no more,
And surfeited turns from the Lethe it has not won.

Bayard Taylor.

2274. MEMORY, Light of.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eye that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

Thomas Moore.

2275. MEMORY, Perpetuation of.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.
So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes—but remembered by what I have done.

Horatius Bonar.

2276. MEMORY, Qualities of.

A pen, to register; a key
That winds through secret wards;
Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
A pencil to her hand;
That softening objects sometimes even
Outstrip the heart's demand;

That smoothes foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of fancy, works
Those spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

O that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook,
Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.
William Wordsworth.

2277. MEN, Demand for.

The world wants men—large-hearted, manly men;
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor, and the psalm of love.
The times want scholars—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark, that bears our country's
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last. [good,
The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in. [souls;
And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious
To taste its raptures, and expand, like flowers,
Beneath the glory of its central sun. [ones;
It wants fresh souls—not lean and shrivelled
It wants fresh souls, my brother—give it thine.
If thou indeed wilt be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper floors;
Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand hearts— [filled—
Each single heart with myriad raptures
While thou shalt sit with princes and with
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul. [kings,

2278. MERCY, Blessed. *J. G. Holland.*

The quality of mercy is not strained—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty, [kings:
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself; [God's,
And earthly power doth then show likest
When mercy seasons justice. *Shakespeare.*

2279. MERCY, Divine.

God's boundless mercy is to sinful man
Like to the ever wealthy ocean;
Which, though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis ne'er
Known, or else seen, to be the emptier;
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
Full, and fill'd-full, than when full-fill'd before. *Robert Herrick.*

2280. MERCY, Emblem of.

Softly, softly, falleth the snow,
Over the valleys, lone and low;
Over the rugged and bleak hillside,
And the desolate fields outspreading wide.

All the noisome city street
Shows pure and clean in its beautiful sheet;
And sear, brown meadows, and wooded height, [white.
Stand forth transfigured, and fair, and

So from Thy throne of light above
Look Thou upon us, O Lord of love,
And cover our sin and remove our woe,
By Thy dear mercy's robe of snow.
L. M. Chapman.

2281. MERCY, Gift of.

Once staggering, blind with folly, on the brink of hell, [roar,
Above the everlasting fire-flood's frightful
God threw His heart before my feet, and, stumbling o'er
That obstacle divine, I into heaven fell.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2282. MERCY, Invitation of.

Child of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day!
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear, and obey!

Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high!
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh!
Thomas Hastings.

2283. MERCY, Rescue of.

Had not the milder hand of mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal stroke
Offended justice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadows of eternal night.
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun
Whose beams undo what sable night had done;
Or, like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrained awhile, runs with a swifter force.
Oh! let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
After bathe me in those silver streams;
To Thee alone my sorrows shall appeal;
Hath earth a wound too hard for heaven to heal? *Francis Quarles.*

2284. MERIT, Attainment of.

Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give to infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great powers:
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, affections choose our end:
Means have no merit, if our end amiss. [vain.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their accounts,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur,
His royal robe, unborrowed and unbought—
His own, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us or aggrandize?
Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on
And pyramids are pyramids in vales. [Alps;
Each man makes his own stature—builds
himself.
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
High worth is elevated place: 'tis more:
It makes the post stand candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs—makes an honest
man. [wealth;
Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis
And though it wears no riband, 'tis renown;
Renown that would not quit thee, though
disgraced,
Nor leave thee pendant on a master's smile.
Edward Young.

2285. MERIT, Human.

All that I *was*—my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own;
All that I *am*, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God alone.

The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

The darkness of my former state,
The bondage all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then in believing peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

All that I am even here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.
Horatius Bonar.

2286. MERIT, Intrinsic.

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the
dust, [tempest thrust.
And sand is sand, though up to heaven by the
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2287. MESSIAH, Reign of the.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song—
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the
skies!
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall
aid—
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds
shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven de-
scend. [morn!
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected
Oh spring to light! auspicious babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply—
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives Him from the bending
skies! [rise!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys,
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give
way! [told!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards fore-
Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold.
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall
clear, [ear;
And bid new music charm the unfolding
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch
forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall
hear—
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs He raises in His arms—
Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom
warms: [gage—
Thus shall mankind His guardian care en-
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;

Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun.
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste, sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn; [bloom,
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed;
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion in one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrims' feet.
The smiling infant in his hands shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongues shall innocently play. [rise!
Rise! crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn:
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns! *Alexander Pope.*

2288. MILLENNIUM, Animals in the.

The animals, as once in Eden, lived [bear
In peace: the wolf dwelt with the lamb; the
And leopard with the ox; with looks of love,
The tiger and the scaly crocodile
Together met, at Gambia's palmy wave;
Perched on the eagle's wing, the bird of song,
Singing, arose and visited the sun;
And with the falcon sat the gentle lark.
The little child leaped from his mother's arms,
And stroked the crested snake, and rolled unhurt [home:
Among his speckled waves—and wished him
And sauntering school-boys, slow returning, played
At eve about the lion's den, and wove
Into a shaggy mane fantastic flowers:
To meet the husbandman, early abroad,
Hasted the deer, and waved its woody head:
And round his dewy steps, the hare, unscared,
Sported, and toyed familiar with his dog:
The flocks and herds, o'er hill and valley spread,
Exulting, cropped the ever-budding herb:
Robert Pollok.

2289. MILLENNIUM, Antecedents of the.

Nor was the general aspect of the world
Always a moral waste: a time there came,
Though few believed it e'er should come; a time
Typed by the Sabbath day recurring once
In seven; and by the year of rest indulged
Septennial to the lands on Jordan's banks:
A time foretold by Judah's bards in words
Of fire: a time, seventh part of time, and set
Before the eighth and last—the Sabbath day
Of all the earth—when all had rest and peace.
Before its coming many to and fro
Ran; ran from various cause; by many sent
From various cause; upright, and crooked both,
Some sent, and ran for love of souls sincere;
And more at instance of a holy name.
With godly zeal much vanity was mixed;
And circumstance of gaudy civil pomp;
And speeches buying praise for praise; and lists, [names
And endless scrolls, surcharged with modest
That sought the public eye; and stories, told
In quackish phrase, that hurt their credit, even
When true—combined with wise and prudent means. [much alloy:
Much wheat, much chaff, much gold, and
But God wrought with the whole—wrought most with what [result
To man seemed weakest means—and brought
Of good from good and evil both; and breathed
Into the withered nations breath and life:
The breath and life of liberty and truth,
By means of knowledge breathed into the soul.
Robert Pollok.

2290. MILLENNIUM, Description of the.

Creation, which had groan'd in travail-pangs
Together with her children until now,
Ceased from her groaning. Long-forgotten smiles,
The smiles of her sweet childhood's innocence,
Stole o'er her happy face. The wilderness
Rejoiced, and blossom'd as the rose. The curse, [heart
Which for six thousand years had sear'd the
Of nature, was repeal'd. And where the thorn

Perplex'd the glens, and prickly briars the hills,
Now, for the Word so spake and it was done,
The fir-tree rear'd its stately obelisk,
The cedar waved its arms of peaceful shade,
The vine embraced the elm, and myrtles flower'd [storms
Among the fragrant orange-groves. No
Vex'd the serene of heaven: but genial mists,
Such as in Eden drench'd the willing soil,
Nurtured all lands with richer dews than balm. [waters
Earth breathed her thanks. Rivers of living
Broke from a thousand unsuspected springs;
And gushing cataracts, like that call'd forth
On Horeb by the rod of Amram's son,
Gladden'd the mountain slopes, and coursed adown
The startled defiles, till the crystal wealth,
Gather'd in what was once an arid vale,
A lake of azure and of silver shone,
A mirror for the sun and moon and stars.

Peace reign'd. Antipathies of kind were now
Things of the past. The wolf and yearling lamb [kid
Were playmates; and the leopard and the
Gamboll'd together on one knoll; the steer
And lion grazed one herbage, and the ox
Couch'd with the bear on one luxurious sward.
Nor of the advent of the Prince of peace
Lack'd the calm sea its symbols, nor the sky.
Dolphins and sharks in many a sunny creek
Together bask'd at noon; and glittering shoals
Made mirth around the huge leviathan.
Nor less, as I have seen, the king of birds
Would bear the cushat dove upon its wings
Into the morning sunlight; while beneath
The swallow and the vulture only vied
In speed, disporting o'er the woods and waves.
And now in air and ocean, as on earth,
A holy fear of man, Nature's true priest,
Subdued all creatures to his will. His word
Was law. Even the infant stretch'd its hand,
Its tiny hand, towards the cockatrice,
Now seen, now hidden in its den; and babes
Play'd with the innocent asp, wreathing a coil
Of burnish'd gold and opal round the neck,
Or as a bracelet round the dimpled arm.
Freed from the curse, the grateful garden gave
Its fruits in goodly revenue. Nor frost
Nor blight nor mildew fell; nor canker-worm
Nor caterpillar marr'd one ripening hope.
The clouds dropp'd fatness. The very elements
Were subject to the prayerful will of those
Whose pleasure was in unison with God's.
There winter was as summer: summer there,
Attemper'd with soft dews and cooling winds,
Appear'd in sevenfold glory; for the moon
Was as the sun in that pellucid air,
The sun as seven day's light in one condensed.
And when the sun had set nor moon had risen,
The lesser glories of the stars shone forth,
As flames fair Venus in the Eastern heavens,
Or lordly Jupiter.

War was unknown;
The brotherhood of nations unrelax'd:
Swords now were ploughshares, spears were pruning-hooks,
And all the enginery of battle shone
As trophies of the victory of love.
Babel's confusion was unlearn'd. And one
Melodious language, wherein every thought
Found utterance, overspread the circling globe,
A language worthy of the sons of God.
No labor now was lost. Commerce diffused
From pole to pole the gifts of every clime,
And spread her sails to every wind that blew,
Though love, not greed of lucre, held the helm.
But chiefly to Jerusalem and fro
The drift of ceaseless traffic set; for there
David, vicegerent, sate on David's throne;
And on their thrones of judgment round about,
Judging the tribes of Israel, the twelve,
Who sometime suffered with a suffering Lord,
Reign'd in His glorious reign. Mercy and truth
Met in His presence: righteousness and peace
Kiss'd each the other underneath His eye.
His people were a royalty of priests,
And offer'd in His temple ceaseless prayer
And incense of uninterrupted praise.
Thither the nations flock'd. There every doubt
Was solved: there perfect equity held sway.
No wrong, but there was instantly redress'd;
No right, but there was gloriously confirm'd:
For Zion was the mercy-seat of earth, [faith
The footstool of the throne of God; where
Had clearest evidence of things unseen,
And hope climb'd easiest up the golden stairs
Scaling the heavens, and love, pure passionate
Saw the Beloved One and was at rest. [love,

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2291. MILLENNIUM, Glory of the.

Thrice happy days! thrice blest the man who saw [had held
Their dawn! the Church and State, that long
Unholy intercourse, were now divorced;
Princes were righteous men; judges upright:
And first in general now—for in the worst
Of times there were some honest seers—the priest [flocks—
Sought other than the fleece among his
Best paid when God was honored most. And like
A cedar, nourished well, Jerusalem grew,
And towered on high, and spread, and flourished fair, [lodged;
And underneath her boughs the nations
All nations lodged, and sung the song of peace. [curse,
From the four winds, the Jews, eased of the
Returned, and dwelt with God in Jacob's land,
And drank of Sharon and of Carmel's vine.
Satan was bound; though bound, not banished quite;

But lurked about the timorous skirts of things, [earth;
Ill lodged, and thinking whiles to leave the
And with the wicked, for some wicked were,
Held midnight meetings, as the saints were wont;
Fearful of day, who once was as the sun,
And worshipped more. The bad, but few, became
A taunt and hissing now, as heretofore
The good; and blushing, hasted out of sight.
Disease was none: the voice of war forgot:
The sword, a share: a pruning-hook, the spear.
Men grew and multiplied upon the earth,
And filled the city, and the waste: and Death
Stood waiting for the lapse of tardy age,
That mocked him long. Men grew and multiplied, [brought
But lacked not bread: for God His promise
To mind, and blessed the land with plenteous rain; [things
And made it blest, for dews, and precious
Of heaven, and blessings of the deep beneath;
And blessings of the sun and moon; and fruits
Of day and night; and blessings of the vale;
And precious things of the eternal hills;
And all the fulness of perpetual spring.
The prison-house, where chained felons pined, [light
Threw open his ponderous doors; let in the
Of heaven; and grew into a church, where God [none.
Was worshipped: none were ignorant; selfish
Love took the place of law; where'er you met
A man you met a friend, sincere and true.
Kind looks foretold as kind a heart within;
Words as they sounded meant; and promises
Were made to be performed. Thrice happy
Philosophy was sanctified, and saw [days!
Perfection, which she thought a fable long.
Revenge his dagger dropped, and kissed the hand
Of Mercy; Anger cleared his cloudy brow,
And sat with Peace: Envy grew red, and smiled [mility:
On Worth: Pride stooped, and kissed Hu-
Lust washed his miry hands, and, wedded, leaned
On chaste Desire: and Falsehood laid aside
His many-folded cloak, and bowed to Truth;
And Treachery up from his mining came,
And walked above the ground with righteous Faith: [hand,
And Covetousness unclenched his sinewy
And opened his door to Charity, the fair:
Hatred was lost in Love: and Vanity,
With a good conscience pleased, her feathers cropped:
Sloth in the morning rose with Industry;
To Wisdom Folly turned: and Fashion turned
Deception off, in act as good as word.
The hand that held a whip was lifted up
To bless; slave was a word in ancient books
Met only; ev'ry man was free; and all
Feared God, and served him day and night in love. *Robert Pollok.*

2292. MILLENNIUM, Vision of the.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled [the world.
In the parliament of man, the federation of
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law. *Alfred Tennyson.*

2293. MILLENNIUM, Watching for the.

Poet and seer that question caught,
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It marched with letters, it toiled with thought,
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets.
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away;
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, "Is it come?" they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place;
The age is weary with work and gold;
And high hopes wither, and memories wane;
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain;
And this is all that our watcher said.
Frances Brown.

2294. MIND, Activity of the.

The mind has no *to-day!* The present things
Are for the senses, never for the soul;
Backwards or forwards, on its restless wings—
An eager traveller, without a goal,
It flits forever! seeking out the lore [fore;
Of things to come, in things that were be-
Stealing the taper from the old world's tomb,
To light it through the future's deeper gloom!
It is the hidden principle of soul,
Which will not sleep amid a noon of light,
Which ponders still upon a doubtful scroll,
And spurns the lessons that are read at sight;
Which, more than present waters, loves to hear
The music of an unseen fountain play, [hear
And, better than the trumpet in its ear,
The echo of a trumpet far away!
Thomas Kibble Hervey.

2295. MIND, Contentment of.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
Robert Greene.

2296. MIND, Freedom of the.

High walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways: [trol!
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base con-
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount, from vale to vale; [flowers;
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.
William Lloyd Garrison.

2297. MIND, Hue of the.

When the first larvæ on the elm are seen,
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green;
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown;
On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
You stretch to pluck it—'tis a butterfly;
The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,
They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark;
The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood.
So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2298. MIND, Independence of.

Minds of nobler stamp, and chiefest the mint-marked of Heaven,
Walk independently by themselves, freely manumitted of externals:
They carry viands with them, and need no refreshment by the way,
Nor drink of other wells than their own inner fountain.
Strange shall it seem how little such a man will lean upon the accidents of life;
He is winged, and needeth not a staff; if it break, he shall not fall,
And lightly perchance doth he remember the stale trivialities around him,
He liveth in the realm of thought, beyond the world of things:
These are but transient matter, and himself enduring spirit: [sublimated wisdom.
And worldliness will laugh to scorn that
His eyes may open on a prison-cell, but the bare walls glow with imagery;
His ears may be filled with execration, but are listening to the music of sweet thoughts;
He may dwell in a hovel with a hero's heart, and canopy his penury with peace,
For Mind is a kingdom to the man who gathereth his pleasure from ideas.
M. F. Tupper.

2299. MIND, Index of.

There is to whom all things are easy: his mind, as a master-key,
Can open, with intuitive address, the treasuries of art and science:
There is to whom all things are hard; but industry giveth him a crowbar,
To force, with groaning labor, the stubborn lock of learning:
And often, when thou lookest on an eye, dim in native dullness,
Little shalt thou wot of the wealth diligence hath gathered to its gaze:
Often the brow that should be bright with the dormant fire of genius, [tenant.
Within its ample halls, hath ignorance the
Yet are not the sons of men cast as in moulds by the lot?
The like in frame and feature hath much alike in spirit; [discerner
Such a shape hath such a soul, so that a deep
From his make will read the man, and err not far in judgment:
Yea, and it holdeth in the converse, that growing similarity of mind
Findeth or maketh for itself an apposite dwelling in the body:
Accident may modify, circumstances may bevel, externals seem to change it,
But still the primitive crystal is latent in its many variations:
For the map of the face, and the picture of the eye, are traced by the pen of passion;
And the mind fashioneth a tabernacle suitable for itself.
A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the bowing fostereth meanness.
A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread nourisheth decision;
Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth love by looking;
Hate furroweth softly from the brow, and a man may frown till he hateth:
For mind and body, spirit and matter, have reciprocities of power,
And each keepeth up the strife; a man's works may make or mar him.
M. F. Tupper.

2300. MIND, Key of the.

The tongue is the key of the mind;
And whenever it opens the secret-hung door

What lies in the store-house behind,
Whether gems or mere rubbish, is hidden no more. *Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

2301. MIND, Kingdom of the.

Place me on some desert shore
Foot of man ne'er wandered o'er;
Lock me in some lonely cell
Beneath some prison citadel;
Still, here or there, within I find
My quiet kingdom of the mind;
Nay, 'mid the tempest, fierce and dark,
Float me in peril's frailest bark,
My quenchless soul could sit and think,
And smile at danger's dizziest brink;
And wherefore? God, my God, is still
King of kings in good or ill;
And where He dwelleth—everywhere—
Safety supreme and peace are there;
And where He reigneth—all around—
Wisdom and love and power are found;
And reconciled to Him and bliss,
My mind to me a kingdom is.
M. F. Tupper.

2302. MIND, Power of.

Say why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation—why ordained [eye,
Through life and death to dart his piercing
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame,
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal Powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds.
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the mists of passion and of sense, [pain,
And through the tossing tides of chance and
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of heaven? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm; [heavens,
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern
Sweeps the long tract of day. [blast,
Mind, mind alone (bear witness, earth and heaven)
The living fountains in itself contains [hand,
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in
Sit paramount the graces; here, enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Mark Akenside.

2303. MIND, Spiritual.

Thrice blessed is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in every feature,
Recall the good Creator to His creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome!
To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chant of clerk; [net;
For choir, the thrush and the gregarious lin-
The sod 's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart 's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!
Thomas Hood.

2304. MINISTER, An Ambitious.

Nay, stoop not thus! Thou bearest precious seed,
Richer than all the wealth of mine or sea.
Strive not to grasp this world's vain, glitter ing meed!
Its laurels are not twined for such as thee;
A living crown awaits thy radiant brow,
And thou should'st gather jewels for it now.

What would'st thou have? the meteor of an eve, [ing flower,
The mildewed wreath, the worm-enclos-
The fading things that dying fingers weave,
The star that darkens at its rising hour?
Would'st chase the frolic phantom men call fame,
And on her crumbling tablet write thy name?

Thy name is written in the Book of Life,
The glorious tablet of the King of kings;
Degrade it not by this poor, paltry strife,
This clamorous rush for tinselled, cankering things;
Leave to poor dazzled moths the giddy round,
Since on some loftier mission thou art bound.

'Tis thine to watch thy Master's budding vine,
Till the ripe fruit in purple clusters falls;
The ever-radiant threads of truth to twine,
A golden clue to those celestial halls,
Where, when the kingdoms of the earth decay
And suns are dim, thou'lt live in endless day.
Emily Judson.

2305. MINISTER, Death of a.

Two spirits met:
One was dismantled, and was from the clime
Where dwell the just who pass the bounds of time,
And earthly pangs forget; [ous air, [care,)
"And knowest thou not," said he with joy-
(To one who had not passed earth's bound of
"That this is a high day?
And that our realms are ringing with delight?
For lo! an heir of heaven—a child of light,
Borne through the ethereal way,
Came to the joyous presence of our King,
And now through all our blissful realms doth ring
A greeting, welcome lay."

But ah! a pall that told of much despair,
Hung, curtain-like, around that child of care,
As weepingly he said,

"And know'st thou not, that earth doth
deeply mourn?
That while thou joyest for a seraph born,
Earth mourns a champion dead?
He was a burning light, faith fed the blaze,
And though we gloried in the lucent rays,
As from heaven's altar lent,
And knew from whence it came—from whence
it burn'd,
And that it would be to its source return'd,
Yet its extinguishment
On earth we mourn: 'tis thus that in one day
Ye sing a seraph born, and we a weeping lay."
Phœbe Palmer.

2306. MINISTER, Dignity of a.

He's Christ's ambassador, that man of God,
Steward of God's own mysteries! From on
high
His warrant is: his charge, aloud to cry
And spread his Master's attributes abroad,
His works, His ark of mercy, and His rod
Of justice: *his*, to sinners to supply
The means of grace, and point how they
may fly [be trod.
Hell-flames, and how Heaven's pathway must
Hold him in honor on his works' account, [be,
And on his Master's! Though a man he
And with his flock partake corruption's fount,
Holy and reverend is his ministry:
And, hark! a voice sounds from the heav-
enly mount,
"He that despiseth *you*, despiseth ME!"
Bishop Mant.

2307. MINISTER, Faithful.

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called,
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest—in heaven!
Nathaniel Parker Willis.

2308. MINISTER, Honor of the.

I thank Thee, Lord, for using me
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

For those to whom, through me, Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

O honor higher, truer far,
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used, in work like this,
So long, by such a King!

A blunted sword, a rusted spear,
Which only *He* could wield:
A broken sickle in *His* hand,
To reap *His* harvest-field!
Horatius Bonar.

2309. MINISTER, The Unfaithful.

But the unfaithful priest, what tongue
Enough shall execrate! His doctrine may
Be passed, though mixed with most unhal-
lowed leaven,
That proved to those who foolishly partook,
Eternal bitterness: but this was still
His sin—beneath what cloak soever veiled.
His ever growing and perpetual sin,
First, last, and middle thought, whence
every wish,
Whence every action rose, and ended both—
To mount to place and power of worldly
To ape the gaudy pomp and equipage [sort;
Of earthly state, and on his mitred brow
To place a royal crown: for this he sold
The sacred truth to him who most would give
Of titles, benefices, honors, names:
For this betrayed his Master: and for this
Made merchandise of the immortal souls
Committed to his care—this was his sin.
Of all who office held unfairly, none
Could plead excuse; he least and last of all.
By solemn, awful ceremony, he
Was set apart to speak the truth entire,
By action, and by word; and round him stood
The people, from his lips expecting knowl-
edge
One day in seven, the Holy Sabbath termed,
They stood; for he had sworn, in face of
God
And man, to deal sincerely with their souls;
To preach the gospel for the gospel's sake;
Had sworn to hate and put away all pride,
All vanity, all love of earthly pomp;
To seek all mercy, meekness, truth, and grace:
And being so endowed himself, and taught,
In them like works of holiness to move;
Dividing faithfully the word of life.
And oft indeed the word of life he taught;
But practising, as thou hast heard, who could
Believe? Thus was religion wounded sore
At her own altars, and among her friends.
The people went away, and, like the priest,
Fulfilling what the prophet spoke before, [if
For honor strove, and wealth, and place, as
The preacher had rehearsed an idle tale.
The enemies of God rejoiced, and loud
The unbeliever laughed, boasting a life
Of fairer character than his, who owned,
For king and guide, the undefiled One.
Most guilty, villanous, dishonest man?
Wolf in the clothing of the gentle lamb!
Dark traitor in Messiah's holy camp!
Leper in saintly garb!—assassin masked
In Virtue's robe! vile hypocrite accursed!
I strive in vain to set his evil forth.
The words that should sufficiently accurse
And execrate such reprobate, had need
Come glowing from the lips of eldest hell.
Among the saddest in the den of woe,
Thou saw'st him saddest, 'mong the damned,
most damned. *Robert Pollok.*

2310. MIRACLE at Nain.

They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad
gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent

His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd, [one—
Bending beneath their burden. There was Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world, [her.
And he was dead. They could not comfort
Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near [hands,
The place of burial, and, with straining
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and His heart was mov'd.
"Weep not!" He said; and as they stay'd the bier,
And at His bidding laid it at His feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near, [space
And gazed on His calm looks. A minute's He stood and pray'd. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on His way to Nain.
Nathaniel Parker Willis.

2311. MIRACLES, Attestation of.

When God came down from heaven, the Living God, [way?
What signs and wonders marked His stately
Brake out the winds in music where He trod?
Shone o'er the heavens a brighter, softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
And the lame leaped, and pain and darkness fled; [glee,
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead. *H. H. Milman.*

2312. MIRTH, Fear of.

Fear ye the festal hour!
Aye, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows!
Tame down the swelling heart! the bridal
And the rich myrtle's flower [rose
Have veiled the sword! Red wines have sparkled fast [pass'd,
From venom'd goblets, and soft breezes
With fatal perfume, through the revel's bower.
Twine the young glowing wreath!
But pour not all your spirit in the song,
Which through the sky's deep azure floats
Like summer's quickening breath! [along
The ground is hollow in the path of mirth:
Oh! far too daring seems the joy of earth,
So darkly press'd and girdled in by death!
Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

2313. MISER, Degradation of the.

The parlor spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his creed,
His Paternoster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusky counting-house
Smoke-dried and seared and shrivelled up his heart.
So from the way in which he was trained up
His feet departed not; he toiled and moiled,
Poor muck-worm! through his threescore years and ten; [on him,
And when the earth shall now be shovelled
If that which served him for a soul were still
With its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.
Robert Southey.

2314. MISER, Description of the.

But there was one in folly farther gone;
With eye awry, incurable and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up—
The miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour, [dreams
When good men slept, and in light-winged
Ascended up to God—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapt in most debasing rags—
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps [gold;
And holding strange communion with his
And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
And in his old, decrepid, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthly, most
Of all that sold Eternity for Time [debased.
None bargained on so easy terms with death.
Illustrious fool! Nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor

Away unalmsed; and amidst abundance died:
Sorest of evils! died of utter want.
Robert Pollok.

2315. MISER, End of a.

Then why this ceaseless, vain unrest?
Earth opens her impartial breast
To prince and beggar both; nor might
Gold c'er tempt hell's grim satellite
To waft astute Prometheus o'er
From yonder ghastly Stygian shore.
Proud Tantalus and all his race
He curbs within that rueful place;
The toil-worn wretch, who cries for ease,
Invoked or not, he hears and frees.
Horace, tr. by Theodore Martin.

2316. MISERY, Address to.

Come, be happy!—sit near me,
Shadow-vested Misery;
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,
Mourning in thy robe of pride,
Desolation—deified!

Come, be happy!—sit near me:
Sad as I may seem to thee,
I am happier far than thou,
Lady, whose imperial brow
Is endiademed with woe.

Misery! we have known each other,
Like a sister and a brother
Living in the same lone home,
Many years—we must live some
Hours or ages yet to come.

'Tis an evil lot—and yet
Let us make the best of it;
If love can live when pleasure dies,
We too will love, till in our eyes
This heart's Hell seems Paradise.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

2317. MISERY, Human.

How many feel, this very moment, Death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in Want, and dungeon-glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless Poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the Mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest Friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless, rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
James Thomson.

2318. MISERY, Melody of.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses:
If singing breath or echoing chord
To envy hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!
Oliver Wendell Holmes

2319. MISFORTUNE, Friends in.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addicted to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But, if fortune once do frown,
Then—farewell his great renown;
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus, of every grief, in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part;
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.
Richard Barnfield.

2320. MISFORTUNE, Victims of.

All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary
Shakespeare.

2321. MISSION, Your.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,

Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot t'ward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true—
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands,
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Ellen H. Gates.

2322. MISSIONS, Banner of.

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane.

2323. MISSIONS, Demand for.

Where is your heathen brother? From his grave
Near thy own gates, or 'neath a foreign sky,
From the thronged depths of ocean's mourning wave, [cry.
His answering blood reproachfully doth
Blood of the soul! can all earth's fountains make
Thy dark stain disappear? Stewards of God, awake.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

2324. MISSIONS, Light of.

Light for the Persian sky!
The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armor when Death invades;
Hark! hark! 'tis the sainted Martyn's sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the darkened earth!
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the dayspring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

2325. MISSIONS, Triumph of.

Behold! the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;

The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more. *Michael Bruce.*

2326. MODESTY, True.

True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place; [fear,
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks, through
Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd t' appear:
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
William Cowper.

2327. MOMENTS, Suicide of.

Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: each day a life!
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
Sure vice must butcher. Oh, what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroy'd
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,
Hell threatens: all exerts! in effort all!
More than creation labors! labors more!
And is there in creation what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd despatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme, [gulf
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the
A moment trembles; drops! and man, for whom
All else is in alarm! man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest. Throw years away! [seize;
Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments,
Heaven 's on their wing: a moment we may
When worlds want wealth to buy. [wish,
Edward Young.

2328. MONEY, Victory of.

Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'ercome
When no force else can get the masterdom.
Robert Herrick.

2329. MORNING, Duties of.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.
Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day, there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising, for day sullies flowers.
Henry Vaughan.

2330. MORNING, Hymn for.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

May I, like them, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.

All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Bishop Thomas Ken.

2331. MORNING, Mercies of.

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
John Keble.

2332. MORNING, Moral of.

The waking cock, that early crows
To wear the night away,
Puts in my mind the trump that blows
Before the latter day;
And as I rise up lustily,
When sluggish sleep is past,
So hope I to rise joyfully
To judgment at the last.

And heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face,
So must we hope to see God's face,
At last, in Heaven on high,
When we have changed this mortal place
For immortality. *George Gascoigne.*

2333. MORNING, Song for the.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.
No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ! securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe—
The gate of every sense.
And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end!

2334. MORTALITY, Heritage of.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, [by;
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, [worn,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, [grave.
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap; [up the steep;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think; [would shrink;
From the earth we are shrinking, our fathers
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling; [wing.
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold; [will come;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died: we things that are now, [brow,
That walk on the turf that lies over their
And make in their dwellings a transient abode, [grimage road.
Meet the things that they met on their pil-

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath, [death,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
William Knox.

2335. MORTALITY, Human.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man he dies:

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,

Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird has flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan 's near death—man's life is done!
Simon Wastell.

2336. MORTALITY, Mementos of.

Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths,
Turned flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stained canvas, or the featured stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene...
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"Professed diversions! cannot these escape?"
Far from it: these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement....How like
We sit, and, wrapped in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die,
Their fate deploring to forget our own!
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? our lean soil
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interred beneath—a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead...
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties or approaching fate?
What is the world itself? thy world? A grave!
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread;
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons;
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel;
The moist of human frame the sun exhales—
Winds scatter through the mighty void the dry;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire.
Each element partakes our scattered spoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins spread; man's death
Inhabits all things but the thought of man.
Nor man alone....his breathing bust expires;
His tomb is mortal....empires die. Where now
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light,
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
Edward Young.

2337. MORTALITY, Overcome.

Death, the old serpent's son,
Thou hadst a sting once, like thy sire,
That carried hell and ever-burning fire;
But those black days are done;
Thy foolish spite buried thy sting
In the profound and wide
Wound of our Saviour's side:
And now thou art become a tame and harmless thing;
A thing we dare not fear,
Since we hear
That our triumphant God, to punish thee
For the affront thou did'st Him on the tree,
Hath snatch'd the keys of hell out of thy hand,
And made thee stand
A porter at the gate of life, thy mortal enemy.
O Thou who art that gate, command that he
May when we die,
And thither fly,
Let us in the courts of heaven through
Thee! Hallelujah. *Bp. Taylor.*

2338. MORTALITY, Reminder of.

And all you men, whom greatness does so please,
Ye feast (I fear) like Damocles:
If you your eyes could upward move
(But you, I fear, thinking nothing is above),
You would perceive by what a little thread
The sword still hangs over your head.
No tide of wine could drown your cares;
No mirth or music over-noise your fears.
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
As not to admit the image of it, sleep.
Abraham Cowley.

2339. MORTALITY, Thoughts on.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice, Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain [oak
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place [wish
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down [kings,
With patriarchs of the infant world; with
The powerful of the earth; the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come, [train
And make their bed with thee. As the long
Of ages glides away, the sons of men, [goes
The youth in life's green spring, and he who
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to
The innumerable caravan that moves [join
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

2340. MOSES, Grave of.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In the vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angel of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

2341. MOSES, Miracles of.

When Moses waved his mystic rod,
What wonders followed while he spoke!
Firm as a wall the waters stood,
Or gushed in rivers from the rock:

At his command the thunders rolled;
Lightning and hail his voice obeyed;
And Pharaoh trembled to behold
His land in desolation laid.

But what could Moses' rod have done
Had he not been divinely sent?
The power was from the Lord alone,
And Moses but the instrument.

John Newton.

2342. MOTHER, Attachment of a.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no—
Sure his ship was the Jolly Briton"—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor—
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say how's my John?"—

"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy, my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sir sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

Sidney Dobell.

2343. MOTHER, Influence of a.

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant's heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

Walter Savage Landor.

2344. MOTHER, Mourning for a.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived—
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

William Cowper.

2345. MOTHER, Office of a.

The mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being, who would be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.

2346. MOTIVES, Discriminating.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare each character must mark;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.

Alexander Pope.

2347. MOURNING, Christian.

Weep for the dead! God bids you not restrain [tear.
What nature claims, affection's soothing
But weep, like Christian mourners! Tho' the bier,
Bear him away to death's obscure domain,
Yet he with you, who still on earth remain,
The summons of the Archangel's voice shall hear;
And he with you before the Lord appear,
Soar to the clouds, and meet you there again.
Weep then, but do not as the hopeless weep,
For them who rest in Christ! A common prize
Awaits both them, and you, and all who keep
His truth, and love His coming in the skies.
They, in the Saviour who or wake or sleep,
Shall all united in the Saviour rise.

Bishop Mant

2348. MOURNING, Heritage of.

O man, while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!

Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway:
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right;
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, O, what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn—
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills,
Inwoven with our frame,
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn!
But O, a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

Robert Burns.

2349. MOURNING, Occasion of.

When those we love on earth are seen no more,
We mourn to think that they are gone before;
But if a pang amidst eternal rest
Could ever reach the bosoms of the blest,
If grief in heaven could one weak moment find,
Would they not mourn that we are left behind?

James Montgomery.

2350. MOURNING, Tears of.

Our funeral tears from different causes rise;
As if from separate cisterns in the soul,
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion called, some burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye:
Some ask more time, by curious art distilled.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceased,
So high in merit, and to them so dear;
They dwell on praises which they think they share,
And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn, in proof that something they could love;
They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unapprized
Tears sometimes aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft Ephesians draw
Their sable network o'er entangled hearts!
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek!
Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolved in love.
Some weep at death, abstracted from the dead,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
By kind construction, some are deemed to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain—
As deep in indiscretion as in woe.
Passion, blind passion, impotently pours
Tears that deserve more tears—while reason sleeps,
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcerned,
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
Knows not it speaks to her, and her alone.
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath—
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From sorrow's pang, the birth of endless joy.
But these are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous as the summer storm,
And full as short: the cruel grief soon tamed
They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more;
No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.
Half round the globe, the tears pumped up by death
Are spent in watering vanities of life—
In making folly flourish still more fair.

Edward Young.

2351. MURDER, Motives of.

First Envy, eldest born of hell, imbrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorred; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run;
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtile fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. One murder made a villain;
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of hosts, nor let Thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!
Beilby Porteous.

2352. MURDERER, Curse of the.

O, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,
Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.
And lo! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod—
A vagabond, smote by the vengeance of God!
All nature, to him, has been blasted and banned,
And the blood of a brother yet recks on his hand;
And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.
The groans of a father his slumbers shall start,
And the tears of a mother shall pierce his heart,
And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.
And the wife of his bosom, the faithful and fair,
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair:
For her tender caress, and her innocent breath,
But stir in his soul the hot embers of death.
And his offering may blaze unregarded by Heaven,
And his spirit may pray, yet remain unforgiven;
And his grave may be closed, yet no rest to him bring—
O, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing.
William Knox.

2353. MURDERER, Imagination of the.

From that day forth no place to him could be
So lonely, but that thence might come a pang
Brought from without to inward misery.
Now, as he plodded on with sullen clang,
A sound of chains aloud the desert rang;
He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
A human body that in irons swang,
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by;
And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly
William Wordsworth.

2354. MURMURING, Proneness to.

The wounded heart is prone to entertain
Presumptuous thoughts, and feelings which arraign
The appointed course of things; but what are we,
Short-sighted creatures of an hour,
That we should judge? In part alone we see.
And this but dimly. He who ordereth all,
Beholdeth all, at once, and to the end:
Upon His wisdom and His power,
His mercy and His boundless love, we rest
And resting thus in humble faith, we know
Whether the present be for weal or woe,
For us whatever is must needs be best.
Robert Southey.

2355. MUSIC, Abuse of.

Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Pressed to obey the devil.
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flowed to the soul's undoing;
Widened, and strewed with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin. *Charles Wesley.*

2356. MUSIC, Associations of.

The solemn hymn, to ancient music set,
In many a heart response of memory met.
To me it seemed departed Sabbaths hung
Upon these notes, which gave the past a tongue.
To speak again in voices from the dead,
And wake an echo from their silent bed.
Elizabeth Bogart.

2357. MUSIC, Author of.

Should the well-meant songs I leave behind
With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,
'Twill heighten even the joys of heaven to know
That in my verse the saints hymn God below.
Bp. Thomas Ken.

2358. MUSIC, Charms of.

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.
William Strode.

2359. MUSIC, Consecrated.

If well I know the tuneful art
To captivate an human heart,
The glory, Lord, be Thine,
A servant of Thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill
To sound the praise divine.

Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
And let my consecrated lyre
Repeat the Psalmist's part;
His Son and Thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart.
Charles Wesley.

2360. MUSIC, Fable of.

The gift to King Amphion
That walled a city with its melody,
Was for belief no dream: thy skill, Arion,
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
When men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chant; the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud one docile as a managed horse;
And singing while the discordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And he with his preserver shine star-bright
In memory, through silent night.
William Wordsworth.

2361. MUSIC, Miracles of.

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung—as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart—
Fall asleep, or hearing, die!
Shakespeare.

2362. MUSIC, Nature's.

There is no pause in the vast melody of earth,
It never dies, but has perpetual birth. [tears
It lives and breathes in sighs: slow-falling
Carry the burden through the sorrowing years.
Each leaf that drops makes some divine ac-
In the eternal hymn of praise to God. [cord
The solemn measure of the unfaltering stars,
The wild brook's laugh, the waterfall's hurrahs,
The words of lovers loitering in the lane,
The sobs from hearts too heavy to complain,
The bugle-tones of winds forever sighing,
The hollow voice of deep to deep replying—
Each lends an accent to the symphony [Thee.
Which soars forever, Lord, from Thine to

2363. MUSIC, Soul.

There's music ever in the kindly soul;
For every deed of goodness done is like
A chord set in the heart, and joy doth strike
Upon it, oft as memory doth unroll [writ.
The immortal page whereon good deeds are
Thomas McKellar.

2364. MUTATION, Benefit of.

They talk of short-lived pleasure; be it so;
Pain dies as quickly: stern, hard-featured
Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go. [pain
The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
And after dreams of horror comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of peace
Oblivion, softly wiping out the stain,
Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to cease:
Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness:
Thus joy, o'erborne and bound, doth still release [him press.
His young limbs from the chains that round
Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to weep. *William Cullen Bryant.*

2365. MUTATION, Earthly.

Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
Baseless and silly as the schoolboy's dream.
Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
Its stated eras? Doth the Omnipotent [serve
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past;
Throned in His might, all times to Him are present;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before Him one eternal now.
Time moveth not! our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days:
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.
Henry Kirke White.

2366. MUTATION, Heathen View of.

All things are altered, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show em-
Then, to be born, is to begin to be [ploy'd.
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not to appear
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead, some other bodies make·

Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.
That forms are chang'd, I grant; that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to silver was debas'd;
To copper that; our metal came at last.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth that once was sea:
Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strand are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And, crumbling still, descend to level sands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands:
And the parched desert floats in streams unknown,
Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

2367. MUTATION, Local.

And oh! what changes we all know
Long years can bring in one small place,
In names and shapes, from face to face,
As souls will come and souls will go:
And here, where hills have all stood fast,
While babes have come and men have pass'd,
The wind-stream softly seems to sigh,
"Man's lifetime glides away as I."
William Barnes.

2368. MYSTERY, Solution of.

Life's mystery—deep, restless, as the ocean—
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee.

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain.
Ah! when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining;
We ask, and Thou art silent; yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining.
No crushing fate, no stony destiny,
O Lamb that hast been slain, we find in Thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal strands—
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn shores,
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee!

Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels;
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;
And, when the dread enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith, "Watch with Me one hour."
As sinks the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in Thee!
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

2369. MYSTERY, Veil of.

When fain to learn we lean into the dark,
And grope to feel the floor of the abyss,
Or find the secret boundary lines which mark
Where soul and matter kiss—
Fair world! these puzzled souls of ours grow weak
With beating their bruised wings against the rim
That bounds their utmost flying, when they seek
The distant and the dim.

We pant, we strain like birds against their wires;
Are sick to reach the vast and the beyond:
And what avails, if still to our desires
Those far-off gulfs respond?
Contentment comes not therefore; still there lies
An outer distance when the first is hailed,
And still forever yawns before our eyes
An UTMOST—that is veiled.
Jean Ingelow.

2370. NAAMAN, Healing of.

Before Elisha's gate
The Syrian leper stood
But could not brook to wait,
He deemed himself too good:
He thought the prophet would attend,
And not to *him* a message send.

Have I this journey come,
And will he not be seen?
I were as well at home,
Would washing make me clean;
Why must I wash in Jordan's flood?
Damascus rivers are as good.

Thus by his foolish pride
He almost missed a cure;
Howe'er at length he tried,
And found the method sure:
Soon as the pride was brought to yield,
The leprosy was quickly healed.
John Newton.

2371. NAME, Power of a.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is a fair name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Shakespeare.

2372. NATIONS, Fate of.

But deem not thou some overruling Fate,
Directing all things with benign decree,
Through all the turmoil of this mortal state,
Appoints that what is best shall therefore be:
Even as from man his future doom proceeds,
So nations rise or fall, according to their deeds.

The individual culprit may sometimes
Unpunished to his after-reckoning go:
Not thus collective man; for public crimes
Draw on their proper punishment below:
When nations go astray, from age to age
The effects remain, a fatal heritage.

Bear witness, Egypt, thy huge monuments
Of priestly fraud and tyranny austere!
Bear witness thou, whose only name presents
All holy feelings to religion dear—
In earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
Of living light—O fallen Jerusalem!
Robert Southey.

2373. NATURE, Changeless.

Take of some bitter tree a shoot,
In Eden's garden plant the root;
Let waters from th' eternal spring
Amidst the boughs their incense fling:
Though bathed and showered with honey-dew
Its native baseness springs to view;
After long care and anxious skill
The fruit it bears is bitter still!

Place thou within the spicy nest,
Where the bright phœnix loves to rest,
A raven's egg, and mark thou well,
When the vile bird has chipped his shell,
Though fed with grains from trees that grow
Where Salsebil's pure waters flow,
Though airs from Gabriel's wing may rise
To fan the cradle where he lies,
Though long their patient care endure,
He proves at last a bird impure!

A viper nurtured in a bed
Where roses all their beauties spread,
Though nourished with the drops alone
Of waves that spring from Allah's throne,
Is still a poisonous reptile found,
And with its venom taints the ground!
Oriental.

2374. NATURE, Discoveries in.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid by night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
Alexander Pope.

2375. NATURE, Gladness of.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother nature laughs around,
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beachen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters, and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.
William Cullen Bryant.

2376. NATURE, God in.

A present Deity in all.

It is His presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable o'er mountain, wood, and stream;
To think that He who hears the heavenly choir
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that He who rolls yon solar sphere
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear His awful voice
In thunders speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel His care for all that lives:
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
James Grahame.

2377. NATURE, Influence of.

'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, then thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,

Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.
William Wordsworth.

2378. NATURE, Instructions of.

Thus then to man the voice of nature spake:
"Go, from the creatures thy instruction take;
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield; [field;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn from the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail, [gale.
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind.
Here subterranean work and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree;
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these forever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate."
Alexander Pope.

2379. NATURE, Lessons from.

The daily labor of the bee
Awakes my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true and faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who, from the chilly air,
With pious wings protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
John Gay.

2380. NATURE, Song of.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.
John Greenleaf Whittier.

2381. NATURE, Study of.

Up! up, my friend! and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up, my friend! and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.
Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder to dissect.
Enough of science and of art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.
William Wordsworth.

2382. NATURE, Teachings of.

The seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude; and, as they passed,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by: the gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
And on the rugged mountain brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.

Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love; and, from her glorious bow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge: Forgive, forgive!
The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked
Of purity, and holiness, and God.
In dreams and visions sleep instructed much.
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge: silence had a tongue: the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue, that ever said, Man! think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity! waves;
Fear God, the thunders said; fear God, the
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied;
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep.
And, in the temples of the Holy One,
Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,
Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible opened,
And cried, Repent! repent, ye Sons of Men!
Believe, be saved. *Robert Pollok.*

2383. NATURE, Voice of.

Pupil, genuine wisdom learn.
Yonder see that bush of roses:
How before thee it doth burn,
Like the burning bush of Moses!
Hearken, and thou shalt hear,
If thy soul's not deaf or flighty,
How from out it, soft and clear,
Speaks to thee the Lord Almighty!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2384. NATURE, Worshipping.

There is a solemn hymn goes up
From nature to the Lord above;
And offerings from her incense-cup
Are pour'd in gratitude and love;
And from each flower that lifts its eye
In modest silence in the shade,
To the strong woods that kiss the sky,
A thankful song of praise is made.

There is no solitude on earth,
"In every leaf there is a tongue,"
In every glen the voice of mirth,
From every hill a hymn is sung.
And every wild and hidden dell,
Where human footsteps never trod,
Is wafting songs of joy which tell
The praises of their Maker—God.

Each mountain gives an altar birth,
And has a shrine to worship given;
Each breeze that rises from the earth
Is loaded with a song of heaven;
Each wave that leaps along the main
Sends solemn music on the air;
And winds that swept o'er ocean's plain
Bear off their voice of grateful prayer.

2385. NEGLECT, Penalty of.

What is the good man and the wise?
Ofttimes a pearl which none doth prize;
Or jewel rare, which men account
A common pebble, and despise.
Set forth upon the world's bazaar,
It mildly gleams, but no one buys,
Till it in anger Heaven withdraws
From the world's undiscerning eyes:
And in its shell the pearl again,
And in its mine the jewel, lies. *Oriental.*

2386. NEGLECT, The Sinner's.

The husbandman, who sluggishly forgot
In spring to plough and sow, could censure none,
Though winter clamored round his empty barns.
But he who having thus neglected, did
Refuse, when autumn came, and famine threatened,
To reap the golden field that charity blind,
Bestowed—nay, more obdurate, proud, and
And stupid still, refused, though much beseeched,
And long entreated, even with Mercy's tears,
To eat what to his very lips was held,
Cooked temptingly—he certainly, at least,
Deserved to die of hunger, unbemoaned.
So did the wicked spurn the grace of God,
And so were punished with the second death.
Robert Pollok.

2387. NEIGHBOR, Definition of.

Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing heart may press.
Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with wants is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door,
Go thou and succor him.
Thy neighbor? 'Tis that wearied man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain!
Go thou and comfort him.
Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.
Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave!
Go thou and ransom him.
Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
With any need or grief,
Remember 'tis thy brother worm;
O! give thou quick relief.

2388. NEW YEAR, Improvement with the.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redness to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
Alfred Tennyson.

2389. NEW YEAR, Threshold of the.

We are standing on the threshold, we are in the opened door,
We are treading on a border land we have never trod before: [gone,
Another year is opening, and another year is
We have passed the darkness of the night; we are in the early morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed; [read.
We pass into the future which none of us can
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mould, [fold.
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty-
Then hasten to fresh labor, to thrash, and reap, and sow,
Then bid the new year welcome, and let the old year go— [the fight,
Then gather all your vigor, press forward in
And let this be your motto, "For God, and for the Right."

2390. NEW YEAR, Uncertainty of the.

Could I, from heaven inspired, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his
As I can number in my punctual page [last,
And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet [to die;
On which the press might stamp him next
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye!

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah, self-deceived! could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play;
But, naming none, the Voice now speaks to all.
William Cowper.

2391. NIGHT, Charms of.

But see where, in the clear, unclouded sky,
The crescent moon, with calm and sweet rebuke,
Doth charm away the spirit of complaint.
Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,
Like the pure thoughts that angels might bestow
Upon this world of beauty and of sin,
That mingle not with that wherein they rest;
So should immortal spirits dwell below.
There is a holy influence in the moon,
And in the countless hosts of silent stars,
The heart cannot resist: its passions sleep,
And all is still: save that which shall awake
When all the vast and fair creation sleeps.
Mrs. Eliza L. Follen.

2392. NIGHT, Events of.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching heart
The curtain of repose.
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life;
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are.

Night is the time for toil,
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield:
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep,
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years—
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch,
On ocean's dark expanse;
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance:
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care,
Brooding on hours misspent;
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views,
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries, athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
The Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will His followers do—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease:
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine.
James Montgomery.

2393. NIGHT, Knell of.

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.
Cover the embers,
And put out the light:
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.
Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence—
All footsteps retire.
No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all! *H. W. Longfellow.*

2394. NIGHT, Moral of.

Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Locked in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared. The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lulled
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapped
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,
Poor victim! smiles. Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
Of nature utters audibly within
The general moral—tells us that repose,
Death-like as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapped around
With grave-cloths: and their aching, restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved,
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep. *Henry Kirke White.*

2395. NIGHT, Temple of.

And how I bless night's consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn a universe;
Fill us with great ideas full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth!
In every storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
And what a fane is this, in which to pray!
And what a GOD must dwell in such a fane!
O, what a genius must inform the skies!
Edward Young.

2396. NOBILITY, True.

'Tis not the wealth that makes a king,
Nor the purple coloring,
Nor a brow that's bound with gold,
Nor gate on mighty hinges rolled.

The king is he, who, void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be swayed by smile or frown:
Nor for all the treasure cares
That mine conceals, or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosomed in a glassy river.
What shall move his placid might?
Not the headlong thunder-light,
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With onward lance, or fiery blade.
Safe, with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down;
He welcomes Fate, when Fate is near
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

No—to fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the king;
And all of us, whoe'er we be,
May carve us out that royalty.
Seneca, tr. by Leigh Hunt.

2397. NOVELS, Nature of.

A Novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft crammed full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page;
And oftener still of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought;
And miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself and truth at war:
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till, done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness.
These, like ephemera, sprung in a day,
From lean and shallow-soiled brains of sand,
And in a day expired: yet while they lived,
Tremendous ofttimes was the popular roar;
And cries of Live for ever! struck the skies. *Robert Pollok.*

2398. NOVELS, Vicious.

Ye writers of what none with safety reads,
Footing it in the dance that fancy leads;
Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,
Snivelling and drivelling folly without end,
Whose corresponding misses fill the ream

With sentimental frippery and dream,
Caught in a delicate soft silken net
By some lewd earl or rakeshell baronet;
Ye pimps who, under virtue's fair pretence,
Steal to the closet of young innocence,
And teach her, unexperienced yet and green,
To scribble as you scribble at fifteen;
Who, kindling a combustion of desire, [fire,
With some cold moral think to quench the
Though all your engineering proves in vain,
The dribble stream ne'er puts it out again:
Oh that a verse had power, and could command
Far, far away, these flesh-flies of the land,
Who fasten without mercy on the fair,
And suck, and leave a craving maggot there!
William Cowper.

2399. NOW, Then and.

Not *now*, my child—a little more rough toss-
A little longer on the billows' foam; [ing,
A few more journeyings in the desert-dark-
ness,
And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's home!
Not *now*—for I have wand'rers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient
love; [tains,
Not *now*—for I have sheep upon the moun-
And thou must follow them where'er they
rove.
Not *now*—for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly
smile? [row;
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sor-
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?
Not *now*—for wounded hearts are sorely bleed-
ing, [to sing;
And thou must teach those widowed hearts
Not *now*—for orphans' tears are thickly fall-
ing; [ing wing.
They must be gathered 'neath some shelter-
Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power.
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and
weary? [hour?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little
One little hour! and then the glorious crown-
ing, [palm;
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's
One little hour! and *then* the Hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm!

2400. OATHS, Frequent. *Mrs. C. Pennefather.*

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
Some men have surely then a peaceful life.
Whatever subject occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
Asseveration blustering in your face
Makes contradiction such a hopeless case;
In every tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain;
And even when sober truth prevails through-
out,
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
A Persian, humble servant of the sun,
Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
With adjurations every word impress,
Supposed the man a bishop, or, at least,
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;
Bowed at the close with all his graceful airs,
And begged an interest in his frequent pray
ers. *William Cowper.*

2401. OBEDIENCE, Perfect.

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay,
I run no risk, for come what will,
Thou always hast Thy way!

I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
F. W. Faber.

2402. OBLIVION, Emblem of.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.
Hannah Flagg Gould

2403. OBSERVATION, Diversity of.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, those from
guess;
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's, strife,
And all opinion's colors cast on life. [finds,
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows
Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolor'd through our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, [dyes.
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passion's wide rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
Alexander Pope.

2404. OBSERVATION, Points of.

There are points from which we can command our life;
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,
Jut out, dark, on the offing of the mind.
Philip James Bailey.

2405. OBSTINACY, Example of.

You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well bid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)—
His Jewish heart! [harder?)—
Shakespeare.

2406. OCCASIONS, Duties and.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key.
James Russell Lowell.

2407. OCEAN, Hymn on the.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know Thou would'st not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
And though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death:
In Ocean's cave, still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.
Emma Willard.

2408. OCEAN, Hymn to the.

Likeness of heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners,
Are buried in thee!

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep waters shines?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering West—
Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast.

Yes, thou art almighty,
Eternal, sublime,
Unweakened, unwasted,
Twin brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty, more lasting,
More chainless than thou!
John Augustus Shea.

2409. OCEAN, Worship of the.

The ocean looketh up to heaven as 'twere a living thing,
The homage of its waves is given in ceaseless worshipping.
They kneel upon the sloping sand, as bends the human knee, [of the sea!
A beautiful and tireless band, the priesthood
They pour the glittering treasures out which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about the watching hills of earth. *J. G. Whittier.*

2410. OFFERING, A Complete.

"Saviour, is there anything
I have failed to bring?
Lies my offering at Thy feet
Incomplete?
Lord, bethink Thee, I am poor;
Slender is my store;
Yea, my best is nothing worth
Even on earth—
Even to men: oh! then, how small
To the Lord of all,
Who, creating worlds anew,
As the dew
Sweeps them lightly from their place
In the fields of space;
Counts the universe as naught
But a thought!
Yet, since Thou hast deigned to ask,
Oh, how sweet the task
(Though the gift be poor) to bring
Everything!
Everything? Alas, this fear!
I may yet appear
Holding some dear bauble fast
At the last.
Saviour, is there anything
I have failed to bring?
Lies my offering incomplete
At Thy feet?"

Answered He, "If thou hast brought,
Clothing every thought,
Love to God, and love to man,
As men can;
Charity for all who stray
From the narrow way;
Eager hands to draw them back
And point the track;
Gifts according to thy store
For the needy poor;
In My suffering ones dost see
Even Me;
If thy tears are swift to flow
For thy brother's woe;
Having strength, if thou dost seek
To raise the weak:
If thou dost My mercy show
Even to thy foe;
Grant the pardon proffered thee
Full and free;
Yea, if thou thy will hast brought,
Crossing Mine in naught;
Faith that shall outlast thy breath,
Strong in death;
Matters not thy world's estate,
Be it small or great:
This thy offering, thou dost bring
Everything!"

"Nay, my Lord, my Lord!" I cried;
"I am sorely tried:
Nothing, nothing have I brought
That I ought!
Cold my love to Thee, Most High;
Cold my charity;
Idle hands and heart of stone
Are my own;
Mine an unsubdued will;
Faith that gropeth still:
Yet, O God my Righteousness!
Bless, oh! bless.
This at least, to Thee I bring—
Meek petitioning;
Humble penitence and pain:
Is it vain?
Strong desire to serve Thee more
Than I have before,
And in Thy suffering ones to see
Even Thee!
Now, indeed, my tears do flow
For all others' woe;
Tasting grief that doth surpass
All, alas!
Hear me, Lord of earth and sky!
At Thy feet I lie;
My confessions all I bring—
Everything.
Pitying Lord, wilt Thou despise
This my sacrifice?
Tell me, Saviour, do I bring
Anything?"

Answered He, "At last, at last,
Is thy pride o'erpast?
Little is thy best, indeed;
Great thy need.
Yet, beloved of My heart,
I for thee did smart;
On the cross, in thy dear stead,
Bowed My head;
Through Death's sharpest, sorest throes
I triumphant rose,
Even that thou mightest be
Raised with Me.
Is My love for thee grown less,
That I should not bless,
Or the lowliest sacrifice
Should despise?
Nay, but I am satisfied,
Having all beside,
Since that erring heart of thine,
On My shrine,
Broken, contrite, suppliant lies—
Sweetest sacrifice!
In that offering thou dost bring
EVERYTHING!"

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

2411. OFFERINGS, Heathen.

Of oil and cassia one the ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye the grain,
And make Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain;
Or, from their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise:
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the Powers to give him more;
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.

But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear;
A soul, where laws both human and divine
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.
Persius, by John Dryden.

2412. OFFERINGS, Personal.

They gave to Thee
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before Thy majesty, [sold?
Whom Thou redeemedst when we were
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that
Vile dirt and clay; [neither;
Yet it is soft, and may
Impression take. [rather;
Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou hadst
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine.
Jeremy Taylor.

2413. OLD AGE, Cheerful.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
And taking the year together, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Ay, God of the night, my darling—
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

2414. OLD AGE, Green.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men.
I am not old; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day. [cold,
For early memories round me throng—
Old times, and manners, and men—
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore miles and ten.

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.
I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray, [fair,
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and
As she was on her wedding-day.

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men,
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then.
And as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since, it cannot be long—
My years so soon were spent—
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong;
Yet now am I feeble and bent.
A dream, a dream—it is all a dream,
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart, forever young; [grow old,
Forever young—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung:
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young!
M. F. Tupper.

2415. OLD AGE, Happy.

His youth was innocent; his riper age [day;
Marked with some act of goodness every
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and
Faded his late declining years away. [sage,
Meekly he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well-spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limbs,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that Nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.
William Cullen Bryant.

2416. OLD AGE, Hopeful.

Though all our violets, sweet! are dead,
The primrose lost from fields we knew,
Who knows what harvest may be spread
For reapers brave like me and you?
Who knows what bright October suns
May light up distant valleys mild,
Where, as our pathway downward runs,
We see joy meet us, like a child.
Who, sudden, by the roadside stands,
To kiss the travellers' weary brows,
And lead them through the twilight lands
Safely unto their Father's house.
So we'll not dream, nor look back, dear!
But march right on, content and bold,
To where our life sets, heavenly clear,
Westward behind the hills of gold.

Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

2417. OLD AGE, Irreligious.

A shipwrecked sailor on a desert isle,
A lonely bark without supplies or compass,
Launching upon a dark, uncharted sea,
A houseless wanderer on an Arctic shore,
A thirsty traveller over desert sands,
Is wintry age with piety unblest. [things
And he who trusts and loves the glittering
O'er which corruption and decay have power,
Prepares the soil, and sows the seed, whose fruit
Is sorrow, disappointment, and despair.

Edward Hardy Dewart.

2418. OLD AGE, Ripe.

Therefore their latter journey to the grave
Was like those days of later autumn-tide,
When he who in some town may chance to bide
Opens the window for the balmy air,
And seeing the golden hazy sky so fair,
And from some city garden hearing still
The wheeling rooks the air with music fill,
Sweet hopeful music, thinketh, Is this spring,
Surely the year can scarce be perishing?
But then he leaves the clamor of the town,
And sees the withered scanty leaves fall down,
The half-ploughed field, the flowerless garden-plot,
The dark full stream by summer long forgot,
The tangled hedges where, relaxed and dead,
The twining plants their withered berries shed,
And feels therewith the treachery of the sun,
And knows the pleasant time is well nigh done.

William Morris.

2419. OLD AGE, Signs of.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet of late I often sigh,
"I'm growing old."

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold:
All whisper, in the plainest voice,
"I'm growing old."

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal with my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes,
I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings!
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings:
The light that beams from out the sky
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh
"I'm growing old."

John Godfrey Saxe.

2420. OLD AGE, Waiting.

A very aged Christian in a poor-house, being asked what he was doing now, replied, "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light the soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Mace.

2421. OLD YEAR, Reckoning with the.

Close up the Ledger, Time!
Slowly and sadly, but let it be,
Mournfully passeth by the year;
What are the records for you and me
Left by the failing fingers here?

What for passion, and what for love?
What for avarice and crime?
What for hope and the heaven above?
What of the Ledger, Time?

Close up the Ledger, Time!
Many a name, for good or ill,
Fills to the margin your blotted scroll;
Many a high and haughty will,
Many a low but humble soul;
Yet one page to each is given,
Marking the changing path we climb,
Holding the balance of hell or heaven—
What of the Ledger, Time?

Close up the Ledger, Time!
Say, are we creditors for aught?
Have we a store of noble deeds,
Springing from high and generous thought,
Such as our fallen brother needs?
Have we laid up for coming years
Words to weave in a funeral rhyme—
Names that will call up grateful tears?
What of the Ledger, Time?

Close up the Ledger, Time!
Say what promises hope has drawn;
Say what drafts stern truth has paid;
Say what bankrupt hopes have gone
In the grave with memory laid;
Say if the heart has kept its own,
Gathering beauty with lure and lime;
Say what fabrics are o'erthrown—
What of the Ledger, Time?

Close up the Ledger, Time!
Hark, the knell of the year gone by!
Have I run out my golden sand?
Where shall I be when the next shall die?
Where shall the soul within me stand?
Naught beyond but in guilt and crime:
Listen! I hear the New Year's bell?
Shut up the Ledger, Time!

2422. OLD YEAR, Works of the.

If ye tell of the sadness and evil I've wrought,
Yet remember the share of "good works"
I have done; [I've brought,
Ye should balance the clouds and the canker
With the grapes I have sent to be crushed in
the sun. [wise heads,
If I've added gray threads to the worldly-
I have deepened the chestnut of Infancy's
curl; [worm,
If I've cherished the germ of the shipwrecking
I have quickened the growth of the crown-
studding pearl: [pall,
If I've lengthened the yew till it brushes the
I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange
bloom swell; [wall,
If I've thickened the moss on the ruin's dank
I have strengthened the love-bower tendrils
as well. *Eliza Cook.*

2423. OMNIPOTENCE, Manifestations of.

The Almighty King,
Not always in the splendid scene of pomp
Tremendous, on the sounding tempest rides,
Or sweeping whirlwind; nor in the awful
Of echoing thunder is He always heard, [peal
Or seen in lightning's livid flames; but oft,
When every turbid element is hushed,
In the still voice of nature stands confest
The Lord Omnipotent. *Samuel Hayes.*

2424. OMNIPRESENCE, Comfort of.

Ever with Thee, Almighty Love, through all
the weary night— [light;
A joy above all other joy, a light above all
And all the day, where'er I stray, on path
bestrewn with flowers,
Or dight in winter's drapery, of snow, and
sleet, and showers.

Ever with Thee, Almighty Love! I lean upon
the breast [being, rest;
On which the universe of stars, with all their
That cares for many a thousand worlds, yet
ever cares for me,
And guides my way, by night and day,
where'er my wanderings be.

Ever with Thee, Almighty Love! Thy Son,
the King of kings,
To me the message of Thy love, writ in His
heart's blood, brings;
And when the blasts that shake the base of
earthly hopes o'ertake me,
He gently whispers in my ear, "I never will
forsake thee."

Ever with Thee, Almighty Love! When ly-
ing in the dust, [my trust;
I'll gather all Thy promises, and lean on them
Then rise refreshed, and journey on, assured
the end will be
A home in heaven for evermore, Almighty
Love, with Thee! *George Paulin.*

2425. OMNIPRESENCE, Proclaimed.

When o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light, and fair
Morn afar proclaimeth
Sweetly—God is there.
When the spring is wreathing
Flowers, rich and rare,
On each leaf is written,
Nature's God is there.
When the storm is howling
Through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
Tells us—God is there.
All the wide world's treasures,
Rich, or grand, or fair,
In each feature beareth
Graven—God is there.

2426. OMNISCIENCE, No Obscuration of.

Soul of the world, All-seeing Eye,
Where, where shall man Thy presence fly?
Say, would he climb the starry height?
All Heaven is instinct with Thy Light:
Dwell in the darkness of the grave?
Yea, thou art there to judge and save.
In vain on wings of morn we soar,
In vain the realms of space explore,

In vain retreat to shades of night,
For what can veil us from Thy sight?
Distance dissolves before Thy ray,
And darkness kindles into day.
William Peter.

2427. ONWARD, Ever.

Tell me the song of the beautiful Stars,
As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,
Looking, despite of our spirit's sin-scars,
Down on us tenderly, yearning to love us!
This is the song in their workshop sung,
Down thro' the world-jewelled universe rung:
"Onward forever, forevermore onward,"
And ever they open their loving eyes Sunward.

"Onward," shouts Earth with her myriad voices
Of music, aye answering the song of the Seven, [rejoices,
As like a wing'd child of God's love she
Swinging her censer of glory in heaven.
And lo! it is writ by the finger of God,
In sunbeams and flowers on the smiling green sod:
Onward forever, forevermore onward,
And ever she turneth all trustfully Sunward.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,
Who labor'd like gods among men, and have gone [fore us:
Like great bursts of sun on the dark way be-
They're with us, still with us, our battle fight on, [crowned hill,
Looking down victor-brow'd, from the glory-
They beckon, and beckon us, on, onward still:
And the true heart's aspirings are onward, still onward;
It turns to the Future, as earth turneth Sunward. *Gerald Massey.*

2428. ONWARD, Hurrying.

Hurrying on, hurrying on! [God;
Says a voice that speaks from the works of
And the rolling spheres, as they flame along
O'er the glorious paths of the great untrod,
Take up the sound and the strain prolong;
Nor cease they from chanting the mighty song,
We are hurrying, hurrying on!

Hurrying on, hurrying on!
Says the voice of Time; and his stealing feet
Are crossing the threshold, unbid, unseen,
And urging us on at each pulse's beat
From the past to the future—the pause between
Is the fleeting *now*—the feverish dream
Of the life that is hurrying on.

Hurrying on, hurrying on!
The busy throng of city and town,
The peaceful tiller of rural glades,
The warrior thirsting for bloody renown,
The prince and the beggar, however array'd,
Together approaching the solemn shade,
Are hurrying on, hurrying on!

Hurrying on, hurrying on!
The myriads that walk on this busy stage,
With youth's gay trip, with man's firm tread,
And the trembling steps of hoary age,
In untroubled sleep to lay their head
With the ghostly tribes, the slumbering dead,
They are hurrying, hurrying on!

2429. OPPORTUNITY, Alternative of.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. *Shakespeare.*

2430. OPPORTUNITY, Golden.

The golden opportunity
Is never offered twice; seize then the hour
When fortune smiles and duty points the way;
Nor shrink aside to 'scape the spectre fear,
Nor pause, though pleasure beckon from her bower;
But bravely bear thee onward to the goal.

2431. OPPORTUNITY, Guilt of.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's Treason;
Thou sett'st the Wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
Sits sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.
Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!
Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste;
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?
When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end,
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.
The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds;
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help; but sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd,
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.
Shakespeare.

2432. OPPORTUNITY, Prudence with.

Tyme is a thing that no man may resyst;
Tyme is trancytory and irreuocable.
Who sayeth the contrary, tyme passeth as hymlyst;
Tyme must be taken in season couenable;
Take tyme when tyme is, for tyme is aymutable;
All thynge hath tyme, who can for it prouyde;
Byde for tyme who wyll, for tyme wyll no man byde.
Tyme would be vsed when tyme is best;
Tyme to begyn, and tyme for to cease;
And when tyme is, to put thyselfe in prease,
And when tyme is, to hold thyselfe aback;
For tyme well spent can neuer haue lacke.
The rolys take theyr sap in time of vere;
In tyme of somer flowres fresh and grene;
In tyme of haruest men their corn shere;
In tyme of wynter the north wynde waxeth kene,
So bytterly bytinge the flowres be not sene;
The kalendis of Janus, with his frostes hore,
That tyme is when people must lyue vpon the store.
(A. D. 1568.) *John Skelton.*

2433. OPPORTUNITY, Use the.

Who, when the pilot warns, would lose the tide
By casting pebbles on the glassy sea?
Who to weave garlands in the flowery lea
Would far from home the waning hours abide?
What racer from his course would turn aside
To pick up apples from Hesperian tree?
What soldier, striving for the mastery,
Waste in Campanian sloth his manhood's pride?
CHRISTIAN, be wise! The tide is at its height,
Which now may waft thee to the wished-for shore: [flight:
Thy home's away, and swift the moments'
The goal, the crown's right on, thine eyes before:
The trumpet calls to gird thee for the fight;
Hark! now it sounds, but soon shall sound no more! *Bishop Mant.*

2434. OPPORTUNITY, Watch your.

A thousand years a poor man watched
Before the gate of Paradise:
But while one little nap he snatched,
It oped and shut. Ah! was he wise?
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2435. ORDER, Divine.

'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful—
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil, [wood.
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful—
But first the sorrowful and then the glad;
Tears for a day—for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark—
But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'Tis first the night—stern night of storm and war— [skies;
Long nights of heavy clouds and veiled
Then the far sparkle of the Morning-star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.
Horatius Bonar.

2436. ORDER, Law of.

Order is Heaven's first law—a glorious law,
Seen in those pure and beauteous isles of light
That come and go, as circling months fulfil
Their high behest. Nor less on earth discern'd, [sand,
'Mid rocks snow-clad, or wastes of herbless
Throughout all climes, beneath all varying skies,
Fixing for e'en the smallest flower that blooms
Its place of growth. *John Milton.*

2437. ORIGINAL SIN, Effects of.

A mystic cup was mixed of Adam's guilt,
And o'er the world and through the ages spilt.
It ev'ry brightness with a darkness tinged,
The earth from out its orbit it unhinged,
It burst discordant through volcanic vents,
It wrenched all nature's breast in earthquake rents,
It woke in wasp and brute all hatred's brood,
It stirred in each fierce breast the thirst for blood;
And when in course terrific it had run
Through every lower grade beneath the sun,
Its drops on human generations dripped,
And all their worth and virtue from them stripped. [flows
Out from that cup the direful stream still
Of poison, blackness, blasting fire, and woes,
O'erspreads creation with a pall of gloom,
And rises slowly toward the brim of doom.
Some sprinkling from that cup has spotted all,
And plunged them in a hopeless common fall, [fell,
Condemned past hope to writhe in tortures

Which ne'er can cleanse the destined hosts of hell.
One little sin that mystic cup did fill,
And yet it poured on, and poureth still
The tainting horrors of all pain and ill;
Nor will its dreadful pouring stop at last
Until the final flame the world shall blast,
And the everlasting sentence hath been passed.
When man's poor race exists on earth no more,
The frightful flood shall cease its issuing cup roar.
But then the boundless dregs of that small
In horrid hell shall all be gathered up,
To seethe and howl in endless anguish dire,
The food of deathless worm and quenchless fire,
Whose wails and dashing waves' eternal din
Proclaim in glee the victory of sin.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2438. ORPHANAGE, Spiritual.

An orphan, through the world
Unfriended did I roam,
I knew not that my Father lived,
Nor that I had a home.
No kindred might I claim,
No lover sought for me;
Mine was a solitary life,
Set in no family.
I yielded to despair,
I sorrowed night and morn—
I cried, Ah! good it were for me
If I had not been born!
At midnight came a Man—
He knocked upon my door:
He spake such tender words as man
Ne'er spake to me before.
I rose to let Him in,
I shook with fear and dread;
A lamp was shining in His hand,
A brightness round His head.
And who art Thou? I cried;
I scarce for awe might speak;
And why for such a wretch as I
Dost Thou at midnight seek?
Though thou hast stayed, He said,
From Me thou couldst not flee;
I am thy Brother and thy Friend,
And thou shalt share with Me!
For Me thou hast not sought,
I sought thee everywhere;
Thou hast a Father and a home,
With mansions grand and fair.
To thine inheritance
I came thy soul to bring;
Thou art the royal heir of heaven—
The daughter of the King!

Phœbe Cary.

2439. ORPHANS, Father of.

Is there a little orphan child,
Father and mother gone,
Who deems himself quite desolate,
Left in the world alone?
It is not so—while *Christ's* own words
On every lip are laid,
While each a *Father* hath in heaven
To cheer him and to aid.

O! let him seek the churchyard ground,
Some quiet summer even,
When calmly on his father's grave
Looks down the sunset heaven;
And let him gaze on the blue sky,
And dry the tears that gather,
In his dim eyes, and breathe a prayer,
Unto his other *Father*.

C. F. Alexander.

2440. PAIN, Hymn to.

Pain, my old companion, pain,
Seldom parted from my side,
Welcome to thy seat again;
Here, if God permits, abide.
Pledge of sure approaching ease,
Haste to stop my wretched breath;
Rugged messenger of peace,
Joyful harbinger of death.

Foe to nature as thou art,
I embrace thee as my friend:
Thou shalt bid my griefs depart,
Bring me to my journey's end.
Yes, I joyfully decay,
Homeward through thy help I haste:
Thou hast shook the house of clay;
Surely it will fall at last.

Kind remembrancer, to thee,
Many a cheerful thought I owe:
Witness of mortality,
Wise through thee, my end I know.
Warned by every pain I feel
Of my dissolution near,
Pleased the lessening hours I tell;
Quickly shall the last be here.

Sacred, salutary ill,
Thee though foolish man miscall,
Mingled by my Father's skill,
Sweet as honey is the gall.
Who beneath thy pressure groan,
Chief of ills who reckon thee,
Sin, alas! they ne'er have known;
Sin is perfect misery.

Free from sin I soon shall live,
Free from sin while here below;
Only thou may'st still survive
Till the joys of heaven I know,
Of my starry crown possest;
All thy office then is o'er.
When I gain the glorious Rest,
Pain and suffering are no more.

Charles Wesley.

2441. PALESTINE, Redemption of.

Oh, happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand [land;
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted
Though weak, and whelmed beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
Yet shalt thou rise; but not by war restored,
Not built in murder, planted by the sword

Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring—
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
Even now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land
That mighty angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright visions of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from His destined reign.
Bishop Heber.

2442. PARADISE, Clue to.

O there are gardens of the immortal kind,
That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent.
Hold fast the golden chain let down from heaven:
'Twill help your feet and wings. I feel its force
Drawn upwards: fastened to the pearly gate,
It guides the way unerring: happy clue
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest work,
All join'd by power divine, and ev'ry link is love.
Isaac Watts.

2443. PARADISE, Earthly.

The Paradise below, well named
A paradise, for never earth has worn
Such close similitude to heaven as there.
The breezes laden with a thousand sweets,
Not luscious, but invigorating, breathed
Ambrosial odors. Roses of all scents
Embower'd the walks; and flowers of every hue
Checker'd the green sward with mosaic.
Trees
Hung with ripe clustering fruit, or blossoming
With promise, on all sides solicited
Refreshment and repose. Perpetual springs
Flow'd, feeding with their countless rivulets
Eden's majestic river. By its banks
The birds warbled in concert; and the beasts
Roam'd harmless and unharm'd from dell to dell,
Or leap'd for glee, or slept beneath the shade,
The kid and lion nestling side by side.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2444. PARADISE, Longing for.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Cho. Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old:
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here:
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay?
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day. *F. W. Faber.*

2445. PARADISE, Prayer of.

O glorious Paradise! O lovely clime!
O God-built mansions! Joy of ev'ry saint!
Happy remembrance to all coming time!
Whisper, with all thy leaves, in cadence faint,
One prayer to Him who made them all,
One prayer for Adam in his fall!—
That He, who formed thy gates of yore,
Would bid those gates unfold once more,
That I had closed by sin;
And let me taste that holy tree
That giveth immortality
To them that dwell therein!
Or have I fallen so far from grace,
That mercy hath for me no place?
Theophanes.

2446. PARADISE, Satisfaction in.

Oh, Paradise must fairer be
Than any spot below!
My spirit pines for liberty;
Now let me thither go!

In Paradise, forever clear
The stream of love is flowing;
For every tear that I've shed here
A pearl therein is glowing.

In Paradise alone is rest;
Joy breathing, woe dispelling;
A heavenly wind fans every breast
Within that happy dwelling.

For every wounding thorn below
A rose shall blossom there;
And sweeter flowers than earth can show
Shall twine around my hair.

And every joy, that, budding, died,
Shall open there in bloom;
And Spring, in all her flowery pride,
Shall waken from the tomb.

And all the joys shall meet me there
For which my heart was pining,

Like golden fruit in gardens fair,
And flowers forever shining.

My youth, that fled so soon away,
And left me sad, decaying,
Shall there be with me every day
With bright wings round me playing.

All hopes, all wishes, all the love
I sighed for, pined for ever,
Shall bloom around me there above
And last with me forever.
Friedrich Rückert.

2447. PARDON, Experience of.

Thus far did I come laden with my sin,
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither. What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre; blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me.
John Bunyan.

2448. PARDON, Joy of.

Oh happy they who reach that place
Where sorrow cometh never;
Who rest within His loving arms
Forever and forever!
Since I have found a Saviour's love,
To Him my hopes are clinging;
I feel so happy all the time,
My heart is always singing.
A light I never knew before
Around my path is breaking,
And cheerful songs of grateful praise
My raptured soul is waking.
I feel like singing all the time,
I have no thought of sadness;
When Jesus washed my sins away
He turned my heart to gladness.

2449. PARENTS, Gratitude to.

Who that has feelings would not wish to be
A friend to parents, such as mine to me?
Who, in distress, broke their last crust in twain, [again;
And, though want pinched, the remnant broke
And still, if craving of their scanty bread,
Gave their last mouthful, that I might be fed!
Nor for their own wants tear-drops followed free; [me.
Worse anguish stung—they had no more for
And now hope's sun is looking brighter out,
And spreading thin the clouds of fear and doubt,
That long, in gloomy sad suspense to me,
Hid the long-waited smiles I wished to see;
And now, my parents, helping you is sweet—
The rudest havoc fortune could complete,
A piteous couple, little blest with friends,
Where pain and poverty have had their ends.
I'll be thy crutch, my father! lean on me;
Weakness knits stubborn while it's bearing thee: [frown
And hard shall fall the shock of fortune's
To eke thy sorrows, ere it breaks me down.
My mother, too, thy kindness shall be met,
And ere I'm able will I pay the debt;
For what thou'st done and what gone through for me [thee;
My last-earned sixpence will I break with
And when my dwindled sum wont more divide,
Then take it all—to fate I'll leave the rest:
In helping thee I'll always feel a pride,
Nor think I'm happy, till we both are blest.
Clare.

2450. PARENTS, Indulgent.

By Satan's subtlety beguiled,
To Satan's school they send,
And each delights the favorite child
To humor and commend.
The proud with ranker pride they fill,
Heighten their worst disease,
And fondly soothe the stubborn will
To tenfold stubbornness.

With lust of pleasure, wealth, and fame,
Their children they inspire,
And every vain desire inflame,
And every passion fire.
They wish them good, but rather great,
Religious, but genteel;
Pious, yet fond of pomp and state;
As heaven would mix with hell.

Adorned in pearl and rich array
You see the murderer's prize!
As, crowned with flowers, the victims gay
Are led to sacrifice.
Down a broad, easy way they glide
To endless misery;
And curse their doting parents' pride
To all eternity. *Charles Wesley.*

2451. PARENTS, Sainted.

Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
William Cowper.

2452. PARENTS, Tyrannic.

With notions fraught, the Stoics sour
Pursue their rigid plan;
In weakness look for perfect power,
In babes the strength of man.
The wisdom ripe of hoary hairs
From children they require;
Till time their scheme in pieces tears,
And all in smoke expire.

Harassed by long domestic war,
With scarce a trace between,
The children's tender minds abhor
The Egyptian discipline.
They quite throw off the yoke severe,
O'er nature's wilds to rove,
And hate the objects of their fear,
Whom they could never love.
Charles Wesley.

2453. PARTING, Consolation in.

But one of our household number
Sits not by the hearth-fire's light,
And right on her pathway beating
Is the rain of this autumn night.
And therefore my heart is heavy
With a sense of unquiet pain,
For, but Heaven can tell if the parted
Shall meet in the earth again.
But knowing God's love extendeth
Wherever His children are,
And tenderly round about them
Are the arms of His watchful care;
With Him be the time and the season
Of our meeting again with thee,
Whether here on these earthly borders,
Or the shore of the world to be.
Phœbe Carey.

2454. PARTING, Death's.

Peace! what can tears avail!
She lies all dumb and pale,
And from her eye
The spirit of lovely life is fading—
And she must die! [braiding?
Why looks the lover wroth—the friend up-
Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long
Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?
Then why not die?
Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,
And hopeless lie? [morrow?
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-
Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms!
And with her fly [ness,
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in bright-
The angels lie! [whiteness?
Wilt bear her there, O death! in all her
Reply, reply! *B. W. Procter.*

2455. PASSION, Language of.

Passion, when deep, is still—the glaring eye
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,
The lip that curls and writhes in bitterness,
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide
The keen, fixed orbs that burn and flash be-
low, [the foot
The hand firm clenched and quivering, and
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart
Its vengeance, are the language it employs.
James Gates Percival.

2456. PASSION, The Ruling.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigor just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
The frugal crone, whom praying priests
attend,
Still tries to save the hallowed taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint
provoke," [spoke;)
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless
face: [dead;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."
The courtier smooth, who forty years had
shined
An humble servant to all human-kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue
could stir,
"If, where I'm going, I could serve you,
sir?" *Alexander Pope.*

2457. PASSIONS, Governing the.

Thou must chain thy passions down:
Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire, they must obey.
They are good, in subject state,
To strengthen, warm, and animate;
But if once we let them reign,
They sweep with desolating train,
'Till they but leave a hated name,
A ruined soul, and blackened fame.
Eliza Cook.

2458. PASSIONS, Trial of the.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air:
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She called on Echo still through all her song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose. He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state; of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And, now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound:
Through glades and glooms, the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay.
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing)
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung!
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hands addressed,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempé's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;)
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.
William Collins.

2459. PASSIONS, Youthful.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds, of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as passion flies,
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit, forbidden to our wants.
Lord Byron.

2460. PAST, Progress in the.

O sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here—
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold:
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.
J. G. Whittier.

2461. PAST, Triumphs of the.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.
Far in thy realm withdrawn,
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.
Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the ground,
And last, man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.
Thou hast my better years,

Thou hast my earlier friends; the good, the
Yielded to thee with tears; [kind,
The venerable form, the exalted mind.
My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back; yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.
In vain; thy gates deny
All passage, save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye [heart.
Thou giv'st them back; nor to the broken
In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown; to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;
Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,
Love, that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years and faltered not in death.
Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.
Thine for a space are they,
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!
All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.
They have not perished; no!
Kind words, remembered voices, once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.
All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner, in thy reign.
And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave; the beautiful and young.
William Cullen Bryant.

2462. PASTOR, Exemplary.

A true good man there was of religion,
Pious and poor, the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work,
And thereto a right learned man; a clerk
That Christ's pure gospel would sincerely
And his parishioners devoutly teach. [preach,
This noble ensample to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterward he
taught
The word of life he from the gospel caught;
And well this comment added he thereto,
If that gold rusteth what should iron do?
Not of reproach imperious or malign,
But in his teaching soothing and benign;
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.
Geoffrey Chaucer.

2463. PASTOR, Inconsistent.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own road. *Shakespeare.*

2464. PATIENCE, Angel of.

To cheer, to help us, children of the dust,
More than one angel has Our Father given;
But one alone is faithful to her trust,
The best, the brightest exile out of heaven.

Her ways are not the ways of pleasantness;
Her paths are not the lightsome paths of joy;
She walks with wrongs that cannot find re-
dress, [destroy.
And dwells in mansions Time and Death

She waits until her stern precursor, Care,
Has lodged on foreheads, open as the morn,
To plough his deep, besieging trenches there—
The signs of struggles which the heart has
borne.

But when the first cloud darkens in our sky,
And face to face with Life we stand alone,
Silent and swift, behold! she draweth nigh,
And mutely makes our sufferings her own.

Unto rebellious souls, that, mad with Fate,
To question God's eternal justice dare,
She points above with looks that whisper,
"Wait—
What seems confusion here is wisdom there."

Daughter of God! who walkest with us here,
Who mak'st our every tribulation thine,
Such light hast thou in Earth's dim atmos-
phere,
How must thy seat in heaven exalted shine!
Bayard Taylor.

2465. PATIENCE, Example of.

O ye, whose hearts in secret bleed
O'er transient hope, like morning dew,
O'er friendship faithless in your need,
Or love to all its vows untrue,
Who shrink from persecution's rod,
Or slander's fang, or treachery's tone,
Look meekly to the Son of God,
And in His griefs forget your own.
Forsaken are ye?—so was He;
Reviled?—yet check the 'vengeful word;
Rejected?—should the servant be
Exalted o'er his suffering Lord?
Nor deem that Heaven's omniscient eye
Is e'er regardless of your lot:
Deluded man from God may fly,
But when was man by God forgot?
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

2466. PATIENCE, Influence of.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.
There's quiet in that Angel's glance!
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;

But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.
Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!
O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"
John Greenleaf Whittier.

2467. PATIENCE, Lessons of.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear
against the earth; [seed has birth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its
little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and
the blade stands up in day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! the germs of
mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must
underground be wrought;
But as sure as there's a power that makes the
grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the
blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient! go and watch
the wheat ears grow—
So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor
change nor throe— [fully grown,
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is
And then again day after day, till the ripened
field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient! though yet our
hopes are green, [with sunny sheen.
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crowned
Be ripening! be ripening! mature your
silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with
fire on freedom's harvest day!

2468. PATIENCE, Success of.

Haste not: the flying courser, over-heated,
dies,
While step by step the patient camel goal-
ward plies. *Oriental.*

2469. PATRIOTISM, Female.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—
Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;
All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!
John Greenleaf Whittier.

2470. PATRIOTISM, Innate.

But where to find the happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they
gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share

Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessing even.
Oliver Goldsmith.

2471. PATRIOTISM, Lack of.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.
Sir Walter Scott.

2472. PATRIOTISM, Shrines of.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!
William Collins.

2473. PATRIOTISM, Universal.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life:
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
James Montgomery.

2474. PATTERN, Neglecting the.

A weaver sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And tears fell on the woof,
For his thoughts, alas! were not with his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof;

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as she sadly said:
"Ah, woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what will we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked, and saw
His work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colors dimmed,
Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack, alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!"

Ah! sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife;
And sad it will be for us if we say,
At the end of our task of life,

"The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stained
The woof with bitter tears.

"We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope, and love—
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above!"
Phœbe Carey.

2475. PAUPER, Death of a.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend:
Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then—
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there* so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Caroline Bowles.

2476. PAUPER, Funeral of a.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot—
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

Thomas Noel.

2477. PEACE, Christ's.

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glittered white,
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was high;
Then said the God of God—
"Peace! It is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

Jesu, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth—
"Peace! It is I."

Anatolius, tr. by J. M. Neale.

2478. PEACE, Coming.

Drums and battle cries
Go out in music of the morning star;
And soon we shall have thinkers in the place
Of fighters; each found able as a man
To strike electric influence through a race,
Unstayed by city-wall and barbican.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

2479. PEACE, Divine.

Peace upon peace, like wave on wave,
This is the portion that I crave;
The peace of God which passeth thought,
The peace of Christ which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,
Peace like the morning's silent glow,
From day to day, in love supplied,
An endless and unebbing tide.

Peace flowing on, without decrease,
From Him who is our joy and peace,
Who, by His reconciling blood,
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.

Peace through the night and through the day,
Peace through all windings of our way,
In pain, and toil, and weariness,
A deep and everlasting peace.

O King of peace, this peace bestow
Upon a stranger here below;
O God of peace, Thy peace impart
To every troubled, trembling heart.

Peace from the Father and the Son,
Peace from the Spirit, all His own;
Peace that shall nevermore be lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Horatius Bonar.

2480. PEACE, Love and.

There is a story told [cold,
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate [hate."
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
With pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank
To handbreadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Brooding above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song,
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"
John G. Whittier.

2481. PEACE, Seeking.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I hum- [bly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No:
Go seek elsewhere."

I did, and, going, did a rainbow note:
"Surely," thought I,
"This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter:"
But, while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower—
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell;"
But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man,
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived: yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes;
But, after death, out of His grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many, wondering at, got some of [those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon dis- [perse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtues lie therein—
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden [grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it, and then repose;
And Peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there." *George Herbert.*

2482. PENITENCE, Tears of.

Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering stain of earthly years
Effaced by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow
In bright exhalement reach the skies.
Go, let me weep.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.
Leave me to sigh.
Thomas Moore.

2483. PENITENT, Prayer of the.

Softly the penitent
Offers his prayer;
Now doth his yielding soul
Heavenward repair,
Saying, "From all my heart
Sin I dethrone;
Saviour-Lord! Saviour-Lord!
Be Thou mine own!"

Hark! 'tis the Saviour-Lord!
Calls from above;

Gently He speaketh words
Flowing with love,
Saying, "For thee have I
Died to atone;
Penitent! Penitent!
Thou art *My* own."

Henceforth, the penitent
Liveth to God;
Walks he with gladsome feet
Where Jesus trod,
Saying, "From all my heart
Sin I dethrone;
Saviour-Lord! Saviour-Lord!
Thou *art* mine own!"

2484. PERFECTION, Degree of.

Press to the mark (the Spirit cries,
And cannot cry to saints in vain);
Ambitious of your calling's prize,
The height of holiness attain.
Let down from heaven the ladder see,
And mount, till all the steps are past.
Perfection is the last degree,
Perfection is attained the last.
Charles Wesley.

2485. PERFECTION, Natural.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light [nish,
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to gar-
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.
Shakespeare.

2486. PERFECTION, Way of.

Oh, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!
God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

Oh! utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.
A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee farther on.
The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task—
Oh! these are graces far below
What longing love would ask.

Dole not thy duties out to God;
But let thy hand be free:
Look long at Jesus: His sweet blood—
How was it dealt to thee?

The perfect way is hard to flesh:
It is not hard to love.
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

Oh! keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee:
Perfection lies in this.
Be docile to thine unseen Guide;
Love Him as He loves thee:
Faith and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.
F. W. Faber.

2487. PERSEVERANCE, Call to.

Come, labor on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
"Go, work to-day"?

Come, labor on:
The laborers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks sup
plied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is "Come."

Come, labor on:
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

Come, labor on:
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labor on:
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shal
O Lord, with Thee! [be,

2488. PERSEVERANCE, Christian.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold I come!
Horatius Bonar.

2489. PERSEVERANCE, Reward of.

He who flies,
In war or peace, who his great purpose yields,
He is the only villain of this world:
But he who labors firm and gains his point,
Be what it will, which crowns him with success,
He is the son of fortune and of fame;
By those admir'd, those specious villains most,
That else had bellow'd out reproach against
him. *James Thomson.*

Hast thou attempted greatness? Then go on;
Back-turning slackens resolution.
Robert Herrick.

Perseverance is a virtue [cess
That wins each god-like act, and plucks suc-
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger. *William Havard.*

2490. PHILANTHROPY, Power of.

She stood outside the gate of heaven and saw them entering in, [in blood from sin.
A world-long train of shining ones, all washed
The hero-martyr in that blaze uplifted his strong eye, [nativity!
And trod firm the reconquered soil of his
And he who had despised his life, and laid it down in pain, [up again.
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it
The holy one, who had met God in desert cave alone, [Father's throne.
Feared not to stand with brethren around the
They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of light and flame, [halo came.
Circled with them about as with a glowing
And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for earth to buy, [eternally.
Now passèd through the golden gate, to live
And when into the glory the last of all did go,
"Thank God! there *is* a heaven," she cried, "though mine is endless woe."
The angel of the golden gate said: "Where, then, dost thou dwell?
And who art thou that enterest not?" "A soul escaped from hell."
"Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in hell can never be;
God's angel could not, if he would, bar up this door from thee." [entered there,
She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly
Breathed free the blessed air of heaven, and knew her native air.

2491. PHILANTHROPY, Reward of.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." [not so,"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay,
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!
Leigh Hunt.

2492. PHILANTHROPY, Works of.

From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crowned,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow, [woe.
Mild Howard journeying seeks the house of
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud and fetters clank,
To caves bestrewed with many a mouldering bone,
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan,
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows;
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil and prodigal of health;
Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains;
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life—
Onward he moves! disease and death retire;
And murmuring demons hate him and admire.
E. Darwin.

2493. PHILOSOPHY, Baffled.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
The attractive amber's power, invisible
Even to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from the electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it! Baffled here
By His Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands with all His circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn, in th' ethereal space,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.
Christopher Smart.

2494. PHILOSOPHY, Instinctive.

Behold
Where yon pellucid, populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel, in the reflecting glass,
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May, with astonishment invidious, view
His toils out-done by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing,
From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.
Christopher Smart.

2495. PHILOSOPHY, Toils of.

Philosophy
Did much, refining and exalting man;
But could not nurse a single plant that bore
True happiness. From age to age she toiled;
Shed from her eyes the mist that dimmed them still, [tame,
Looked forth on man; explored the wild and
The savage and polite, the sea and land,
And starry heavens; and then retired far back
To meditation's silent shady seat; [weighed
And there sat pale, and thoughtfully, and

With wary, most exact and scrupulous care,
Man's nature, passions, hopes, propensities,
Relations, and pursuits, in reason's scale;
And searched and weighed, and weighed and
searched again,
And many a fair and goodly volume wrote,
That seemed well worded too, wherein were
found
Uncountable receipts, pretending each,
If carefully attended to, to cure
Mankind of folly; to root out the briars,
And thorns, and weeds that choked the growth
of joy:
And showing, too, in plain and decent phrase,
Which sounded much like wisdom's, how to
plant,
To shelter, water, culture, prune, and rear
The tree of happiness; and oft their plans
Were tried; but still the fruit was green and
sour. *Robert Pollok.*

2496. PIETY, Equality of.

I do confess that I abhor and shrink
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly;
My soul revolts at such bare hypocrisy,
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
The Lord of Hosts with an exclusive lord
Of this world's aristocracy.
It will not own a notion so unholy
As thinking that the rich by easy trips [lowly
May go to heaven, whereas the poor and
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial-sod,
Where all mankind are equalized by death;
Another place there is—the fane of God,
Where all are equal who draw living breath;
Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole,
He who can come beneath that awful cope,
In the dread presence of a Maker just,
Who metes to every pinch of human dust
One even measure of immortal hope:
He who can stand within that holy door,
With soul unbowed by that pure spirit-level,
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,
Might sit for Hell, and represent the Devil!
Thomas Hood.

2497. PIETY, Importance of.

"Are virtue, then, and piety the same?"
No—piety is more; 'tis virtue's source—
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
They smile at piety, yet boast aloud [part
Good will to men; nor know they strive to
What nature joins, and thus confute them-
With piety begins all good on earth; [selves.
'Tis the first-born of rationality. [lies—
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good:
A feigned affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's
sake.
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man:
Some sinister intent taints all he does,
And in his kindest actions, he's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
The whirls of passion, and the strokes of
heart. *Edward Young.*

2498. PIETY, Intelligence and.

Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right?
The fix'd fee-simple of the vain and light?
Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an
hour,
That come to waft us out of sorrow's power,
Obscure or quench a faculty that finds
Its happiest soil in the serenest minds?
Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,
And brings the trifler under rigorous sway,
But gives it usefulness unknown before,
And purifying, makes it shine the more.
A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth; [state,
Temperance and peace insure its healthful
And make it brightest at its latest date.
William Cowper.

2499. PIETY, Secret of.

A pining sceptic towards a raptured saint in-
clined, [God, to find.
And asked him how the Boundless Lover,
A smile divine across the saint's pale features
stole, [soul:
As thus in wise and pitying love he poured his
"Ah, hapless wanderer! long from life's
true bliss shut out, [doubt,
In night of sin forlorn and wilderness of
Prepared am I with thy sad lot to sympathize,
For o'er my own dim tracks thy dark experi-
ence lies. [tell
Now list and ponder deep, the secret while I
Of all the lore with which angelic bosoms
swell. [crawls the sod,
Whoso would careless tread one worm that
That cruel man is darkly alienate from God;
But he that lives, embracing all that is, in
love,
To dwell with him God bursts all bounds,
below, above." *Oriental.*

2500. PIETY, Womanly.

Right from the hand of God her spirit came
Unstained, and she hath ne'er forgotten
whence
It came, nor wandered far from thence,
But laboreth to keep her still the same,
Near to her place of birth, that she may not
Soil her white raiment with an earthly spot.
Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above, that she forgets her ties to earth, [be
But her whole thought would almost seem to
How to make glad one lowly human hearth;
For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought, and word, and feeling so to live
As to make earth next heaven; and her heart

Herein doth show its most exceeding worth,
That, bearing in our frailty her just part,
She hath not shrunk from evils of this life,
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,
And all its sins and sorrows hath withstood
With lofty strength of patient womanhood:
For this I love her great soul more than all,
That, being bound, like us, with earthly thrall,
She walks so bright and heaven-like therein—
Too wise, too meek, too womanly, to sin.
James Russell Lowell.

2501. PILGRIM, Encouragement of the.

Cheerful, O Lord! at Thy command
I bind my sandals on;
I take my pilgrim's staff in hand,
And go to seek the better land,
The way Thy feet have gone.

I oft shall think, when on my way,
Some bitter grief I meet;
"This path hath echoed with His moan,
And every rude and flinty stone
Hath bruised His blessed feet."

Fainting and sad along the road,
Thou layest on my head
The hands they fasten'd to the tree,
The hands that paid the price for me,
The hands that brake the bread.

Thou whisperest some pleasant word,
I catch the much-loved tone;
I feel *Thee* near, my gracious Lord!
I know Thou keepest watch and ward,
And all my grief is gone.

From every mountain's rugged peak
The far-off land I view;
And from its fields of fadeless bloom
Come breezes laden with perfume,
And fan my weary brow.

There peaceful hills and holy vales
Sleep in eternal day;
While rivers, deep and silent, glide
'Twixt meads and groves on either side,
Through which the blessed stray.

There He abides who is of heaven
The loveliest and the best;
His face, when shall I gaze upon!
Or share with the beloved John
The pillow of His breast!

2502. PILGRIM, Journey of the.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!
Blood must be my body's 'balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains.
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first to quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel—
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees;
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms—
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon, [spread,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and
Set on my soul an everlasting head:
Then am I, like a palmer, fit [writ.
To tread those blest paths which before I
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

2503. PILGRIM, Joys of the.

Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock, He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

Hark! it is the Saviour's voice,
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest.
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought, by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?

From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains;
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief shall die,
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

2504. PILGRIM, Path of the.

Gentle pilgrim, tell me why
Dost thou fold thine arms and sigh,
And wistful cast thine eyes around?
Whither, pilgrim, art thou bound?
"The road to Zion's gates I seek;
If thou canst inform me, speak,"
Keep yon right-hand path with care,
Though crags obstruct, and brambles tear;
You just discern a narrow track—
Enter there, and turn not back.
"Say, where that pleasant pathway leads,
Winding down yon flowery meads?
Song or dance the way beguiles,
Every face is drest in smiles."
Shun with care that flowery way;
'Twill lead thee, pilgrim, far astray.
"Guide or counsel do I need?"
Pilgrim, he who runs may read.
"Is the way that I must keep,
Crossed by waters wide and deep?"
Did it lead through flood or fire,
Thou must not stop—thou must not tire.
"Till I have my journey past,
Tell me, will the daylight last?
Will the sky be bright and clear
Till the evening shades appear?"
Though the sun now rides so high,
Clouds may veil the evening sky;
Fast sinks the sun, fast wears the day,
Thou must not stop—thou must not stay—
God speed thee, pilgrim, on thy way!
Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

2505. PILGRIMS, Landing of the.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
To the Anthem of the Free! [rang

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines by the forest roar'd
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that Pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither *there*,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high;
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar!
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God! [*Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*

2506. PITY, Absence of.

"Pity" thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine!
Willis' Parrhasius.

2507. PITY, Law of.

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?
Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?
Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!
And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear?
And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?
And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!
He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.
Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.
Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy:

Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.
William Blake.

2508. PLEASURE, Clog of.

Who after wisdom flies must guard both foot and wing
From pleasure's honey, or therein he'll stick and cling. *Oriental.*

2509. PLEASURE, Empire of.

Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers. . .
For her contend the rival gods above.
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
And well it is for man that pleasure charms.
How would all stagnate but for Pleasure's ray!
How would the frozen stream of action cease!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure: that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some most affect the black, and some the fair;
Some honest pleasure court, and some obscene.
Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark. . .
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no single sacrifice may fall;
For her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The Stoic proud, *for pleasure* pleasure scorns;
For her, Affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.
Thus universal her despotic power!
Edward Young.

2510. PLEASURE, Excess of.

But not even pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low:
When springtide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The further back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.
James Thomson.

2511. PLEASURE, Imaginary.

Howe'er, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through Fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleasures find
To combat against real cares.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration;
Pleas'd when his reason he deceives;
And sets his judgment by his passion.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desperate bet upon to-morrow.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.
Sir Thomas Wyatt.

2512. PLEASURE, Personified.

Of comely form she was, and fair of face;
And underneath her eyelids sat a kind
Of witching sorcery that nearer drew
Whoever with unguarded look beheld;
A dress of gaudy hue loosely attired
Her loveliness; her air and manner frank,
And seeming free of all disguise; her song
Enchanting; and her words, which sweetly dropt,
As honey from the comb, most large of promise,
Still prophesying days of new delight,
And rapturous nights of undecaying joy;
And in her hand, where'er she went, she held
A radiant cup that seemed of nectar full;
And by her side danced fair, delusive Hope.
The fool pursued, enamored; and the wise,
Experienced man, who reasoned much, and thought,
Was sometimes seen laying his wisdom down,
And vying with the stripling in the chase.
Nor wonder thou: for she was really fair;
Decked to the very taste of flesh and blood,
And many thought her sound within, and gay
And healthy at the heart; but thought amiss
For she was full of all disease: her bones
Were rotten; consumption licked her blood, and drank
Her marrow up; her breath smelled mortally;
And in her bowels plague and fever lurked;
And in her very heart, and reins, and life,
Corruption's worm gnawed greedily unseen.
Many her haunts. Thou might'st have seen her now
With Indolence, lolling on the mid-day couch,
And whispering drowsy words; and now at dawn,
Loudly and rough, joining the sylvan horn;
Or sauntering in the park, and to the tale
Of slander giving ear; or sitting fierce,
Rude, blasphemous, malicious, raving, mad,
Where fortune to the fickle die was bound.
But chief she loved the scene of deep debauch,
Where revelry, and dance, and frantic song
Disturbed the sleep of honest men. And where
The drunkard sat, she entered in, well pleased,
With eye brimful of wanton mirthfulness,
And urged him still to fill another cup.
And at the shadowy twilight—in the dark
And gloomy night, I looked and saw her come
Abroad, arrayed in harlot's soft attire;
And walk without in every street, and lie
In wait at every corner, full of guile:
And, as the unwary youth of simple heart,
And void of understanding, passed, she caught
And kissed him, and, with lips of lying, said:
I have peace-offerings with me; I have paid
My vows this day; and therefore came I forth
To meet thee, and to seek thee diligently,

To seek thy face, and I have found thee here.
My bed is decked with robes of tapestry,
With carved work, and sheets of linen fine;
Perfumed with aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon.
Sweet are stolen waters! pleasant is the bread
In secret eaten! the good man is from home.
Come let us take our fill of love till morn
Awake; let us delight ourselves with loves.
With much fair speech she caused the youth to yield; [tongue.
And forced him with the flattering of her
I looked, and saw him follow to her house,
As goes the ox to slaughter; as the fool
To the correction of the stocks; or bird
That hastes into the subtle fowler's snare,
And knows not, simple thing, 'tis for its life.
I saw him enter in, and heard the door
Behind them shut; and in the dark, still night,
When God's unsleeping eye alone can see,
He went to her adulterous bed. At morn
I looked, and saw him not among the youths.
I heard his father mourn, his mother weep:
For none returned that went with her. The dead [hell:
Were in her house; her guests in depths of
She wove the winding-sheet of souls, and laid
Them in the urn of everlasting death. [earth,
Such was the Shadow fools pursued on
Under the name of pleasure—fair outside,
Within corrupted, and corrupting still:
Ruined, and ruinous: her sure reward,
Her total recompense, was still, as he,
The bard, recorder of Earth's Seasons, sung,
"Vexation, disappointment, and remorse."
Yet at her door the young and old, and some
Who held high character among the wise,
Together stood—and strove among themselves
Who first should enter, and be ruined first.
Strange competition of immortal souls!
To sweat for death! to strive for misery!
But think not Pleasure told her end was death.
Even human folly then had paused at least,
And given some signs of hesitation; nor
Arrived so hot, and out of breath at woe.
Though contradicted every day by facts,
That sophistry itself would stumble o'er,
And to the very teeth a liar prove
Ten thousand times, as if unconscious still
Of inward blame, she stood, and waved her hand,
And pointed to her bower, and said to all
Who passed: Take yonder flowery path; my steps
Attend; I lead the smoothest way to heaven;
This world receive as surety for the next.
And many simple men, most simple, though
Renowned for learning much, and wary skill,
Believed, and turned aside, and were undone.

Robert Pollok.

2513. PLEASURE, Power of.

Of pleasure next the final cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, Pleasure came from heaven.
In aid to reason was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure first succors virtue; in return,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign. [faith,
What but the pleasure of food, friendship,
Supports life natural, civil, and divine?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause we please;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief we pray,
(All prayer would cease, if unbelieved the prize).
It serves ourselves, our species, and our GOD;
And to serve more is past the sphere of man.
Glide, then, forever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows.

Edward Young.

2514. PLEASURE, Pride and.

We wear the chains of pleasure and of pride:
These share the man, and these distract him too; [mands.
Draw different ways, and clash in their com-
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shared by brute creation, pride resents,
Pleasure embraces; man would both enjoy;
And both at once a point how hard to gain!
But what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise.
Since joys of sense can't rise to reason's taste,
In subtle sophistry's laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the graces the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a plump god to fill the bowl;
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates, scatters to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus, that which shock'd the judgment, shocks no more: [offends.
That which gave Pride offence, no more
Pleasure and Pride, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal which in man shall reign,
By wit's address patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch—
From rank, refined to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off the indebted blush
From Nature's cheek, and brouzes every shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.

Edward Young.

2515. PLEASURE, Sensuous.

One said, "Better a single drop of pleasure,
Than to possess a hogshead full of wisdom."
Such thought it fitteth a hog's head to treasure,
In filthy dregs of sense appointing his doom;
But sooth, one drop of wisdom is far better
Than pleasure in whole bottomless abysses:
For sense's fool must wear remorse's fetter,
When duty's servant reigns where endless bliss is.

Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2516. POET, Priesthood of the.

A priest by Heaven ordained,
The Poet-seer at Nature's altar stands
To offer reverent worship for his race;
To coin in burning language golden truths,
Bodied in nature's hieroglyphic forms;
And word the grateful joy, and trusting love
And hope, which thousands feel but cannot speak. *Edward Hartley Dewart.*

2517. POETRY, Effect of.

Hearken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
George Herbert.

2518. POETRY, Instinct of.

There breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child,
The infant listening to the warbling bird,
The mother smiling at its half-formed word:
The boy uncaged, who tracks the field at large, [charge;
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like
The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;
The slave who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain;
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the wine, [syne;"
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn; [near
The jewelled beauty, when her steps draw
The circling dance and dazzling chandelier;
E'en trembling age, when spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered hair—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2519. POETRY, Nature's.

The world is full of poetry; the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonics, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.
J. G. Percival.

2520. POSITION, Judging by.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what you will;
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learned, more just, more everything. *Alexander Pope.*

2521. POSSESSION, Law of.

What men gain fairly—that they should possess,
And children may inherit idleness, [sess,
From him who earns it—this is understood;
Private injustice may be general good.
But he who gains by base and armed wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled; even as a stolen dress
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

2522. POSSIBILITY, Contemplating.

O the burdens of the dreams that have long been dead, [that clung!
And the brightness of the hopes to my soul
O the sadness of the tears that never were shed,
And the sweetness of the songs that never were sung! [sin,
There is nothing a man knows, in grief or in
Half so bitter as to think, *What I might have been!* *William Rounseville Alger.*

2523. POSSIBILITY, Lost.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been; [well;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Fare-
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell;
Cast up thy life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered, the frail screen.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

2524. POVERTY, Burden of.

To mortal men great loads allotted be;
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.
Robert Herrick.

2525. POVERTY, Contented.

Cleon hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I; [not buy;
Half the charms to *me* it yieldeth, money can-
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness—freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian; richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am I; [have I.
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in Nature—in a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing in the sea and sky.

Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener,
I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would
change? Not I. *Charles Mackay.*

2526. POVERTY, Happiness with.

Think you, indeed, Fate is unkind,
In poverty's dull chains to bind
Or fetter my aspiring mind?
Ah! think again:
Lady, my Father is a King:
Around His throne immortals sing,
Their faces veil!
This beauteous world, this air-hung ball,
Sun, moon, and stars, both great and small,
My Father made, and owns them all:
I am not poor.
And, when I read His Legacy, I find
That He has willed to me a kingdom,
And I shall be of it possessed.
I would not change my happy state
For all the honors of the great,
Or pleasures which around them wait:
They are vanity.
Poverty never was designed
To chain and fetter down the mind;
There are boundless fields to range, I find,
In Jesus' grace.
I have no idolized gold,
To canker or corrode my soul,
Or in this world my heart to hold:
Praised be God!

2527. POVERTY, Honorable.

Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul:
Say man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild the span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to the just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.
Burns.

2528. POVERTY, Riches of.

Why art thou cast down, my heart?
Why trouble, why dost mourn apart,
O'er naught but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God, be not afraid,
He is thy Friend, who all things made!

Dost think thy prayers He doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need;
And heaven and earth are His!
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

The rich man in his wealth confides;
But in my God my trust abides.
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast, that He hath taught:
Who trusts in God shall want for naught.

Yes, Lord: Thou art as rich to-day
As Thou hast been, and shall be aye:
I rest on Thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 'tis enough for earth and heaven!
Hans Sachs.

2529. POVERTY, Tyranny of.

Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule
That crushes to the dust;
The laws I deal bear no appeal,
Though ruthless and unjust.
I deaden the bosom and darken the brain
With the might of the demon's skill;
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
As I grapple it harder still.
Oh, come with me and ye shall see
How well I begin the day,
For I'll hie to the hungriest slave I have,
And snatch his loaf away.
Oh, come with me and ye shall see
How my skeleton victims fall;
How I order the graves without a stone,
And the coffins without a pall.
Eliza Cook.

2530. PRAISE, Call to.

Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!
Glory from all, through the earth and the
sky!
Angels, approach Him in homage and duty;
Fall at the feet of your Heavenly King:
Saints, to His presence O throng, in the beauty
Of holy devotion His mercies to sing.
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!
Glory from all, through the earth and the
sky! *Henry F. Lyte.*

2531. PRAISE, Demand for.

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone into His hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their
notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To Thy renown: but all their hands and
throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and
mute.

Man is the world's high-priest: he doth pre-
sent
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that
blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee
fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.
George Herbert.

2532. PRAISE, Duty of.

Hark, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King;

Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.
Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.
John Austin.

2533. PRAISE, Love of.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'Tis tory, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here to Steel's humor makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pultney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.
Edward Young.

2534. PRAISE, Psalm of.

Praise the Lord of Heaven, praise Him in the height,
Praise Him, all ye angels, praise Him, stars and light;
Praise Him, skies, and waters, which above the skies,
When His word commanded, 'stablished did arise.

Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and seas,
Rocks, and hills, and mountains, cedars, and all trees;
Praise Him, clouds and vapors, snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling only His desire.

Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings,
Praise Him, men and maidens, all created things;
For the Name of God is excellent alone;
Over earth His footstool, over heaven His throne.
T. B. Browne.

2535. PRAISE, True Object of.

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,"
The praise or honor, power or glory be!
Our naked spirit bows in shame and dust,
And empty all our nothingness to Thee.

"Not unto us!" How trifling all our might,
Our toils or talents, gifts or growth or grace;
Nothing, and less than nothing, in Thy sight,
Our works, ourselves! Before Thy glorious face.

"Not unto us;" the grass, the flowers, the trees,
Breathe in low whispers when the sunshine rains; breeze,
"Not unto us;" the beasts, the birds, the
Responsive murmur o'er the hills and plains.

"Not unto us;" with kneeling waves the sea shores;
Proclaims in reverence 'round a thousand
"Not unto us;" throughout infinity,
From space to space the star-voiced anthem pours.

"Not unto us;" Thy feeblest offspring sigh,
The animated motes through nature sown;
"Not unto us;" thy grandest creatures cry,
That burn with formless flames before Thy throne.

"Not unto us!" How sweet to join the strain,
In self-deliverance blissful and complete;
And all our toils, successes, failures, pain,
To lose, O Christ Jehovah, at Thy feet!

"Not unto us;" our childish gifts we bring,
Because Thou askest all, and wilt receive;
O give us larger power to toil and sing,
And still for more to labor, sink, believe.

"Not unto us;" O Lord of lords, supreme,
Whate'er we work, Thou workest; Thine the praise; beam,
O wake us, cleanse us, light us with Thy
And work, in us, through us, to endless days.
George Lansing Taylor.

2536. PRAYER, Answer to.

Man's plea to man is, that he nevermore
Will beg, and that he never begged before:
Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain
A former suit, and therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve, that, when we sue,
Makes His old gifts the examples of His new!
Francis Quarles.

2537. PRAYER, Benefits of.

Prayer surpasses human might;
Prayer, heaven's holy portress;
Prayer, the saint's supreme delight;
Prayer, the sinner's fortress.

Prayer and faith can joy impart,
Joy beyond expressing,
And call down upon the heart
Israel's choicest blessing.
Bernard Barton.

2538. PRAYER, Best.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

2539. PRAYER, Call to.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave;
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

2540. PRAYER, Chains of.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not those hands of prayer, [friends?
Both for themselves and those who call them
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Alfred Tennyson.

2541. PRAYER, Description of.

Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth;
Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear
The six-days'-world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky-way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

George Herbert.

2542. PRAYER, Evening.

Canst thou thy body on thy bed compose,
The resting-place whence it no more may rise, [eyes,
Till the Archangel's trump unseal thine
And call thee hence to judgment; canst thou close
Those eyes with comfort, and in peace repose,
Before thou lift thy voice, and to the skies
Send up devotion's Evening Sacrifice,
Sweet as the fumes which from the censer rose?
Ere on thy thoughts oblivious slumber creep,
Ere the still sleep can lull thy pillowed head,
To Him, whose eyelids slumber not, nor sleep,
Commend thy spirit: that about thy bed
His wing may shield thee, and His feathers keep,
Sustain thee living, or receive thee dead!

Bishop Mant.

2543. PRAYER, Fervent.

Inquirer, cease! petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear; nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r:
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned:
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal for retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain; [to gain:
These goods He grants who grants the power
With these, celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Samuel Johnson.

2544. PRAYER, Formal.

I often say my prayers;
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?
I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone,
For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

John Burton.

2545. PRAYER, Hour of.

My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Words cannot tell what blest relief
Here from my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay:

And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
Charlotte Elliott.

2546. PRAYER, Hymn of.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it!
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness,
Forgive its weakness!

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight—who every bosom viewest—
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest; [peat them,
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips re-
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice—it counsels and it courts us; [ness
And then we turn away; and still Thy kind-
Forgives our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing, [blowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest [vitest,
To win with love the wandering: Thou in-
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling? [ever,
That voice paternal—whispering, watching
My bosom?—never.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens; [death's dark portal
Where every flower that creeps through
Becomes immortal.
John Bowring.

2547. PRAYER, Influence of.

There is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain;
That power is prayer, which soars on high
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky. *Heber*

2548. PRAYER, Nature of.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

Nor prayer is made by man alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
James Montgomery.

2549. PRAYER, Need of.

When prayer delights the least, then learn to say, [pray.
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst
Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by thy right line again.
Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits; [roots.
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parched
My well is bitter; cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.
Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.
The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.
Flowers, from their stalks divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.
The greenest leaf divided from its stem,
To speedy wintering doth itself condemn.
The largest river from its fountain-head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.
All things that live, from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.
Richard Chenevix Trench.

2550. PRAYER, Objects of.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray if thou canst, with hope, [delay;
Though hope be weak, or sick with long

Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope or see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
Hartly Coleridge.

2551. PRAYER, Offerings in.

Lord! Who art merciful as well as just,
Incline Thine ear to me, a child of dust.
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty! Who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for Thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things, which are not in Thy treasury,
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.
R. Southey.

2552. PRAYER, Omnipotence of.

Frail art thou, O man, as a bubble on the breaker,
Weak, and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught in the storm;
Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters,
Thy hand can touch a lever that may move the world.
O Merciful, we strike eternal covenant with Thee,
For man may take for his ally the King who ruleth kings:
How strong, yet how most weak, in utter poverty how rich,
What possible omnipotence to good is dormant in a man!
Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy.
Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate,
So be it;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence.
M. F. Tupper.

2553. PRAYER, Secret.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling every fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee;
If any such there be:
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.
John Cross Bell.

2554. PRAYER, Submission in.

Whate'er I ask, I surely know
And steadfastly believe,
Thou wilt the thing desired bestow,
Or else a better give.

To Thee I therefore, Lord, submit
My every fond request,
And own, adoring at Thy feet,
Thy will is always best.
Charles Wesley.

2555. PRAYER, The Book of.

It is, in one choice handful, heaven, and all
Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small;
To prove that true, schools used to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.
It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie,
Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against your ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is an armory of light:
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields,
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise. *Richard Crashaw.*

2556. PRAYERS, Two.

Two went to pray? O, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye;
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.
Richard Crashaw.

2557. PRAYER, Universal.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined

To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

Alexander Pope.

2558. PREACHER, Example of a.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine, uncorrupt; in language, plain;
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

William Cowper.

2559. PREACHER, Judging a.

The preacher's merit rate not by thine ear,
His phrase, his accent:
To truth thy reverence pay, and not its dress
Esteem him for his embassy; the blame
Of missed improvement oftenest is our own.
Mere planters are Apollos and a Paul;
Growth is the Spirit's gift, His virtual act
Alone; His vital, germinating dew
Shed in the soul; His influential beam.

Thomas Brown.

2560. PREACHER, Learned.

Of the deep learning in the schools of yore,
The reverend pastor hath a golden stock;
Yet, with a vain display of useless lore,
Or sapless doctrine, never will he mock
The anxious cravings of his simple flock!
But faithfully their humble shepherd guides
Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's rock;
For well he knows, not learning's purest tides
Can quench the immortal thirst that in the soul abides.

Mrs. Little.

2561. PREACHER, Respect for the.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.

William Cowper.

2562. PREACHER, Sobriety of the.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales
When sent with God's commission to the heart.
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits
Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.

William Cowper.

2563. PREACHING, Eloquent.

With eloquence innate his tongue was armed;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed;
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.

He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all
he spoke. [hell;
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forced himself to drive; but lov'd to
draw. [heat,
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native
seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm
prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak
away. *John Dryden.*

2564. PREACHING, Evangelical.

Say, what is gospel-preaching? 'Tis to show,
How from his Father's love by wilful deed
Man fell; and how, for ransomed man to
bleed,
The Son of God took in this world of woe
Our flesh, and quelled by death our mortal
foe: [lead
And what His Spirit's aid; and whither
His laws; His means of grace; and what
the meed
Of faith, matured by love; and what we owe
The Three in One! This knowledge, passing
reach
Of man's device or angel's, broad and deep,
God by His Son delivered; this to teach
Mankind, He charged the shepherds of
His sheep:
If man or angel other Gospel preach,
He "sows the wind, and shall the whirl-
wind reap." *Bishop Mant.*

2565. PREACHING, Inspired.

By weakest ministers, the Almighty thus
Makes known His sacred will, and shows His
power: [tongue
By Him inspired, they speak with urgent
Authoritative, whilst the illumined breast
Heaves with unwonted strength; high as their
theme,
Their great conceptions rise in rapturous flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in such strains as science could not teach,
Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart;
The listening throng there feel its blessed
effect,
And deep conviction glows in every breast.
Charles Jenner.

2566. PREACHING, Power of.

I saw one man, armed simply with God's
word,
Enter the souls of many fellow-men,
And pierce them sharply as a two-edged
sword, [again;
While conscience echoed back his words
Till, even as showers of fertilizing rain
Sink through the bosom of the valley clod,
So their hearts opened to the wholesome
pain,
And hundreds knelt upon the flowery sod—
One good man's earnest prayer, the link
'twixt them and God.
Caroline E. Norton.

2567. PRESENT, Duty of the.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling features glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow:
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

O Youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of Desire
Our yearning opes a portal!
And though Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins: and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.
Gerald Massey.

2568. PRESENT, Employment of the.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say, [day.
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine, [mine.
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had
my hour.
Horace, tr. by John Dryden.

2569. PRESENT, Improvement of the.

But soft, my friend; arrest the present mo-
ment,
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales:
And though their flight be silent, and their
path
Trackless, as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy
folly; [watch,
Because, though stationed on the important
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumberest on the
guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shall stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked justice, who shall tell thy
audit?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio:
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious [tain.
Than all the crimson treasures of life's foun-
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.
Nathaniel Cotton.

2570. PRESENT, Value of the.

The present! what is it? A passing thought;
A shadowy, fleeting phantom of the mind;
It is a coin above all gold! grasp it,
Weigh it in the nice balance of the mind.
Now it is yours—and fresh from out the mint
Of Time 'tis yours *but now*. Ere you can fix
The mind upon 't, 'tis valueless; 'tis dropped
Amid the countless sum of all the past!
Moments are meted out to you, and bear
A stamp that will be known when ye are called [they fly,
To the high accompt. They come, and then
Unheeded messengers, up to heaven's bar;
There, millions unaccounted for await
The final reck'ning.

2571. PRESENTIMENTS, Guidance by.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
Truth shows a glorious face,
While on that isthmus which commands
The councils of both worlds, she stands,
Sage Spirits! by your grace.
God, who instructs the brutes to scent
All changes of the element,
Whose wisdom fixed the scale
Of natures, for our wants provides
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
When lights of reason fail.
William Wordsworth.

2572. PRESENTIMENTS, Probable.

If the celestials daily fly
With messages, on missions high,
And float, our masts and turrets nigh,
Conversing on Heaven's great intents;
What wonder hints of coming things,
Whereto man's hope and yearning clings,
Should drop like feathers from their wings
And give us vague presentiments?
Jean Ingelow.

2573. PRESS, Influence of the.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause:
By thee worse plagues than Pharoah's land befell,
Diffused, make Earth the vestibule of Hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise;
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.
William Cowper.

But mightiest of the mighty means
On which the arm of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,
Mightiest of mighty is the Press.
John Bowring.

2574. PRIDE, Absurdity of.

O poverty of pride! O foul disgrace!
Disgusted reason, blushing, hides her face.
Mortal, and proud! strange, contradicting terms! [worms!
Pride for death's victim, for the prey of
Of all the wonders which the eventful life
Of man presents; of all the mental strife
Of warring passions; all the raging fires
Of furious appetites and mad desires;
Not one so strange appears as this alone,
That man is proud of what is not his own.
Hannah More.

2575. PRIDE, Blindness of.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
Alexander Pope.

2576. PRIDE, Criminal.

Hark the rustle of a dress
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garment brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary 'broidery in,
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And in midnight's chill and murk,
Stitched her life into the work.
Little doth the wearer heed
Of the heart-break in the brede;
A hyena by her side
Skulks, down-looking—it is Pride.
J. R. Lowell.

2577. PRIDE, Effect of.

Hear thou, in brief,
What peopled hell, what holds its prisoners there.
Pride, self-adoring pride, was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come.
Unconquerable pride! first, eldest sin;
Great fountain-head of evil; highest source,
Whence flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.
Pride at the bottom of the human heart
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice!

Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God;
Envy and slander; malice and revenge;
And murder, and deceit, and every birth
Of damned sort, was progeny of pride.
It was the ever-moving, acting force,
The constant aim, and the most thirsty wish
Of every sinner unrenewed, to be
A god: in purple or in rags, to have
Himself adored: whatever shape or form
His actions took: whatever phrase he threw
About his thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,
To be the highest, was the inward cause
Of all—the purpose of the heart to be [bow
Set up, admired, obeyed. But who would
The knee to one who served and was dependent? [day,
Hence man's perpetual struggle, night and
To prove he was his own proprietor,
And independent of his God, that what
He had might be esteemed his own, and praised
As such. He labored still, and tried to stand
Alone unpropped—to be obliged to none;
And in the madness of his pride he bade
His God farewell, and turned away to be
A god himself; resolving to rely,
Whatever came, upon his own right hand.
Robert Pollok.

2578. PRIDE, Kinds of.

Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
A pride there is of rank, a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.
Thomas Hood.

2579. PRIDE, Overcoming.

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but Pride
mineth deeper;
It is coiled as a poisonous worm about the
foundations of the soul.
Smoothly will it gratulate thy skill, O subtle
anatomist of self,
And spurn at its very being, while it nestleth
the deeper in thy bosom.
Beware of the smiling enemy, that openly
sheatheth his weapon,
But mingleth poison in secret with the sacred
salt of hospitality:
For pride will lie dormant in thy heart, to
snatch its secret opportunity, [toils.
Watching, as a lion-ant, in the bottom of its
Stay not to parley with thy foe, for his tongue
is more potent than his arm.
But be wiser, fighting against pride in the
simple panoply of prayer.
As one also of the poets hath said, let not the
Proteus escape thee;
For he will blaze forth as fire, and quench
himself in likeness of water;
He will fight thee as a roaring beast, or charm
thee as a subtle reptile.
Mark, amid all his transformations, the complicate deceitfulness of pride,
And the more he striveth to elude thee, bind
him the closer in thy toils.
Prayer is the net that snareth him; prayer is
the fetter that holdeth him:
Thou canst not nourish pride, while waiting
as an almsman on thy God—
Waiting in sincerity and trust, or pride shall
meet thee even there;
Yea, from the palaces of heaven hath pride
cast down his millions.
Root up the mandrake from thy heart, though
it cost thee blood and groans,
Or the cherished garden of thy graces will
fade and perish utterly.
M. F. Tupper.

2580. PRIDE, Quality of.

Spite of all the fools that pride has made,
'Tis not on man a useless burthen laid;
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed;
When right, its views know none but virtue's
bound; [around.
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch
Bp. Stillingfleet.

2581. PRIDE, Ruin by.

He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is
His own glass, his own trumpet, his own
chronicle;
And whatever praises itself but in
The deed, devours the deed in the praise.
Shakespeare.

2582. PRIVACY, Desire for

Let him that will ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes: as for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be;
Give me some mean, obscure recess, a sphere
Out of the road of business, or the fear
Of falling lower; where I sweetly may
Myself and dear retirement still enjoy:
Let not my life or name be known unto
The grandees of the time, tost to and fro
By censures or applause; but let my age
Slide gently by; not overthwart the stage
Of public action; unheard, unseen,
And unconcerned, as if I ne'er had been.
And thus, while I shall pass my silent days
In shady privacy, free from the noise
And bustle of the mad world, then shall I
A good old innocent plebeian die.
Death is a mere surprise, a very snare
To him that makes it his life's greatest care
To be a public pageant; known to all,
But unacquainted with himself, doth fall.
Seneca, paraphrased by Sir Matthew Hale.

2583. PRIZE, Price of the.

Wouldst the honey still taste, while afraid of
the sting of the bee?
Wouldst the victor's crown wear, without
knowing the terrible fight?
Could the diver get the pearls that repose in
the depth of the sea
If he stood on the shore, from the crocodile
shrinking in fright?

With unfaltering toil thou must seek what
the Fates have decreed
May be won, and courageously pluck for thy-
self the bright meed!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2584. PROBATION, Man's.

Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
Say to what bar amenable were man? [trust,
With naught in charge he could betray no
And, if he fell, would fall because he must;
If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike.
Divine authority within his breast [test;
Brings every thought, word, action to the
Warns him or prompts, approves him or re-
strains,
As reason, or as passion, takes the reins.
Heaven from above, and conscience from
within,
Cries in his startled ear, "Abstain from sin!"
The world around solicits his desire,
And kindles in his soul a treacherous fire;
While, all his purposes and steps to guard,
Peace follows virtue as its sure reward;
And pleasure brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.
Man, thus endued with an elective voice,
Must be supplied with objects of his choice.
Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight:
These open on the spot their honey'd store;
Those call him loudly to pursuit of more.
His unexhausted mine the sordid vice
Avarice shows, and virtue is the price.
Here various motives his ambition raise—
Power, pomp, and splendor, and the thirst
of praise;
There beauty woos him with expanded arms;
E'en bacchanalian madness has its charms.
Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refined
Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
Seek to supplant his inexperienced youth,
Or lead him devious from the path of truth;
Hourly allurements on his passions press,
Safe in themselves, but dangerous in the ex-
cess. *William Cowper.*

2585. PROCRASTINATION, Absurdity of.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this pretty face from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Shakespeare.*

2586. PROCRASTINATION, Folly of.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and
promises,
The currency of idiots; injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor! To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as
baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
Nathaniel Cotton.

2587. PROCRASTINATION, Habit of.

Cornutus. Unhappy he who does his work
adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day. [borrow!
Pers. But is one day of ease too much to
Corn. Yes, sure; for yesterday was once to-
morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd:
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task; [curst,
Who, like the hindmost chariot wheels, art
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach, the first.
Persius, tr. by John Dryden.

2588. PROFESSION, Perverse.

Though all the precious promises
I find fulfilled in Jesu's love,
If perfect I myself profess,
My own profession I disprove.

The purest saint that lives below
Doth his own sanctity disclaim;
The wisest owns, I nothing know,
The holiest cries, I nothing am!
Charles Wesley

2589. PROGRESS, Day of.

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to gleam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day—
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men!
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!
Charles Mackay.

2590. PROGRESS, Destiny of.

For Destiny does not like
To yield to man the helm;
And shoots his thoughts by hidden nerves,
Throughout the solid realm.
The patient Dæmon sits,
With roses and a shroud;
He has his way, and deals his gifts—
But ours is not allowed.

When the old world is sterile,
And the ages are effete,
He will from wrecks and sediment
The fairer world complete.
He forbids to despair,
His cheeks mantle with mirth;
And the unimagined good of men
Is yearning at the birth.

Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And, through the wild-piled snowdrift,
The warm rosebuds below.
R. W. Emerson.

2591. PROGRESS, March of.

Life is coming, Death is going,
Quickly past us time is flowing;
Day is dawning, Night is flying,
Soon shall end this grief and sighing!
Rest is nearing, Toil is ending,
Homeward now our path is bending;
Right is hasting, Wrong is leaving,
Earth ere long shall cease its grieving.
Love is coming, Hate is going,
Seeds of unity are sowing;
Fear is passing, Hope is brightening;
Burdened brows and hearts are lightening;
Cells are bursting, Chains are breaking,
Weary spirits cease their waking.
Tears are drying, Songs are breaking,
Earth's glad echoes are awaking.
Graves are opening, Dead are meeting,
Heaven and earth each other greeting.
Hill and vale put on their gladness,
Not a trace remains of sadness.
Amen, Amen!
Horatius Bonar.

2592. PROGRESS, Modern.

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I
know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than
the Christian child.
I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of
our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a
beast with lower pains!
Mated with a squalid savage—what to me
were sun or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost
files of time—
I, that rather held it better men should per-
ish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon!
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,
forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing grooves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep
into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay. *Alfred Tennyson.*

2593. PROGRESS, Omens of.

Look on this beautiful world, and read the
truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change, to her, of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil, with joyous living things,
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep,
On His complacent arms, the earth, the air,
the deep.

Will then the merciful One, Who stamped
our race [sway
With His own image, and Who gave them
O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,
Now that our swarming nations far away
Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks
the day, [nursed
Forget the ancient care that taught and
His latest offspring? will He quench the ray
Infused by His own forming smile at first,
And leave a work so fair all blighted and ac-
cursed?

Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give
Hope of happier days, whose dawn is nigh.
He who has tamed the elements shall not live
The slave of his own passions; he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
And in the abyss of brightness dares to span
The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,
In God's magnificent works His will shall
scan—
And love and peace shall make their paradise
with man. *William Cullen Bryant.*

2594. PROGRESS, Purpose of.

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on
from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.
Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.
Alfred Tennyson.

2595. PROGRESSION, Pythagorean.

We weep when we are born, not when we die!
So was it destined; and thus came I here,
To walk the earth and wear the form of man,
To suffer bravely as becomes my state,
One step, one grade, one cycle nearer God.
And knowing these things, can I stoop to fret,
And lie, and haggle in the market-place;
Give dross for dross, or everything for naught?
No! let me sit above the crowd, and sing,
Waiting with hope for that miraculous change
Which seems like sleep; and though I wait-
I cannot kiss the idols that are set [ing starve,
By every gate, in every street and park;
I cannot fawn, I cannot soil my soul:
For I am of the mountains and the sea,
The deserts and the caverns in the earth,
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

2596. PROMISE, Claiming the.

Mine!—What rays of glory bright
Now upon the promise shine!
I have found the Lord my light;
I am His, and He is mine.

Mine!—the promise often read,
Now in living truth impressed;
Once acknowledged in the head,
Now a fire within the breast.

Mine no more the crimson stains:
Here I see them blotted out;
Mine no more the bonds and chains;
Mine no more the fear and doubt.

Mine acceptance at the throne;
Mine the Father's owning smile;
Mine the Father's love unknown—
What shall from that love beguile?

Mine the yoke that's lined with love;
Mine the imputed righteousness;
Mine the armor for the fight;
Mine the way of holiness.

Mine!—though oft my hand may fail,
He is strong, and holds me fast;
His dear blood shall still prevail;
He shall lead me home at last.

Mine!—When death the bars shall break,
'Mid the glories all divine,
"Satisfied" I shall awake,
Clasp His feet, and call Him mine!

2597. PROPOSAL and Answer.

Madam, withouten many words,
Once I am sure you will, or no:
And if you will, then leave your bourds,
And use your wit, and shew it so:
For with a beck you shall me call;
And if of one, that burns alway,
Ye have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay.
If it be yea, I shall be fain;
If it be nay, friends as before;
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

Of few words, Sir, you seem to be,
And where I doubted what I would do
Your quick request hath caused me
Quickly to tell you what you shall trust to.
For he that will be called with a beck,
Makes hasty suit on light desire:
Is ever ready to the check,
And burneth in no wasting fire.
Therefore, whether you be lief or loth,
And whether it grieves you light or sore,
I am at point: I have made an oath, [more.
Content you with "Nay;" for you get no
(A.D. 1540.) *Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

2598. PROSPERITY, Friendship and.

Between a wise magician, whom fair Maia knew, [friendship grew.
And one of earth's poor sons, there once a
That friend his ear with protestations plied:
At length their truth the enchanter by his magic tried. [pose,
Within a meadow sits the friend in mild re-
Sees how each flower, each blade of grass, in silence grows. [appear
At once in order rise the grass-blades, and
A host of helmèd warriors, armed with pike and spear. [as a king,
They throng around the friend and greet him
And pearls and rubies at his feet profusely fling. [tent unfurled,
His heart beats strong with bliss: like a vast
The sky is pitched; and he is lord of all the world. [courtiers pressed,
A breathless man then through the crowding
And straight the king as a familiar friend addressed. [replied,
The monarch, with a look surprised, to him
"My friend, I know you not," and turned away in pride. [magician's hand,
Thrice waved his Maia's staff that grieved
And all the incantation faded from the land.
The friend, now disenchanted, bitterly repents, [offence:
Till thus the conjuror comforts him for his
"It is the world's low lusts that do our senses bind; [behind.
Let Maia's veil but fall, we leave those snares
The splendid courtiers shrink to grass-blades in the field, [congealed.
The pearls and rubies are but drops of dew
Just now my art made shapes to you from out this mist. [dismissed.
And yet I never would your friendship have

The worst of the illusion was that it turned friend [to an end.
From friend, and therefore have I brought it
But doubtless, friend! had me the same proud spell possessed, [the test."
You would have seen me full as badly stand
Oriental.

2599. PROSPERITY, Portentous.

O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheathe his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honors, bloomed with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye; [air,
When Fortune, thus, has tossed her child in
Snatched from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropped at once!
Our morning's envy! and our evening's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the destined prey.
High Fortune seems in cruel league with Fate.
Ask you for what?—to give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
Edward Young.

2600. PROTECTION, Divine.

Oh troubled soul, why thus complain?
Why thus great Providence arraign?
Poor, feeble heart! Thy troubles still,
And hide thyself in God's great will.

'Tis true, He now thy strength doth try,
Like birds, that teach their young to fly;
But when thou sinkest, He will bring,
Beneath thy fall, His own great wing.
T. C. Upham.

2601. PROVIDENCE, Direction of.

There is power
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,
That guides its motions from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord [ence.
Of all, is naught but weakness and depend-
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone; [sky,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.
James Thomson.

2602. PROVIDENCE, Diversities of.

When all the year our fields are fresh and green, [every day,
And while sweet showers and sunshine
As oft as need requireth, come between
The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.
The fulness and continuance of a blessing
Doth make us to be senseless of the good;
And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,
The sweetness of it is not understood;
Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing; and if tempests were not,
Such comforts by a calm could not be brought;
For things, save by their opposites, appear not. [some,
Both health and wealth are tasteless unto
And so is ease and every other pleasure,
Till poor, or sick, or grievèd, they become,
And then they relish these in ampler measure.
God, therefore, full as kind as He is wise,
So tempereth all the favors He will do us,
That we His bounties may the better prize,
And make His chastisement less bitter to us.
One while a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away,
Which into scarcity our plenty turns, [hay;
And changeth new-mown grass to parchèd
Anon, His fruitful showers and pleasing dews,
Commixed with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,
And then the barren earth her crops renews,
Which with rich harvests hills and valleys crown;
For, as to relish joys, He sorrow sends;
So comfort on temptation still attends.
George Wither.

2603. PROVIDENCE, Divine.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.
Angels of life and death alike are His; [o'er;
Without His leave they pass no threshold
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?
J. R. Lowell.

2604. PROVIDENCE, Mystery of.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.
William Cowper.

2605. PROVIDENCE, Trust in.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!
John Greenleaf Whittier.

2606. PROVOCATIONS, Small.

A thousand gnats make up a serpent's sting,
And many sly, soft stimulants to wrath
Compose a formidable wrong at last,
That gets called easily by some name
Not applicable to the single parts,
And so draws down a general revenge,
Excessive if you take crime, fault by fault.
Robert Browning.

2607. PRUDENCE, Virtue of.

Prudence, thou virtue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evil,
Conducing to felicity, direct
My thoughts and actions by the rule of reason;
Teach me contempt of all inferior vanities.
T. Nabb.

2608. PULPIT, Power of the.

The pulpit, therefore (and I name it, filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing),
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect!
Are all such teachers?—would to Heaven all were!
William Cowper.

2609. PUNISHMENT, Certainty of.

When thou hast drained a swallow's milk, and plucked [juices sucked,
A hog's soft wool, from thorns refreshing
Seen rocks bear olive-nuts, the sand pomegranates yield,
A Paria's will annul decrees the Sultan sealed,
A harder task to try thy vaunted force remains—
To shield a wicked man from retribution's pains. *Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.*

2610. PUNISHMENT, Desire for.

The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave, [low:
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fel-
Oh, Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.
Shakespeare.

2611. PUNISHMENT, Endless.

How shall I describe
What naught resembles else my eye hath seen?
Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tails, that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipped with stings;
And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped, [each a sting
And breathed most poisonous breath, had
Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And, in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen, black,
And quivering with torture most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
Made effort to escape, but could not; for
Howe'er it turned, and oft it vainly turned,
These complicated foldings held it fast.
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
What this could image, much I searched to know; [long,
And while I stood, and gazed, and wondered

A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one
I saw, distinctly whispered in my ear
These words: This is the Worm that never dies.
Fast by the side of this unsightly thing
Another was portrayed, more hideous still:
Who sees it once shall wish to see't no more,
Forever undescribed let it remain!
Only this much I may or can unfold—
Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
Through soul and body both: of heavenly
Original the being seemed, but fallen, [make
And worn and wasted with enormous woe.
And still around the everlasting lance
It writhed convulsed, and uttered mimic groans; [wished
And tried and wished, and ever tried and
To die; but could not die—Oh, horrid sight!
I trembling gazed and listened, and heard this voice
Approach my ear, "This is Eternal Death."
Robert Pollok.

2612. PUNISHMENT, Exact.

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin;
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted; and that comfort, which
The damned pretended follows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments: every one
Must suffer in himself the measure of
His wickedness. *Philip Massinger.*

2613. PUNISHMENT, Inevitable.

All vice to which man yields in greed to do it,
Or soon or late, be sure, he'll sorely rue it.
Experience deep, howe'er false seemings blind him, [him.
Surcharged with retribution, out will find
It locks upon his soul a fatal fetter,
Explodes throughout his face in horrid tetter,
Over his shameless eyeballs brings a blurring,
Keeps in his heart a deadly fear-load stirring,
At all pure joys with fiendish talon snatches,
The noblest traits from out his being catches,
Each beam and hope and vision darkens,
His conscience stuns whene'er towards heaven he hearkens, [tosses,
On goading thorns his sleepless longings
With salt remorse-foam pleasure's waves embosses, [flying,
Sometimes from phantom-fears impels him
Sometimes in frantic horrors shrouds his dying, [him,
Now turns his dearest friends to cease to love
Now spreads avenging Siva's frowns above him, [gibbets,
Makes this world black with prison-walls and
And, in the next, escape from hell prohibits.
The whole creation's strange and endless dealing, [ing,
In spite of shields and veils and arts conceal-
Proclaims that whosoe'er is long a sinner
Can only be by it of woe a winner.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2614. PURITY, Attaining.

Blest are the pure in heart. Wouldst thou be blest? [find rest?
He'll cleanse thy spotted soul. Wouldst thou
Around thy toils and cares He'll breathe a calm,
And to thy wounded spirit lay a balm;
From fear draw love! and teach thee where to seek
Lost strength and grandeur, with the bowed and meek. *Richard H. Dana.*

2615. PURITY, Attraction of.

Fair girl! by whose simplicity
My spirit has been won
From the stern earthliness of life,
As shadows flee the sun;
I turn again to think of thee,
And half deplore the thought,
That for one instant o'er my soul
Forgetfulness hath wrought!
I turn to that charmed hour of hope,
When first upon my view
Came the pure sunshine of thine heart,
Borne from thine eyes of blue.
'Twas thy high purity of soul—
Thy thought-revealing eye,
That placed me spell-bound at thy feet,
Sweet wanderer from the sky.
Willis G. Clark.

2616. PURITY, Means of.

O Thou great Power! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through Thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By Thy Christ's blood, the Bath of Sin!

No hallowed oils, no grains, I need;
No rags of saints, no purging fire:
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench Thine ire.
Oh, precious ransom, which, once paid,
That *consummatum est* was said!

And said by Him that said no more,
But sealed it with His sacred breath:
Thou, then, that hast discharged my score,
And, dying, wast the death of Death,
Be to me now—on Thee I call—
My life, my strength, my joy, my all.
Sir Henry Wotton.

2617. PURITY, Power of.

'Tis said that a lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;
And the Power on high that can shield the good
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me well
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
Lord Byron.

2618. PURPOSE, Execute thy.

When thou dost purpose aught (within thy power),
Be sure to do it, though it be but small:

Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself: [shelf.
What nature made a ship, he makes a

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the king sees thee still; for his King
Simpering is but a lay-hypocrisy: [does.
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill sets himself a task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask. *George Herbert.*

2619. PURPOSE, Unshaken.

No wrath of men or rage of seas
Can shake a just man's purposes;
No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage of them can alter him;
But what he doth at first intend,
That he holds firmly to the end.
Robert Herrick.

2620. RAIN, Latter.

The latter rain—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the spring;
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
The robins only 'mid the harvest sing,
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves; [drops,
The rain falls still—the fruit all ripened
It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.
Jones Very.

2621. RAIN, Lesson of the.

The Poet sees
Aquarius old,
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

2622. RAINBOW, Moral of the.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.
When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.
As fresh as yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.
For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.
Thomas Campbell.

2623. RATIONALISM, Uncertainty of.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamps shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
And found that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leaped into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he:
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could they endeavors find
What most concern'd the good of human-kind:
For happiness was never to be found;
But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd:
The wiser madman did for Virtue toil:

A thorny, or at best a barren soil; [steep;
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavors end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or infinite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He. *John Dryden.*

2624. READING, Benefit of.

The silent volume listeneth well and speaketh when thou listest:
It praiseth thy good without envy, it chideth thine evil without malice,
It is to thee thy waiting slave, and thine unbending teacher. [no infirmity;
Need to humor no caprice, need to bear with
Thy sin, thy slander, or neglect, chilleth not, quencheth not its love;
Unalterably speaketh it the truth, warped not by error nor interest;
For a good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and forever.
M. F. Tupper.

2625. REASON, Audacity of.

With scanty line shall reason dare to mete
Th' immeasurable depth of providence?
On the swol'n bladders of opinion borne,
She floats awhile, then, floundering, sinks absorbed
Within that boundless sea she strove to grasp.
Shall man, here stationed to revere that God
Who called him into being from the dust,
His mortal scheme implead, and, impious, cite
Th' Almighty Legislator to the bar
Of erring intellect? *George Bally.*

2626. RECOGNITION, Hope of.

I count the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair of transitory hue, [knew,
The souls of those, whom once on earth we
And loved, and walked with, in communion kind,
Departed hence, again in heaven to find,
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true;
And such, we deem, the holy Word to view
Unfolds, an antidote for grief designed,
One drop from comfort's well. 'Tis thus we read
The Book of life: but if we read amiss,
By God prepared fresh treasures shall succeed
To kinsmen, fellows, friends, a vast abyss
Of joy; nor aught the longing spirit need,
To fill its measure of enormous bliss.
Bishop Mant.

2627. RECOGNITION, Vision of.

Voices familiar as my mother tongue
Fell on me; and an infant cherub sprang,
As springs a sunbeam to the heart of flowers,
Into my arms, and murmur'd audibly,
"Father, dear father;" and another clasp'd
My knees, and falter'd the same name of power.
One look sufficed to tell me they were mine,
My babes, my blossoms, my long-parted ones;
The same in feature and in form as when
I bent above their dying pillow last,
Only the spirit now disenrobed of flesh,
And beaming with the likeness of their Lord.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2628. RECONCILIATION, Parental.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,
O there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.
Alfred Tennyson.

2629. REDEMPTION, Accepted.

Last night I drew up mine account
And found my debits to amount
To such a height, as for to tell
How I sho'd pay 's impossible.
Well, this I'll do: my mighty score
Thy mercy-seat I'll lay before;
But therewithall I'll bring the bond
Which in full force did daring stand
Till my Redeemer on the tree
Made void for millions, as for me.
Then, if Thou bid'st me pay or go
Unto the prison, I'll say no:
Christ having paid, I nothing owe:
For this is sure, the debt is dead
By law, the bond once cancelled.
Robert Herrick.

2630. REDEMPTION, Complete.

Naught of merit, or of price,
Remains to justice due;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

When He from His lofty throne
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
'Tis finished! was His cry.

2631. REDEMPTION, Condition of.

Half mankind maintain a churlish strife
With Him, the Donor of eternal life,
Because the deed, by which His love confirms
The largess He bestows, prescribes the terms.
Compliance with His will your lot insures,
Accept it only, and the boon is yours.
And sure it is as kind to smile and give,
As with a frown to say, Do this, and live.
William Cowper.

2632. REDEMPTION, Council for.

So when of old the Almighty Father sate
In council, to redeem our ruined state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred consistory crowned,
To hear what Mercy, mixed with Justice, could propound:

All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will!
But when the stern conditions were declared,
A mournful whisper through the hosts was heard; [down,
And the whole Hierarchy, with heads hung
Submissively declined the ponderous proffered crown. [high,
Then, not till then, the Eternal Son from
Rose in the strength of all the Deity, [went
Stood forth to accept the terms, and under-
A weight which all the frame of Heaven had bent,
Nor He Himself could bear, but as Omnipotent! *John Dryden.*

2633. REFORM, Consistent.

'Tis not to cry God mercy, or sit [failed:
And droop, or to confess that thou hast
'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast bewailed.
He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather what he means to do.
Francis Quarles.

2634. REFORM, Course of.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—
These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.
So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turn Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.
But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart! The Waster builds again
A charmèd life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.
God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light!
John Greenleaf Whittier.

2635. REFUGE, The Sinner's.

When rising wind and rain descending
A near approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed their wings extending,
The birds to sheltering trees repair.
So I, by faith, with sin oppressed,
Would refuge take, O Christ, in Thee;
Thou art my hiding-place and rest,
From every evil shelter me.

2636. REJOICING, Occasions for.

Rejoice, though storms assail thee;
Rejoice, when skies are bright;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night:
If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell!

Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice!
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seem'd:
Who pour'd those rays of gladness
Which on thy prospect beam'd?

Recall the hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice,
Though wave on wave of sorrow
Rush on with fearful noise:
Was not the Bow of Promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallow'd lustre
E'en round the silent tomb?

Rejoice, rejoice forever,
Though earthly friends be gone!
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward
Nearer that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is,
Rejoice forevermore!

2637. RELIGION, Comprehensiveness of.

But true religion, sprung from God above,
Is like her fountain—full of charity:
Embracing all things with a tender love.
Full of good-will and meek expectancy;
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice: free, large, even infinite;
Not wedged in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast, active spirit—
Bright lamp of God, that men would joy in
thy pure light! *Henry More.*

2638. RELIGION, Faith in.

Beware of doubt—faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence. We may rejoice
With an exceeding joy, and make our life—
Ay, this external life—become a part
Of that which is within, o'erwrought and rife
With faith, that child-like blessedness of
The order and the harmony inborn [heart.
With a perpetual hymning crown our way,
Till callousness, and selfishness, and scorn,
Shall pass as clouds where scathless lightnings play.

Cling to thy faith—'tis higher than the thought
That questions of thy faith—the cold, external doubt. *Elizabeth Oakes Smith.*

2639. RELIGION, Growth in.

The strong right arm is only strong
Because an active will
Has made it serve. But, were that arm
Left idly hanging still,
'Twould lose the hoarded strength of years,
And lose more rapidly
Then it was gained, by Nature's law
Of inactivity.

'Tis true of souls. They gather strength
With every cross they bear;
With every humble sacrifice;
With every heartfelt prayer;
With every conflict bravely met,
And trial bravely borne;
With every throb of anguish felt
When tender ties are shorn.

The tears and toil of praying ones
Are wisely, kindly sent
By Him who knoweth what they need
For soul-development.
The path of idleness is one
By vagrant children trod:
They grow in grace most rapidly
Who labor most for God.

2640. RELIGION, Importance of.

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next.
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
Even in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharged,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change:
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.
Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And groaning Calvary, of thee! There shine
The noblest truths; there, strongest motives sting;
There, sacred violence assaults the soul;
There, nothing but compulsion is foreborne.
Edward Young.

2641. RELIGION, Joys of.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death, its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.
Mary Masters.

2642. RELIGION, Mystery of.

In science, learning, all philosophy,
Men labored all their days, and labored hard,
And dying, sighed how little they had done:
But in religion they at once grew wise.
A creed in print, though never understood;
A theologic system on the shelf, [turn;
Was spiritual lore enough, and served their
But served it ill. They sinned, and never knew;
For what the Bible said of good and bad,
Of holiness and sin, they never asked.
Absurd, prodigiously absurd, to think
That man's minute and feeble faculties,
Even in the very childhood of his being,
With mortal shadows dimmed, and wrapt around,
Could comprehend at once the mighty scheme,
Where rolled the ocean of eternal love;
Where wisdom infinite its master stroke
Displayed; and where omnipotence, opprest,
Did travel in the greatness of its strength;
And everlasting justice lifted up
The sword to smite the guiltless Son of God;
And mercy, smiling, bade the sinner go!
Redemption is the science, and the song
Of all eternity: archangels day
And night into its glories look: the saints,
The elders round the throne, old in the years
Of heaven, examine it perpetually;
And, every hour, get clearer, ampler views
Of right and wrong—see virtue's beauty more;
See vice more utterly depraved, and vile;
And this with a more perfect hatred hate,
That daily love with a more perfect love.
Robert Pollok.

2643. RELIGION, Nobility of.

High on the world, see where religion stands
And bears the open Volume in her hands!
With eyes upraised, she seeks for heavenly light,
To know its doctrines and its laws aright;
The cross of Christ she bears, and walks abroad,
And holds communion with the Father God.
Thus with the Christian; filled with love divine,
Above the world he soars in heavenly clime,
The sacred cross his only hope and stay,
The Book of Truth his guide from day to day.
W. Holmes.

2644. RELIGION, Plainness of.

Could not that wisdom which first broached
Have thicken'd it with definitions? [the wine

And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions? [gave
But all the doctrine which He taught and
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came:
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame, [pray;
Love God, and love your neighbor: watch and
Do as you would be done unto:
O dark instructions, ev'n dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?
George Herbert.

2645. REMEMBRANCE, Book of.

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little thought,
That in the curtained chamber of the soul
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do
A secret work? Look to the hues that roll
O'er the changed brow—the moving lips behold—
Linking thee unto speech—the feet that run
Upon thy errands, and the deeds that stamp
Thy lineage plain before the noonday sun;
Look to the pen that writes thy history down
In those tremendous books that ne'er unclose
Until the day of doom, and blush to see [close
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,
Where all things tend to judgment. So beware, [lodgest there.
O erring human heart! what thought thou
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

2646. REMORSE, A Murderer's.

Claudius. Oh! my offence is rank; it smells to heaven!
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't!
A brother's murder! Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as sharp as 't will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.
What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood!
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
But to confront the visage of offence? [mercy,
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force;
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But, oh! what form of prayer [murder?
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder.
. . . What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can—what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh! wretched state! Oh! bosom black as death!
Oh limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay! [of steel,
Bow, stubborn knees! and heart, with strings
Be soft as sinews of a new-born babe!
All may be well. *Shakespeare.*

2647. REMORSE, Fever of.

As felt the gross,
Material part, when in the furnace cast,
So felt the soul; the victim of remorse.
It was a fire which on the verge of God's
Commandments burned, and on the vitals fed
Of all who passed. Who passed, there met remorse;
A violent fever seized his soul; the heavens
Above, the earth beneath, seemed glowing brass, [speak,
Heated seven times; he heard dread voices
And mutter horrid prophecies of pain,
Severer and severer yet to come: [within,
And as he writhed and quivered, scorched
The fury round his torrid temples flapped
Her fiery wings, and breathed upon his lips,
And parched tongue, the withered blasts of hell. *Robert Pollok.*

2648. REMORSE, Fruitless.

When cruel deeds are done, in vain relents
The doer's heart, and mournfully repents.
So when a fire has raged, the smokes that rise
In useless lamentation drape the skies.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2649. REMORSE, Grounds of.

His eye no more looked onward, but its gaze
Rests where remorse a life misspent surveys.
What costly treasures strew that waste behind! [the wind!
What whirlwinds daunt the soul that sows
By the dark shape of what he is, serene
Stands the bright ghost of what he might have been; [gain—
Here the vast loss, and there the worthless
Vice scorned, yet wooed, and Virtue loved in vain! *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

2650. RENOWN, Ephemeral.

O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined
His scope of vision! Puffed with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honors to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for account. O, it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies:
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, "My name shall live with this
Till time shall be no more;" while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson. He should know
That time must conquer; that the loudest blast
That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom

Of the gigantic pyramid? or who [says,
Reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and
The prey is mine. They sleep, and never-
more [man,
Their names shall strike upon the ear of
Their memory burst its fetters.
Henry Kirke White.

2651. REPENTANCE, Blessing of.

When man is born anew,
And being's perfect bliss is given,
Lo, a new Eden starts to view,
While angel-harps rejoice in heaven—
'Tis wondrous all, divinely bright,
And the new creature walks in light.
Thomas Grinfield.

2652. REPENTANCE, Fruits of.

O blest repentance, in thy weeping eye
Swim the pure beams of embryo ecstasy.
And faith and hope, and love and joy, prepare
To still thy heart, and wipe thy bitter tear!
To thee alone the privilege is given,
By earthly woe, to kindle joy in heaven,
For God Himself descends to soothe the heart
That weeps o'er sin and struggles to depart;
And deeper transport swells the bliss above,
As seraphs sing the triumphs of His love.
J. K. Mitchell.

2653. REPENTANCE, Humility of.

On bended knees, replete with godly grief,
See where the mourner kneels to seek relief,
No "God, I thank Thee," freezes on his tongue,
For works of merit that to Him belong;
Deep in his soul conviction's ploughshare
rings,
And to the surface his corruption brings;
He loathes himself, in lowest dust he lies,
And all abased "Unclean, unclean," he cries.
From his full heart pours forth the gushing
"God of the lost, be merciful to me!" [plea,
The light of life descends in heavenly rays,
And angels shout, and sing, "Behold, he
prays." *W. Holmes.*

2654. REPUTATION, Guarding.

He is a poor warder of his fame, who is ever
on the watch to keep it spotless;
Such care arguetb debility, a garrison relying
on its sentinel.
Passive strength shall scorn excuses, patiently
waiting a reaction;
He wotteth well that truth is great, and must
prevail at last;
But fretful weakness hasteth to explain, anx-
iously dreading prejudice,
And ignorant that perishable falsehood dieth
as a branch cut off. *M. F. Tupper.*

2655. RESENTMENT, Law of.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not this that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal
sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden
on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their
brood. *Joanna Baillie.*

2656. RESIGNATION, Cause for.

All are not taken! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life dis-
joined—
And if before these sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
Crying "Where are ye, O my loved and lov-
ing?" [AM;
I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth?"
E. B. Browning

2657. RESIGNATION, Christian.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Horatius Bonar.

2658. RESIGNATION, Reason for.

Children, that lay their pretty garlands by
So piteously, yet with a humble mind;
Sailors, who, when their ship rocks in the
wind,
Cast out her freight with half-averted eye,
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never gain the wished-for
shore—
Thus we, O Father, standing Thee before,
Do lay down at Thy feet without a sigh,
Each after each, our precious things and rare,
Our dear heart-jewels and our garlands fair.
Perhaps Thou knewest that the flower would
die, [dust:
And the long-voyaged hoards be found but
So took'st them, while unchanged. To Thee
we trust
For incorruptible treasure: Thou art just.
Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

2659. RESPONSIBILITY, Ground of.

Admire the goodness of Almighty God!
He riches gave, He intellectual strength
To few, and therefore now commands to be,

Or rich, or learned; nor promises reward
Of peace to these. On all, He moral worth
Bestowed; and moral tribute asked for all.
And who that could not pay? who born so poor,
Of intellect so mean, as not to know
What seemed the best; and, knowing, might bade?
not do? [bade?
As not to know what God and conscience
And what they bade, not able to obey?
And he who acted thus fulfilled the law
Eternal, and its promise reaped of peace:
Found peace this way alone: who sought else,
Sought mellow grapes beneath the icy pole;
Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death:
Sought substance in a world of fleeting shades.
Robert Pollok.

2660. REST, City of.

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,
Have ye found that happy city in all your weary quest?
Tell me, tell me, from earth's wandering may the heart find glad surcease,
Can ye show me as an earnest any olive-branch of peace? [toil and care;
I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin and
I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless prayer. [the west,
O birds from out the east, O birds from out
Can ye tell me of that city the name of which is Rest? [west;
O little birds, fly east again—O little birds, fly
Ye have found no happy city in all your weary quest. [may stray,
Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye
And still like you the human soul must wing its weary way,
There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's bound,
Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals found. [er's breast,
We are but children crying here upon a moth-
For life and peace and blessedness, and for eternal Rest!
Bless God, I hear a still small voice, above life's clamorous din,
Saying, "Faint not, O weary one, thou yet mayst enter in;
That city is prepared for those who well do win the fight,
Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath washed their garments white, [flower
Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful
Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with stupefying power. [giving breast,
It lieth calm within the light of God's peace-
Its walls are called Salvation, the city's name is Rest!"

2661. REST, Heavenly.

This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home,
In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, has passed away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.
Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.
Horatius Bonar.

2662. REST, Hymn of.

Rest, weary soul!
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done,
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own;
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs, and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets, and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest;
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb:
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of Life eternal led,
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

2663. REST, Seeking.

Seekest thou rest, O mortal?—seek it no more on earth,
For destiny will not cease from dragging thee through the rough wilderness of life;
Seekest thou rest, O immortal?—hope not to find it in heaven,
For sloth yieldeth not happiness; the bliss of a spirit is action. *M. F. Tupper.*

2664. REST, The Soul's.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements—Satan's snares.
God is thy rest—with heart inclined
To keep His Word, that Word believe;
Christ is thy Rest—with lowly mind
His light and easy yoke receive.
James Montgomery.

2665. REST, True.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it—
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onwards! unswerving—
And that is true rest.

John Sullivan Dwight.

2666. RESTLESSNESS, The Wandering Jew's.

Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day I feel the trouble
Of the wanderer in my soul.

William Wordsworth.

2667. RESURRECTION, Analogies of the.

The seed, the insentient seed,
Buried beneath the earth,
Starts from its dusty bed,
Responsive to the voice of spring,
And covers mead and mountain,
Fields and forests, with its life.
Myriads of creatures, too, that lay
As dead as dust on every inch of ground,
Touched by the vernal ray,
Spring from their little graves, and sport
On beauteous wings in fields of sunnied air.
Shall this be so? shall plants and worms
Come forth to life again? And oh, shall man
Descend into the grave to rise no more?
Shall he, the master of this world,
Image and offspring of the fontal life,
Through endless ages sleep in dust?

Thomas.

2668. RESURRECTION, Description of the.

Now starting up among the living, changed,
Appeared innumerous the risen dead.
Each particle of dust was claimed: the turf,
For ages trod beneath the careless foot
Of man, rose organized in human form;
The monumental stones were rolled away;
The doors of death were opened, and in the dark [house,
And loathsome vault, and silent charnel-
Moving were heard the mouldering bones that sought
Their proper place. Instinctive every soul
Flew to its clayey part: from grass-grown mould
The nameless spirit took its ashes up,
Reanimate: and, merging from beneath
The flattered marble, undistinguished rose
The great—nor heeded once the lavish rhyme,
And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain.
The Memphian mummy, that from age to age
Descending, bought and sold a thousand times,
In hall of curious antiquary stowed, [mes,
Wrapt in mysterious weeds, the wondrous theme
Of many an erring tale, shook off its rags,
And the brown son of Egypt stood beside
The European, his last purchaser.
In vale remote the hermit rose, surprised
At crowds that rose around him, where he thought
His slumbers had been single: and the bard,
Who fondly covenanted with his friend
To lay his bones beneath the sighing bough
Of some old lonely tree, rising, was pressed
By multitudes, that claimed their proper dust
From the same spot: and he that, richly hearsed
With gloomy garniture of purchased woe,
Embalmed, in princely sepulchre was laid,
Apart from vulgar men, built nicely round
And round by the proud heir, who blushed to think
His father's lordly clay should ever mix
With peasant dust—saw by his side awake
The clown, that long had slumbered in his arms.
The family tomb, to whose devouring mouth
Descended sire and son, age after age,
In long unbroken hereditary line,
Poured forth at once the ancient father rude,
And all his offspring of a thousand years.
Refreshed from sweet repose, awoke the man
Of charitable life—awoke and sung:
And from his prison-house, slowly and sad,
As if unsatisfied with holding near
Communion with the earth, the miser drew
His carcass forth, and gnashed his teeth, and howled,
Unsolaced by his gold and silver then.
From simple stone in lonely wilderness,
That hoary lay, o'er-lettered by the hand
Of oft-frequenting pilgrim, who had taught
The willow-tree to weep at morn and even
Over the sacred spot—the martyr saint
To song of seraph harp triumphant rose,
Well pleased that he had suffered to the death.
"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,"
As sung the bard by Nature's hand anointed,
In whose capacious giant numbers rolled

The passions of old Time, fell lumbering
All cities fell, and every work of man, [down.
And gave their portion forth of human dust,
Touched by the mortal finger of decay.
Tree, herb, and flower, and every fowl of heaven,
And fish, and animal, the wild and tame,
Forthwith dissolving, crumbled into dust.
From battle-fields, where men by millions met
To murder each his fellow, and make sport
To kings and heroes—things long since forgot—
Innumerous armies rose, unbannered all,
Unpanoplied, unpraised; nor found a prince,
Or general then, to answer for their crimes.
All woke—the north and south gave up their dead:
The caravan, that in mid-journey sunk,
With all its merchandise, expected long,
And long forgot, ingulfed beneath the tide
Of death, that the wild spirit of the winds
Swept, in his wrath, along the wilderness,
In the wide desert woke, and saw all calm
Around, and populous with risen men:
Nor of his relics thought the pilgrim then,
Nor merchant of his silks and spiceries.
All rose, of every age, of every clime:
Adam and Eve, the great progenitors
Of all mankind, fair as they seemed that morn
When first they met in paradise, unfallen,
Uncursed—from ancient slumber broke, where once [stood,
Euphrates rolled his stream; and by them
In stature equal, and in soul as large,
Their last posterity.
As sudden rose,
From out their watery beds, the Ocean's dead,
Renewed, and on the unstirring billows stood,
From pole to pole, thick covering all the sea;
Of every nation blent, and every age.
Wherever slept one grain of human dust,
Essential organ of a human soul,
Wherever tossed—obedient to the call
Of God's omnipotence, it hurried on
To meet its fellow particles, revived,
Rebuilt, in union indestructible.
No atom of his spoils remained to Death.
Robert Pollok.

2669. RESURRECTION, Emblem of the.

Have you not seen how pent in narrow room,
From leaf to leaf the worm-like insect creeps? [sleeps
Have you not seen, how undistinguish'd
That insect, girded by its death-like tomb?
Till, bursting forth in vernal beauty's bloom,
Quick into life the winged wonder leaps,
Sports in the sun, the flower, the brooklet sips, [loom?
Broider'd with brightest tints from nature's
So man, within his being's narrow ring, [lies
Crawls on his kindred earth: so down he
In wintry slumber wrapt: in life's new spring
Again, no more a grovelling worm, to rise;
But seraph-like, to soar on radiant wing,
And quaff delight 'mid heaven's unclouded skies.
Bishop Mant.

2670. RESURRECTION, Recognition in the.

And shall I e'er again thy features trace,
Beloved friend; thy lineaments review?
Yes: though the sunken eyes, and livid hue,
And lips compressed, have quenched each lively grace,
Death's triumph; still I recognize the face
Which thine for many a year affection knew: [anew,
And what forbids, that, clothed with life
It still on memory's tablet hold its place?—
Tho' then thy cheek with deathless bloom be sheen, [brow,
And rays of splendor wreathe thy sun-like
That change I deem shall sever not between
Thee and thy former self; nor disallow
That love's tried eyes discern thee through the screen
Of glory then, as of corruption now.
Bishop Mant.

2671. RESURRECTION, Reconstruction of the.

Dust to dust, it mingleth well among the sacred soil:
It is scattered by the winds, it is wafted by the waves, it mixeth with herbs and cattle,
But God hath watched those morsels, and hath guided them in care:
Each waiting soul must claim his own, when the archangel soundeth,
And all the fields, and all the hills, shall move a mass of life;
Bodies numberless, crowding on the land, and covering the trampled sea,
Darkening the air precipitate, and gathered scathless from the fire;
The Himalayan peaks shall yield their charge, and the desolate steppes of Siberia,
The Maelström disingulf its spoil, and the iceburg manumit its captive;
All shall teem with life, the converging fragments of humanity,
Till every conscious essence greet his individual frame;
For in some dignified similitude, alike, yet different in glory,
This body shall be shaped anew, fit dwelling for the soul:
The hovel hath grown to a palace, the bulb hath burst into the flower,
Matter hath put on incorruption, and is at peace with spirit. *M. F. Tupper.*

2672. RESURRECTION, The Second.

But first Messiah spake again, His voice
Resounding from the jasper walls of heaven
To hell's profoundest caves. And lo, the Deep
Grew darker at the summons. Hades shook
Through all her strong foundations, as of old
Sinai beneath the feet of God. Nor now
Was key or loosen'd bar or facile bolt
Needed to ope her adamantine doors;
For, as it seem'd, the firmament, which arch'd
That prison of the damn'd with lurid gloom,

To right and left was rent: and Death and Hell
With dreadful throes and agonizing groans
Disgorged their dead, the lost of every age,
In myriads, small and great confusedly. These,
As shivering on the bare expanse they stood,
Ejected prisoners but not escaped,
The angels in dead ominous silence led [each
Back to their mother earth, where waited
His ruin'd spirit's tenement, made fit
To' endure the terrors of the wrath to come,
The body of his sin, and from this hour
The body of his everlasting woe. [they forth
Thus clothed with shame, not glory, came
From graves innumerable by land and sea,
And took their station, so the Judge ordain'd,
Behind the accursed angels, who first sinn'd
And, as was meet, must first receive their doom. *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

2673. RESURRECTION, Transformations at the.

Old men, that on their staff, bending, had leaned,
Crazy and frail; or sat, benumbed with age,
In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs [smooth;
New vigor flow: the wrinkled face grew
Upon the head, that time had razored bare,
Rose bushy locks; and as his son, in prime
Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
Changing herself, the mother saw her son
Grow up, and suddenly put on the form [sat,
Of manhood: and the wretch that begging
Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,
Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb
Arose complete: and he that on the bed
Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,
Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt
The tide of life and vigor rushing back; [now
And looking up beheld his weeping wife,
And daughter fond, that o'er him, bending, stooped
To close his eyes: the frantic madman too,
In whose confused brain reason had lost
Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
The newly sheeted corpse arose, and stared
On those who dressed it: and the coffined dead,
That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
And mingled with their friends: and armies, which
The trump surprised, met in the furious shock
Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks
Return the stream of life in healthy flow.
And as the anatomist, with all his band
Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
And impolitely hewed his way through bones
And muscles of the sacred human form,
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
The mysteries of nature—joint embraced
His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
And suddenly the injured man awoke, [plete
Among their hands, and stood arrayed com-
In immortality—forgiving scarce
The insult offered to his clay in death.
All men in field and city; by the way;
On land or sea; lolling in gorgeous hall,
Or plying at the oar; crawling in rags
Obscure, or dazzling in embroidered gold;
Alone, in companies, at home, abroad;
In wanton merriment surprised and taken;
Or kneeling reverently in act of prayer;
Or cursing recklessly, or uttering lies;
Or lapping greedily from slander's cup
The blood of reputation; or between
Friendships and brotherhoods devising strife;
Or plotting to defile a neighbor's bed;
In duel met with dagger of revenge;
Or casting on the widow's heritage
The eye of covetousness; or with full hand
On mercy's noiseless errands, unobserved,
Administering; or meditating fraud
And deeds of horrid barbarous intent;
In full pursuit of unexperienced hope,
Fluttering along the flowery path of youth;
Or steeped in disappointment's bitterness—
The fevered cup that guilt must ever drink,
When parched and fainting on the road of ill;
Beggar and king, the clown and haughty lord;
The venerable sage, and empty fop;
The ancient matron, and the rosy bride;
The virgin chaste, and shrivelled harlot vile;
The savage fierce, and man of science mild;
The good and evil, in a moment, all
Were changed, corruptible to incorrupt,
And mortal to immortal, ne'er to change.
Robert Pollok.

2674. RETIREMENT, Causes of.

Thus some retire to nourish hopeless woe;
Some seeking happiness not found below;
Some to comply with humor, and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclined; [gust;
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disSome self-impoverish'd, and because they must;
But few that court retirement are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there.
William Cowper.

2675. RETRIBUTION, Fact of.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

2676. RETRIBUTION, Nature's.

A year has ended—let the good man pause,
And think, for he can think, of all its crime
And toil and suffering. Nature has her laws,
That will not brook infringement; in all time,
All circumstances, all state, in every clime,
She holds aloft the same avenging sword;
And, sitting on her boundless throne sublime,
The vitals of her wrath, with justice stored,
Shall, in her own good hour, on all that's ill be poured. *James Gates Percival.*

2677. RETROSPECTION, Hours of.

There are moments in life which are never forgot,
Which brighten and brighten as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day:
These moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears;
The first look of love, and the last parting by
As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, appears,
And the cloud weeps and glows with the given;
There are hours, there are minutes, which rainbow in heaven.
Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the memory brings,
And as time rushes by on the heart;
They may darken awhile, but they never depart:
O, these hallowed remembrances cannot decay,
But they come on the soul with a magical
And in days that are darkest, they kindly thrill;
And the heart, in its last throb, will beat with will stay,
them still. *James Gates Percival.*

2678. REUNION Above.

If yon bright stars, which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here;
How sweet it were at once to die,
To leave this blighted orb afar,
Mixt soul and soul, to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star!

But, O! how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties shall twine
Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah, then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever!

It cannot be!—each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis Heaven that whispers, "Dry your tears;
The pure in heart shall meet again."
William Leggett.

2679. REUNION, Place of.

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more:
Where the bond is never severed;
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide,—all are done:
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,
Where the blighted light re-blooms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes:
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring-bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore:
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest!
Horatius Bonar.

2680. REVENGE, Disgrace of.

You satisfy your anger, and revenge:
Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss; and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When, rebels unto reason, passions fought it;
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd, entertain'd by none
But cowards, base, and abject spirits; strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.
Philip Massinger.

2681. REVENGE, Light of.

Speak not of vengeance! 'tis the right of God.
"Vengeance is His." Who will usurp the bolt
And launch it for omnipotence? Shall man
Assume the right of judgment, or prescribe
How far the line of mercy shall extend,
Or punishment shall stretch its iron rod?
In thine own cause to judge, who gave thee right,
Presumptuous man?
C. P. Layard.

2682. RICHES, Mental.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicest plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows:
On the same young flowering tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love,
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;

I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
Isaac Watts.

2683. RICHES, True.

Go, buy thee new lands, and enlarge thy estate, [and great;
And write thy proud name with the wealthy
But if thou shalt fail of a treasure in heaven,
All thy wealth to the winds shall be rapidly given.

Go, enter the mart where the merchantmen meet;
Get rich, and retire to some rural retreat:
Ere happiness comes, comes the season to die;
Quickly then will thy riches all vanish and fly.

Go, sit with the mighty in purple and gold;
Thy mansions be stately, thy treasures untold:
But soon shalt thou dwell in the damp house of clay, [and away.
While thy riches make wings to themselves,

Oh, give me the flowers that droop not nor die!
A treasure up yonder!—a home in the sky!
Where beautiful things in their beauty still stay,
And where riches ne'er fly from the blessed away. *William Hunter.*

2684. RIDICULE, Answer to.

Ridicule is a weak weapon when levelled at a strong mind;
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.
Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly—its poison shall burn thee to the shoulder;
But grasp it with a bold hand—is it not a bundle of myrrh?
Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools enough to mock thee;
But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the scoffers will lick thy feet.
M. F. Tupper.

2685. RIDICULE, Purpose of.

Where'er the power of ridicule displays
Her quaint-eyed visage, some incongruous form, [bin'd,
Some stubborn dissonance of things com-
Strikes on the quick observer: whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether these with violation loath'd,
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.
Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of folly?
Mark Akenside.

2686. RIGHT, Doing.

Go boldly on. Do what is right;
Ask not for private ease or good;
Let one bright star direct thy sight,
The polar star of rectitude.

Go boldly on. And though the road
Thy weary, bleeding feet shall rend,
Angels shall help thee bear thy load,
And God Himself thy steps attend.

Do RIGHT. And thou hast naught to fear;
Right hath a power that makes thee strong
The night is dark, but light is near;
The grief is short, the joy is long.

Know, in thy dark and troubled day,
To friends of truth and right are given
When strifes and toils have pass'd away,
The sweet rewards and joys of heaven.
Thomas C. Upham.

2687. RIGHT, Vindication of.

Not to the swift nor to the strong
The battles of the right belong;
For he who strikes for freedom wears
The armor of the captive's prayers,
And nature proffers to his cause
The strength of her eternal laws.
While he whose arm essays to bind
And herd with common brutes his kind,
Strives evermore at fearful odds
With nature and the jealous gods,
And dares the dread recoil which late
Or soon their right shall vindicate.
J. G. Whittier.

2688. RIGHTEOUS, Hope of the.

Oh! have ye not marked on the lip of the dying, [gale,
When praises have fluttered in life's latest
When the blood-streams of life in their fountains were drying,
And the cheek once so blooming was death-like and pale,
That the righteous hath hope in his death?

For the brightness of joy on his spirit is beaming, [illume,
The lights of heaven's splendor his bosom
And visions of bliss on his rapt soul are streaming, tomb—
The visions that gild the dark vale of the
For the righteous hath hope in his death.

2689. RIGHTEOUSNESS, Self.

Grace, triumphant on the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone;
Come, and bow beneath her sway,
Cast your idol works away.
Works of men, when made his plea,
Never shall accepted be;
Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm!)
Are the best he can perform.
Self, the god his soul adores,
Influences all his powers;
Jesus is a slighted name,
Self-advancement all his aim;

But when God the Judge shall come
To pronounce the final doom,
Then for rocks and hills to hide
All his works and all his pride!
William Cowper.

2690. ROCK, Repairing to the.

In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care; [cry,
From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood, [good,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
Clad in Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on Thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise, [der sky,
With bright millions I'll join, far above yon-
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I.

2691. ROCK OF AGES, Hiding in the.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Augustus Montague Toplady.

2692. RULES, Advantage of.

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths, [but man?
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his ecliptic line; beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company.
Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcel underwrites a law.
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humors way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.
George Herbert.

2693. RUM, Selling

Oh! selling of rum is the best device
To make Gehenna of Paradise.
Wherever may roll the fiery flood, [blood,
It is swollen with tears, it is crested with
And with wrecks—how numberless! laden.
The voice that was heard erewhile in prayer,
With its muttered curses stirs the air.
And the hand once prompt to shield from ill,
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill
Or wife, or sire, or maiden.
William H. Burleigh.

2694. RUMOR, Danger of.

Idle causes, noised awhile, shall yield most active consequents,
And therefore it were ill upon occasion to scorn the voice of rumor.
Ye have seen the chemist in his art mingle invisible gases;
And lo! the product is a substance, a heavy, dark precipitate;
Even so, fame, hurtling on the quiet with many meeting tongues,
Can out of nothing bring forth fruits, and blossom on a nourishment of air.
For many have earned honor, and thereby rank and riches,
From false and fleeting tales, some casual, mere mistake;
And many have been wrecked upon disgrace, and have struggled with poverty and scorn,
From envious hints and ill reports, the slanders cast on innocence.
Whom may not scandal hit? those shafts are shot at a venture;
Who standeth not in danger of suspicion? that net hath caught the noblest.
Cæsar's wife was spotless, but a martyr to false fame;
And rumor, in temporary things, is gigantic as a ruin or a remedy:
Many poor and many rich have testified its popular omnipotence,
And many a panic-stricken army have perished with the host of the Assyrians.
M. F. Tupper.

2695. RUMOR, Growth of.

The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Alexander Pope.

2696. SABBATH, Benefits of the.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth,
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

Thou art a holy ladder
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home;
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls:
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this, our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
Christopher Wordsworth.

2697. SABBATH, Figures of the.

Types of eternal rest, fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week; [this;
The next world's gladness imaged forth in
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Eternity on time, the steps by which
We climb to future ages, lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich, [flight.
Yielding redemption for a week's dull

Wakeners of prayers in man, his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers,
Periods appointed to renew our trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!
A milky-way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine;
A clew, which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briers and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth; pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story;
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!
Bernard Barton.

2698. SABBATH, Import of the.

Hail to the day, which He, who made the heaven,
Earth, and their armies, sanctified and blest,
Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest!
Hail to the day, when He, by whom was given
New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,
Arose! That day His Church doth still confess,
At once Creation's and Redemption's feast,
Sign of a world called forth, a world forgiven.
Welcome that day, the day of holy peace,
The Lord's own day! to man's Creator owed,
And man's Redeemer; for the soul's increase
In sanctity, and sweet repose bestowed;
Type of the rest when sin and care shall cease,
The rest remaining for the loved of God!
Bp. Mant.

2699. SABBATH, Observance of the.

Now let us repose from our care and our sorrow,
Let all that is anxious and sad pass away;
The rough cares of life lay aside till to-morrow,
And let us be tranquil and happy to-day.

Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
As Abraham said to his men on the plain—
There's the mountain of prayer, I am going up yonder,
And tarry you here till I seek you again.

To-day on that mount we would seek for Thy blessing;
O Spirit of Holiness, meet with us there;
Our hearts then will feel, thine influence possessing, [prayer.
The sweetness of praise and the fervor of
James Edmeston.

2700. SABBATH, Rest of the.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill!
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!
Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Ah, tender was the Law that gave
This holy respite to the breast,

To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!
But where the waves the gentlest glide
What image charms, to lift thine eyes?
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
This rest from mortal toil is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to heaven.
Six days may Rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall;
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And hol'ls His feast for all!
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

2701. SABBATHS, Threefold.

Sabbaths are threefold, as St. Austin says:
The first of time, or sabbath here of days;
The second is a conscience trespass-free;
The last the sabbath of eternity.
Robert Herrick.

2702. SACRIFICE, Glory of.

The highest glory is not where,
'Mid crimson clouds, the fight is won;
'Tis to reclaim the erring son,
Long used the sinful yoke to bear.

Better to clothe with corn the wild
Than track the fire-path of a star;
Less the proud sons of science are
Than clown who saves a drowning child.

Through death the world is raised above
Its alien curse and kindred dust;
We on the cross read, "God is just,"
But in the offering, "God is love."

The wheaten corn which falls and dies,
In autumn's plenty richly waves;
So, from the loathsome place of graves
With Christ, our elder, we may rise.

From death comes life. The hand of God
This direst curse to good transforms;
So purest air is born of storms;
So bursts the harvest from the clod.

The highest benedictions hide
Where sacrifice is pure and true;
And our poor self-denials, too,
If done for Christ, in Him abide.
W. Morley Punshon.

2703. SAILOR, The Christian.

Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian Heaven speed thee! [thee!
Let loose the rudderbands! good angels lead
Set thy sails warily, tempests will come:
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee! [ground thee!
Let fall the plummet now, shallows may
Reef in the fore-sail there! hold the helm fast!
So let the vessel wear and 'scape the blast.

What of the night, watchman? what of the night? [right."
"Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's
Be wakeful, be vigilant, danger may be
At an hour when all seems securest to thee.

How—gains the leak so fast? clear out the hold! [gold!
Hoist up the merchandise—heave out the
There—let the ingots go! now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbor's near—lo the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island,
Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the highland; [foam,
Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the
Christian! cast anchor now: Heaven is thy home!
C. Southey.

2704. SAINTSHIP, Reward of.

To heaven approached a Sufi Saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
"'Tis I, dear Friend," the Saint replied,
And trembling much with hope and fear.
"If it be *thou*, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor Saint turned,
To bear the scourging of life's rods;
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until from faith's pure fires and tears
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?'
"It is Thyself, beloved Lord,"
Answered the Saint, in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.
Persian, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2705. SALVATION, Fountain of.

There is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
William Cowper.

2706. SALVATION, Prayer for.

Hear, gracious God! a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in Thee;
O God, be merciful to me.

To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Thy door;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free;
O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come, a sinner vile;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile!
Mercy alone I make my plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come, a sinner great,
And well Thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
But where Thou art, Lord, I would be;
O God, be merciful to me!

To glory bring me, Lord, at last;
And there, when all my fears are past,
With all the saints I'll then agree,
God has been merciful to me!
Samuel Medley.

2707. SALVATION, Proclamation of.

Salvation! oh the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Isaac Watts.

2708. SALVATION, The Only.

When wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.
Cecil Frances Alexander.

2709. SATAN, Delusion of.

Satan. I know He is Almighty: but I see
Another image of Omnipotence,
The awful Power of self-determined choice.
Suppose I choose to worship at that shrine,
What hinders? Will God drag me to His feet?
Forced adoration, what were this, and where
His own irrevocable gift, free-will?
Will He destroy me? Nay, Himself has said
We are endow'd with immortality.
That fatal dowry makes destruction null.
What then? He will beseech me to repent;
And, if obdurate, punish me? But how?
He spake of death: but what is death to us?
Beasts die and birds; man, made of flesh, may die:
But we are spirits, imperishable spirits.
He spake of hell: but where or what is hell?
Gabriel, thy lightsome wing from star to star
Has spann'd creation's height, depth, length, and breadth;
Say, brother, hast thou ever seen this hell?
What is't? a place of chains? of punishment?
Can fetters bind ethereal essences? [live
Or would God make a creature who should
Forever in perpetual torment? say,
Gabriel, is this like God—God, who is love?
Nay, rather when mankind has broken loose
From his poor pledge, as tempted he will break,
We shall be left sole arbiters of earth,
And all angelic natures, one by one,
Or flocking to our side in multitudes,
Will join us. *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

2710. SATAN, Power of.

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error have not warped it;
Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it.
For the enemy, the father of lies, the giant Upas of creation,
Whose deadly shade hath blasted this once green garden of the Lord, [the evil;
Can but pervert the good, but may not create
He destroyeth, but cannot build; for he is not antagonist deity;
Mighty in his stolen power, yet is he a creature and a subject;
Not a maker of abstract wrong, but a spoiler of concrete right:
The fiend hath not a royal crown; he is but a prowling robber,
Suffered, for some mysterious end, to haunt the King's highway;

And the keen sword he beareth, once was a simple ploughshare;
Yea, and his panoply of error is but a distortion of the truth;
The sickle that once reaped righteousness, beaten from its useful curve,
With axe, and spike, and bar, headeth the marauder's halbert.
Seek not further, O man, to solve the dark riddle of sin;
Suffice it, that thine own bad heart is to thee thine origin of evil. *M. F. Tupper.*

2711. SATAN, Snares of.

Satan is busy in planting
Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy discredit; snares in thy disgrace;
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base;
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devotion;
Snares above thy head, and snares beneath;
Snares in thy sickness; snares in thy death.
Francis Quarles.

2712. SATIETY, Byron's.

Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised: and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness:
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full, [ness.
He died. He died of what? Of wretched-
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts [then died
That common millions might have quenched,
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passions
Died all but dreary solitary pride; [died;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven:
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge— [thing;
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul;
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought—
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth. *Robert Pollok.*

2713. SATIETY, Emblem of.

There is a bird who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.

No: not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice-happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.
Vincent Bourne, tr. by William Cowper.

2714. SAVIOUR, Fleeing to the.

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity! *Charles Wesley.*

2715. SCANDAL, Crime of.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends;

Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er
he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales and brings his friends in disesteem;
That man's a knave; be sure beware of him.
Creech.

2716. SCHOOL, Fruits of the.

When nursed with skill what dazzling fruits
appear;
E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so, [die,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall
Though now he crawl along the ground so low.
William Shenstone.

2717. SCIENCE, Discoveries of.

The potter must have his clay, and the mason
his quarry, [around it.
And mind must drain ideas from everything
From the basket and acanthus is modelled the
graceful capital:
The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the
limner to his likeness:
The foot-marks stamped in clay lead on the
thoughts to printing:
The strange skin garments cast upon the
shore suggest another hemisphere:
A falling apple taught the sage pervading
gravitation: [upon the grass;
The Huron is certain of his prey, from tracks
And shrewdness, guessing on the hint, follow-
eth on the trail:
But the hint must be given, the trail must be
there, or the keenest sight is as blind-
ness. [and things around it,
And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts
Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit
of foreign seeds.
For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clew,
We yield a hundred-fold; but the great
sower is Analogy.
Atoms and thoughts are used again, mixing
in varied combinations;
And though, by moulding them anew, thou
makest them thine own,
Yet have they served thousands, and all their
merit is of God. *M. F. Tupper.*

2718. SCIENCE, Stability of.

The feeble sea-birds, blinded in the storms,
On some tall light-house dash their little forms,
And the rude granite scatters for their pains
Those small deposits that were meant for
brains.
Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun
Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;
Still the red beacon pours its evening rays
For the lost pilot with as full a blaze, [fleet
Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scattered
Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.
I tell their fate, though courtesy disclaims
To call our kind by such ungentle names;
Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,
Think of their doom, ye simple, and beware!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2719. SCRIPTURES, Contents of the.

Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;
Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom.

2720. SCRIPTURES, Effects of the.

Here is the spring where waters flowe
To quench our heate of sinne;
Here is the tree where trueth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein;
Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices faille;
Here is the bread that feeds the life
That death cannot assaile;
The tidings of salvation deare
Come to our eares from hence;
The fortress of our faith is here,
And shielde of our defence.
Then be not like the hogge that hath
A pearle at his desire,
And takes more pleasure in the trouth,
And wallowing in the mire;
Reade not this book in any case
But with a single eye;
Read not but first desire God's grace
To understand thereby;
Pray still in faith with this respect,
To fructifie therein,
That knowledge may bring this effect,
To mortify thy sinne.
Then happie thou in all thy life,
What so to thee befalles;
Yea, double happie shalt thou be
When God by death thee calles.
Barker's Bible, 1594

2721. SCRIPTURES, Treasure of the.

Welcome, dear book, soul's joy and food!
the feast
Of spirits; heaven extracted lies in thee.
Thou art life's charter, the dove's spotless nest
Where souls are hatch'd into eternity.
In thee the hidden stone, the manna lies;
Thou art the great elixir rare and choice;
The key that opens to all mysteries,
The Word in character, God in the voice.

Thou art the oil and the wine-house;
Thine are the present healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By His breath whom my dead heart heaves.
Each page of thine hath true life in 't
And God's bright mind exprest in print

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock;
The hive of beamy, living lights;
Ever the same, whose diffus'd stock
Entire still wears out blackest nights.

Thy lines are rays the true Sun sheds;
Thy leaves are healing wings He spreads.
Henry Vaughan.

2722. SCRIPTURES Unchained.

Within the old cathedral dim,
A solemn group are met;
And hearts are glowing in their heat,
And cheeks with tears are wet.
The book is chained to the desk,
And from its page the throng
Listen to Him of Nazareth,
Or Zion's holy song.

Ah! well may tyrants fear the truth
That sets the spirit free;
And fain would they have quenched in blood
Its glorious liberty.
But kindled was a beacon light,
That higher tower'd and higher;
Ho! people, answer with a shout,
"Is not My word a fire?"

And kindled were a thousand hearts,
And quenchless was the flame;
The spirit it had call'd to life
Nor rack nor stake could tame.
'Twas folded 'neath the bloody plaid
Of him who grasp'd the sword,
And fought for kirk and covenant
The battles of the Lord.

The chainless truth, our country's boast
Through many a glorious age;
The truth that gilds her high renown,
And lights her letter'd page;
That teaches no commands of men,
But wisdom from above;
And needs no weapons, but its own,
Strong faith and holy love.

2723. SCRIPTURES, Using the.

Who has this Book and reads it not
Doth God Himself despise;
Who reads, but understandeth not,
His soul in darkness lies.
Who understands, but savors not,
He finds no rest in trouble;
Who savors but obeyeth not,
He hath his judgment double.
Who reads this Book—who understands—
Doth savor and obey;
His soul shall stand at God's right hand
In the great Judgment Day.

2724. SEA, Lesson of the.

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Wild, majestic, foaming, free;
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.
Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depth below.
Whether morning's splendor steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.
Earth, her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behest obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scorn his search and scorn his sway.
Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion
What must thy Creator be?
Bernard Barton.

2725. SEA, Moral of the.

In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee:
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.
In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee:
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.
John Newton.

2726. SEA, Treasures of the.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells? [main!
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious
Pale, glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells, [and in vain!
Bright things which gleam unrecked of,
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more! [breast!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest. [grave!
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom [long!
The place was kept at board and hearth so
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom, [song!
And the vain yearning woke midst festal
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head, [ery crown;
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flow
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead! [thee!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from
Restore the dead, thou sea!
Felicia D. Hemans.

2727. SEA, Voice of the.

I fain would be thy pupil, mighty Sea!
Yet speak thou gently to me, for I fear
Thy lifted terror, and I would not learn
The lesson that doth make the mariner
So deadly pale.
My mother, Earth, doth teach
An easy lore. She likes to speak of man.
Her levelled mountains and her cultured vales,
Town, tower, and temple, and triumphal arch, [speak.
All speak of man, and moulder while they
But of whose architecture and design
Tell thine eternal fountains, when they rise
In conflict with the clouds, and when they fall? [plants,
Of whose strong culture speak thy sunless
And groves and gardens, which no mortal eye
May see, and live?
What sculptor's art hath wrought
Those coral monuments and tombs of pearl,
Where sleeps the sea-boy, 'mid a pomp that
Denies her buried king? [earth
Whose science stretched
The simplest line to curb thy monstrous tide?
And, writing "*Hitherto*" upon the sand,
Bade thy mad surge respect it?
From whose loom
Comes forth thy drapery that ne'er waxeth old? [note
Who hath thy keys, thou deep? Who taketh
Of all thy wealth? Who numbereth the host
That make their bed with thee? What eye doth scan
Thy secret annal, from creation locked
Fast in those dark, illimitable cells,
Which he who visited hath ne'er returned
To commune with the living?
One reply!
Do all thine echoing depths and tossing waves
Make but one answer—of that One Dread Name
Which he who deepest graves within his heart
Is wisest, though the world may call him fool.
Therefore I come, a listener to thy voice,
And bow me at thy feet, and touch my lip
To thy cold billow—if perchance my soul,
That fleeting wanderer on the shores of time,
May, by thy lore instructed, learn of God.
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

2728. SEASONS, Hymn of the.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun [year;
Shoots full perfection through the swelling
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast. [divine,
Mysterious round! what skill, what force
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze, [hand,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, Whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
O, talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage. [rills;
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise—Whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him—whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world; [hymn.
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye Chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join [clear,
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge [climes,
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis naught to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise. *James Thomson.*

2729. SECRETS, Keep thy.

Do thou thy precious secrets to no other lend:
Thy friend another has: beware of thy friend's friend! *Oriental.*

2730. SECTS, Unity of the.

Yes; we do differ when we most agree;
For words are not the same to you and me.
And it may be our several spiritual needs
Are best supplied by seeming different creeds.
And differing we agree in one
Inseparable communion,
If the true life be in our hearts—the faith
Which not to want is death;
To want is penance; to desire
Is purgatorial fire;
To hope is paradise; and to believe
Is all of heaven that earth can e'er receive.
H. Coleridge.

2731. SELF, Ignore.

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν! And is this the prime
And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time?
Say, canst thou make thyself? Learn first that trade: [made.
Haply thou may'st know what thyself had
What hast thou, man, that thou dost call thine own?
What is there in thee, man, that can be known?
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim, of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm, life, death, soil, clod.
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!
Samuel T. Coleridge.

2732. SELF, King of.

Ah, silly man, who dream'st thy honor stands
In ruling others, not thyself! Thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slave; in iron bands
Thy servile spirit, pressed with wild passions, raves. [wing;
Wouldst thou live honored?—clip ambition's
To reason's yoke thy furious passions bring:
Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king! *Phineas Fletcher.*

2733. SELF, Loss of.

Thou that wouldst find the Lost One, lose thyself!
Nothing but self thyself from Him divides.
Ask ye how I o'erpassed the dreary gulf?
One step beyond myself, and naught besides.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2734. SELF-DENIAL, Gain of.

Would'st thou inherit life with Christ on high!
Then count the cost, and know [die.
That here on earth below
Thou needs must suffer with Thy Lord, and
We reach that gain, to which all else is loss,
But through the cross!
Not e'en the sharpest sorrows we can feel,
Nor keenest pangs, we dare
With that great bliss compare,
When God His glory shall in us reveal, [o'er,
That shall endure when our brief woes are
Forevermore! *Simon Dach.*

2735. SELF-ESTEEM, Danger of.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who deems himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,

That all around in all that's done
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn, in school of tribulation.
The folly of his expectation.
W. Cowper.

2736. SELFISHNESS, Parsimonious.

Look at the selfish man! see how he locks
Tight in his arms his mortgages and stocks!
While deeds and titles in his hand he grasps,
And gold and silver close around him clasps.
But not content with this, behind he drags
A cart well-laden with the ponderous bags;
The orphan's wailings and the widow's woe
From mercy's fountain cause no tears to flow:
He pours no cordial in the wounds of pain;
Unlocks no prison, and unclasps no chain;
His heart is like the rock where sun nor dew
Can rear one plant or flower of heavenly hue.
No thought of mercy there may have its birth,
For helpless misery or suffering worth;
The end of all his life is paltry pelf,
And all his thoughts are centred on—himself:
The wretch of both worlds; for so mean a sum,
"First starved in this, then damned in that to come."
W. Holmes.

2737. SELFISHNESS, Reproof of.

O man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part!
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
And *self* disown;
Live to thy neighbor; live unto thy God;
Not to thyself alone!

2738. SELF-KNOWLEDGE, Pursuit of.

Oft have I wished a traveller to be:
Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
That never says enough; yet still was crossed
When opportunities had promised most. [elf,
At last I said, What mean'st thou, wandering
To straggle thus? Go, travel first thyself.
Thy little world can show thee wonders great:
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search and thou shalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,
And Afric thine affections. Put thy senses
For both the Indies. Make no pretences
Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own
And nearest little world is still unknown.
Away, then, with thy quadrants, compasses,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses!
Lay by thy journals and thy diaries!
Close up thy annals and thy histories!
Study thyself, and read what thou hast writ
In thine own book—thy conscience! Is it fit
To labor after other knowledge so,
And thine own nearest, dearest self not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dangerous are,
Whilst oft the soul pays for the body's fare.
Travels at home are cheap and safe. Salvation
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.
He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himself, needeth no further go.
Christopher Harvey.

2739. SELF-LOVE, True.

Thyself first know—then, love. . . . A self there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms:
A self there is as fond of every vice,
While every virtue wounds it to the heart,
Humility degrades it, justice robs,
Blessed bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,
And god-like magnanimity destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn:
When not in competition, kindly treat.
Defend it—feed it; but when virtue bids,
Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'Tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own self-love extinct or blind.
For what is vice? self-love in a mistake;
A poor, blind merchant, buying joys too dear.
And virtue, what? 'tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Power,
From whom herself and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguised self-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A self-hate now scarce felt; then felt full sore,
When being, cursed; extinction, loud implored;
And everything preferred to what we are.
Edward Young.

2740. SENSIBILITY, Description of.

Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Perception exquisite! fair Virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness ere Reflection's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamined wrongs;
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side;
To those who know thee not, no words can paint, [faint.
And those who know thee, know all words are
She does not feel thy power who boasts thy flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name;
Nor she who vents her disproportioned sighs
With pining Lesbia, when her sparrow dies;
Nor she who melts when hapless Shore expires,
While misery unrelieved retires;
Who thinks feigned sorrows all her tears deserve, [starve.
And weeps o'er Werter, while her children
As words are but the external marks to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell,
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery Feeling wears,

These are her garb, not her: they but express
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress;
And these fair marks, reluctant I admit—
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.
One, scorning life's low duties to attend,
Writes odes on friendship while he cheats his friend;
Of jails and punishments he grieves to hear,
And pensions prisoned Virtue with a tear:
While unpaid bills his creditor presents,
And ruined Innocence his crime laments;
O Lord, divine, sole Source of charity! [Thee,
More dear one genuine deed performed for
Than all the periods Feeling ere could turn—
Than all thy touching page, perverted Sterne.
Hannah More.

2741. SEPARATION, The Final.

Thus stood they mixed! all generations
Of all mankind! innumerable throng! [stood
Great harvest of the grave! waiting the will
Of Heaven, attentively and silent all,
As forest spreading out beneath the calm
Of evening skies, when even the single leaf
Is heard distinctly rustle down and fall;
So silent they, when from above the sound
Of rapid wheels approached, and suddenly
In heaven appeared a host of angels strong,
With chariots and with steeds of burning fire:
Cherub, and Seraph, Thrones, Dominions, Powers,
Bright in celestial armor, dazzling, rode:
And leading in the front, illustrious shone
Michael and Gabriel, servants long approved
In high commission—girt that day with power,
Which naught created, man or devil, might
Resist: nor waited gazing long; but quick
Descending, silently and without song,
As servants bent to do their Master's work,
To middle air they raised the human race,
Above the path long travelled by the sun;
And as a shepherd from the sheep divides
The goats; or husbandman, with reaping bands,
In harvest separates the precious wheat,
Selected from the tares: so did they part
Mankind—the good and bad, to right and left—
To meet no more; these ne'er again to smile;
Nor those to weep; these never more to share
Society of mercy with the saints;
Nor, henceforth, those to suffer with the vile.
Strange parting! not for hours, nor days, nor months, [years;
Nor for ten thousand times ten thousand
But for a whole eternity! though fit,
And pleasant to the righteous, yet to all
Strange and most strangely felt! The sire, to right
Retiring, saw the son, sprung from his loins,
Beloved how dearly once—but who forgot,
Too soon, in sin's intoxicating cup,
The father's warnings and the mother's tears—
Fall to the left among the reprobate.
And sons redeemed, beheld the fathers, whom
They loved and honored once, gathered among
The wicked: brothers, sisters, kinsmen, friends,
Husband and wife, who ate at the same board,
And under the same roof, united, dwelt,
From youth to hoary age, bearing the chance
And change of time together—parted then
Forevermore. But none whose friendship grew
From virtue's pure and everlasting root
Took different roads; these, knit in stricter
Of amity, embracing, saw no more [bonds
Death with his scythe stand by, nor heard the word, [friendships
The bitter word, which closed all earthly
And finished every feast of love—Farewell.
To all, strange parting! to the wicked, sad
And terrible! new horror seized them while
They saw the saints withdrawing, and with
All hope of safety, all delay of wrath. [them
Robert Pollok.

2742. SHEPHERD, Jesus our.

Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone:
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign—
They that have My Spirit,
These, saith He, are Mine.

Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.
Hugh Stowell.

2743. SHEPHERD, Voice of the.

They hear His voice!
It is their Shepherd's, and they know it well.
They follow Him,
Where'er He leads, Shepherd of Israel.
A stranger-voice
They know not, love not, follow not, but flee.

One voice alone
Attracts; 'tis His who said, "Come unto Me."
He knows His sheep;
He counts them, and He calleth them by name.
He goes before;
They follow as He leads, through flood or flame.
He leads them out,
Into the pastures green, by waters still;
He leads them in;
And guards them safe within the fold from ill.
And when this day
Of storm and scattering is ended here,
Thou wilt them bring
To greener pastures and to streams more clear.
Amen, amen!
Good Shepherd, hasten Thou that glorious day,
When we shall all
In the one fold abide with Thee for aye.
Horatius Bonar.

2744. SHROUD, A Moslem's.

I saw a Moslem work upon his shroud alone,
With earnest care, even as the silk-worms weave their own.
In his illness it always near his bedside lay,
And he wrote Koran-verses on it night and day.
When with that sacred script it was filled from side to side, died.
He wrapt it round his body, and in calmness
In that protecting robe, now buried in the ground,
Still may he know the peace he in his writing found! *Oriental.*

2745. SICKNESS, Fatal.

Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long; another spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes—but not for thine— ing.
Sealed in a sleep which knows no waken-
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour. come
Glide softly to thy rest, then; Death should
Gently, to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain;
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.
William Cullen Bryant.

2746. SICKNESS, School of.

Sickness is a school severe,
Where the soul (in childhood here),
Wayward 'neath a milder sway,
Learns to think, and learns to pray.
Blest and wise its discipline,
There the teacher is divine.

Wert thou thoughtless led away
By each folly of the day?
Cleaving to the things of earth,
Mindless of thy heavenly birth?
Bless the hours which broke their spell,
Made thee sick to make thee well.

Wert thou selfish, thinking not
On the starving sufferer's lot?
Fed with dainties, gayly dressed,
Wert thou by the poor unblessed?
Now for sufferers thou wilt feel,
God has wounded but to heal.

Wert thou fretful, harsh, unkind,
Finding nothing to thy mind?
Though with countless mercies blest,
Never thankful, ne'er at rest?
Sickness comes to purge thy dross,
Prove thy gain, and not thy loss.

Wert thou proud, exalted high
By affluence, station, ancestry?
Oft with supercilious ken
Glancing at thy fellow-men?
God now strips thee, lays thee low,
All thy nothingness to show.

Dwelt thy soul at ease, assured
All was well, and heaven secured?
Didst thou need no better dress
Than thy fancied righteousness?
Sickness comes to probe the heart,
Comes to show thee what thou art.

Is the one thing needed most
That which scarce thy mind has crossed
Hast thou earthly science prized,
But the themes of heaven despised?
God now warns thee, thus he saith:
"Soul, awake, they sleep in death!"
Charlotte Elliott.

2747. SICKNESS, Vows in.

And wilt thou now that God hath raised thee up, made,
The vows, the promises, thy conscience
What time beneath God's chastening rod afraid
Thou drank'st submissive of affliction's cup,
Wilt thou in health perform? Or wilt thou stoop
Again to sin, as if thou wouldst upbraid
God for His kindness, all thy debt unpaid
Of gratitude, foregone thy Christian hope,
Thy tears, and prayers for pardon? If misused
God's grace, bethink thee lest thy end be worse
Than thy beginning! Mercy's boon refused
Shall fall in judgment on the soul perverse
That slights the gift; and goodness long abused
Convert the intended blessing to a curse.
Bishop Mant.

2748. SILENCE, Divine.

Never with blast of trumpets
And the chariot wheels of fame
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
His oracles proclaim;
But when grandest truths are uttered,
And when holiest depths are stirred,

When our God Himself draws nearest,
The still, small voice is heard.
He has sealed His own with silence:
His years that come and go,
Bringing still their mighty measures
Of glory and of woe—
Have you heard one note of triumph
Proclaim their course begun?
One voice or bell give tidings
When their ministry was done?

2749. SILENCE, Wise.

In silence wise men oft great things have to perfection brought;
And fools as oft have made a most tremendous noise for naught.
The mighty sky-wheel rolls about its axis without sound:
The weaver's rickety spool rattles its clattering course around.
This wooden bobbin only a small piece of linen yields:
That azure one with starry veil o'erspreads heaven's boundless fields. *Oriental.*

2750. SILOAM, Fountain of.

Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs;
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.
The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave,
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.
Siloam is the fountain's name;
It means One sent from God:
And thus the Holy Saviour's fame
It gently spreads abroad.
O grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full His mercies are.
R. M. M'Cheyne.

2751. SIN, Beginning of.

'Tis fearful building upon any sin:
One mischief entered brings another in;
The second pulls a third, the third draws more,
And they for all the rest set ope the door:
Till custom takes away the judging sense,
That to offend we think it no offence.
William Smith.

2752. SIN, Cursed.

Oh, cursed, cursed Sin! traitor to God,
And ruiner of man! mother of Woe,
And Death, and Hell—wretched, yet seeking worse:
Polluted most, yet wallowing in the mire;
Most mad, yet drinking Frenzy's giddy cup;
Depth ever deepening, darkness darkening still;
Folly for wisdom, guilt for innocence;
Anguish for rapture, and for hope, despair;
Destroyed, destroying; in tormenting pained;
Unawed by wrath; by mercy unreclaimed;
Thing most unsightly, most forlorn, most sad;
Thy time on earth is past, thy war with God
And holiness: but who, oh who shall tell,
Thy unrepentable and ruinous thoughts?
Thy sighs, thy groans? Who reckon thy burning tears,
And damned looks of everlasting grief,
Where now, with those who took their part with thee,
Thou sitt'st in Hell, gnawed by the eternal Worm—
To hurt no more on all the holy hills?
Robert Pollok.

2753. SIN, Evil of.

Sin is the living worm, the lasting fire;
Hell soon would lose its heat, could sin expire.
Better sinless in hell, than to be where
Heaven is, and to be found a sinner there.
One sinless with infernals might do well,
But sin would make of heaven a very hell.
Look to thyself then, keep it out of door,
Lest it get in and never leave thee more.
Fools make a mock of sin, will not believe
It carries such a dagger in its sleeve;
"How can it be," say they, "that such a thing,
So full of sweetness, e'er should wear a sting?"
They know not that it is the very spell
Of sin, to make men laugh themselves to hell.
Look to thyself then, deal with sin no more.
Lest He that saves against thee shuts the door. *John Bunyan.*

2754. SIN, Snares of.

Sin is composed of naught but subtle wiles,
It fawns and flatters and betrays by smiles;
'Tis like the panther, or the crocodile,
It seems to love, and promises no wile,
It hides its sting, seems harmless as a dove;
It hugs the soul, and hates when 't vows most love.
It plays the tyrant most by gilded pills;
It secretly ensnares the souls it kills.
Sin's promises they all deceitful be,
Does promise wealth, but pay us poverty;
Does promise honor, but doth pay us shame;
And quite bereaves a man of his good name;
Does promise pleasure, but doth pay us sorrow:
Does promise life to-day, pays death to-morrow.
No thief so vile nor treacherous as sin,
Whom fools do hug, and take much pleasure in. *B. Keach.*

2755. SINNER, Call to the.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His spirit grieve?

God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.
Tersteegen, tr. by J. Borthwick.

2756. SINNER, Doom of the.

Woe, woe to the sinner, who lives in his sin;
Unrighteous without, and unholy within:
Each thought of his heart, and each look of his eye,
Is tainted with sin, and his doom is to die.

Woe, woe to the sinner; his hopes, bright but vain,
Will turn to despair, and his pleasures to pain;
To whom in the day of distress will he fly?
Forsaken of God—and his doom is to die.

Woe, woe to the sinner; his deeds of dark night
Shall all be reveal'd by eternity's light;
Like spectres of horror shall each meet his eye;
Too late then to pray—for his doom is to die.

Woe, woe to the sinner, who will not repent;
To hell shall his sin-burden'd spirit be sent;
Forever in that fearful prison to lie,
No hope for him there—oh! his doom is to die.
William Hunter.

2757. SINNER, The Lost.

Descend, O sinner, to thy woe!
Thy day of hope is done;
Light shall revisit thee no more,
Life with its sanguine dreams is o'er,
Love reaches not yon awful shore;
Forever sets thy sun!

Pass down to the eternal dark;
Yet not for rest nor sleep;
Thine is the everlasting tomb,
Thine the inexorable doom,
The moonless, mornless, sunless gloom,
Where souls forever weep.

Depart, lost soul, thy tears to weep,
Thy never-drying tears;
To sigh the never-ending sigh,
To send up the unheeded cry,
Into the unresponding sky,
Whose silence mocks thy fears.

Call upon God; He hears no more;
Call upon death; 'tis dead;
Ask the live lightnings in their flight,
Seek for some sword of hell and night,
The worm that never dies to smite;
No weapon strikes its head.

Thou livest, and must ever live;
But life is now thy foe;
Thine is the sorrow-shrivell'd brow
Thine the eternal heartache now;
'Neath the long burden thou must bow,
The living death of woe.

Thy songs are at an end; thy harp
Shall solace thee no more;
All mirth has perish'd on thy grave,
The melody that could not save
Has died upon death's sullen wave
That flung thee on this shore.

No river of forgetfulness,
As poets dream'd and sung,
Rolls yonder to efface the past,
To quench the sense of what thou wast,
To soothe or end thy pain at last,
Or cool thy burning tongue.

No God is there; no Christ; for He,
Whose word on earth was Come,
Hath said Depart: go, lost one, go,
Reap the sad harvest thou didst sow,
Join yon lost angels in their woe,
Their prison is thy home.

Descend, O sinner, to the gloom!
Hear the deep judgment-knell
Send forth its terror-shrieking sound
These walls of adamant around,
And filling to its utmost bound
Thy woful, woful hell.

Depart, O sinner, to the chain!
Enter the eternal cell;
To all that's good, and true, and right,
To all that's fond, and fair, and bright,
To all of holiness and light,
Bid thou thy last farewell!
Horatius Bonar.

2758. SKY, Cup of the.

The sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold!
We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!
Richard Henry Stoddard.

2759. SLANDER, Exposure to.

'Tis slander
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue [breath
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world, kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave
This vip'rous slander enters. *Shakespeare.*

2760. SLANDER, Methods of

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike,
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whose venomed dart
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart;

The guarded phrase whose meaning kills, yet told [cold;
The list'ner wonders how you thought it
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease.
Hannah More.

2761. SLANDER, Passion for.

The world with calumny abounds,
The whitest virtue slander wounds;
There are whose joy is, night and day
To talk a character away:
Eager from rout to rout they haste,
To blast the generous and the chaste,
And hunting reputation down,
Proclaim their triumphs through the town.
Alexander Pope.

2762. SLANDER, Spirit of.

'Twas Slander filled her mouth with lying words;
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin: the man
In whom this spirit entered was undone.
His tongue was set on fire of hell; his heart
Was black as death; his legs were faint with haste
To propagate the lie his soul had framed;
His pillow was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods:
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's names. [him speed,
From door to door you might have seen
Or placed amidst a group of gaping fools,
And whispering in their ears with his foul lips.
Peace fled the neighborhood in which he made
His haunts: and like a moral pestilence,
Before his breath the healthy shoots, and blooms
Of social joy, and happiness, decayed.
Fools only in his company were seen,
And those forsaken of God, and to themselves
Given up: the prudent shunned him, and his house,
As one who had a deadly moral plague. [day
And fain would all have shunned him at the
Of judgment; but in vain. All who gave ear
With greediness, or wittingly their tongues
Made herald to his lies, around him wailed;
While on his face, thrown back by injured men,
In characters of ever-blushing shame,
Appeared ten thousand slanders, all his own.
Robert Pollok.

2763. SLANDER, Treatment of.

If a liar accuseth thee of evil, be not swift to answer:
Yea, rather give him license for a while; it shall be thine honor afterward:
Never yet was calumny engendered, but good men speedily discerned it,
And innocence hath burst from its injustice, as the green world rolling out of chaos.
What though still the wicked scoff, this also turneth to his praise;
Did ye never hear that censure of the bad is buttress to a good man's glory?
What if the ignorant still hold out, obstinate in unkind judgment—
Ignorance and calumny are paired; we affirm by two negations;
Let them stand round about, pushing at the column in a circle,
For all their toil and wasted strength, the foolish do but prop it.
And note thou this; in the secret of their hearts, they feel the taunt is false,
And cannot help but reverence the courage that walketh amid calumnies unanswering: [shot or shell;
He standeth as a gallant chief, unheeding
He trusteth in God, his Judge; neither arrows nor the pestilence shall harm him.
M. F. Tupper.

2764. SLAVERY, Inhumanity of.

O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every days' report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat [heart,
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews, bought and sold, have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I would much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
William Cowper.

2765. SLEEP, Conditions of.

King Henry. O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common' larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,
With deafening clamors, in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down,
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakespeare.

2766. SLEEP, Death's.

O, for a soul-sleep, long, and deep, and still!
To lie down quiet after the weary day,
Dropping all pleasant flowers from the numbed hands,
Bidding good-night to all companions dear,
Drawing the curtains on this darkened world,
Closing the eyes, and with a patient sigh
Murmuring, "Our Father"—fall on sleep, till dawn!

Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

2767. SLEEP, Gift of.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Among the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse;
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved;
A little dust, to overweep;
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on His love repose
Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan—
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep!
But angels say—and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

2768. SLEEP, Meditation before.

The night is come: like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sin, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon: to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close:
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance:
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake unto some holy thought,
And with as active vigor run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death: Oh, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die:
And as gently lay mine head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And, thus assured, behold, I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

Sir Thomas Browne.

2769. SLEEP, Murdered.

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Shakespeare.*

2770. SLEEP, Peace in.

Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low,
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O, make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
Sir Philip Sidney.

2771. SLEEP, Recuperation of.

With grief and blows when worn and torn,
If sleep we may, we wake at morn
Refreshed in every nerve and thought,
Because this marvel hath been wrought:
The instant that asleep we fall,
The soul escapes its fleshly pall,
And is absorbed in heaven from this,
To lave with love, and bathe in bliss
Its stiffened limbs and flagging powers
Through all the nightly slumberous hours;
And when returning morn arrives,
It *fresh from God's embrace revives.*
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2772. SLEEP, Subjects of.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Mortals, compassed round with woe,
Eyelids, wearied out with weeping,
Close for very weakness now:
And that short relief from sorrow,
Harassed nature shall sustain,
'Till they wake again to-morrow,
Strengthened to contend with pain.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Misers, by their hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
Gems and pearls of price untold.
Golden chains their limbs encumber,
Diamonds seem before them strown;
But they waken from their slumber,
And the splendid dream is flown.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Thousands who have passed away,
From a world of woe and weeping,
To the regions of decay!
Safe they rest, the green turf under;
Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind, or summer's thunder,
Cannot break the sleep of death!
M. A. Browne.

2773. SLUGGARD, Portrait of the.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves, or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking,
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me;
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."
Isaac Watts.

2774. SOCIETY, Benefit of.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out—there only reach their proper use.
William Cowper.

2775. SOCIETY, Choosing.

Better where awful mountains rise
With raging tigers dwell,
Than share the halls of Paradise
With men who merit hell. *Oriental.*

2776. SODOM, Destruction of.

Get ye up from the wrath of God's terrible day!
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise, and away!
'Tis the vintage of blood, 'tis the fulness of time,
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of crime!

The warning was spoken; the righteous had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;
All gay was the banquet; the revel was long,
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love, or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;

And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted on high,
And wantonness tempted the lust of the eye;
Midst rites of obsceneness, strange, loathsome, abhorred, [Lord.
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the

Hark! the growl of the thunder—the quaking of earth! [mirth!
Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to the
The black sky was opened—there's flame in the air—
The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song [along;
And the low tone of love had been whispered
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower, [devour!
Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and

Down—down on the fallen, the red ruin rained, [undrained;
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup
The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill, [denly still.
And the shout and the laughter grew sud-

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;
The last eye glared forth in its madness on heaven! [vain,
The last groan of horror rose wildly and
And death brooded over the pride of the plain! *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

2777. SOLDIERS, Christian.

Christian soldiers, wake to glory!
Hark! your Leader bids you rise;
See the crown of life before ye,
March to seize the heavenly prize.
Let the hope of full salvation,
Helmet-like, your head adorn;
Be the Gospel's preparation
On your feet like sandals worn.
Let your loins around be girded
By the truth your lips profess,
From your breast be danger warded
By the plate of righteousness.

2778. SOLDIER, Dirge for a.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?
What but death bemocking folly?
Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
George Henry Boker.

2779. SOLITUDE, Human.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean—
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled. [men,
But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!
Lord Byron.

2780. SOLITUDE, Pleasures of.

Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art; where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds; [moon and stars;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose bouquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms; [flowers;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers,
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round;
Lost now between the welkin and the main—
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm. *Robert Pollok.*

2781. SON, Training a.

When his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy friend;
For a filial friend is a double gain, a diamond set in gold.
As an infant, thy mandate was enough, but now let him see thy reasons;
Confide in him, but with discretion; and bend a willing ear to his questions.
More to thee than to all beside, let him owe good counsel and good guidance;
Let him feel his pursuits have an interest, more to thee than to all beside.
Watch his native capacities; nourish that which suiteth him the readiest;

And cultivate early those good inclinations wherein thou fearest he is most lacking:
Is he phlegmatic and desponding? let small successes comfort his hope;
Is he obstinate and sanguine? let petty crosses accustom him to life:
Showeth he a sordid spirit? be quick, and teach him generosity:
Inclineth he to liberal excess? prove to him how hard it is to earn.
Gather to thy hearth such friends as are worthy of honor and attention,
For the company a man chooseth is a visible index of his heart;
It is well to take hold on occasions, and render indirect instruction;
It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the wisdom of books:
The history of nations yieldeth grand outlines; of persons, minute details;
Poetry is polish to the mind, and high abstractions cleanse it.
Consider the station of thy son, and breed him to his fortune with judgment:
The rich may profit in much which would bring small advantage to the poor.
But with all thy care for thy son, with all thy strivings for his welfare,
Expect disappointment, and look for pain; for he is of an evil stock, and will grieve thee. *M. F. Tupper.*

2782. SONGS, Quieting.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
H. W. Longfellow.

2783. SORROW, Benefit of.

The tears we shed are not in vain;
Nor worthless is the heavy strife;
If, like the buried seed of grain,
They rise to renovated life.
It is through tears our spirits grow;
'Tis in the tempest souls expand,
If it but teaches us to go
To Him who holds it in His hand.
Oh, welcome, then, the stormy blast!
Oh, welcome, then, the ocean's roar!
Ye only drive more sure and fast
Our trembling bark to Heaven's bright shore. *Thomas C. Upham.*

2784. SORROW, Cup of.

Sweet cup of sorrow,
I would drink thee!
Cup of unearthly wine,
As thy lip touches mine,
I would bethink me:
"Christ my joy and hope,
Once drained a bitterer cup,
Let me then drink thee up!"

Dear cup of sorrow,
I would own thee!
And speak thy praises true,
As only those can do
Who have known thee.
Sweet and bitter joined
Medicine of soul and mind,
Health in thee let me find!

Though thou art bitter,
Love is in thee;
Pledge of the brighter wine,
Let my pale lips touch thine;
For within thee
Are the blessings seven;
O cup, O wine of heaven,
At the high banquet given!
Horatius Bonar.

2785. SORROW, Indulging.

Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain, [view.
And shut the sky and landscape from their
And thus, alas! since God, the Maker, drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect which we're called unto
By grief we're fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,
That so, as life's appointment issueth, [wrong,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

2786. SORROW, Reception of.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow,
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of tumult to obliterate [should be,
The soul's marmorean calmness. Griefs
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong thoughts, grave thoughts, lasting to the end. *Aubrey De Vere.*

2787. SORROW, Test of.

Sorrow is solid joy, and pain
Is pure delight, endured for Thee.
Reproach and loss are glorious gain,
And death is immortality;

And who for Thee their all have given
Have nobly bartered earth for heaven.

Saved is the life for Jesus lost,
Hidden from earth, but found in God.
To suffer is to triumph most,
The highest gift on man bestowed:
Seal of my sure election this,
Seal of mine everlasting bliss:

The touchstone and the proof of grace,
The standard of perfection here,
The measure of my heavenly place
When Christ and all His saints appear;
The mark divine, by Jesu's art
Imprinted on my faithful heart.
Charles Wesley.

2788. SORROW, Views of.

Self-love no grace in Sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease;
'Tis all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true Love employ,
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.
Madame Guyon, tr. by Cowper.

2789. SOUL, Cost of a.

If for a world a soul be lost,
Who can the loss supply?
More than a thousand worlds it cost
One single soul to buy.
Charles Wesley.

2790. SOUL, Dissatisfaction of the.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Condemned to starve at an unreal feast
A spark, which upwards tends by nature's force;
A stream, diverted from its parent source;
A drop, dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.
Hannah More.

2791. SOUL, Dreams of the.

Wings of beauty! wings immortal! hovering o'er me in death's night,
Ye will bear me onward ever, through the bowers of pure delight!
I shall pass the sable portal, only changed to form of light,
Leaving earth, to soar, a spirit, boundless in its trackless flight.
Clay may feel a pang at parting, as the spirit brighter glows,
As the phœnix mounts in rapture from the ashes of its woes;
Then, away, a pure thought fleeting where vast worlds their lore disclose,
Where love's vestal lights flame brightly, hopes with folded wings repose.
Through vast space, on freedom's pinions seeking knowledge evermore;
Its wide home the blue empyrean, the eternal spirit shore;
There the twinkling stars are pages, gemmed with wisdom's boundless store,
Where the records of the ages yield in light their spirit lore.
Kindred spirits there are meeting, will-winged thoughts that God-like move,
In their radiant robes electric, through the starry isles they rove.
Wings of beauty! wings immortal! hovering o'er me in death's night,
Ye will bear me onward ever, through the bowers of pure delight!
I shall pass the sable portal, only changed to form of light,
To dust returning what is mortal, seeking God in boundless flight!

2792. SOUL, Efforts for the.

Know'st thou the importance of a soul immortal? [worlds!
Behold this midnight glory—worlds on
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more; [them all,
Then, weigh the whole! One soul outweighs
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.
For this, believe not me; no man believe.
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the SUPREME; nor His a few.
Consult them all. Consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance. Tremble at thyself,
For whom Omnipotence has waked so long:
Has waked, and worked, for ages—from the birth
Of nature, to this unbelieving hour.
In this small province of His vast domain,
What has God done, and not for this sole end,
To rescue souls from death? The soul's high price
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The soul's high price is the creation's key,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of every deed divine.
That is the chain of ages, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blessed design.
That is the mighty hinge, on which have turned
All revolutions, whether we regard
The natural, civil, or religious world . . . .
The former two but servants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire;
Their mass new-cast, forgot their deeds renowned; [fair?"
And angels ask, "Where once they shone so
To lift us from this abject to sublime—
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean to mighty . . . . for this glorious end
Th' Almighty, rising, His long sabbath broke!
The world was made; was ruined; was restored; [pealed;
Laws from the skies were published; were re-

On earth, kings, kingdoms rose; kings, kingdoms fell;
Famed sages lighted up the Pagan world;
Prophets from Zion darted a keen glance
Through distant age; saints travelled; martyrs bled;
By wonders, sacred nature stood controlled;
The living were translated; dead were raised;
Angels, and more than angels, came from heaven;
And, oh, for this, descended lower still!
Gilt was hell's gloom! Astonished at his guest,
For one short moment, LUCIFER adored.
Not Europe against Afric—warring worlds
Of more than mortal, mounted on the wing.
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hovering o'er this little brand of strife,
This sublunary ball! But strife for what?
In their own cause conflicting? No; in thine,
In man's. His single interest blows the flame;
His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds
Which kindles war immortal.
Edward Young.

2793. SOUL, Ideas about the.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

One thinks the soul is air; another fire,
Another blood, diffused about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth yield a part.

Some think one gen'ral soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds lights in every star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
And that we only well-mix'd bodies are.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,
While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they;

For no crazed brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought,
But some among these masters have been found,
Which, in their schools, the self-same thing have taught. *Sir J. Davies.*

2794. SOUL, Immortality of the.

The soul, how passionately fond of fame!
How anxious that fond passion to conceal!
We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men.
And why? Because immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul:
Heaven kindly gives our blood a moral flow,
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim
Which stoops to court a character from man,
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
Far more than man, with endless praise and blame.
Ambition's boundless appetite outspeaks [fire
The verdict of its shame. When souls take
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo—worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names eternally to live:
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought
Had not our natures been eternal too!
Instinct points out an interest in hereafter;
But our blind reason sees not where it lies,
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemned, it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult the ambitious—'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cried Cæsar, at his height,
Disgusted.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man.
Man, if not meant by worth to reach the skies,
Had wanted wings to fly so far in guilt.
Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice;
Yet still their root is immortality.
These, its wild growths, so bitter and so base,
(Pain and reproach!) religion can reclaim,
Refine, exalt—throw down the poisonous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.
Edward Young.

2795. SOUL, Mystery of the.

That mysterious thing,
Which hath no limit from the walls of sense,
No chill from hoary timé, with pale decay
No fellowship, but shall stand forth unchanged,
Unscorched amid the resurrection fires,
To bear its boundless lot of good or ill.
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

2796. SOUL, Palace of the.

Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps;
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!
Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's port, that never brooked control.
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?
Lord Byron.

2797. SOUL, Price of a.

Go, bring me, said the dying fair,
With anguish in her tone,
Those costly robes and jewels rare,
Go, bring them every one.
They strew'd them on her dying bed,
Those robes of princely cost;
Father, with bitterness she said,
For these my soul is lost!

With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor feared the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my heart,
I looked for heaven to come.
I heard a Saviour's pard'ning voice,
My soul was filled with peace;
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I bartered heaven for these.

Take them, they are the price of blood,
For them I lost my soul,
For them must bear the wrath of God
While ceaseless ages roll.
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom,
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

Go, bear them from my sight and touch;
Your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care, they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear,
She said, and sunk away.

William Hunter.

2798. SOULS, Procession of.

I stood upon the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly, the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of the long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan;
And the Moon, like a mailèd maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great heights
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed, and were no more.

No more! oh! say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailèd moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its onward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

T. B Read.

2799. SOWING, Fruits of.

Are we sowing seeds of goodness?
They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruit must see.

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.

2800. SOWING, Kinds of.

They are sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair;
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare;
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight;
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed—
Of the gentle word, and the kindly deed
That hath blest the earth in its sorest need;
Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of dire remorse and a maddened brain;
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again;
Dark will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness, or sown in light,
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
In the broad world-field or the shadowy path,
Sure will the harvest be.

2801. SPEECH, Eloquence of.

How shall we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them, or persuade?
Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance, ask no toil of elocution!
And, when you speak in earnest, do you need

To search for words? Oh! these fine holiday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out common-places,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments, are good for nothing,
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles
In autumn 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.
If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive.
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with communicated power,
In vain you strive, in vain you study earnestly,
Toil on forever, piece together fragments,
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes—
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors,
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart! *Goethe.*

2802. SPEECH, Epilogue to a.

I've passed my zenith long ago, it's time for me to set;
As sometimes in the blaze of day a milk-and-watery moon
A dozen planets wait to shine, and I am lingering yet,
Stains with its dim and fading ray the lustrous blue of noon.

Farewell! yet let one echo rise to shake our ancient hall;
God save the Queen—whose throne is here—the mother of us all!
Till dawns the great commencement-day on every shore and sea,
And "*Expectantur*" all mankind, to take their last Degree!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2803. SPIRIT, Haunts of the.

'Tis said that when life is ended here,
The spirit is borne to a distant sphere;
That it visits its earthly home no more,
Nor looks on the haunts it loved before.
But why should the bodiless soul be sent
Far off, to a long, long banishment?
Talk not of the light and the living green!
It will pine for the dear familiar scene;
It will yearn, in that strange, bright world, to behold
The rock and the stream it knew of old.

'Tis a cruel creed, believe it not!
Death to the good is a milder lot.
They are here—they are there—that harmless pair,
In the yellow sunshine and flowing air,
In the light cloud-shadows that slowly pass,
In the sounds that rise from the murmuring grass.
They sit where their humble cottage stood,
They walk by the waving edge of the wood,
And list to the long-accustomed flow
Of the brook that wets the rocks below,
Patient, and peaceful, and passionless,
As seasons on seasons swiftly press,
They watch, and wait, and linger around,
Till the day when their bodies shall leave the ground. *William Cullen Bryant.*

2804. SPIRIT, Memory of a.

My little span
Of mortal life, inured and stereotyped,
Is branded on the tablet of my soul
Each year, each month, each week, each day, each hour.
As drowning men have lived their bygone life
Again in one brief minute, so to me,
Each minute of these ages without end,
My past is always present. Now I see
Myself. *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

2805. SPIRITS, Kindred.

Drops from the ocean of eternity,
Rays from the centre of unfailing light,
Things that the human eye can never see,
Are spirits—yet they dwell near human sight.
But as the shattered magnet's fragments still,
Though far apart, will to each other turn,
So, in the breast imprisoned, spirits will
To meet their fellow spirits vainly burn;
And yet not vainly. If the drop shall pass
Through streams of human sorrow unsullied,
If the eternal ray that heavenly was,
To no false earthly fire be reconciled,
The drop shall mingle with its native main,
The ray shall meet its kindred ray again!
Mary Anne Browne.

2806. SPIRITS, Traits of.

They miss the truth who meditate that death,
Or that which follows after death, can change
The native idealities of men.
These in the saved and lost alike remain
Immutable forever. There is naught
In the unloosing of the mortal tent
To alter or transform immortal minds.
The gentle still are gentle, and the strong
Are ever strong. Innumerable traits
Each from the rest distinguish. It is true
There lies a gulf impassable betwixt
Salvation and perdition, heaven and hell;
But oh! the almost infinite degrees
Betwixt the lost and lost.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2807. SPRING, Coming of.

The bud is in the bough and the leaf is in the bud,
And earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warmed by summer's sun in the alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;

And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits, [roots.
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound; [decreed,
How each thing upward tends by necessity
And the world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds her sway; [thy wing,
Go back, thou dove of peace, with myrtle on
Say that floods and tempests cease and the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers; [leaves,
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills; [with glee,
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song
O thou sunny first of March! be it dedicate to thee. *Horace Smith.*

2808. STAR, The Evening.

Many glories mingle
In the azure air,
But to me most charming
Shines the evening star.
For in its pure whiteness
'Tis a type of Him
In whose holy brightness
Sun and stars are dim.

So my mind it raises
To my Lord above,
Him whom heaven praises,
Him whose name I love.
Thou art first and fairest,
Jesus, to Thine own;
Worthily Thou wearest
Heaven's golden crown.

Thou art high and holy,
Angels worship Thee:
Thou art meek and lowly,
For Thou lovest me.
Thou with light enlivening,
Shining from afar,
Art at once my evening
And my morning star.

2809. STATE, Constituents of a.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate; [crowned;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies
Not starred and spangled courts, [ride;
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to
No: men, high-minded men, [pride.
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare
Prevent the long-aimed blow, [maintain,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
These constitute a state; [chain;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks. *Sir William Jones.*

2810. STATE, Duty to the.

Our country is a whole, my Publius, [zen
Of which we all are parts: nor should a citi-
Regard his interests as distinct from hers;
No hopes or fears should touch his patriot soul,
But what affect her honor or her shame. [her,
E'en when in hostile fields he bleeds to save
'Tis not his blood he loses, 'tis his country's;
He only pays her back a debt he owes.
To her he's bound for birth and education;
Her laws secure him from domestic feuds,
And from the foreign foe her arms protect him.
She lends him honors, dignity, and rank,
His wrongs revenges, and his merit pays;
And, like a tender and indulgent mother,
Loads him with comforts, and would make his state
As blessed as nature and the gods designed it.
Such gifts, my son, have their alloy of pain,
And let the unworthy wretch, who will not
His portion of the public burden, lose [bear
The advantages it yields; let him retire
From the dear blessings of a social life,
And from the sacred laws which guard those blessings,
Renounce the civilized abodes of man,
With kindred brutes one common shelter seek
In horrid wilds, and dens, and dreary caves,
And with their shaggy tenants share the spoil;
Or, if the shaggy hunters miss their prey,
From scattered acorns pick a scanty meal;
Far from the sweet civilities of life,
There let him live and vaunt his wretched freedom,
While we, obedient to the laws that guard us,
Guard them, and live or die, as they decree.
Hannah More.

2811. STRENGTH, Adaptation of.

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life its throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,

Grateful I hear the kind decree
That—"as my day, my strength shall be."

When, with sad footstep, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That—"as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang, the keenest and the last—
And when with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That—"as her day, her strength shall be."
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

2812. SUBMISSION, Entire.

God's ways are not as our ways, His thoughts
are not as ours;
He wounds us sore with cruel thorns, where
we have stooped for flowers;
But oh! 'tis from the oft-pierced heart those
precious drops distil,
That many a life, else all unblest, with heal-
ing balm shall fill;
Then give, O give the flower to those who
pray it so may be,
But I would choose to have the thorns, with
Thee, dear Lord, with Thee!

Man judgeth man in ignorance, he seeth but
in part;
Our trust is in our Maker, God, Who search-
eth every heart;
And every wrong and every woe, when put
beneath our feet,
As stepping-stones may help us on to His
high mercy-seat.
Then teach us still to smile, O Lord! though
sharp the stones may be,
Remembering that they bring us near to Thee,
dear Lord, to Thee!

2813. SUBMISSION, Making.

When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise?
Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by Thy light,
Only mighty in Thy might?

Take my nature's strength away,
Every comfort, every stay,
Every hindrance of Thy Love,
All my power to act or move.
Fain I would be truly still,
Fain I would be without will,
Simple, innocent, and free,
Free from all that is not Thee.

Weaken, bring me down to naught;
Captivate my every thought.
Take the future from my view,
All Thy love intends to do:
Let me to Thy goodness leave
When, and what Thou art to give.
All Thy works to Thee are known:
Let Thy blessed will be done.
Charles Wesley.

2814. SUCCESS, Unsatisfactory.

Now in frail bark, and on the storm-tossed
wave, [port,
Doth this, my life, approach the common
Whither all haste to render up account
Of every act—the erring and the just.
Wherefore I now do see, that by the love
Which rendered Art mine idol and my Lord,
I did much err. Vain are the loves of man,
And error lurks within his very thought.
Light hours of this my life, where are ye now,
When towards a twofold death my foot
draws near? [loud.
The one well-known, the other threatening
Not the erst-worshipped art can now give
peace
To him whose soul turns to that love divine,
Whose arms shall lift him from the Cross to
Heaven. *Michael Angelo.*

2815. SUCCESS, Vanity of.

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
Which, like a post, comes on in full career.
How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy
shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulf of time, as far from
thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going—
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death ad-
By strides as swift. Eternity is all! [vanc'd
And whose eternity? Who triumphs there,
Bathing forever in the font of bliss?
Forever basking in the Deity?
Lorenzo, who?—thy conscience shall reply.
Edward Young.

2816. SUFFERING, Appointment of.

Suffering is the *work* now sent;
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by:
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my *gain;* I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hushed and still.
Suffering is my *worship* now.

2817. SUFFERING, Compensation for.

Consider, whatever be thy fate, that it might
and ought to have been worse,
And that it lieth in thy hand to gather even
blessing from afflictions;
Bethink thee, wherefore were they sent? and
hath not use blunted their keenness?
Need hope, and patience, and courage be
strangers to the meanest hovel?
Thou art in an evil case—it were cruel to
deny to thee compassion;

But there is not unmitigated ill in the sharpest of this world's sorrows:
I touch not the sore of thy guilt; but of human griefs I counsel thee,
Cast off the weakness of regret, and gird thee to redeem thy loss;
Thou hast gained, in the furnace of affliction, self-knowledge, patience, and humility,
And these be as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the coiner:
Despise not the blessings of adversity nor the gain thou hast earned so hardly,
And now thou hast drained the bitter, take heed that thou lose not the sweet.
M. F. Tupper.

2818. SUFFERING, Fruits of.

Oh let me suffer, till I know
The good that cometh from the pain,
Like seeds beneath the wintry snow,
That wake in flowers and golden grain.
Oh let me suffer, till I find
What plants of sorrow can impart,
Some gift, some triumph of the mind,
Some flower, some fruitage of the heart.
The hour of anguish passes by;
But in the spirit there remains
The outgrowth of its agony,
The compensation of its pains.
In meekness, which suspects no wrong,
In patience, which endures control,
In faith, which makes the spirit strong,
In peace and purity of soul.
Thomas C. Upham.

2819. SUFFERING, Influence of.

Suffering curbs our wayward passions,
Child-like tempers in us fashions,
And our will to His subdues:
Thus His hand, so soft and healing,
Each disordered power and feeling,
By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
That the soul be not distracted
By the world's beguiling art;
'Tis like some angelic warder
Ever keeping sacred order
In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion
To eternity's devotion,
And awakes a fond desire
For the land where psalms are ringing,
And with psalms the martyrs singing
Sweetly to the harper's choir.
J. Hartmann.

2820. SUICIDE, Crime of.

Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd; [know,
How long, how short, we know not: this we
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission. [stand,
Like sentries that must keep their destined
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relieved, [ground,
Those only are the brave who keep their
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ill, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis
No frenzy half so desperate as this. [mad:
Robert Blair.

2821. SUNDAY, Pre-eminence of the.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay!
The week were dark, but for thy light!
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back part;
The burthen of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace archèd lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
Of God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His,
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!
George Herbert.

2822. SUNDAY, Similes of.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of
Heaven once a week; [bliss,
The next world's gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek:

Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich [flight!
And full redemption of the whole week's

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's The narrow way; [bower;
Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour; The cool o' th' day!
The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here: man on those hills of myrrh and flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

The church's love-feasts; time's prerogative, And interest [hive,
Deducted from the whole; the combs and And home of rest.
The milky-way chalkt out with suns; a clue,
That guides through erring hours; and in full story [cue
A taste of heav'n on earth; the pledge and
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory.
Henry Vaughan. 1621–1695.

2823. SURRENDER, Entire.

Peace has unveiled her smiling face,
And woos the soul to her embrace;
Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
From selfish love, else sought in vain;
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.
Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine;
And peace shall be forever thine;
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.
Madame Guyon.

2824. SUSPICION, Victim of.

Oh fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
And meditating plagues unseen,
The sorceress hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued;
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon shall she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

No more can faith or candor move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reason would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like injury and fraud.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt; and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors from the rear!
Mark Akenside.

2825. SWEARING, Profane.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse,
Lust and wine plead a pleasure; avarice gain:
But the cheap swearer, through his open sluice,
Lets his soul run for naught, as little fearing:
Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.
When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin;
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
George Herbert.

2826. SYMPATHY, Bond of.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.
Walter Scott.

2827. SYMPATHY, Kindred.

A man's nearest kin are oftentimes far other than his dearest,
Yet in the season of affliction those will haste to help him.
For, note thou this, the providence of God hath bound up families together,
To mutual aid and patient trial: yea, those ties are strong.
Friends are ever dearer in thy wealth, but relations to be trusted in thy need,
For these are God's appointed way, and those the choice of man;
There is lower warmth in kin, but smaller truth in friends,
The latter show more surface, and the first have more depth.
Relations rally to the rescue, even in estrangement and neglect,
Where friends will have fled at thy defeat, even after promises and kindness.
For friends come and go; the whim that bound, may loose them;
But none can dissever a relationship, and fate hath tied the knot. *M. F. Tupper.*

2828. SYMPATHY, Tears of.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears;
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears; [adorn;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch
Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn;
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.
E. Darwin.

2829. TACT, Importance of.

What boots it, thy virtue,
What profit thy parts,

While one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts?
The only credentials,
Passport to success,
Opens castle and parlor—
Address, man, address.
Church, market, and tavern,
Bed and board it will sway;
It has no to-morrow;
It ends with to-day.
R. W. Emerson.

2830. TALENTS, Parable of.

There went a man from home: and to his neighbors twain [grain.
He gave to keep for him two sacks of golden
Deep in his cellar one the precious charge concealed; [the field.
And forth the other went and strewed it in
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack: [safely back."
'Here, take it; 'tis the same; thou hast it
Unharmed it shows without, but when he would explore [more:
His sack's recesses, corn there finds he now no
One-half of all therein proves rotten and decayed, [preyed.
Upon the other half have worms and mildew
The putrid heap to him in ire he doth return;
And of the other asks, "Where is my sack of corn?" [it has sped,"
Who answered, "Come with me, behold how
And took and showed him fields where waving harvests spread.
Then cheerfully the man laughed out and cried, "This one
Had sight, to make up for the other that had none: [sense:
The letter he observed, but thou the precept's
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from hence.
In harvest thou shalt fill two sacks for me,
The residue of right remains in full for thee."
Richard Chenevix Trench.

2831. TALENTS, Respect for Others'.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel—as well he might—
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
William Cowper.

2832. TALKING, Constrained.

The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial plate; [show
Yes, ma'am, and no, ma'am, uttered softly,
Every five minutes how the minutes go;
Each individual suffering a constraint,
Poetry may, but colors cannot paint;
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection, and well-timed discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Filled up at last with interesting news,
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed, [bed;
And who is hanged, and who is brought to
But fear to call a more important cause,
As if 'twere treason against English laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years' transportation, home,
And there resume an unembarrassed brow,
Recovering what we lost, we know not how,
The faculties that seemed reduced to naught,
Expression and the privilege of thought.
William Cowper.

2833. TALKING, Dignity of.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought;
Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains be withered and scanty:
Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of man,
That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and it was done:
Spirit may mingle with spirit, but sense requireth a symbol;
And speech is the body of a thought, without which it were not seen.
M. F. Tupper.

2834. TALKING, Trifling.

So language in the mouths of the adult,
Witness its insignificant result,
Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to sport with, and pass time away.
Collect at evening what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
And if it weigh the importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie.
William Cowper

2835. TASTE, Innate.

Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wondering sense,
Thou makest all Nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear: well-pleas'd, he scans
The goodly prospect; and, with inward smiles,
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds,
Than space or motion or eternal time;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul, to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
A visionary paradise disclos'd [shades
Amid the dubious wild: with streams and
And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labors, and renews his frame.
What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow,
But God alone, when first His active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

Mark Akenside.

2836. TEACHER, Dignity of the.

The angel-choir His praise may chant in rapturous songs above,
And through the universe His power adoringly proclaim;
But they can never win for Christ a child's first ardent love,
Nor whisper in an infant's ear the Saviour's precious name.
O happy teacher! to whose trust this glorious work is given,
A work unshared by those who dwell amid the joys of heaven.

"Feed, feed My lambs!" in all its sweet persuasiveness to-day,
This message from a Saviour's lips, O Christian, reaches thee.
Ask not, "And what shall others do?" but help without delay,
To train the children of your class in peace [and purity.
And though, perchance, thou may'st not call earth's fading laurel thine,
Yet, bright as stars that gem night's brows, thou shalt forever shine.

2837. TEACHER, Encouragement for a.

It may not be your lot to wield
The sickle in the crowded field;
Not yours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song 'mid thick'ning sheaves,
"Yet where your duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,"
Know thou that there the Master's eye
Surveys your work approvingly;
Smiles on your task with sweetest grace,
Though humble and obscure your place.
Faint not; the crown is only won
Through patient toil, through duties done;
Know then that thou shalt stand ere long
Amid that grand triumphant throng,
And hear the sweet, the welcome word
Which calls you to your dearest Lord.
Pray on; time flies; the end is near;
One more short week, or month, or year,
And then the song, the crown, the palm,
Awarded by the approving Lamb.

2838. TEACHER, The Village.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitable gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face; [glee
Full well they laughed with counterfeited
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, times and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still, [ing sound
While words of learned length and thunder-
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew

Oliver Goldsmith.

2839. TEACHER, Work of the.

Some lambs are missed from Jesus' fold,
And straying far from home;
'Mid forests dark, and streams so cold,
The little lambs now roam.

Some gems to deck our Master's crown
Are buried now on earth;
Rich gems, whose lustre sin doth drown,
But still of priceless worth.

Some harps are needed in His choir,
Harps struck by infant hands;
And tongues to sing with youthful fire
To swell those hymning bands.

To seek those lambs and lead them back;
To find each sin-marred gem;
To guide them to the heavenly track,
Fit for Christ's diadem;

To tune those infant tongues to sing
Redemption's song in heaven;
This is the work our loving King
To us on earth hath given.

2840. TEACHING, Demand for.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and sears;
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us:
Life is but a lingering death!

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness:
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing: we are ready:
We would learn, if you would teach:
We have hearts that yearn towards duty:
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you will make us—
Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Mary Howitt.

2841. TEACHING, Simple.

Friendly the teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained he the holy, the highest in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, *for sublimity always is simple;*
Both in sermon and song a child can seize on its meaning. *H. W. Longfellow.*

2842. TEARS, Causes of.

Sorrow weeps!—
And drowns its bitterness in tears;
My child of sorrow,
Weep out the fulness of thy passionate grief,
And drown in tears
The bitterness of lonely years.
God gives the rain and sunshine mild,
And both are best, my child!

Joy weeps!—
And overflows its banks with tears;
My child of joy,
Weep out the gladness of thy pent-up heart,
And let thy glistening eyes
Run over in their ecstasies;
Life needeth joy; but from on high
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!—
And feeds its silent life with tears:
My child of love,
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,
And, like the air of even,
Give and take back the dew of heaven;
And let that longing heart of thine
Feed upon love divine! *Horatius Bonar.*

2843. TEARS, Common.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter none befell,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot. [its cot,
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in
The mother singing: at her marriage bell
The bride weeps: and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the grace, [done,
Mourners who weep! Albeit, as some have
Ye grope, tear-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up! These tears will run
Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

2844. TEARS, Joys from.

The flowers live by the tears that fall from the sad face of the skies,
And life would have no joys at all, were there no watery eyes.
Love thou thy sorrow, grief shall bring its own excuse in after years.
The rainbow! see how fair a thing God hath built up from tears.

2845. TEARS, Kinds of.

There is a tear that spots the cheek,
And speaks more than the tongue can speak
In words without a name,
That tells of many a pang within,
Of many a foul and deadly sin—
It is the tear of shame.

There is a tear that through the soul
Causes compassion's tide to roll
In full but placid flow,
That shows the holy maxim true
How man is born his guilt to rue—
It is the tear of woe.

There is a tear whose mute appeals
Tell all the conscious bosom feels,
With thrilling eloquence,
That wrings the sympathetic sigh,
Where ne'er a drop had dimm'd the eye—
The tear of penitence.

There is a tear that trickles still
Announcing all the worst of ill,
Too bitter for relief;

That when by some dire mis'ry curst,
Swells the stretch'd heart-strings till they burst –
It is the tear of grief.

There is a tear that dims the eye,
When answer'd by the stifled sigh,
That speaks of woe within,
Ploughing a channel down the face
As if were there its resting-place—
It is the tear of sin.

There is a tear that fiercely starts,
And to the haughty eye imparts
A glance, by guilt supplied,
That falls not o'er the moisten'd lid—
To flow by fierce disdain forbid—
It is the tear of pride.

But there's a tear that gently flows,
And, like the dew-drop on the rose,
Refreshes all things near—
In which the sky of purest blue
Reflects its own celestial hue—
It is religion's tear. *H. Caunter.*

2846. TEARS, Paradise of.

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the weeping-willows grow;
The branches stream like the dishevelled hair
Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with perpetual sigh;
The rocks moan wildly as it passes by;
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And waters all the region, and behold
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
Forget-me-not, and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

The souls of mourners, all whose tears are dried,
Like swarms, come gently floating down the tide
Walk up the golden sands by which it flows,
And in that Paradise of Tears repose.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart;
There, in a long embrace that none may part,
Fulfilment meets desire, and that fair shore
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.
William Cullen Bryant.

2847. TEMPER, Good.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.

A charm to banish grief away,
To free the brow from care—
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay,
Spreads gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis cheap as summer's dew
That gems the lily's breast—
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins,
As music 'mid the tempest loud
That still its sweet way wins,
As springs an arch across the tide
When waves conflicting foam,
So comes the seraph to our side,
The angel to our home.

What may this wondering spirit be,
With power unheard before;
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good nature—nothing more.
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.
Charles Swain.

2848. TEMPERANCE, Chieftain of.

The coming man will bravely stand,
Without the wine-glass in his hand,
A sun-crowned chieftain of the land;
A landmark, like the lofty pine,
Which lifts on high its plumes of fir,
Whose root no fickle winds can stir;
He, like an upright worshipper,
Will never stoop to taste of wine.

Strong of body, strong of soul,
Firm of purpose to control,
He will spurn the tempting bowl
In the shadow of the vine.
No taint of wine in his full brains,
No trembling hand will hold the reins
When he who rules shall drink no wine
George W. Bungay.

2849. TEMPERANCE, Dubious.

They say we were not born to eat;
But gray-haired sages think
It means—Be moderate in your meat,
And partly live to drink;
For baser tribes the rivers flow
That know not wine or song;
Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2850. TEMPERANCE, Work of.

It's a work of prevention and cure;
A work for the rich and the poor;
A work that is slow and yet sure;
A work whose effects will endure.
Then shout for it, hearer and preacher;
Shout for it, master and man;
Shout for it, scholar and teacher;
Praise it wherever you can.
Temperance lessens the stealers,
Robbing by day and by night;

Temperance adds to the kneelers
Who in religion delight.
Temperance aids the repealers
Of the infamous liquor laws;
Temperance helps the revealers
Of light on our nation's cause.
It's a work for the old and young,
It's a work for the pen and tongue,
It's a work for pulpit and pew,
It's a work for me and for you.

2851. TEMPTATION, Allurement of.

His unexhausted mine the sordid vice
Avarice shows, and virtue is his price.
Here various motives his ambition raise—
Power, pomp, and splendor, and the thirst of praise.
There beauty woos him with expanded arms;
E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.
Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refined
Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
Seek to supplant his inexperienced youth,
Or lead him devious from the path of truth;
Hourly allurements on his passions press,
Safe in themselves, but dangerous in excess.
William Cowper.

2852. TEMPTATION, Consolation in.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure Truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His Work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting Truth,
Father! Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
And whatsoe'er Thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What Thy unerring Wisdom chose,
Thy Power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want, Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not?
Yet Heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the Throne,
And ruleth all things well!

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!
Paul Gerhardt, tr. by John Wesley.

2853. TEMPTATION, Danger of.

Perhaps thou dost but try me—yet take heed!
There's naught so monstrous but the mind of man,
In some condition, may be brought to approve:
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity, enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.
William Lillo.

2854. TEMPTATION, Deceitfulness of.

See where the tree its richest foliage wears,
And golden fruit its laden branches bears,
Behold conceal'd beneath its shade, sidelong,
The glossy serpent, with its poisonous tongue;
The simple boy, far from his father's care,
Is well-nigh taken with the gilded snare.
The tempting fruit, outspread before his eyes,
Fills him with rapture and complete surprise;
Nor hidden dangers will he wait to see,
But onward hastens to the fatal tree.
His father sees him, and, with faltering breath,
Recalls his loved one from the brink of death;
Nor waits reply, but on the spot he springs,
And saves his darling from the serpent's stings.
W. Holmes.

2855. TEMPTATION, Exposure to.

Lie in the lap of sin, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.
Shakespeare.

2856. TEMPTATION, Power of.

But all in vain: no fort can be so strong,
No fleshly breast can armed be so sound,
But will at last be won with battery long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found:
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground.
And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauty's chain not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disadventurous fight,
And yields his caitiff neck to victor's most
despite. *Edmund Spenser.*

2857. TEST, A General.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity: [end,
All must be false that thwart this one great
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.
Alexander Pope.

2858. TEST, Objection to a.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a touchstone in his hand;
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heir-loom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far;
Our goods suffice us as they are;
We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him, saying, "Let him test
How real is our jail!"

But though they slew him with the sword,
And in a fire his touchstone burn'd,
Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strew'd its ashes on the breeze,
They little guess'd each grain of these
Convey'd the perfect charm.
William Allingham.

2859. THANKFULNESS, Causes for.

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee,
For everything give thanks!
Miss Ellen Isabella Tupper.

2860. THANKSGIVING, Hymn of.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days—
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

These to Thee, my God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit—

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store,
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall—

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy—

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee—for Thyself alone.
Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

2861. THEATRE, Corruption of the.

Lo, where the Stage, the poor, degraded
Stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age;
There where to raise the drama's moral tone,
Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne;

There, where grown children gather round, [days,
to praise
The new-vamped legends of their nursery
Where one loose scene shall turn more souls
to shame,
Than ten of Channing's lectures can reclaim;
There, where in idiot rapture we adore
The herded vagabonds of every shore;
Women unsexed, who, lost to woman's pride,
The drunkard's stagger ape, the bully's stride;
Pert lisping girls, who, still in childhood's
fetters,
Babble of love, yet barely know their letters;
Neat-jointed mummers, mocking nature's
shape,
To prove how nearly man can match an ape;
Vaulters, who rightly served at home, per-
chance [dance;
Had dangled from the rope on which they
Dwarfs, mimics, jugglers, all that yield con-
tent,
Where sin holds carnival and wit keeps lent;
Where, shoals on shoals, the modest million
rush,
One sex to laugh, and one to try to blush,
When mincing Ravenot sports tight panta-
lettes, [ettes;
And turns fops' heads while turning pirou-
There, at each ribald sally, where we hear
The knowing giggle and the scurrile jeer,
While from the intellectual gallery first
Rolls the base plaudit, loudest at the worst.
Charles Sprague.

2862. THEATRE, Evil of the.

The Theatre was from the very first [men,
The favorite haunt of sin; though honest
Some very honest, wise, and worthy men,
Maintained it might be turned to good ac-
count:
And so perhaps it might, but never was.
From first to last it was an evil place; [made
And now such things were acted there, as
The demons blush; and from the neighbor-
hood
Angels and holy men trembling retired.
Robert Pollok.

2863. THOUGHT, Duration of.

'Tis but in that *which doth create*,
Duration can be sought;
A worm can waste the canvas; fate
Ne'er swept from time a thought.

Lives Phidias in his work alone?
His Jove returns to air:
But wake one god-like shape from stone,
And Phidian thought is there!

Blot out the Iliad from the earth,
Still Homer's thought would fire
Each deed that boasts sublimer worth,
And each diviner lyre.

Like light connecting star to star,
Doth thought transmitted run:
Rays that to earth the nearest are,
Have longest left the sun.
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

2864. THOUGHT, Emotions and.

A Thought lay like a flower upon mine heart,
And drew around it other thoughts, like bees
For multitude and thirst of sweetness;
Whereat rejoicing, I desired the art [mart
Of the Greek whistler, who to dwarf and
Could lure those insect swarms from orange-
trees, [please
That I might hive with me such thoughts, and
My soul so, always. Foolish counterpart
Of a weak man's vain wishes! While I
spoke, [rough—
The thought I called a flower grew nettle-
The thoughts, called bees, stung me to fester-
Oh, entertain (cried Reason, as she woke) [ing.
Your best and gladdest thoughts but long
enough,
And they will all prove sad enough to sting.
E. B. Browning.

2865. THOUGHT, Pleasure of.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech—
Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have;
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.
Lord Vaux.

2866. THOUGHT, Power of.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Peruvian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away—
Who the world's great roll can thus unfold,
Enjoys a pleasure better than gold.

2867. TIME, Consolation of.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last, [tear
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while;
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart en-
dure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.
William Lisle Bowles.

2868. TIME, Dangers of.

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea? *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

2869. TIME, Death of.

Heard you that knell? It was the knell of Time! [died.
And is Time dead? I thought time never
I knew him old, 'tis true, and full of years;
And he was bald, except in front—but he
Was strong as Hercules. I saw him grasp
The oak—it fell; the tower—it crumbled: the stone, [grave
The sculptured monument, that mark the
Of fallen greatness, ceased their pompous strain [strong;
As Time came by. Yes, Time was very
And I had thought too strong for death to grapple.
But I remember now his step was light.
And though he moved at rapid rate, or trod
On adamant, his tread was never heard.
And there was something ghostly in the thought,
That in the silence of the midnight hour
He trod my chamber, and I heard him not.
And I have held my breath, and listen'd close
To catch one footfall, as he glided by;
But naught awoke the echo slumbering there.
And the thought struck me then, that one whose step
Was so much like a spirit's tread; whose acts
Were all so noiseless, like the world unseen,
Would soon be fit for other worlds than this—
Fit for high converse with immortal minds,
Unfetter'd by the flesh, unchain'd to earth.

2870. TIME, End of.

One foot on earth, and one on sea,
A mighty angel towers to heaven;
Before his glance the mountains flee;
Beneath his tread the depths are riven—
Wreathed radiant round his brows divine,
The bright hues of the rainbow shine:
His aspect, like the broad red glare
Of the fierce sun's meridian ray,
Beams forth intolerable day—
The glory of the Lord is there.
Loud as the maddening lion's roar,
Or as the wild surge beats the shore,
He speaks!—blue lightnings rend the sky,
And heaven in thunder gives reply.
Ne'er be those sounds, in mystery sealed,
To human ear on earth revealed.
And when that dreadful sign was given,
He raised his dread right hand to heaven,
And thus the oath he swore:
"Ye spacious skies, thou rooted earth,
By Him Who called you into birth
Your destined date is o'er!
I swear by Him Whose sovereign sway
The bright angelic hosts obey—
By Him who died, and lives for aye,
That time shall be no more!"
Earth trembled at the sound, but oh,
What shrieks of wailing and of woe,
What frantic yells of wild despair,
Tumultuous rend the troubled air!
In vain—the day of grace is o'er,
And Love and Pity plead no more!
Mark, where the rock-hewn cavern breaks,
And to his doom the oppressor wakes!
Mark where the fear-struck despot now
Dashes the diadem from his brow—
Beneath his foot the firm earth rends—
The heavens are darkening o'er him!
The Judge, the Sovereign Judge, descends,
And who may stand before Him?
Thomas Dale.

2871. TIME, Impressions of.

Roll round, strange years; swift seasons, come and go;
Ye leave upon us but an outward sign;
Ye cannot touch the inward and divine,
While God alone does know;
There sealed till summers, winters all shall cease
In His deep peace.

Therefore, uprouse, ye winds, and howl your will; [door;
Beat, beat, ye sobbing rains, on pane and
Enter, slow-footed age, and thou, obscure,
Grand Angel—not of ill;
Healer of every wound, whene'er thou come,
Glad, we'll go home. *Mrs. Craik.*

2872. TIME, King.

I wear not the purple of earth-born kings,
Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
But monarch and courtier, though great they may be,
Must fall from their glory and bend to me.
My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say
They will not come under its mighty sway?
Ye may know who I am—there's the passing chime,
And the dial to herald me, Old King Time!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
In the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
Who laughs at my power? the young and the gay; [way.
But they dream not how closely I track their
Wait till their first bright sands have run,
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust;
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
I make the shell-proof tower my own,
And brake the battlement, stone from stone.
Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,
Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;

But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
And Time, Old Time, will be king after all.
Eliza Cook.

2873. TIME, Lengthening.

Sorrow, suspense, desire, and fear—
These four can make a day appear
Long as the shadow of a spear.
Oriental.

2874. TIME, Note of.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
Edward Young.

2875. TIME, Portrait of.

Ye paint me old! and why?—ye fools, short-sighted! [tray?
And doth my speed eld's frozen blood be-
Methinks the storm-wind is not swifter flighted; [way.
The rapid lightning scarce o'ertakes my
Ye think your hurrying thoughts perchance outrun me— [done me!
Go, race with sunbeams—when they have out-
Talk of my age! I fly more swift than they.

Ye call me gray! now, try me. I'll confound ye [glance—but one—
With youth's most vigorous arm. One
O'er the huge touch of vanished time; around
Mountains of ruins piled by me alone; [ye,
I did it—I smote yesterday—to-morrow
I wait to smite—your cities—you: go, borrow [none.
Safety and strength—they shall avail you

Take from my front the white locks folly fancies;
My hair is golden, and my forehead curl'd;
My youth but sports with years—fire are my glances—
My brow resists the wrinkling of the world.
Not for the scythe alone my hand was shapen,
'Twas made to crush—give me the club—that weapon
Oft has my power in awful moments hurl'd.

But give me, too, the hour-glass—ever raining
Exhaustless streams untired—for I am he
Who pours forth gems and gold, and fruits undraining,
And treasures ever new—or can it be
For desolation only? Do not new drops
Of dew, in Summer fervors, follow dew-drops? [crushed by me.
Fresh flowers replace each flower that's
Withuis.

2876. TIME, Riddle on.

Ever eating, never cloying;
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.
Jonathan Swift.

2877. TIME, Ruins of.

I asked of Time from whom those temples rose,
That prostrate by his hand in silence lie?
His lips disdained the mystery to disclose,
And borne on swifter wing he hurried by!
"These broken columns, whose?" I asked of Fame: [sublime)
(Her kindling breath gives life to works
With downcast looks of mingled grief and shame [Time.
She heaved the uncertain sigh and followed
Wrapped in amazement, o'er the mouldering pile
I saw Oblivion pass with giant stride;
And while his visage wore Pride's scornful smile: [whose," I cried,
"Haply thou knowest; then, tell me
"Whose these vast domes, that even in ruin shine?" [are mine!"
"I reck not whose," he said; "they now

2878. TIME, Sway of.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings;
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time on aged things;
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night;
To wrong the wronger, till he render right;
To make the child a man, the man a child;
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.
Shakespeare.

2879. TIME, Thieves of.

Shun such as lounge through afternoons and and eves,
And on thy dial write, "Beware of thieves!"
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal,
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right—it holds my golden time!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2880. TIME, Triumph over.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!

For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to Whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly guided souls shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall forever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time! *John Milton.*

2881. TIME, Unheeded.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime!
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!
And who, with clear account, remarks
The ebbings of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?
Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings? *William R. Spencer.*

2882. TIME, Value of.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth?—ask deathbeds; they can tell. *Edward Young.*

2883. TIME, Web of.

Ceaselessly the weaver, Time,
Sitteth at his mystic loom,
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying—
Every thread anears our dying—
And with melancholy chime,
Very low and sad withal,
Sings his solemn madrigal
As he weaves our web of doom.
"Mortals!" thus he, weaving, sings,
"Bright or dark the web shall be,
As ye will it, all the tissues
Blending in harmonious issues
Or discordant colorings;
Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every thread its hue,
And elect your destiny." *W. H. Burleigh.*

2884. TIME, What is?

I asked an aged man, with hoary hairs,
Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares.
"Time is the warp of life," said he; "oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide [plied;
Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he re-
"I've lost it! ah, the treasure!" and he died.
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years:
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.
I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"
I asked a spirit lost—but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"
Of things inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory or the path of hell."
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past has fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."
I asked old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past,
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I asked the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on sea and one on solid land:
"Mortal!" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er;
Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more!" *Marsden.*

2885. TO-DAY, Crisis of.

The crisis of man's destiny is now, a still-recurring danger;
Who can tell the trials and temptations coming with the coming hour?
Thou standest a target-like Sebastian, and the arrows whistle near thee;
Who knoweth when he may be hit? for great is the company of archers.
Each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every minute hath its mission:
For spirits, good and bad, cluster on the thickly-peopled air;
Sin may blast thee, grace may bless thee, good or ill this hour:
Chance, and change, and doubt, and fear, are parasites of all.
A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,
That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him;
No going back, the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present perisheth;
But ever hastening on, precarious on the foothold of To-day.
Our cares are all To-day; our joys are all To-day;
And in one little word, our life, what is it, but—To-day? *M. F. Tupper.*

2886. TO-DAY, Duties of.

To-day, while the sun shines,
Work with a will;
To-day all your duties
With patience fulfil.

To-day, while the birds sing,
Harbor no care;
Call life a good gift,
Call the world fair.

To-day love the goodness
That's better than gold,
And the truth seek, whose value
Can never be told.

To-day hold the kindness
That thinks evil never;
He who kindly to-day is,
Is kindly forever.

Live, to-day, in the beauty
Of earth, sky, and sea;
For beauty fails never
To you or to me.

To-day, then, love goodness,
And beauty and truth—
The crown of your living,
The grace of your youth.

To-day scatter brightness
Wherever you go;
Gladness comes with the giving;
Waves grow as they flow.

To-day is the summit
Of duty and life,
The path of endeavor,
The arena of strife.

To-day is ours only;
Work, work while you may;
There *is* no to-morrow,
But only to-day. *Luella Clark.*

2887. TO-DAY, Improving.

For To-day the lists are set, and thou must bear thee bravely, [reproach:
Tilting for honor, duty, life or death without
To-day is the trial of thy fortitude, O dauntless Mandan chief!
To-day is thy watch, O sentinel; to-day thy reprieve, O captive;
What more? to-day is the golden chance wherewith to snatch fruition.
Be glad, grateful, temperate: there are asps among the figs.
For the potter's clay is in thy hands, to mould it or to mar it at thy will,
Or idly to leave it in the sun, an uncouth lump to harden.
O bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel;
I will not let thee go except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-day;
O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden;
I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day;
O true temple of to-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion;
I find none other place nor time than where I am to-day,
O living rescue of To-day, let me run unto thee, ark of refuge;
I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in to-day;
O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna;
I have none other food nor store, but daily bread to-day! *M. F. Tupper.*

2888. TO-DAY, Responsibility of.

To-day is added to our time,
Yet while we sing, it glides away;
How soon shall we be past our prime;
For where, alas! is yesterday.
Gone—gone into eternity:
There, ev'ry day in turn appears;
To-morrow—O 'twill never be,
If we should live a thousand years!
Our time is all to-day, to-day,
The same, though changed; and while it flies,
With still small voice the moments say,
"To-day, to-day, be wise, be wise!"
James Montgomery.

2889. TO-MORROW, Deceitfulness of.

To-morrow, whispereth weakness, and To-morrow findeth him the weaker:
To-morrow, promiseth conscience; and behold, no To-day for a fulfilment.
O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of terror to the dotard,
Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming friend,
Fraud's loophole, caution's hint, and trap to catch the honest;
Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,
Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy, thou ruin,
How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-morrow!
The hive of memory increaseth, to every day its cell;
There is the labor stored, the honey or corruption;
Each morn the bees fly forth to fill the growing comb,
And levy golden tribute of the uncomplaining flowers;
To-morrow is their care; they toil for rest To-morrow;
But man deferreth duty's task, and loveth ease To-day.
To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth;
To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of ignorance;
To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of mariners;
To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the destroyer.
Reconcile conviction with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal lie;

Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a wholesome truth;
I must, for I fear To-morrow; this is the Cassava's food;
Why should I? let me trust To-morrow—this is the Cassava's poison.
Lo, it is the even of To-day—a day so lately a To-morrow!
Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yesternight?
O faint, fond heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-morrow.
And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that easy slope!
Alas! it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a Sisyphus may not stop it. *M. F. Tupper.*

2890. TO-MORROW, Hope of.

There is a fairy skiff, plying on the sea of life, [wrecked crews;
And charitably toiling still to save the ship-
Within, kindly patient, sitteth a gentle mariner,
Piloting, through surf and strait, the fragile barks of men:
How cheering is her voice, how skilfully she guideth,
How nobly leading onward yet, defying even death! [rescue,
To-morrow is that skiff, a wise and welcome
And, full of gladdening words and looks, that mariner is Hope.
Often, the painful present is comforted by flattering the future,
And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day. *M. F. Tupper.*

2891. TRANSMIGRATION, Caution from.

Whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
All suffer change, and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our sires, or grandsires, shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within:
O spare to make a Thyestean meal,
To inclose his body, and his soul expel.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

2892. TRANSMIGRATION, Theory of.

What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
E'en I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fame I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.
Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a varied vest:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossest,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toss'd;
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same;
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface;
Th' immortal soul flees out in empty space,
To seek her fortune in some other place.
Ovid, tr. by John Dryden.

2893. TRAVEL, Rules for.

Religion, first, be made your utmost care,
Nor drop your native faith in foreign air;
Nor, like the fluttering triflers of the town,
Go forth with little, and come back with none. [lands:
Next, travel not for naught through distant
Be wise, and just, and diligent as Sands,
Whose penetrating eye distinctly sees
Religions, governments, and politics.
Some only learn the difference all the while
Betwixt an English and a German mile:
What nation's reckonings, at their inns, are
If coaches or post-chaises travel best; [least,
That Adria's isles are pleasing to behold;
That Spain is hot, and Switzerland is cold.
Our callow youth for paintings visit Rome,
And know not the Cartoons they left at home.
Strange sights o'er Alps and Apennines they seek,
But stare with silence if you name the Peak.
The famed Venetian arsenal they explore,
But slight the armory in the London Tower:
With floods of speech the Vatican they praise,
But never heard of Bodly in their days.
Ashamed of home, of foreign climes they boast,
And Thames and Humber are in Tiber lost.
When back return'd let not your whole discourse
Assert the privilege of travellers: [course
Nor strange relations of adventures give,
Which few delight to hear, and none believe.
Throw not your country's manners quite aside,
Nor taint our honest air with foreign pride.
An Englishman (the proverb tells you true)
Who turns Italian, turns a devil too:
And none, unless distracted, would forego
The British substance for the Gallic show.
Own that a man of worth may justly shine,
Who never Paris view'd, or pass'd the Rhine.
Samuel Wesley, Jr.

2894. TREACHERY, Shame of.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;

And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark
From hope and heaven!

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

2895. TREE OF LIFE, Satan in the.

As a thief bent to unhoard the cash [doors,
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold:
So since into His church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd, had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows [things
Any but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

John Milton.

2896. TRIALS, Benefit of.

Is not the way to heavenly gain
Through earthly grief and loss?
Rest must be won by toil and pain—
The crown repays the Cross.
As woods, when shaken by the breeze,
Take deeper, firmer root,
As winter's frosts but make the trees
Abound in summer fruit;
So every Heaven-sent pang and throe
That Christian firmness tries,
But nerves us for our work below,
And forms us for the skies.

Henry Francis Lyte.

2897. TRIALS, Victory over.

Smite on! It doth not hurt me now;
The spear hath lost its edge of pain;
And piercing thorns, that bound my brow,
No longer leave their bleeding stain.

What once was woe is chang'd to bliss;
What once was loss is now my gain;
My sorrow is my happiness;
My life doth live by being slain.

The birth-pangs of those dreadful years
Are like the midnight chang'd to morn;
And daylight shines upon my tears,
Because the soul's great life is born.

The piercing thorns have chang'd to flowers;
The spears have grown to sceptres bright;
And sorrow's dark and sunless hours
Become eternal days of light.

Thomas C. Upham.

2898. TRIFLES, Conquest of.

How is it o'er the strongest mind
That trifles hold such sway?
A word—nay, e'en a look unkind,
May darken all life's day.
Oh, in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear *a word!*

The man who with heroic heart
Can stern misfortune meet,
Unflinchingly perform his part,
And struggle 'gainst defeat
With faith unaltered—yet can lose
His temper, e'en for aught
Which falls not as his will would choose,
Or proves not what he sought!

And woman can forgive a wrong
Which casts her on the world,
Far better than forgive the tongue
That may some sneer have hurled;
A thousand times prefer a lot
As hard as want deplores,
Than feel or think herself forgot
By one her heart adores!

Alas, the human mould's at fault;
And still by turns it claims
A nobleness that can exalt,
A littleness that shames!
Of strength and weakness still combined,
Compounded of the mean and grand;
And trifles thus will shake the mind
That would a tempest stand.

Give me that soul-superior power,
That conquest over fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That lulls the human waves of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumphs of our mind!

Charles Swain.

2899. TRIFLES, Influence of.

What is a trifle? a thoughtless word,
Forgotten as soon as said!
Perchance its echo shall yet be heard
When the speaker is with the dead.
That thoughtless word is a random dart,
And strikes we know not where;
It may rankle long in some tender heart—
Is it a trifle there?

Is it a trifle—the first false step
On the dizzy verge of sin?

'Tis treacherous ground—one little slip
May plunge us headlong in.
One light temptation, and we may wear
Death's galling chain for aye;
One little moment of heartfelt prayer
May rend those bonds away.

This world is but little if rightly weighed,
And trifling its joy or care;
But not while we linger beneath its shade—
There are no trifles here.
The lightest burden may weigh like lead
On the faint and weary soul,
In the uphill path it perforce must tread
Before it reach the goal.

2900. TRINITY, Analogies of the.

There be three grand principles—life, generation, and obedience—
Shadowing, in every creature, the Spirit, and the Father, and the Son.
There be three grand unities, variously mixed in trinities,
The rose, and the ruby, and the pearl; each one is made of three;
And the three, be the like ingredients, mingled in diverse measures. [and mind:
Thyself hast within thyself body, and life,
Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all beasts of the field;
Substance, coherence, and weight, fashion the fabrics of the earth;
The will, the doing, and the deed, combine to frame a fact:
The stem, the leaf, and the flower; beginning, middle, and end;
Cause, circumstance, consequent; and every three is one.
Yea, the very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity of vapors,
And the noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah.

M. F. Tupper.

2901. TRINITY, Hymn to the.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea, [Thee,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee, [may not see,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber.

2902. TROUBLE, Double.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both frosts and thought do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs, [ways.
Could he but take them right, and in their
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

George Herbert.

2903. TRUST, Pre-eminence of.

One sweetest word of holy meaning
Cometh to me o'er and o'er,
And the echoes of its music
Linger ever—evermore.
Trust—no other word we utter
Can so sweet and precious be,
Tuning all life's jarring discords
Into heavenly harmony!

Clouds of thickest blackness gathered
O'er my soul's dark sea of sin,
And the port of heaven was guarded
From my guilty entering in;
Then came Jesus, walking to me
O'er the surging waves of sin,
Calling clear above the tempest,
"He that trusteth, heaven shall win!"

Now, through all the sacred pages,
Where my woe and doom had been,
Gleam those golden words of promise,
"He that trusteth, heaven shall win!"
Blessed, sure, and blood-bought promise,
Let me drink its sweetness in;
He that trusts his soul to Jesus,
"He that trusteth, heaven shall win!"

Trust—O Saviour! give its fulness
To me at Thy feet in prayer;
Grant my dying lips to breathe it,
Leave its lingering sweetness there—
Sweetness there, to stay the breaking
Of the hearts which love me so;
Whispering from my silent coffin,
"Trust the hand which lays me low!"

Loved ones, as ye rear the marble
Pure above my waiting dust,
Grave no other word upon it
But the holiest, sweetest—TRUST;
For this password know the angels
Guarding o'er the pearly door—
Password to His blessed presence,
Whom I trust for evermore.

Herbert Newbury.

2904. TRUST, Supporting.

Securely cabined in the ship below,
Through darkness and through storm I cross the sea,
A pathless wilderness of waves to me:
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That He who guides the good ship o'er that waste [traced.
Sees in the stars her shining pathway
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze,
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass, [morass;
Through thorn-set barren and through deep
But strong in faith I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

Anne Charlotte Lynch.

2905. TRUTH, Calmness of.

All truth is calm,
Refuge and rock and tower;
The more of truth the more of calm,
Its calmness is its power.
Truth is not strife,
Nor is to strife allied;
It is the error that is bred
Of storm, by rage and pride.
Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still;
Truth lifts its forehead to the storm,
Like some eternal hill.

Horatius Bonar.

2906. TRUTH, Changeless.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stay and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change:
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

2907. TRUTH, Grace of.

"Hard by Truth's temple
A lovely being stood;
Arrayed in white,
The symbol of her God.
The unholy throng pass'd by,
And stood aghast;
Said, Let me be like her,
And on they pass'd.
There's beauty in that form
Not elsewhere seen;
It's in her name and nature,
And her stately mien.
Her name is Truth,
A lovely Christian grace;
Among heaven's mighty
She ever holds her place.
The earth shall pass away,
The stars shall fall,
The heavens roll together
Like a parchment scroll;
But Truth shall live for ever,
And through endless ages give
Her blessings to the sainted,
And fail them never, never."

2908. TRUTH, Price of.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer-dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard-buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

Horatius Bonar.

2909. TRUTH, Progress of.

Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay, wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified forever: better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge. [names
Let us speak plain: there is more force in
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.

James Russell Lowell.

2910. TRUTH, Sources of.

Truth is in each flower,
As well as in the solemnest things of God.
Truth is the voice of Nature and of Time:

Truth is the startling monitor within us:
Naught is without it, it comes from the stars,
The golden sun, and every breeze that blows—
Truth, it is God, and is everywhere.
William T. Bacon.

2911. TRUTH, Warfare of.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by [wain;
The black-mouthed gun and staggering
Men start not at the battle-cry—
O, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blanch not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.
William Cullen Bryant.

2912. TUMULT, Earthly.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano—woe is me
All the day long!

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar—
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep fountains are
Within their lungs.

Storms, thunders, waves!
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your fill;
Ye sometimes rest: men never can be still
But in their graves.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2913. TYRANNY, Moral.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice,
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury,
The negligence, the apathy, the evils [rants,
Of sensual sloth, produce ten thousand ty-
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.
Lord Byron.

2914. TYRE, Desolation of.

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory is laid waste! [faced.
There is no habitation; the mansions are de-
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails; [Shenir's vales,
No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in
And Bashan's oaks, that boasted a thousand years of sun,
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy harp and sing:
Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king:
Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair unbound,
Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless and discrowned!
There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou remembered be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature still laments
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnificence:
The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder now;
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a troubled brow;
And evermore the surges chant forth their vain desire:
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre!" *Bayard Taylor.*

2915. UNBELIEF, Credulity of.

An atheist is ever the most credulous,
Snatching at any foolish cause that may dispel his doubts;
And, even as it were for ridicule, a spectacle to men and angels.
The captious and cautious unbeliever is of all men weakest to believe:

Cut from the anchorage of God, his bark is
a plaything of the billows;
The compass of his principle is broken, the
rudder of his faith unshipped:
Chance and Fate, in a stultified antagonism,
govern all for him;
Truth sprang from the conflict of falsities,
and the multitude of accidents hath
bred design!
Where is the imposture so gross that shall
not entrap his curiosity?
What superstition is so abject that it doth
not blanch his cheek?
Whereof can he be sure, with whom Chaos
is substitute for order?
How should his silly structure stand, a pyra-
mid built upon its apex?
Yea, I have seen gray-headed men, the bas-
tard slips of science,
Go for light to glow-worms, while they scorn
the sun at noon;
Men, who fear no God, trembling at a
gypsy's curse;
Men, who jest at revelation, clinging to a mad-
man's prophecy! *M. F. Tupper.*

2916. UNBELIEF, Influence of.

Trust is great in either world, if any would
be well.
Verily, the scoptical propensity is a universal [foe;
Sneering Pyrrho never found, nor cared to
find, a friend:
How could he trust another? and himself,
whom would he not deceive?
His proper gains were all his aim, and inter-
ests clash with kindness.
So the Bedouin goeth armed, an enemy to all,
The spear is stuck beside his couch, the dag-
ger hid beneath his pillow.
For society, void of mutual trust, of credit,
and of faith,
Would fall asunder as a waterspout, snapped
from the cloud's attraction.
M. F. Tupper.

2917. UNFAITHFULNESS, Influence of.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall brightly on me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And often fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in a shadow
Your lamp would burn higher, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble;
They are bruised on the rocks, and they
lie
With their white, pleading faces turned up-
ward
To the clouds of the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted;
We behold them near and afar;
But not many of them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

I think were they trimmed night and morn
ing
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all blowing about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her glad-
To hail the millennial day! [ness

2918. UNFRUITFULNESS, Lament for.

Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves! no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds, lo, tares and weeds,
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves! memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find sadly at last
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,
We stand before Him, humbled, mute,
Waiting the words He breathes,
Nothing but leaves!

2919. UNHAPPINESS, The World's.

The world is wise, for the world is old;
Five thousand years their tale have told;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world
might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is kind if we ask not too much;
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the
touch; [might be—
Yet the world is not happy, as the world
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is strong with an awful strength,
And full of life in its breadth and length;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world
might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is so beautiful one may fear
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear;

Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is good in its own poor way,
There is rest by night and high spirits by day;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The Cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be—
Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

What lackest thou, world? for God made thee of old; [grown cold;
Why, thy faith gone out, and thy love
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood thou lackest, thou poor old world! [old world?
Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember that Christ must have His own way;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.
Frederick W. Faber.

2920. UNION, Fable of.

Observe the dying father speak,
Try, lads, can you this bundle break;
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove by turns to break the fagot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be in friendship tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel;
Here ends the fable and the moral.
Jonathan Swift.

2921. UNION, The American.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!
H. W. Longfellow.

2922. UNIVERSE, Hymn to the.

Roll on, thou sun, forever roll,
Thou giant, rushing through the heaven!
Creation's wonder, nature's soul!
Thy golden wheels by angels driven;
The planets die without thy blaze,
And cherubim, with star-drop wing,
Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays,
Thou brightest emblem of their King!

Roll, lovely earth! and still roll on,
With ocean's azure beauty bound;
While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound;
And angels, with delighted eyes,
Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
From the high walls of Paradise,
Swift-wheeling like a glorious dream.

Roll, planets! on your dazzling road,
Forever sweeping round the sun;
What eye beheld when first ye glowed!
What eye shall see your courses done!
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendors of the skies!
High altars, from which angels see
The incense of creation rise.

Roll, comets! and ye million stars!
Ye that through boundless nature roam;
Ye monarchs on your flame-wing cars;
Tell us in what more glorious dome—
What orb to which your pomps are dim,
What kingdom but by angels trod—
Tell us, where swells the eternal hymn
Around His throne, where dwells your God? *Goethe.*

2923. UNTHANKFULNESS, Contrast of.

While this immortal spark of heavenly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame,
To Thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of Thee, my soul excursive flies
Through earth, air, ocean, or Thy regal skies:
From world to world new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.
When, winged with whirlwinds, vice shall take its flight
To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To Thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join, men and angels! join the exalted lay.
Thomas Blacklock.

2924. UNWORTHINESS, Confession of.

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate;
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves they also knew;
Lord, Holy One! if Thou who knowest worse,
Should'st loathe us too!
R. C. Trench.

2925. USEFULNESS, Happiness of.

Behold the happy man; his face is rayed with pleasure;
His thoughts are of calm delight, and none can know his blessedness,
The light of affection sunned his heart, the tears of the grateful bedewed his feet,
He put his hand with constancy to good, and angels knew him as a brother,
And the busy satellites of evil trembled as at God's ally;
He used his wealth as a wise steward, making him friends for futurity;
He bent his learning to religion, and religion was with him at the last:
For I saw him after many days, when the time of his release was come,
And I longed for a congregated world to behold that dying saint.
M. F. Tupper.

2926. USEFULNESS, Study of.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still. [way
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the
To compass this. Find out men's want and will, [go less
And meet them there. All worldly joys
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.
George Herbert.

2927. VALOR, Power of.

Faith, firmness, confidence, consistency—these are well allied;
Yea, let a man press on in aught, he shall not lack of honor:
For such a one seemeth as superior to the native instability of creatures;
That he doeth, he doeth as a god, and men will marvel at his courage.
Even in crimes, a partial praise cannot be denied to daring,
And many fearless chiefs have won the friendship of a foe.
Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over them and in them;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail:
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled:
The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will shame the man to danger,
And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had vanquished fear.
Boldness is akin to power: yea, because ignorance is weakness,
Knowledge with unshrinking might will nerve the vigorous hand.
M. F. Tupper.

2928. VANITY, All is.

The world with stones instead of bread
Our hungry souls has often fed;
It promised health—in one short hour
Perished the fair but fragile flower;
It promised riches—in a day
They made them wings and fled away;
It promised friends—all sought their own,
And left my widowed heart alone.

2929. VANITY, Earthly.

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven; fond earth, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her;
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advisèd ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coined treasure;
A paradise that has no stint,
No change no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man, thou dot'st; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?

Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? false world,
thou ly'st. *Francis Quarles.*

2930. VANITY, Life's.

The thirsty rivers drink their store,
And bear it rolling to the shore,
But still the ocean craves for more.
Tis endless labor everywhere!
Sound cannot satisfy the ear,
Light cannot fill the craving eye,
Nor riches half our wants supply;
Pleasure but doubles future pain,
And joy brings sorrow in her train;
Laughter is mad, and reckless mirth—
What does she in this weary earth?
Should Wealth, or Fame, our life employ,
Death comes, our labor to destroy;
To snatch the untasted cup away,
For which we toiled so many a day.
Anne Brontë.

2931. VANITY-FAIR, Description of.

The great human whirlpool—'tis seething and
seething: [breathing.
On! No time for shrieking out—scarcely for
All toiling and moiling, some feebler, some
bolder; [der:
But each sees a fiend-face grim over his shoul-
Thus merrily live they in Vanity-fair.

The great human caldron—it boils ever
higher: [stealing nigher,
Some drowning, some sinking; while some,
Athirst, come and lean o'er its outermost
verges, [surges—
Or touch, as a child's feet touch, timorous, the
One plunge—lo! more souls swamped in
Vanity-fair.

Let's live while we live; for to-morrow all's
over: [maddened lover;
Drink deep, drunkard bold; and kiss close,
Smile, hypocrite, smile: it is no such hard
labor, [his neighbor—
While each stealthy hand stabs the heart of
Faugh! Fear not: we've no hearts in
Vanity-fair.
Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

2932. VARIETY, Charm of.

Ask what prevailing, pleasing power
Allures the sportive, wandering bee
To roam, untired, from flower to flower;
He'll tell you, 'tis variety.
Look Nature round, her features trace,
Her seasons, all her changes see:
And own, upon Creation's face,
The greatest charm's variety.
Juvenal, tr. by Thomas Moore.

2933. VENGEANCE, Approach of.

Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favors he confers,
And contumelious his humanity. [stars;
What then is vengeance? Hear it not, ye
And thou, pale moon, turn paler at the sound:
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretells the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy! Would it were!
Edward Young.

2934. VENGEANCE, Example of.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the
fold, [gold;
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
And the sheen of their spears was like stars
on the sea, [Galilee.
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is
green, [seen;
That host with their banners at sunset were
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn
hath blown, [strown.
That host on the morrow lay withered and

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on
the blast, [passed,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever
grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all
wide, [his pride;
But through it there rolled not the breath of
And the foam of his gasping lay white on
the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beaten surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail: [alone,
And the tents were all silent, the banners
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their
wail, [Baal;
And the idols are broke in the temple of
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
Lord. *Lord Byron.*

2935. VICE, Beginning of.

A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.
Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

2936. VICE, Blindness of.

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(Oh misery on't) the wise G d seals our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us while we strut
To our confusion. *Shakespeare.*

2937. VICE, Familiarity with.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
Alexander Pope.

2938. VICE, Profitless.

What if the sinner's magazines are stored
With the rich spoils that Ophir's mine afford?
What if he spends his happy days and nights
In softest joys, and undisturbed delights?
Where is his hope at last, when God shall wrest
His trembling soul from his reluctant breast?
Richard Blackmore.

2939. VICE, Tyranny of.

O, the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us! And the tyranny
He exercises, ...
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mixed with a gushing storm, that suffers nothing
To stir abroad on earth but its own rages,
Is sin, when it hath gathered head above us:
No roof, no shelter will secure us so,
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.
George Chapman.

2940. VICTORY, Hope of.

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it—
"It is better farther on."

Night and day unceasing sings it;
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings it so the heart can hear it,
"It is better farther on."

Sits upon the grave and sings it—
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on."

Farther on? Then how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one?
No—no counting—only trusting
"It is better farther on."

2941. VICTORY Over Death.

My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

Cho. O come, angel band,
Come and around me stand;
O bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks;
The crossing must be near.

I have almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory. *J. Haskell.*

2942. VIRTUE, Authority of.

"Has virtue charms?"—I grant her heavenly fair;
But if unportion'd all, will int'rest wed;
Tho' that our admiration, this our choice.
The virtues grow on immortality;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A Deity believ'd, will naught avail;
Rewards and punishments make God ador'd;
And hopes and fears give conscience all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me he's a knave.
His duty 'tis to love himself alone;
Nor care tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,
Is dead already; naught but brute survives.
Edward Young.

2943. VIRTUE, Memory of.

Virtue, like God, Whose excellent majesty,
Whose glory virtue is, is omnipresent.
No being, once created rational,
Accountable, endowed with moral sense,
With sapience of right and wrong endowed,
And charged, however fallen, debased, destroyed;
However lost, forlorn, and miserable; [thick;
In guilt's dark shrouding wrapt, however
However drunk, delirious, and mad, [damned,
With sin's full cup; and with whatever
Unnatural diligence it work and toil,
Can banish virtue from its sight, or once
Forget that she is fair. Hides it in night,
In central night; takes it the lightning's wing.
And flies forever on, beyond the bounds
Of all; drinks it the maddest cup of sin;
Dives it beneath the ocean of despair;
It dives, it drinks, it flies, it hides in vain:
For still the eternal beauty, image fair,
Once stamped upon the soul, before the eye
All lovely stands, nor will depart; so God
Ordains: and lovely to the worst she seems,
And ever seems; and as they look, and still
Must ever look upon her loveliness,
Remembrance dire of what they were, of what
They might have been, and bitter sense of what
They are, polluted, ruined, hopeless, lost,
With most repenting torment rend their hearts.
So God ordains—their punishment severe,
Eternally inflicted by themselves.
'Tis this—this Virtue hovering evermore
Before the vision of the damned, and in

Upon their monstrous moral nakedness [woe,
Casting unwelcome light, that makes their
That makes the essence of the endless flame:
Where this is, there is Hell—darker than aught
That he, the bard three-visioned, darkest saw.
Robert Pollok.

2944. VIRTUE, Responsibility of.

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our vir-
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike [tues
As if we had them not. . . . . .
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Shakespeare.

2945. VIRTUE, Rewards of.

Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there [here?
With the same trash mad mortals wish for
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go like the Indian in another life,
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dreams such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind:
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for
Esteem and love were never to be sold. [gold;
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Alexander Pope.

2946. VIRTUE, Safety of.

Thou sail'st with others in this Argus here,
Nor wrack or bulging thou hast cause to fear;
But trust to this, my noble passenger:
Who swims with virtue, he shall still be sure,
Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure,
And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.
Robert Herrick.

2947. VIRTUE, Scorning.

Virtue! how many, as a lowly thing,
Born of weak folly, scorn thee! but thy name
Alone they know: upon thy soaring wing
They'd fear to mount; nor could thy sacred flame
Burn in their baser hearts: the biting thorn,
The flinty crag, flowers hiding, strew thy field;
Yet blest is he whose daring bides the scorn
Of the frail, easy herd, and buckles on thy shield.
Who says thy ways are bliss, trolls but a lay
To lure the infant: if thy paths, to view,
Were always pleasant, Crime's worst sons would lay
Their daggers at thy feet, and, from mere sloth, pursue.
Maria Brooks.

2948. VOWS, Making.

Said I not so—that I would sin no more?
Witness, my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? Make vows and break them
'Twill be but labor lost; [still?
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length.
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past.
Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow, thou mayst
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
Whilst He permits thee but to call.
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And Thine be all the praise
George Herbert.

2949. WAITING, Brief.

"A little while," and He shall come,
Light of our eyes, our longing;
His own voice bids us welcome home,
And we His people thronging,
Shall rest our hearts in His embrace,
Dear Refuge! ours forever;
Look upward to His blessed face,
And fear its hiding never.

2950. WAITING, Enforced.

I will not dream in vain despair
The steps of progress wait for me:
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
And yet not mine if understood;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.

O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action! ye are one
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is done!
John Greenleaf Whittier.

2951. WAITING, Expectant.

Lo, I am watching quietly every day; [say,
Whenever the sun shines brightly, I rise and

"Surely it is the shining of His face,"
And look upon the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea:
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If He is come.
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home,
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

2952. WAITING, Results of.

Wait! for the day is breaking,
Though the dull night be long:
Wait! God is not forsaking
Thy heart. Be strong—be strong!

Wait! and the clouds of sorrow
Shall melt in gentle showers,
And hues from heaven shall borrow,
As they fall amidst the flowers.

Wait! 'tis the key to pleasure
And to the plan of God;
O tarry thou His leisure,
Thy soul shall bear no load.

Wait! for the time is hasting
When life shall be made clear,
And all who know heart-wasting
Shall feel that God is dear.

C. H. Townsend.

2953. WAITING, Working and.

A husbandman who many years
Had ploughed his fields and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears:
"I toil in vain! these rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.
My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.
My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake, a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:
"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery,
Yet none can toil in vain for Me.
A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.
Man can but work; God can create:
But they who work, and watch, and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.
Look up to heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thy ear—
An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star:
And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain.
And on the clouds he saw again,
The covenant of God with men,
Rewritten with His rainbow pen:
"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

2954. WANTS, Duplicity of.

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown-stone will do,)
That I may call my own;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice;
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;
Give me a mortgage here and there—
Some good bank-stock—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;
One good-sized diamond in a pin—
Some, *not so large*, in rings—
A ruby, and a pearl or so
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good heavy silks are never dear;)
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four—
I love so much their style and tone—
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape—foreground golden dirt—
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;

The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

2955. WANTS, Human.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with *me* exactly so;
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas-backs, and wine,
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind—
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.

I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human-kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man*—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great *Want*—absorbing all—
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The *Mercy of my God.*

John Quincy Adams.

WASHINGTON, August 31, 1841.

2956. WAR, Benefit of.

But, as I mused, there crowded on my spirit
The lofty virtues nursed in strife; the will
That breaks but bends not; goodness even in death
Abhorring evil; right defying wrong;
The stern self-sacrifice of souls afire
For perill'd altars, and for hearths profaned;
The generous chivalry, which shields the weak,
And dares the oppressor's worst; love guarding love
From rapine, or, as God's executor,
Dealing forth vengeance on the stubborn foe,
And mercy to the vanquish'd; all along
The ages, names the noblest and the best,
From Israel's chief to those brave men whose swords
Have been the bulwark of my native isle.

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2957. WAR, Effects of.

The birds, against the April wind,
Flew Northward, singing as they flew;
They sang, "The land we leave behind
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

"O, wild-birds, flying from the South,
What saw and heard ye, gazing down?"
"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
The sickened camp, the blazing town!

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,
We saw your march-worn children die;
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,
We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoners' sighs;
And saw, from line and trench, your sons
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong
And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn flocks?"
"We heard," they sang, "the Freedman's song,
The crash of Slavery's broken locks!

"We saw from new, uprising States
The treason-nursing mischief spurned,
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
The long-estranged and lost returned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,
With hope in every rustling fold,
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

"And, struggling up through sounds accursed,
A grateful murmur clomb the air,
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
It filled the listening heavens with prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the voice of war,
It sings the blessed songs of peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly-greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
The wild-birds sang, or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their flight;
But lo! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was light.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

2958. WAR, Horrors of.

Avaunt thee, horrid War: whose miasms, bred
Of nether darkness and Tartarean swamps,
Float o'er this fallen world, and blight the flowers,
Sole relics of a ruin'd Eden! Hence,
With all thy cruel ravages! fair homes
Rifled for thee of husband, brother, son;
Wild passions slipp'd like hell-hounds in the heart,
And baying in full cry for blood; the shock
Of battle: the quick throes of dying men;
The ghastly stillness of the mangled dead;
The crumbling ramparts breach'd, the city storm'd,
The massacre of unresisting age,
The shrieks of violated innocence,
And bloom, almost too delicate for the print
Of bridal kisses and the touch of love,
Ruthlessly trampled underneath the heel
Of armed lust; and, pitiful to see,
The mother's womb ripp'd by the pitiless sword,
And life—her unborn offspring's, and her own—
Shed in short mortal travail; lurid flames,
Wrapping the toils of arduous centuries
And hopes of ages in one funeral pyre;
Gaunt famine after, and remorseless plague,
Reaping their myriads where the warrior's scythe
Had been content with thousands; leaving scars
Upon a nation's heart, which never time
Wholly can heal: hence horrid, horrid War!

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

2959. WAR, Picture of.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven? that dark-red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din: the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb,
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage! Loud and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud!

The sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the out-sallying victors: far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen;
Each tree, which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

2960. WAR, Time of.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
And ripen like her corn.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

2961. WARFARE, Holy.

Sounds the trumpet from afar!
Soldiers of the holy war,
Rise; for you your Captain waits;
Rise, the foe is at the gates.

Arm! the conflict has begun;
Fight! the battle must be won;
Lift the banner to the sky,
Wave its blazing folds on high.

Banner of the blessed tree,
Round its glory gather ye!
Warriors of the crown and cross,
What is earthly gain or loss?

Life with death, and death with life
Closes now in deadly strife;
Help us with Thy shield and sword,
King and Captain, mighty Lord!

King of glory, Thee alone;
King of kings, Thy name we own!
With Thy banner overhead
Not ten thousand foes we dread.

Spare not toil, nor blood, nor pain,
Not a stroke descends in vain;
Wounded, still no foot we yield
On this ancient battle-field.

More than conquerors even now,
With the war-sweat on our brow,
Onward o'er the well-marked road,
March we as the host of God.

Royal is the sword we wield,
Royal is our battle-field,
Royal is our victory,
Royal shall our triumph be.

Horatius Bonar.

2962. WARFARE, Onward in the.

Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White and F. F. Maitland.

2963. WARFARE, Progress of the.

The winter night of the world is past;
The day of humanity dawns at last;
The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
And prophets, and heroes, and seers arise;
Their words and deeds like the thunder go;
Can ye stifle their voices? They answer,
"No!"
It is God who speaks in their words of might!
It is God who acts in their deeds of right!
Lo! Eden waits, like a radiant bride;
Humanity springeth elate to her side; [flow?
Can ye sever the twain who to Oneness
The voice of Divinity answers, "No!"

2964. WARFARE, Zeal for the.

Give me the panoply of war,
I'm ready for the fray;
Gird up my loins, and quickly, for
I can no longer stay.

I hear the trumpet's certain peal,
It thunders in my ear;
My Captain beckons, and I feel
No shame, no doubt, no fear.

The hosts of sin assail my Lord,
His banners drag in dust;
My soul grows strong, hand me the sword,
It shall no longer rust!

Quick! or my Master's cause is lost!
Quick! or my Lord is slain!
I see of sin the myriad host
Fast gathering on the plain.

Though faster, thicker come the foe,
Stronger and braver I!
For Jesus I will gladly go
To suffer and to die.

I scorn to lie on flowery banks;
I wish not rest nor ease:
But, foremost, in the battle ranks,
I seek my Lord to please.

Then give to me my armor, Lord,
I'm ready for the fray;
Gird up my loins, I hear Thy word,
And joyfully obey. *H. L. Talbot.*

2965. WARNING, Eternity's.

Ah, dying sinner, think on death,
That last dark hour of failing breath;
Repent, amend, and ready be
To face the great eternity.

Though all the world were now thine own,
Its amplest wealth, its brightest crown;
Crown, wealth, and life must quickly flee:
What then remains? Eternity.

Hark! the last trumpet smites thine ear:
"Awake, arise! the Judge is near!"
O tremble, sinner; for to thee
His doom will stamp eternity.

Be timely wise; in Christ's true faith
Abide, and shun the second death;
So shall thy soul from guilt be free,
And live throughout eternity.

What eye can tell the starry train?
The drops that fill the watery main?
Yet these have tale, the stars, the sea:
Thy years have none, eternity.

Bethink thee, sinner, o'er and o'er,
How dread a word is "evermore:"
Time hath its end, but who shall see
The ending of eternity?

2966. WATCHCARE, Divine.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet the scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.
James Russell Lowell.

2967. WATCHFULNESS, Christian.

O, thou so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?
What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare *never* cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience through this hour only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian, must not take thy rest.

And Christ will come in His own time and power,
To set His earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

2968. WATCHFULNESS, Duty of.

O watch and pray! for thou hast foes to fight,
Foes which alone thou can'st not overcome;
Watching and prayer will keep thine armor bright,
Soon will thy toils be o'er, thy victory won.
O watch and pray! the Judge is at the door,
Before His flaming bar thou soon must stand;
O watch! and keep thy garments spotless pure,
And thou shalt then be found at His right hand.

2969. WATCHFULNESS, Need of.

Watch, for the time is short;
Watch, while 'tis called to-day;
Watch, lest temptations overcome;
Watch, Christian, watch and pray!
Watch, for the flesh is weak;
Watch, for the foe is strong;
Watch, lest the Bridegroom knock in vain,
Watch, though He tarry long!

Chase slumber from thine eyes;
Chase doubting from thy breast;
Thine is the promised prize
Of heaven's eternal rest.
Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
Thy Saviour watched for thee,
Till from His brow the blood-sweat poured
Great drops of agony.

Take Jesus for thy trust;
Watch, watch for evermore;
Watch, for thou soon must sleep
With thousands gone before.
Now, when thy sun is up,
Now, while 'tis called to-day,
O now, in thine accepted time,
Watch, Christian, watch and pray!

2970. WATCHFULNESS, Reason for.

Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking,
Lo! the powers of heaven are shaking,

Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning,
Ready for your Lord's returning.

Kingdoms at their base are crumbling,
Hark! His chariot-wheels are rumbling.
Tell, O tell of Grace abounding,
While the seventh trump is sounding.

Nations wane, though proud and stately,
Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly,
Earth her latest pangs is summing,
Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.

Lamb of God—Thou meek and lowly,
Judah's Lion! High and Holy,
Lo! Thy "Bride comes forth to meet Thee,"
All in blood-washed robes to greet Thee.
Phœbe Palmer.

2971. WATER, Value of.

Should you ever be one of a fainting band,
With your brow to the sun, and your feet to the sand, [to spare,
I would wager the thing I'm most loath
That your bacchanal chorus would never ring there.
Traverse the desert, and then you can tell
What treasures exist in the cold deep well;
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
And then you may reckon what water is worth.

Famine is laying her hand of bone
On the ship becalmed in a torrid zone;
The gnawing of hunger's worm is past,
But fiery thirst lives on to the last.
The stoutest one of the gallant crew
Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue;
The hot blood stands in each gloomy eye,
And "Water, O God!" is the only cry.

There's drought in the land, and the herbage is dead,
No ripple is heard in the streamlet's bed;
The herd's low bleat and the sick man's pant
Are mournfully telling the boon we want.
Let Heaven this one rich gift withhold,
How soon we find it is better than gold;
And water, I say, hath a right to claim
The minstrel's song and a tithe of fame.
Eliza Cook.

2972. WEAKNESS, Lesson of.

And sometimes in my house of grief
For moments, I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
I felt the chastening of God's hand;
Then learned I that the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms;
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the shepherd's arms.
And, sitting by the wayside blind,
He is the nearest to the light
Who crieth out most earnestly,
"Lord, that I might receive my sight!"
Phœbe Carey.

2973. WEALTH, Greed of.

E'ene all religious courses to be rich
Hath been reverst by Joell Michelditch:
But now perceiving that it still do's please
The sterner fates to cross his purposes,
He tacks about, and now he doth profess
Rich he will be by all unrighteousness.
Thus if our ship fails of her anchor hold,
We'l love the divell, so he lands the gold.
Robert Herrick.

2974. WEALTH, Household.

Thank God for little children:
When our skies are cold and gray,
They fling a sunshine o'er our hearts,
And charm our cares away.
I almost think the angels,
Who tend life's gardens fair,
Drop down the sweet wild blossoms
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven
Round many a cradle lies,
And every little baby
Brings a blessing from the skies.
Dear mothers, guard these jewels,
As sacred offerings meet,
A wealth of household treasures,
To lay at Jesu's feet.

2975. WEALTH, Late acquired.

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes
Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,
Who naught enjoy'd while young, denied the means;
And naught when old enjoy'd, denied the power.
William Cowper.

2976. WEALTH, Sufficiency of.

Give me enough, saith Wisdom—for he feareth to ask more;
And that by the sweat of my brow, addeth stout-hearted Independence;
Give me enough, and not less, for want is leagued with the tempter;
Poverty shall make a man desperate, and hurry him ruthless into crime:
Give me enough, and not more, saving for the children of distress;
Wealth ofttimes killeth, where want but hindereth the budding:
Enough hath never caused misery, but often quickened happiness:
Enough is less than thy thought, O pampered creature of society,
And he that hath more than enough, is a thief of the rights of his brother.
M. F. Tupper.

2977. WEALTH, Willing away.

There is no greater evil among men than a testament framed with injustice,
Where caprice hath guided the boon, or dishonesty refused what was due.
Generous is the robber on the highway, in the open daring of his guilt,
To the secret coward, whose malice liveth and harmeth after him,
Who smoothly sank into the tomb with the smile of fraud upon his face,
And the last black deed of his existence was injury without redress;

For deaf is the ear of the dead, and can hear
no palliating reasons;
The smiter is not among the living, and
Right pleadeth but in vain.
Yet shall the curse of the oppressed be as
blight upon the grave of the unjust;
Yea, bitterly shall that handwriting testify
against him at the judgment.
M. F. Tupper.

2978. WEALTH, Worthless.

Thus did a choking wanderer in the desert
cry: [I die;
"O that Allah one prayer would grant before
That I might stand up to my knees in a cool
lake, [to slake."
My burning tongue and parching throat in it
No lake he saw, and when they found him in
the waste, [face,
A bag of gems and gold lay just before his
And his dead hand a paper with this writing
grasped: [I gasped."
"Worthless was wealth when dying for water

Be diadem or helmet on thy head,
It must be arrow-pierced, and thou lie dead.
Then every man whose mind is wisdom
stocked,
Will strive to have his wealth in heaven locked.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2979. WEDDING, A Double.

I saw two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet—
One in her wedding-robe,
And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
The sacred rites were read;
And one for life to life,
And one to death, was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,
In loveliness and bloom—
One in a merry castle,
The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never woke again!
Richard Henry Stoddard.

2980. WEDDING, Call to the.

Courage, O faithful heart;
Steadfast forever!
In the eternal love
Faltering never:
Courage, O downcast eyes,
Bitter tears shedding;
Hark! how the chimes ring out
Joy for the wedding!

Open the golden doors,
Through the high portal
Let the rich glory stream
Sea-like, immortal!
Open the golden doors
Wide from the centre:
Countless the multitude
Hither must enter!

Light up the palace halls
From roof-tree to basement,
Bid the warm festal glow,
Flood every casement:
Chant ye the bridal song
Solemn and holy,
Waking to Paradise
Souls that lie lowly.

Out of old battle-fields,
No man remembers;
Out of still village yards
And dark charnel-chambers,
From the chill ocean-graves
Under far waters,
And the dear sepulchres
Where sleep the martyrs.

Dives and Lazarus,
One with the other;
Peasant and emperor,
Foeman and brother,
Men with long century-lives
Braving death's shadow,
And sweet baby-blossoms—fresh
As flowers in the meadow:

Out of the million haunts
Where dead men lie idle,
Out of life's thousand ways,
Call to the bridal:
Open the golden doors
Wide from the centre!
For they that are ready
To glory shall enter!
W. E. Littlewood

2981. WEDDING, Hebrew.

To the sound of timbrels sweet
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously unclosing door,
That the favored youth admits
Where the veilèd virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in, a welcome guest,
To the chamber of his rest.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line;
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
And thy shrouded eye resembleth

Violets, when the dews of eve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave.

On the bashful sealèd lid!
Close within the bride-veil hid,
Motionless thou sitt'st and mute;
Save that at the soft salute
Of each entering maiden friend,
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
The door unfolds—'tis he! 'tis he!
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.
Henry Hart Milman.

2982. WEEPING, End of.

There, hand in hand, firm linked at last,
And, heart to heart, enfolded all,
They'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why they wept at all.
Then let them press the hand and part,
The dearly loved, the fondly loving,
Still, still in spirit and in heart,
The undivided, unremoving.
Horatius Bonar.

2983. WEEPING, Lesson of.

Tears are not always fruitful; their hot drops
Sometimes but scorch the cheek and dim the eye;
Despairing murmurs over blackened hopes,
Not the meek spirit's calm and chastened cry.

Oh, better not to grieve than waste our woe,
To fling away the spirit's finest gold,
To lose, not gain, by sorrow; to overflow
The sacred channels which true sadness hold.

Weep not too fondly, lest the cherished grief
Should into vain, self-pitying weakness turn;
Weep not too long, but seek divine relief;
Weep not too fiercely, lest the fierceness burn.

It is not tears but teaching we should seek;
The tears we need are genial as the shower;
They mould the being while they stain the cheek,
Freshening the spirit into life and power.
Horatius Bonar.

2984. WICKEDNESS, Growth in.

He transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and little,
Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in the gulf despairing;
For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things,
And no swerving from a right line that may not lead eternally astray.
A landmark tree was once a seed; and the dust in the balance maketh a difference;
And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble:
The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is only grains of sand;
And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony of worms:
Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant;
And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.
Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest with thine equals,
For atoms must crowd upon atoms ere crime groweth to be a giant.
M. F. Tupper.

2985. WICKEDNESS, Increase of.

Meanwhile the Earth increased in wickedness,
And hasted daily to fill up her cup.
Satan raged loose; Sin had her will; and Death
Enough: blood trode upon the heels of blood;
Revenge, in desperate mood, at midnight met
Revenge; war brayed to war; deceit deceived
Deceit; lie cheated lie; and treachery
Mined under treachery; and perjury
Swore back on perjury; and blasphemy
Arose with hideous blasphemy; and curse
Loud answered curse; and drunkard stumbling fell [met
O'er drunkard fallen; and husband husband
Returning each from other's bed defiled;
Thief stole from thief; and robber on the way [lence,
Knocked robber down; and lewdness, vio-
And hate met lewdness, violence, and hate.
Oh Earth! thy hour was come; the last elect
Was born; complete the number of the good;
And the last sand fell from the glass of Time.
The cup of guilt was full up to the brim;
And Mercy, weary with beseeching, had
Retired behind the sword of Justice, red
With ultimate and unrepenting wrath:
But man knew not: he o'er his bowl laughed loud;
And prophesying, said: To-morrow shall
As this day be, and more abundant still.
Robert Pollok.

2986. WIDOWHOOD, Cry of.

No more to hear, no more to see!
O that an echo might awake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me,
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel-voices blent;
O once to feel thy spirit anear;
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
While an entering angel trod,
But once—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God! *Jean Ingelow.*

2987. WIFE, An Absent.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
List'ning the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind;

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on where duty leads!
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindoostan's sultry meads,
Or bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!
Bp. Reginald Heber.

2988. WIFE, A Bad.

Better through life barefooted press,
Than in a pinching shoe;
Better no house or home possess,
Than have a bad wife too!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

2989. WIFE, A Good.

O what a treasure is a virtuous wife!
Discreet and loving: not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so highly bound to Hea-
She gives him double forces to endure [ven!
And to enjoy by being one with him,
Feeling his joies and griefes with equal sense,
And (like the twins Hippocrates reports)
If he fetch sighs, she drawes her breath as short;
If he lament, she melts herself in teares;
If he be glad, she triumphs; if he stirre,
She mooves his way: in all things his sweet
And is in alterations passing strange— [ape,
Himself divinely varied without change.
Gold is right precious, but his price infects
With pride and avarice; authority lifts
Hats from men's heads and bows the strongest knee,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts;
Musick delights but one sense, nor choice meats—
One quickly fades, the other stirre to sinne:
But a true wife both sense and soule delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill;
Her virtues ruling hearts all powers command;
All store without her leaves a man but poore,
And with her povertie is exceeding store;
No time is tedious with her—her true worth
Makes a true husband think his armes enfold
(With her alone) a compleate world of gold.
George Chapman, 1598.

2990. WIFE, Husband and.

As two embracing palms, whose roots conjoin,
Whose boughs to a perpetual kiss incline;
Their shady locks into each other wreathe,
Their mutual sweets into each other breathe;
Their morning dew into each other drop,
Both feel the wound, if you should either crop; [blow,
Their odorous flowers at the same season
Both twine the more, the more their branches grow; [ray,
Both influenced are, and warmed by the same
Both by a separation soon decay:
Edmund and Hilda thus soft passions vie,
Together spring, live, flower, and wish to die;
To die, for both their parting hour foreviewed,
And to God's gracious will their loves subdued.
Thomas Ken.

2991. WIFE, Influence of a.

Then before All they stand,—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing, [throng,
Winning him back when mingling in the
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow!
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly —pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!
Samuel Rogers.

2992. WIFE, Value of a.

A wife's a man's best piece; who, till he marries,
Wants making up; she is the shrine to which
Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage;
She was a scion taken from that tree,
Into which, if she has no second grafting,
The world can have no fruit; she is man's
Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
And multiply himself in his own children;
She is the good man's Paradise, and the bad's

First step to heaven; a treasure which, who
Cannot be trusted to posterity, [wants,
Nor pay his own debts; she's a golden sentence
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate. *J. Shirley.*

2993. WINE, Curse of.

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain,
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst,
And by its mirth within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine,
Take not its madness to thy lip,
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are hid those rosy depths below.
N. P. Willis.

2994. WINE, Effects of.

Could the wine-cup tell its story,
The story of its day,
It would tell of strength and glory
Long fallen to decay!
It would tell of revel weary,
When battle-fields were won;
It would tell of dark hours dreary,
When revel hours were done!
It would tell of shame and sorrow,
Of weariness and grief,
Of many a wished to-morrow,
Proved barren of relief!
Of departed fame and glory,
Could the wine-cup tell its story!

2995. WINE, Use of.

"'Stay till I bring the cup with Bacchus crowned, [soul,
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl.'
Far hence be Bacchus' gifts,' Hector rejoined.
'Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind:
Let chiefs abstain—and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods—*'tis fitter use.*'"
Homer.

2996. WINTER, Analogy of.

Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictured Life: pass some few years, [strength,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled [hopes
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy, bustling days? [thoughts,
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
The new creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
Forever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye, refined, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's
In life was gall and bitterness of soul: [share
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth
And moderation fair wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good, distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet ye bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view—which only
A little part—deem'd evil is no more: [saw
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.
James Thomson.

2997. WINTER, End of.

The winter being over,
In order comes the spring,
Which doth green herbs discover,
And cause the birds to sing.
The night also expired,
Then comes the morning bright,
Which is so much desired
By all that love the light.
This may learn
Them that mourn,
To put their grief to flight:
The spring succeedeth winter,
And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth
Affliction or distress
Which every member paineth,
And findeth no release,
Let such therefore despair not,
But on firm hope depend,
Whose griefs immortal are not,
And therefore must have end.
They that faint
With complaint
Therefore are to blame;
They add to their afflictions,
And amplify the same.

Annie Collins.

2998. WINTER, Lessons of.

The valley stream is frozen,
The hills are cold and bare;
And the wild white bees of winter
Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest:
Was it ever green in June?
Did it burn with gold and crimson
In the dim autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow:
Was it ever heaped with hay?
Did it hide the grassy cottage
Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:
Is it true the rose was there?
And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
And the hyacinth's purple hair!

I look on my heart, and marvel
If Love were ever its own—
If the spring of promise brightened,
And the summer of passion shone?

Is the stem of bliss but withered,
And the root survives the blast?
Are the seeds of the Future sleeping
Under the leaves of the Past?

Ah, yes! for a thousand Aprils
The frozen germs shall grow,
And the dews of a thousand summers
Wait in the womb of the snow!

Bayard Taylor.

2999. WISDOM, Divine.

Wisdom, whose fruits are purity and peace!
Wisdom! that bright intelligence, which sat
Supreme, when with His golden compasses
Th' Eternal planned the fabric of the world,
Produced His fair idea into light, [beam!
And said that all was good! wisdom, blest
The brightness of the everlasting light!
The spotless mirror of the power of God!
The reflex image of the all-perfect mind!
A stream translucent, flowing from the source
Of glory infinite—a cloudless light!
Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
Her unstained purity. Not Ophir's gold
Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price!
The ruby of the mine is pale before her·
And like the oil Elisha's bounty blessed
She is a treasure which doth grow by use,
And multiply by spending. She contains,
Within herself, the sum of excellence.
If riches are desired, wisdom is wealth;
If prudence, where shall keen Invention find
Artificer more cunning? If renown,
In her right hand it comes! If piety,
Are not her labors virtues? If the lore
Which sage Experience teaches, lo! she scans
Antiquity's dark truths; the past she knows,
Anticipates the future; not by arts
Forbidden, of Chaldean sorcery, [knowledge,
But from the piercing ken of deep fore-
From her sure science of the human heart,
She weighs effects with causes, ends with
Resolving all into the sovereign will. [means;

Hannah More.

3000. WISDOM, Excellence of.

Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise—
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

To purest joys she all invites—
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

Charles Wesley.

3001. WISDOM, Legend of.

The Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,
Said: "I am wisdom's fortress; but the gate
Thereof is Ali." Wherefore some who heard,
With unbelieving jealousy were stirred;
And, that they might on him confusion bring,
Ten of the boldest joined to prove the thing.
"Let us in turn to Ali go," they said,
"And ask if wisdom should be sought instead
Of earthly riches: then, if he reply
To each of us, in thought, accordingly,
And yet to none, in speech or phrase, the same,
His shall the honor be, and ours the shame."
Now, when the first his bold demand did
make, [spake;
These were the words which Ali straightway
"Wisdom is the inheritance of those
Whom Allah favors; riches, of his foes."
Unto the second he said: "Thyself must be
Guard to thy wealth; but wisdom guardeth
thee."
Unto the third: "By wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none."
Unto the fourth: "Thy goods the thief may
take;
But into wisdom's house he cannot break."
Unto the fifth; "Thy goods decrease the more
Thou giv'st; but use enlarges wisdom's store."

Unto the sixth: "Wealth tempts to evil ways;
But the desire of wisdom is God's praise."
Unto the seventh: "Divide thy wealth, each part
Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart
Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be
All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee."
Unto the eighth: "Wealth cannot keep itself;
But wisdom is the steward even of pelf."
Unto the ninth: "The camels slowly bring
Thy goods; but wisdom has the swallow's wing."
And lastly, when the tenth did question make,
These were the ready words which Ali spake:
"Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear; [clear."
But wisdom is the lamp which makes it
Crimson with shame the questioners withdrew,
And they declared: "The Prophet's words were true;
The mouth of Ali is the golden door
Of wisdom."
When his friends to Ali bore
These words, he smiled and said: "And should they ask
The same until my dying day, the task
Were easy; for the stream from wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible."
Bayard Taylor.

3002. WISDOM, Power of.

Vishnu asked Bal to take his choice,
With five wise men to visit hell,
Or with five ignorant visit heaven.
Then quick did Bal in heart rejoice,
And chose in hell with the wise to dwell;
For heaven is hell, with folly's bell;
And hell is heaven, with wisdom's leaven.
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3003. WISDOM, Value of.

Happy the man who wisdom can obtain,
And getteth understanding. 'Tis a prize
Far better than the silver's merchandise:
In value greater than the latent vein
Of sparkling ore; than the rich ruby's gem
More precious: man's ideal world displays
Naught that can equal her; since length of days
In her right hand shines like a diadem,
While wealth and honor in her left appear.
Her ways are truly ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace,
To him that dares, unmoved by tim'rous fear,
Hold her with firm and steadfast grasp, she'll prove
A tree of life! Thrice happy he who can retain her love!

3004. WISHES, Influence of.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst—
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay.
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to thin shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor:
Wishing the constant hectic of a fool.
Edward Young.

3005. WISHES, Limitless.

Had the cat wings, no sparrow could live in the air: [have to spare?
Had each his wish, what more would Allah
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3006. WIT, Danger of.

All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it, not too dear.
Many, affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.
George Herbert.

3007. WIT, Indiscriminate.

Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,
Ask'd, when in hell, to see the royal jail;
Approved their method in all other things;
"But where, good sir, do you confine your kings?" [view."
"There," said his guide, "the group is full in
"Indeed!" replied the Don, "there are but few."
His black interpreter the charge disdained—
"Few, fellow? there are all that ever reigned."
Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike
The guilty and not guilty, both alike.
William Cowper.

3008. WITNESS, Conscience a.

Can I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private protonotarie?
Can I not wooe thee to passe by
A short and sweet iniquity?
I'le cast a mist and cloud upon
My delicate transgression,
So utter dark, as that no eye
Shall see the hug'd impietie.
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please
And winde all other witnesses;
And wilt not thou with gold be ti'd
To lay thy pen and ink aside,
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night
Wanton I may, and thou not write?
It will not be: and therefore, now,
For times to come, I'le make this vow
From abberrations to live free:
So I'le not feare the Judge, or thee.
Robert Herrick.

3009. WOMAN, Charms of.

The might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For O, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!
Forgive me if I cannot turn away [heaven,
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly
For they are guiding stars, benignly given

To tempt my footsteps to the upward way,
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.
Michael Angelo, tr. by J. E. Taylor.

3010. WOMAN, Comparisons of.

An eastern prince his vizirs once assembled,
And asked them what a woman most resembled.

One said, the sun, the source of light,
Which made all nature gay;
When Woman's present, all is bright,
All dull when she's away.

Woman, cried one, we can compare
To naught so justly as to air;
'Tis light, indeed, and apt to fly;
But it unites the earth and sky:
So Woman, at creation given,
Stood as a link 'twixt man and heaven.

She's like the rainbow, said a third,
That, when the elements are stirred
To strife, dissolves the storm.
Its aspect does sweet calm diffuse;
We're dazzled by its brilliant hues,
Its symmetry of form. [man:
But who such prize possessed?—Sure, no
'Tis an illusion—so is woman.

The prince, who found his council thus divided,
Left the perplexing question undecided.

3011. WOMAN, Creation of.

Not from his head was woman took,
As made her husband to o'erlook;
Not from his feet, as one designed
The footstool of the stronger kind;
But fashioned for himself, a bride,
An equal, taken from his side:
Her place intended to maintain,
The mate and glory of the man,
To rest as still beneath his arm,
Protected by her lord from harm,
And never from his heart removed,
As only less than God beloved.
Charles Wesley.

3012. WOMAN, Irreligious.

O, what is woman, what her smile,
Her lip of love, her eye of light?
What is she if her lip revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
Or linger in her curls of jet;
The bright spring flowers may scarcely bow
Beneath her step, and yet—and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than *vanity*.

3013. WOMAN, Mission of.

Woman's warm heart and gentle hand, in God's eternal plan,
Were form'd to soften, soothe, refine, exalt, and comfort man,
And win from pleasure's poison cup to life's pure fount above,
And rule him as the angels rule, by deeds of peace and love.

And so the tender mother lays, on her soft, pillowing breast,
With gentle hand, her infant son, and lulls him to his rest,
And dries his tears, and cheers his smiles, and, by her wise control,
She checks his wayward moods, and wakes the seraph in his soul;
And when life's work commands him forth, no more to dwell with her,
She points him to the Hand that saved the sinking mariner,
And broke the bread for famished men, and bids him trust that stay;
And then, her hands, unclasp'd from his, are lifted up to pray.
But man could never work alone, and even in Eden's bowers
He pined for woman's smile to cheer his task of tending flowers;
And soon a fair young bride is sought and found to bless the youth,
Who gives, for his protecting hand, her heart of love and truth.
And now his work has higher aims, since she its blessings shares;
And oft her hand will roses strew, where his would scatter tares;
And, like a light within a vase, his home enshrines her form,
Which brightens o'er his world-toss'd mind, like sunshine o'er the storm;
And when she pleads in sorrow's cause, he cannot choose but hear,
And, when her soul with Heaven communes, she draws his spirit near.
And thus they live till age creeps on, or sickness lays him low,
Then will she gird her woman's heart to bear life's bitterest woe,
And soothe his pain, and stay his head, and close his dying eyes,
While praying angel hands may guide his soul to Paradise. *Sarah J. Hale.*

3014. WOMAN, Model.

THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevailed, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece:
The occasion but exerted that or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accursed;
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserved from ill
Her sex and ours, but lived their pattern still.
Yet unemployed no minute slipped away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.

The haste of Heaven to have her was so great
That some were single acts, though each com-
But every act stood ready to repeat. [plete;
Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleased to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder at so short an age
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and could there
A copy near the original, 'twas she. [be
John Dryden.

3015. WOMAN, Offices of.

God fashioned Man from out the common earth,
But not from earth the Woman: so does she,
Even when fallen, ever bear with her
Some sign of heaven, some mystic starry light.
Most gentle is she in all gentle deeds,
In all sweet offices of fireside life;
A touch to cool the fevered brow of pain,
A voice to ease the heavy heart of care:
Most holy is she, since child Jesus drew
Life from the sacred circles of her breast.
Nor this alone, for grappling with her fate
In ancient days, she buckled armor on,
And grasp the sword, and sprung the battle-bolt,
And wore the martyr's scarlet shroud of flame.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

3016. WOMAN, Record of.

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer, men record;
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought, without a word;
And many a lofty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled;
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake, still'd—
And the strong feelings of the heart be
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded: could he live
Alone to suffer, and alone to strive?
Caroline E. Norton.

3017. WOMAN, Work of.

'Tis woman's to nourish affection's tree,
And its fruit domestic bliss shall be;
'Tis hers to culture with patient toil [soil;
Each heaven-born plant in the heart's deep
And fruits and flowers her toil shall greet,
Richest flavors and odors on earth that meet.

'Tis woman's to fashion the infant mind,
To kindle its thoughts, and its hopes unbind;
To guide its young wing in the earliest flight,
And lure it to worlds of unsullied light;
To teach him to sing in his gladsome hours,
Of a Saviour's love, with an angel's powers!

'Tis woman's to bind up the broken heart,
And soften the bleeding spirit's smart;
With the balm that in Gilead's garden grows,
With the stream that from Calvary's fountain flows;
And to light in this world of sin and pain
The lamp of love and of joy again.

3018. WOMEN, Diversions for.

Lemira's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? at the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, "My lady, sir, is always so:
Diversions put her maladies to flight:
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night:
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers to take an opera in June: [bold,
And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice
A midnight park is sovereign for a cold:
With colics, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
With indigestions, supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a doctor or a dance?
Though sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, at home:
For want—but not of health—are ladies ill;
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.
Edward Young.

3019. WOMEN, Influence of.

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn, [thorn,
Ye are dew-drops, whose lustre illumines the
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest, [the breast;
Where no beam in your eye lights up peace in
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart, [smart;
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confess'd,
From woman receives both refinement and zest; [the willow,
And adorn'd by the bay, or enwreath'd with
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.
Thomas Moore.

3020. WOMEN, Snares of.

Michael. "That fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honor and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance, [eye
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,

Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which [weep."
The world ere long a world of tears must
To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft:
"O pity and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin."
John Milton.

3021. WORD, God's.

This Book unfolds Jehovah's mind,
This Voice salutes in accents kind,
This Friend will all your need supply,
This Fountain sends forth streams of joy,
This Mine affords us boundless wealth,
This Good Physician gives us health,
This Sun renews and warms the soul,
This Sword both wounds and makes us whole,
This Letter shows our sins forgiven,
This Guide conducts us safe to heaven,
This Charter has been sealed with blood,
This Volume is the Word of God.

3022. WORD, Trumpet of the.

In the beginning was the Word:
Athwart the chaos—night—
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife,
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

And as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams farther out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on! and never cease,
Till all Earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord, peace!

Till—wail of woe and clank of chain
And bruit of battle stilled—
The world with thy great music's pulse,
O Word of Love! be thrilled;

Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong
Thy summons shall have heard,
And thy creation be complete,
O Thou Eternal Word. *S. Longfellow.*

3023. WORDS, Eloquent.

That glorious burst of winged words!—how
bound they from his tongue!
The full expression of the mighty thought,
the strong, triumphant argument,
The rush of native eloquence, resistless as
Niagara,
The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine,
poetic image,
The nice analogy, the clinching fact, the
metaphor bold and free,
The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding
the omnipotence of truth.
M. F. Tupper.

3024. WORDS, Idle.

Words are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost:
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us or against us there.
Oh! how often ours have been
Idle words, and words of sin!
Words of anger, scorn, and pride,
Or desire our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3025. WORDS, Spirit of.

Words are mighty, words are living—serpents
with their venomed stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us, with
heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit, true or false,
that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered lives on
record in the skies.

3026. WORK, Call to.

Listen! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name:
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfullest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vine-dressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

Seek those of evil behavior,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish
Soothed by the pity of thine:
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine.

Work, though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are chartered to slay.

Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn

Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labor with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;

For there, in the rest which remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.
W. Morley Punshon.

3027. WORK, Christian.

In His furrowed fields around us,
God has work for all who will:
Those who may not scatter broadcast,
Yet may plant it hill by hill.

Yearning hearts are often near us,
Conscious of their Spirit-need:
These are hills prepared by Heaven
To receive the precious seed.

Shall we find these hills, and *plant* them?
Shall we scatter when we may?
Or with idle hands stand waiting
Till the seed-time pass away?

Glory waits the faithful workmen
Who perform their Master's will:
Then, O Christians! will ye weary
Of this planting hill by hill?

Soon life's springtime will be over,
And its autumn days will come:
Happy then will be those workmen
Who have sheaves to carry home.
A. T. Allis.

3028. WORK, Hope and.

How speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be traced,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sunward!
Look where the light fringes the far-rising
Day cometh onward. [slope,
Watch tho' so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side
Than armies of Satan against thee allied.

3029. WORK, Hopeless.

All nature seems at work. Slugs leave their
lair,
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing,
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring;
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor
sing. [blow,
Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths
Have traced the fount whence streams of nec-
tar flow. [may,
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams,
away! [stroll.
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I
And would you learn the spells that drowse
my soul?

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.
S. T. Coleridge.

3030. WORK, Hymn of.

Work, for time is flying;
Work, with hearts sincere;
Work, for souls are dying;
Work, for night is near,
In the Master's vineyard
Go and work to-day;
Be no useless sluggard,
Standing in the way.

In this glorious calling
Work till day is o'er;
Work, till evening falling,
You can work no more.
Then your labor bringing
To the King of kings,
Borne with joy and singing
Home on angels' wings.

There where saints adore Him,
Where the ransom'd meet,
Lay thy sheaves before Him,
Lay them at His feet.
Hear thy Master saying,
From His heavenly throne,
When thy wages paying,
"Laborer, well done!"
Horatius Bonar.

3031. WORK, Incentives to.

Faith like a mustard-seed can move a lofty
mountain,
And do full many mighty deeds quite past
all our recounting.
A little timely zeal is good, it doth the
heart inspire,
A little spark illuminates, and sets each
soul on fire;
A little charity is sweet; and when in tribu-
lation,
A little patience brings the soul large peace
and consolation.
A little daily cheerfulness, a little self-denial,
Will make our lighter troubles less, and
help each heavier trial;
A little union serves to hold the good and
tender-hearted,
'Tis firmer than a chain of gold, and never
can be parted.
Then let love's little labors be the earliest
and latest,
For in God's kingdom, all must know, the
least shall be the greatest.
Oh, grant us, Lord! a blessed shower of
heavenly love and union,
And may Thy little children all unite in full
communion. *M. F. Tupper.*

3032. WORK, Universal.

No gain, but by its price; labor, for the
poor man's meal,
Ofttimes heart-sickening toil, to win him a
morsel for his hunger;

Labor, for the chapman at his trade, a dull, unvaried round,
Year after year, unto death; yea, what a weariness is it!
Labor, for the pale-faced scribe, drudging at his hated desk,
Who barters for needful pittance the untold gold of health;
Labor, with fear, for the merchant, whose hopes are ventured on the sea;
Labor, with care, for the man of law, responsible in his gains;
Labor, with envy and annoyance, where strangers will thee wealth;
Labor, with indolence and gloom, where wealth falleth from a father;
Labor, unto all, whether aching thews, or aching head, or spirit—
The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is labor.
Nevertheless, to the diligent, labor bringeth blessing:
The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is a pleasure;
And time spent in doing, hath a comfort that is not for the idle;
The hardship is transmuted into joy, by the dear alchemy of mercy;
Labor is good for a man, bracing up his energies to conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless;
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges,
And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons of a caged vulture.

M. F. Tupper.

3033. WORK, Watchword of.

We're drawing near to Jesus,
Our banner waves on high,
And this our "watchword" ever,
We'll work until we die.

We love our Master's service,
And "seeing eye to eye,"
With grace divine to help us
We'll work until we die.

The "fields are white to harvest,"
The days are speeding by;
Go forth again, ye workers,
And work until you die.

The "night of death" approaches
And angels in the sky
Repeat the chorus ever,
Go work until you die.

Silas Farmer.

3034. WORKS, Man's.

Man's work—how much the word has said!
From Mœris Lake to fountain, set,
Like diamond in a coronet,
Within some emerald shade:
From garden-pale to China's wall;
From pyramid to plaything small
Which infant's touch has swayed;
From mud-scoop'd hut to royal hall;
From burial-vault to lighthouse tall—
The loftiest work, the lowest—all
Man's master-hand has made.

Art's glorious things, that give the mind
Dominion over time and space;
The silken car that rides the wind:
The steel, that pathless seas can trace;
The engine, breathing fire and smoke,
Which first old Neptune's trident broke,
And sails its ships 'gainst wind and tide:
The telescope, that sweeps the sky,
And brings the pilgrim planet nigh,
Familiar as the sun's pale bride:
The microscopic lens, which finds
On every leaf a peopled land,
All these, which aid the mightiest minds,
Were wrought and fashion'd by the hand.

Oh, when its gather'd trophies stand,
Like magic forms, on sea and land,
In fancy's view—who doth not cry,
As the bright vision glideth by,
In beauty, power, and majesty—
"Though mind Aladdin's lamp might be,
His Genie was the hand!" *Sarah J. Hale.*

3035. WORKS, Nature's and Man's.

Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
What are the works of intellectual man?
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres;
Ideal images in sculptured forms, [panded,
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes ex-
Fancies through every maze of beauty shown;
Pride, gratitude, affection turned to marble,
In honor of the living or the dead; [art,
What are they?—fine-wrought miniatures of
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon
them, [relics,
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime!
Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale, [deep,
Compared with these achievements in the
Were all the monuments of olden time,
In days when there were giants on the earth.
Babel's stupendous folly, though it aimed
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,
The plaything of the world in infancy;
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,
Built for eternity; though, where they stood,
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,
And Desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath;
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,
Even when its "head of gold" was smitten off,
And from a monarch changed into a brute—
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,
Left by one tide and cancelled by the next;
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,
Scattered by winds beyond the Libyan desert,
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,
And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,
Where Memphis flourished, and the Pharaohs reigned;

Egypt's gray piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,
That have survived the language which they speak,
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal;
Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,
But puny ornaments for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Filled with dry mummies of the builder-worms. *James Montgomery.*

3036. WORLD, A Burning.

Meanwhile on earth the quick tempestuous flames,
That overthrew the rebel armies, spread
From fell to forest, and from clime to clime,
From shore to shore, from island on to isle,
And burning continent to continent;
While from beneath the ocean lava floods
Surged up until the very waters roll'd
Aflame; and clouds of smoke and seething steam
Darken'd the sky—a space: then I beheld,
And lo, the firmamental heavens themselves
Were kindled, and the primal elements
Melted with heat, and one vast sea of fire,
Its waves darting their hungry tongues aloof,
Baptized the unregenerate earth in flame.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

3037. WORLD, Flavor of the.

In Shiraz grows a tree, within the Sultan's bower,
Which bears an apple one half sweet, and one half sour.
Ah! such an apple is the world. How sweet [it tastes
In joy! how sour when turning round to grief it hastes!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3038. WORLD, Love of the.

Love not the world—
Its dreams, its songs, its lies;
They who have followed in its train are not
The true, and good, and wise.
The wise and good,
They choose the better part;
To the true world that is to come they give
The true and single heart.

Love not the world!
He in whose heart the love
Of vanity has found a place, shuts out
The enduring world above.
Love not the world!
However fair it seem;
Who loveth this fond world—the love of God
Abideth not in him.

That heart of thine
For God, thy God, was made;
Who loves this God of love—he lives;
Who loveth not, is dead.
Though this wide earth,
With all its love and gold,
Were his, yet still he liveth not whose heart
To God is sealed and cold.

Seek not the world!
'Tis a vain show at best;
Bow not before its idol-shrine; in God
Find thou thy joy and rest.
Horatius Bonar.

3039. WORLD, Question of the.

What is the world? tell, worldling, if thou know it.
If it be good, why do all ills o'erflow it?
If it be bad, why dost thou like it so?
If it be sweet, how comes it bitter then?
If it be bitter, what bewitcheth men?
If it be friend, why kills it, as a foe,
Vain-minded men that over-love and lust it?
If it be foe, fondling, how dar'st thou trust it?
Joshua Sylvester.

3040. WORLD, Sale of the.

The world for sale! Hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;
Who 'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set this weary spirit free?
'Tis going! yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away,
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;
The world at auction here, to-day!

It is a glorious sight to see—
But, ah! it has deceived me sore,
It is not what it seems to be.
For sale! it shall be mine no more,
Come, turn it o'er and view it well,
I would not have you purchase dear.
'Tis going! going! I must sell!
Who bids? who'll buy the splendid tear?

Here's wealth, in glittering heaps of gold:
Who bids? But let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold!
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace,
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain·
Who'll buy himself a burial-place?

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell
That Beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;
'Tis going! Love and I must part!
Must part? What can I more with Love?
All over's the enchanter's reign.
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,
A breath of bliss, a storm of pain?

And Friendship, rarest gem of earth;
Who e'er hath found the jewel his?
Frail, fickle, false and little worth,
Who bids for Friendship—as it is?
'Tis going! going! hear the call;
Once, twice and thrice, 'tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
But now the broken staff must go!

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high,
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions! now's the time to buy. [Fame?
How much for Fame? how much for

Hear how it thunders! Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned,
Now purchase, and a world command,
And be with a world's curses crowned.

Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
By Death, stern sheriff! all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left—
My faith, my Bible, and my God!
Ralph Hoyt.

3041. WORLD, The Enticing.

By day she woos me, soft, exceeding fair:
But all night as the moon so changeth she;
Loathsome and foul with hideous leprosy,
And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.
By day she woos me to the outer air,
Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full saticty:
But through the night, a beast she grins at me,
A very monster void of love and prayer.
By day she stands a lie: by night she stands,
In all the naked horror of the truth,
With pushing horns and clawed and clutching hands.
Is this a friend indeed; that I should sell
My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?
Christina G. Rossetti.

3042. WORLDLINESS, Influence of.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours; [boon!
We have given our hearts away, a sordid

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.
William Wordsworth.

3043. WORLDLING, Description of the.

He loves this world of strife,
Hates that would mend it;
Loves death that's called life,
Fears what would end it.
All that is good he'd crush,
Blindly on sin doth rush—
A pricking, thorny bush,
Such Christ was crowned with;
Their worship's like to this—
The reed, the Judas kiss:
Such the religion is
That these abound with;
They mock Christ with the knee
Whene'er they bow it—
As if God did not see
The heart, and know it.

Of good they choose the least,
Despise that which is best—
The joyful, heavenly feast
Which Christ would give them;
Heaven hath scarce one cold wish;
They live unto the flesh;
Like swine they feed on wash—
Satan doth drive them.
Like weeds, they grow in mire
Which vices nourish—
Where, warmed by Satan's fire,
All sins do flourish.
Richard Baxter.

3044. WORLDLING, Work of the.

The worldling first of all eradicates,
As much as possible, from out his mind,
All thought of death, God, and eternity;
Admires the world, and thinks of Time alone;
Avoids the Bible, all reproof avoids;
Rocks conscience, if he can, asleep; puts out
The eye of reason; prisons, tortures, binds;
And makes her thus, by violence and force,
Give wicked evidence against herself:
Lets passion loose; the substance leaves; pursues
The shadow vehemently, but ne'er o'ertakes;
Puts by the cup of holiness and joy;
And drinks, carouses deeply in the bowl
Of death; grovels in dust; pollutes, destroys
His soul; is miserable to acquire
More misery; deceives to be deceived;
Strives, labors to the last, to shun the truth;
Strives, labors to the last, to damn himself;
Turns desperate, shudders, groans, blasphemes, and dies, [woe,
And sinks—where could he else?—to endless
And drinks the wine of God's eternal wrath.
Robert Pollok.

3045. WORLDLINGS, Ways of.

Lo! here spread out the plains of heavenly light, [bright.
And narrow way, that ends where all is
Behold, with globes upon the lightsome green,
To different work address'd, two men are seen.
With careless ease one rolls his globe along,
And follows after full of mirth and song;
The other strives to move his world's vast weight
Uphill, toward the brightly shining gate;
He strives in vain; the globe, though in the track, [back;
Still downward tending drives him farther
And though they seem contrary roads to go,
They meet together in the vale below.
Thus some pursue an open course of sin;
Some Christ profess, yet hold the world within;
Though these appear to play a different game,
Their fate is equal, and their end the same.
W. Holmes.

3046. WORSHIP, Acceptable.

Two altars are upreared in yonder plain;
Two worshippers with different gifts draw near;
Two sacrifices are presented there,
Heaven's merciful approval to obtain.
One brings a bloody offering, and the slain
Crimsons earth's beauteous carpet with its gore;
A lamb—a sinless victim—there is slain;
Such sacrifice Earth never saw before.
Upon the other altar luscious fruits,
Like incense, are in rich profusion piled,
Mixed with earth's ripened grain, its fruitful roots, wild.
And gorgeous flowers, all beautiful and
Which of these two oblations will be found
Most worthy—tribute from the flock, or from the ground?

Heaven takes the former, but the latter spurns;
One lifts his head to heaven to thank the Giver,
Nor thinks to mourn his lost condition ever;
With Pharisaic pride his spirit burns,
But in deep penitence the other turns
His downcast eyes to earth, in sorrow bent;
He offers bleeding innocence, and yearns
Vicarious release from punishment.
The promised Christ to bruise the serpent's head,
The substitute for man, is shadowed here;
And Heaven approves the gift—accepts the deed,
The principle of future trust is there.
Abel, by faith, Heaven's favor thus obtains
For a more excellent sacrifice by far than Cain's. *Charles Churchill.*

3047. WORSHIP, Heavenly.

The trump of God, by Michael blown,
Summon'd our glad rejoicing multitudes
To holy convocation. And had hearts
Of weary pilgrims in the wilderness
Oft fainted for His courts of prayer, and found
His earthly tabernacles amiable,
Uttering their wants in broken sobs and sighs,
And listening the story of His love
From tremulous lips? Had many a spot appear'd,
Where two or three thus gather'd in His Name,
The house of God and very gate of heaven?
O far exceeding weight of glory, when
Angels and saints, commingling hosts of light, mute,
No laggard heart, no voice unmatch'd or
We knelt before our Father's visible throne,
And saw the Sevenfold Spirit as lamps of fire,
And read our names upon Messiah's breast,
And heard the music of His robe (the while
He pass'd the crystal sea, bearing aloft
The incense of His meritorious love),
And saw Him touch the golden mercy-seat,
And worshipp'd, as the Oracle of God ing,
Came, from amid Cherubic wings, proclaim-
"This is My Son Beloved; hear ye Him."
And when the Prince, the Prophet of His Church,
Spake of His Father in our ears, and show'd
The unfathomable glories of His Name,
Until the love which dwelt in the Triune us;
Dwelt in our hearts—Emmanuel, God with
And oftentimes, Chief Minstrel as Chief Priest,
While every heart was vibrating with love,
Himself sang Hallelujah, to the sound
Of thousand times ten thousand angel harps,
Which instantly in perfect unison joy
Roll'd from the golden floor their waves of
Against the empyrean's crystal roof; tide
Then who could choose but swell the mighty
Of music with concerting harp and voice,
Until the courts of Zion were fulfill'd
With fragrance of delight, and songs of praise? *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

3048. WORSHIP, Places of.

Spirit! whose life-sustaining presence fills
Air, ocean, central depths, by man untried,
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time! The silence of the hills
Breathes veneration: founts and choral rills
Of these are murmuring: to its inmost glade
The living forest with Thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness on every shade.
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,
Hear naught but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heavenward. Ne'er may rock or cave possess
Their claim on human hearts to solemn tenderness. *Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*

3049. WORSHIP, Security of.

As one, in days of old, would fly
To some protecting shrine,
From dread pursuers threat'ning nigh,
And, panting, there recline—
Lord, to Thy dwelling I repair,
And cling around Thine altar there!

Or, as the swallow, chased away
From cruel man's abode,
Beneath Thy sacred walls will lay
Her cherished young, O God!
So there I oft that peace obtain,
Which elsewhere I have sought in vain.

When sheltered safe, well pleased we hear
The waves and tempest roar;
And raging winds, without, endear
The warmth within Thee more;
O thus I feel, from peril free,
Retired within Thy sanctuary.

Or it might seem as if my boat
O'er raging seas had pass'd,
And calmly were allowed to float
To some bright isle at last,
There to refit the shattered sail,
Ere yet again she tempt the gale.

The world's tempestuous ocean dark,
Around still foams and swells,
But Thou art as the happy ark
Where only safety dwells,

And peace; who skims that troubled sea,
Returns the olive branch to Thee.

Farewell, thou dark and stormy world;
Farewell thy grief and fear;
The port is won, the sails are furled,
Ye cannot touch me here!
But welcome, peace and rapture, now,
And, O my Saviour, welcome Thou!
Townsend.

3050. WORSHIP, Social.

There is a joy, which angels well may prize;
To see, and hear, and aid God's worship, when [men,
Unnumbered tongues, a host of Christian
Youths, matrons, maidens join. Their sounds arise,
"Like many waters:" now glad symphonies
Of thanks and glory to our God; and then,
Seal of the social pray'r, the loud Amen!
Faith's common pledge; contrition's mingled cries. [young,
Thus, when the Church of Christ was hale and
She called on God, one spirit and one voice: [new strung,
Thus from corruption cleansed, with health
Her sons she nurtured. O, be theirs the choice,
What duty bids, to worship heart and tongue,
At once to pray, at once in God rejoice!
Bishop Mant.

3051. WORSHIP, True.

True faith nor biddeth nor abideth form.
The bended knee, the eye uplift is all [bear.
Which man need render; all which God can
What to the faith are forms? A passing speck,
A crow upon the sky. God's worship is
That only He inspires; and His bright words,
Writ in the red-leaved volume of the heart,
Return to Him in prayer, as dew to heaven.
Our proper good we rarely seek or make;
Mindless of our immortal powers and their
Immortal end, as is the pearl of its worth,
The rose its scent, the wave its purity.
Philip James Bailey.

3052. WORTH, Men of.

God gives us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking—
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

3053. WRATH, Victims of.

'Tis not the want of time, nor means, nor good intent,
That has these millions to perdition sent;
But 'tis the Siren who, his victims to betray,
Persuades with honeyed words repentance to delay. [song
Delay 's the Siren's name, whose fascinating
Lures and deceives the maddened, swelling throng. [gates,
Delay 's the fatal cause that bars the heavenly
And tortures with an agony which ne'er abates.

3054. YEAR, Old and New.

No pause, no rest, no visual line
Between the years that come and go!
For some too fast, for some too slow;
Time never stops to sleep or dine,
But on and on with steady flight
He keeps, untired, by day—by night,
And boys and girls, ere yet aware,
Find threads of silver in their hair,
Their love of quiet growing stronger;
And, haply, by these tokens know,
What kind friends told them long ago,
That they are boys and girls no longer.

Still on—as silent as a ghost!
Seems but a score of days, all told,
Or but a month or two at most,
Since our last New Year's song we trolled,
And lo! that New Year now is Old.
And here we stand to say "Good-by!"
Brief words—and yet, we scarce know why,
They bring a moisture to the eye,
And to the heart some quakes and aches;
We speak them very tenderly,
With half a sob and half a sigh—
"Old Year, good-by! Old Year, good-by!"
For what it brought, for what it takes,
We love it, and for loved ones' sakes;
Prized for its hours of happiness,
Nor for its sacred sorrows less;
For all it gave through toil and strife
Of new significance to life— [lime,
New breadths, new depths, new heights sub-
And, haply, kingship over Time!
Accept our thanks, Old Year! for these,
And for all precious memories
Of love, of grief, of joy, of pain,
Whose ministry was not in vain.

And so we sadly lay, Old Year!
Our love-wreath on thy snowy bier,
Our love-wreath, moistened by a tear;
And, turning from our brief adieu,
With kindly welcome hail the New;
True to the Ruling Power, we sing, [King!"
"The King is dead!" "Long live the
W. H. Burleigh.

3055. YEAR, The Dying.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion, speed thou on!
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee, [done
Fresh from the hand of God! for thou hast
The errand of thy destiny, and none

May dream of thy returning. Go! and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,
Eternal prison-house; the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts; the miser's dream of gold; [light
Ambition's grasp at greatness; the quenched
Of broken spirits; the forgiven wrong,
And the abiding curse. Ay, bear along
These wrecks of thine own making. Lo! thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
Its last and faintest echo! Fare thee well!
J. G. Whittier.

3056. YESTERDAY, Lessons of.

Now shall the mangled stump teach proud man a lesson;
Now can we from that elm-tree's sap distil the wine of Truth.
Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,
Eddying in various waves to the red bark's shore-like rim?
These be the gathering of yesterdays, present all to-day;
This is the tree's judgment, self-history that cannot be gainsaid:
Seven years agone there was a drought—and the seventh ring is narrowed;
The fifth from hence was half a deluge—the fifth is cellular and broad.
Thus, Man, thou art a result, the growth of many yesterdays,
That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal or woe:
Thou art an almanac of self, the living record of thy deeds:
Spirit hath its scars as well as body, sore and aching in their season:
Here is a knot—it was a crime; there is a canker—selfishness;
Lo! here, the heart-wood rotten; lo, there, perchance, the sap-wood sound.
Nature teacheth not in vain; thy works are in thee, of thee; [errors:
Some present evil bent hath grown of older
And what if thou be walking now uprightly? Salve not thy wounds with poison,
As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yesterday:
It is well thou hast life and light; and the Hewer showeth mercy,
Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for thy tardy fruits;
But, even here, as thou standest, cheerful belike, and careless,
The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record of thy wrong is in thee;
For a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yesterdays of sin,
That, haply, little heeded now, shall blast thy many morrows. *M. F. Tupper.*

3057. YOUTH, Ardor of.

Who shall guess what I may be?
Who can tell my fortune to me?
For bravest and brightest that ever was sung
May be—and shall be—the lot of the young!

Hope, with her prizes and victories won,
Shines in the blaze of my morning sun—
Conquering Hope, with golden ray,
Blessing my landscape far away.

All my meadows and hills are green,
And rippling waters glance between—
All my skies are rosy bright,
Laughing in triumph at yesternight.

My heart, my heart within me swells,
Panting and stirring its hundred wells;
For youth is a noble seed, that springs
Into the flower of heroes and kings!

Rich in the present, though poor in the past,
I yearn for the future, vague and vast;
And lo, what treasure of glorious things
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings?

Pleasures are there, like dropping balms,
And glory and honor with chaplets and palms, [health,
And mind well at ease, and gladness, and
A river of peace, and a mine of wealth!

Away with your counsels, and hinder me not—
On, on let me press to my brilliant lot;
Young and strong, and sanguine and free,
How knowest thou what I may be?
M. F. Tupper.

3058. YOUTH, Death in.

Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite,
What smitten, most proclaims the pride of
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme, [power
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb: [date?
Me thine, NARCISSA! What though short thy
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name.
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth, Methuselehs may die:
O, how misdated on their flattering tombs!
Edward Young.

3059. YOUTH, Disenchanted.

Lower the sails of pride, rash youth;
Stand to the lowly tiller of truth;
Quick! or your limber bark shall be
The sport of the winds on a stormy sea.

Care and peril, in lieu of joy,
Guilt and dread may be thine, proud boy:
Lo, thy mantling chalice of life [strife.
Is foaming with sorrow, and sickness, and

Cheated by pleasure, and sated with pain—
Watching for honor, and watching in vain—
Aching in heart, and ailing in head,
Wearily earning daily bread.

It is well. I discern a tear on thy cheek;
It is well—thou art humbled, and silent, and meek:
Now—courage again! and, with peril to cope,
Gird thee with vigor, and helm thee with hope! *M. F. Tupper.*

3060. YOUTH, Hopefulness of.

Congenial HOPE! thy passion-kindling power, [troubled hour!
How bright, how strong, in youth's un-
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.
"Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words proclaim,) [fame!"
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of
Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!
Wilt thou with him mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound, [sound:
The speed of light, the circling march of
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.
Thomas Campbell.

3061. YOUTH, Immortal.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone, [die.
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides [hour;
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides [flower.
Her own sweet time to waken bud and

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand [more sweet,
On his bright morning hills, with smiles
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet. [still,
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader
Life's early glory to thine eyes again, [fill
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails? [ear
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine
A gentle rustling of the morning gales;
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?
William Cullen Bryant.

3062. YOUTH, Returnless.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.
Richard Henry Stoddard.

3063. YOUTH, Squandered.

Ah, five-and-twenty years ago had I but planted seeds of trees,
How now I should enjoy their shade and see their fruit swing in the breeze!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3064. YOUTH, Use of.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.
Robert Herrick.

3065. YOUTH, Zeal in.

Oh! be thou zealous in thy youth;
Fill every day with noble toils,
Fight for the victories of Truth,
And deck thee with her deathless spoils.
For those whose lives are in retreat,
Their valor and ambition flown,
In vain the 'larum drum is beat,
In vain the battle-trumpet blown!
Oriental, tr. by W. R. Alger.

3066. ZEAL, Christian.

Would'st thou the mansions of the blest attain,
(As who would not, for who would fain refuse [choose?)
Blessing and life, and death and evil
Look upward, eyes and heart, to yon bright fane [strain
On that sky-piercing mount, and tow'rd it

With loins well girt, and on thy feet the shoes
Of Gospel preparation! God endues
With strength who seek His face, but spare not pain [gate
Meanwhile, and toil to boot. Thou on the
Fix firm thy gaze, nor heed the lure that lies [straight
On right, on left, to tempt thee from the
And onward path. Mark well the proffer'd prize, [wait
Strive, win, and wear it! Shame and sorrow
On feeble feet, faint heart, and wavering eyes. *Bishop Mant.*

3067. ZEAL, Present.

Rise from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may),
But your aim will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise, for the day is passing!
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle;
Arise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past.

3068. ZEAL, Urged.

Up! 'tis no dreaming time! awake! awake!
For He who sits on the high Judge's seat,
Doth in His record mark each wasted hour,
Each idle word. Take heed thy shrinking soul [stands
Find not their weight too heavy, when it
At that dread bar from whence is no appeal.
Lo! while ye trifle, the light sands steal on,
Leaving the hour-glass empty, and thy life
Glideth away; stamp wisdom on its hours.
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

3069. ZION, Gathering to.

Desire of every land! The nations came,
And worshipped at her feet; all nations came, [tribes,
Flocking like doves. Columba's painted
That from Magellan to the Frozen Bay,
Beneath the Arctic dwelt, and drank the tides
Of Amazona, prince of earthly streams;
Or slept at noon beneath the giant shade
Of Andes' mount; or roving northward, heard
Niagara sing, from Erie's billow down
To Frontenac, and hunted thence the fur
To Labrador. And Afric's dusky swarms,
That from Morocco to Angola dwelt,
And drank the Niger from his native wells,
Or roused the lion in Numidia's groves;
The tribes that sat among the fabled cliffs
Of Atlas, looking to Atlanta's wave,
With joy and melody arose and came;
Zara awoke, and came; and Egypt came,
Casting her idol gods into the Nile.
Black Ethiopia, that shadowless,
Beneath the Torrid burned, arose and came:
Dauma and Medra, and the pirate tribes
Of Algeri, with incense came, and pure
Offerings, annoying now the seas no more.
The silken tribes of Asia flocking came,
Innumerous; Ishmael's wandering race, that
On camels o'er the spicy tract that lay [rode
From Persia, to the Red Sea coast: the king
Of broad Cathay, with numbers infinite,
Of many-lettered casts; and all the tribes
That dwelt from Tigris to the Ganges' wave,
And worshipped fire, or Brahma, fabled god!
Cashmeres, Circassians, Banyans, tender race!
That swept the insect from their path, and lived [dwelt
On herbs and fruits; and those who peaceful
Along the shady avenue that stretched
From Agra to Lahore: and all the hosts
That owned the Crescent late, deluded long.
The Tartar hordes that roamed from Oby's bank, [Wall.
Ungoverned, southward to the wondrous
The tribes of Europe came; the Greek, redeemed [Gaul
From Turkish thrall; the Spaniard came, and
And Britain with her ships; and on his sledge,
The Laplander, that nightly watched the bear
Circling the Pole; and those who saw the flames
Of Hecla burn the drifted snow; the Russ,
Long-whiskered, and equestrian Pole; and those
Who drank the Rhine, or lost the evening sun
Behind the Alpine towers; and she that sat
By Arno, classic stream; Venice; and Rome,
Head-quarters long of sin! first guileless now,
And meaning as she seemed, stretched forth her hands,
And all the isles of ocean rose and came,
Whether they heard the roll of banished tides,
Antipodes to Albion's wave; or watched
The moon ascending chalky Teneriffe,
And with Atlanta holding nightly love.
The East, the West, the South, and snowy North,
Rejoicing met, and worshipped reverently
Before the Lord, in Zion's holy hill;
And all the places round about were blest.
Robert Pollok.

3070. ZION, The Heavenly

O Mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.

No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God Himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasures every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woful night is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our king alone;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine—
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
There music's ever sweet;
There many a fair and dainty thing
Are trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit—
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
Full sore I long to see;
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blest
That might his music hear.
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful—
None ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear—
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the king of righteousness,
Forever shineth bright.
A lamb unspotted, white and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
In midst His servants' sight;
And they, His happy household all,
Do serve Him day and night.
There, there the choir of angels sing—
There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
And matrons all consist—
Young men and maids that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.

David Dickson.

3071. ZION, Triumph of.

O, for the coming of the end,
The last, long Sabbath-day of time,
When peace from heaven shall descend,
Like light, on every clime.

For men in ships far off at sea
Shall hear the happy nations raise
The song of peace and liberty,
And overflowing praise.

Mankind shall be one brotherhood;
One human soul shall fill the earth,
And God shall say, "The world is good
As when I gave it birth."

TOPICAL INDEX.

Reference is always made to the poems or extracts by number. The numbers refer to synonymous or related general subjects, or to scattered illustrations of the topic in the index. A dash between two numbers indicates that all between them are referred to.

AARON, 1. 2. 1798.
ABILITIES, 3–6. 37. 382. 1039–1045. 1901. 1465–1467.
ABRAHAM, 7. 1480.
ABSALOM, 8.
ABSENCE, 9–11. 1890. 2453. 2454. 2264–2266.
ABSTINENCE, 12–15. 748. 931–938. 1151. 2848–2850. 2993–2995.
ACCIDENT, 92. 2601–2605. 319. 326.
ACCOMPLISHMENT, 330. 1000. 1454. 1455.
ACQUIESCENCE, 1617. 66. 227. 230. 501. 1190. 2812. 2813. 873.
ACTION, 18–28. 2084–2090. 3026–3035.
ACTIVITY, 29–32. 1178. 1179. 2294. 1949–1954. 1061. 1680.
ADAM, 35. 36. 667.
ADAM AND EVE, 33. 34. 1135–1138. 1032. 1033
ADAPTATION, 37. 855. 2829. 1780. 1993.
ADIEU, 38, 1275–1279. 1542. 2453. 2454.
ADMIRATION, 39. 1201.
ADOPTION, 1232. 2438. 2439.
ADORNMENT, 137. 140. 1280–1285. 924–930. 1475. 2797.
ADVENT, 40–42. 441. 2023. 1073–1077. 2049–2061. 3036.
ADVERSITY, 43–52. 64–72. 631. 864–872. 2783–2788.
AFFECTATION, 53. 118. 184. 185. 2735. 1454–1456.
AFFECTION, 54–63, 2174–2210. 1404–1426. 1692.
AFFLICTION, 64–72. 43–52. 304. 305. 2783–2788. 225–231. 2896. 1618–1633.
AGE, 74–81. 254–256, 3057–3065. 2116. 2128.
AGED, 82–85. 137. 356. 2413–2420.
AGENCY, 73. 379. 1396–1398.
ALLELUIA, 90. 2530–2535.
ALLOTMENT, 91. 92. 2601–2605. 853. 1218. 1616. 2136. 663.
ALLUREMENTS, 93–96. 180. 746–751. 779. 780. 1009. 2851–2856.
ALMS, 97. 192. 337–346. 221–224. 146.
AMBITION, 98–111. 444. 1066. 1245–1258. 1842–1850. 1602–1617.
AMERICA, 112–115. 1084. 2921. 2103.
AMIABILITY, 2847. 1454–1456.
AMUSEMENTS, 116. 823. 2861. 2862. 683. 317. 1094. 1096.
ANCESTRY, 117. 118. 1616.
ANGELS, 119–126. 678. 2015. 1233, 1874.
ANGER, 127. 2457. 1673–1676. 1151.
ANIMALS, 128, 129. 564. 2074. 2238.
ANNIHILATION, 130–132. 699. 1921–1925. 2789–2798.
ANTS, 133. 1991.
ANXIETY, 134. 310–316. 1159. 1160.
APOSTASY, 200. 427. 434. 2047. 2894. 2797.
APOSTLES, 135. 136.
APPAREL, 137. 138. 924–930. 1280–1285.
APPEARANCES, 139–141. 344.
APPLAUSE, 456. 1249. 1326–1332.
ARGUMENT, 142. 143. 739. 885. 890.
ARK, 424. 1555.
ARMOR, 144–146. 1001. 2777. 757. 758.
ART, 147. 148. 2814.
ARTIFICE, 149. 427. 746–751
ASCENSION, 150–152.
ASPIRATION, 153–158. 801–803. 2163. 2164.
ASSOCIATES, 461–464. 2774. 2775.
ASSOCIATION, 159–164. 467–470. 2270–2276.
ASSURANCE, 165. 153. 479.
ASTRONOMY, 166. 1769.
ATHEISM, 167–170. 1040. 1965. 2915. 2916.
ATHEIST, 171. 172. 1457. 1878. 1966. 1967.
ATONEMENT, 173–177. 1. 588–604. 607–616. 2629–2632.
ATTAINMENT, 178. 179. 154. 465. 824. 1201. 1602–1617
ATTRACTION, 180. 181. 1483. 1707. 1818. 2486.
AUTHORSHIP, 182. 183. 2357. 2153.
AUTHORITY, 184. 185. 851. 852.
AUTUMN, 186. 187 2111.

AVARICE, 188–194. 557–561. 1021. 1525–1538. 676. 2736.
AVERSION, 195. 1673–1676.
AWAKENING, 516–521. 624. 531–534. 583. 584. 606.

BABE, 196–199. 1955–1964. 2973. 999. 2156.
BACKSLIDING, 200, 434. 524. 2047. 2894. 2797.
BANISHMENT, 201. 1240. 710. 1025. 1939. 2227.
BANNER, 425. 583–604. 2322.
BAPTISM, 202–204.
BATTLE, 205–207. 411. 1878. 2777. 2956–2964.
BEAUTY, 208–218. 361. 444.
BEGINNING, 1642. 1647. 1648. 2157–2162. 2898–2899. 2751.
BEING, 219. 220. 1180. 2109–2150.
BELIEVING, 16. 17. 478, 479. 1202–1232.
BELLS, 2388. 161. 2271. 2393.
BENEFICENCE, 221–224, 337–346. 2103.
BENEVOLENCE, 337–346. 2103. 97. 192. 221–224. 1468–1472.
BEREAVEMENT, 225–231. 726. 498–503, 646–736.
BESETTING SIN, 232. 2703. 2456. 1117.
BIBLE, 233–250. 2719–2723. 3021. 2643.
BIGOTRY, 251–253. 739. 781. 2405. 2730. 903. 1272.
BIRTHDAY, 254–256. 1708.
BIRTH OF CHRIST, 257–260. 1940. 417–424.
BLAME, 261. 321. 322. 647. 1603.
BLESSEDNESS, 262. 263. 366. 646. 664. 1880. 498–503.
BLESSINGS, 264. 1778. 1579
BLINDNESS, 265–270. 695. 625–629.
BLISS, 2250. 271. 1700. 2042–2046. 1650–1668.
BODY, 272. 208–218. 1333, 1334. 1583. 1586. 2667–2673.
BOLDNESS, 273. 281. 541–551. 2927.
BOOKS, 274–280. 1485. 1799. 2624. 2397. 2398.
BRAVERY, 281. 412. 273. 1544–1551. 2927.
BREAD, 452. 1346–1348.
BRIBERY, 282–284. 1525. 535–541.
BROTHER, 285. 43. 657. 2071. 1423.
BROTHERHOOD, 286–290. 440. 447. 1385. 1386. 1877
BUILDING, 291–294. 331. 439. 1172. 1173.
BURDEN, 295. 296. 906. 134. 310–316.
BURIAL, 297–300. 857. 1480. 2347–2350.
BURIAL-GROUND, 301. 442–444. 1583–1601.
BUSINESS, 302. 87. 848. 1063–1065. 1949–1954.
BUSYBODY, 303. 2694. 2695. 2715. 2759–2763.

CAIN, 2352. 919.
CALAMITY, 304. 305. 43–52. 453. 2319. 2320.
CALVARY, 306–308. 607–616.
CAPTIVES, 309. 1939. 2227.
CARE, 310–316. 134. 1159. 1160.
CASTE, 232. 691. 924. 925. 2496. 2232. 1108–1111.
CAUSE, 317–319. 2346. 180. 181.
CAUTION, 320. 1194. 2829. 2607.
CENSURE, 321. 322. 647. 1113. 1603. 261. 2763.
CEREMONY, 323. 324. 1820. 1562.
CHANCE, 319, 326. 92.
CHANGE, 325–329. 695. 1754. 1130–1134.
CHARACTER, 330–336. 291–294. 1771. 2109–2150.
CHARITY, 337–346. 97. 1467. 2026. 221–224. 2174–2210.
CHASTISEMENT, 347–349. 360. 864–873. 64–72.
CHASTITY, 350–353. 303. 2614–2617. 779.
CHEERFULNESS, 354–356. 2413. 2458. 2847.
CHILDHOOD, 357–363. 987–1000. 668.
CHILDREN, 364–378. 196–199. 617. 2156.
CHOICE, 379. 87. 1127. 1049–1051. 1396–1398.
CHRIST, 380–404. 1. 173–177. 588–604. 607–616. 737. 738 1458–1463. 1920. 150–152. 257–260. 417–423. 902. 2024 2037. 2690. 2691. 2287–2293. 2714.
CHRISTIAN, 405–407. 233. 1388. 1459. 1523. 1524. 1202–1232.
CHRISTIANITY, 408. 409. 446. 1202–1232. 2496–2500.
CHRISTIANS, 410–416. 1522. 1523.

Christian Union, 425. 440. 1421. 1425. 1654. 457–460.
Christmas, 417–423. 257–260.
Church, 424–441. 411. 409. 781. 782. 1049. 2021–2023.
Churchyard, 442–444. 1583–1601. 310.
Cisterns, 445.
Civilization, 446. 447. 2809. 2810. 1039–1045.
Clergy, 1. 53. 145. 146. 1165. 2304–2309. 2558–2566. 2608.
Closet, 448. 1146. 2553. 2536. 2537.
Cloud, 449. 2620. 2621. 2242.
Comfort, 450–454. 479. 498–503. 1067. 1068.
Commandments, 455. 742.
Commendation, 456. 472. 1249. 1326–1332.
Communion, 457–460. 380. 381. 384. 522. 523. 1314–1318.
Companions, 461. 462. 1400–1416.
Company, 463. 464. 2774. 2775.
Compassion, 1878. 2072. 2506. 2507.
Compensation, 465–467. 265. 338. 221. 224. 2004.
Complaint, 468–471. 1911. 1399. 2354.
Compliments, 472. 456. 1326–1332.
Conceit, 473. 53. 118. 2735.
Concentration, 474.
Condemnation, 475. 1228. 2653.
Conduct, 552–554. 429.
Confession, 476. 477. 2633. 2025. 2598.
Confidence, 478. 479, 503. 1401. 1409. 1202–1232.
Conflict, 207, 839. 881–883. 1324.
Conscience, 480–490. 3007.
Consecration, 491–496. 16. 17. 380. 381. 1687.
Consequences, 667. 951. 1069. 1070.
Consideration, 686. 885. 752. 506. 507.
Consistency, 497. 1609. 334.
Consolation, 498–503. 225–230. 450–453.
Constancy, 504. 505. 1400. 2184. 1943. 1944.
Contemplation, 506. 507. 457–460. 686. 1608.
Contentment, 508–515. 1089–1093. 1650–1667. 1821. 2525.
Contrition, 516–521. 2482. 2483. 2008.
Controversy, 142. 143. 252. 739.
Conversation, 522. 523. 739. 2832. 2833.
Conversion, 524–528. 1228. 1225. 2652.
Convert, 529. 530. 411. 2020.
Conviction, 531–534. 516–521. 2482. 2483, 2652.
Corruption, 535–541. 282–284. 524. 840. 2512.
Counsels, 542. 364. 626. 1186. 2781.
Country, 543. 2469–2473. 2809. 2810.
Courage, 544–551. 281. 412. 273. 2927.
Courtesy, 552–554. 1454. 1455.
Courtship, 555. 556. 2597.
Covenant, 557. 491–496. 2622.
Covetousness, 558–561. 188–194.
Cowardice, 562. 563. 1305–1311. 2680.
Creation, 564–577. 33–36. 128. 1006–1020. 2221. 2373–2384. 2922.
Creator, 578. 1481. 1507. 760–765. 1479–1521.
Credulity, 579. 2915.
Creed, 580. 581. 2730. 781. 782. 2642.
Crime, 1113–1117. 1342. 1072. 1442.
Crisis, 582–584. 2885. 2429–2434. 2406. 2885–2887.
Critic, 585. 1258. 1103.
Criticism, 586. 587.
Cross, 588–604. 1689.
Crosses, 605. 2783–2788. 64–72.
Crown, 606. 981. 1069. 2253. 2583.
Crucifixion, 607–616. 737. 738.
Cruelty, 129. 2074. 2764.
Curiosity, 617.
Curse, 618. 619. 1014. 2352.
Custom, 620–623. 1280–1285.

Dancing, 683. 2776. 3017.
Danger, 624. 583. 584. 920. 1015.
Darkness, 625–629. 1190. 1690. 1749.
Daughter, 630. 55. 2215. 2216.
David, 631–633.
Day, 634–641. 783. 2133. 2151.
Day of Judgment, 642. 643. 912. 2049–2061.
Days, 644. 645.
Dead, 646–666. 1402. 1705–1765. 1770–1779.
Death, 667–736. 368. 369. 1413. 2305. 2334–2339. 887–991.
Death of Christ, 737. 738. 173–177. 588–604. 607–616. 1193.
Debate, 739. 142. 143. 252.
Debt, 740. 741. 1205. 2629–2632.
Decalogue, 742. 455. 2064–2068.
Decay, 743–745. 208–218. 1130–1334. 667–736.
Deception, 746–751. 1117. 149. 779. 780. 1892–1898. 2754.
Decision, 752. 833. 834. 885. 1325. 2618. 2619.
Decrees, 753. 829. 830. 1051. 1354. 1942. 1641.
Deeds, 754–756. 1543. 1788. 1069. 1211.
Defence, 757. 758. 144–146.
Degraded, 759. 1112. 1041–2243.
Deity, 760–765. 1479–1522. 2900. 2901.
Delay, 766–771. 294. 583. 584. 772. 3053. 2385. 2386. 2585–2587.
Deliberation, 885. 686. 506. 507.
Delight, 1488. 1765. 2042–2046.
Deluge, 772–778. 557. 424. 1335. 1336. 746–751.
Delusion. 779. 780. 886. 1990. 2043.
Denominations, 781. 782. 251–253. 2780.
Dependence, 783–786. 2972.
Deportment, 552–554. 429
Depravity, 787–796. 1691. 1688. 1697. 1237–1241.
Desertion, 797. 2014.
Design, 798–800. 89. 474. 2004.
Desire, 801–808. 857. 1656. 153–158. 2163. 2164.
Desolation, 809–819.
Despair, 812–819. 2457.
Despondency, 820–828. 809–811. 1891.
Destiny, 829. 830. 319. 582–584. 2119. 2883.
Destruction, 831. 829. 2609–2613. 910. 911.
Detection, 832. 978. 1545. 1394. 919. 643. 2049–2061.
Determination, 833. 834. 1325. 2618. 2619.
Detraction, 835. 1545. 2759–2763.
Devil, 836–840. 427. 754. 2709. 2710. 1038.
Devotion, 841–850. 16. 17. 380. 381. 457–459. 808. 3046–3051. 2500.
Dignity, 851. 852. 1928. 2224–2226. 1026. 2396. 1842–1850.
Diligence, 1949–1954. 2487–2489.
Dirge, 648. 962. 2778. 1430. 1592.
Disappointment, 853–863. 178. 179. 445.
Discipline, 864–873. 347–349. 439. 853. 1045. 1188.
Discontent, 874–880. 641. 893–896. 1399.
Discord, 881–883. 897.
Discouragement, 884. 812–819. 853–863.
Discretion, 885. 37. 320. 2607. 2999–3003.
Discussion, 142. 143. 252. 639.
Disease, 667. 669. 711. 876. 1910. 2744–2747.
Disenchantment, 886. 779. 780. 898. 978.
Dishonesty, 887. 282–284. 535–541.
Dishonor, 888. 1610. 2715.
Disobedience, 889. 1045.
Disputant, 890. 252. 2838.
Disquiet, 891. 892. 1700. 2666.
Dissatisfaction, 893–896. 445. 874–880. 1094–1096.
Dissension, 897. 881–883.
Distance, 898. 2403. 2404.
Distrust, 914–917. 2824.
Divine Union, 899–901. 380. 381. 383. 1654. 2024.
Divinity of Christ, 902. 382. 380–404. 1920.
Dogmatism, 903. 251–253.
Doing Good, 904–909. 29. 30. 340. 2321. 1046–1048
Doing Right, 19. 281. 2686. 2687.
Doing Well, 910. 26. 268. 1163. 1078. 1079.
Doom, 911. 912. 829. 830. 2756. 2776.
Double-Mindedness, 913. 3042–3045. 2013. 1185.
Doubt, 914–917. 2915–2916.
Dreams, 918–923. 2016.
Dress, 924–930. 137. 138. 1280–1285.
Drunkenness, 931–938. 2001–2003.
Duty, 939–955. 268. 1787. 1539. 455. 2321.
Dying, 956–986. 646–736. 1405. 2334–2339.

Early Death, 987–991. 368. 369. 689. 720. 3014. 856.
Early Piety, 992–998. 357–378.
Early Training, 999. 1000. 1043. 2840. 2841. 2781.
Earnestness, 1001. 1005. 2121. 2123. 2129.
Earth, 1006–1023. 1355. 1356. 564–577. 2373–2384. 3036–3041.
Earth and Heaven, 1024. 1025. 1436. 1766–1768.
Earthly Glory, 1026. 1245–1258. 1842–1854.
Easter, 1027–1030. 684.
Eating, 1180. 1106. 1312. 13.
Echo, 1031. 465–467.
Eden, 1032–1038. 33–35. 2442–2446.
Education, 1039–1045. 232. 999. 1000. 1993–1995. 2078–2083. 2099. 2100.
Effort, 1046–1048. 1001–1005. 939–955. 1071. 1072. 904–910.
Egotism, 1326–1332. 13. 2735.
Elect, 1049–1051. 439. 753 379. 1396–1398.
Elijah, 1052. 1053. 1348. 1565.
Eloquence. 1054–1058. 587. 2801. 2802.
Elysium, 1059. 2442–2446. 1705–1765.
Eminence, 1060. 851–852. 1607–1617.
Emotions, 1061. 1062. 2740. 1176. 1177. 1627. 2864.
Employment, 1063–1065. 302. 32.
Emulation, 1066. 98–111. 1171–1173.
Encouragement, 1067, 1068. 962. 498–503. 1490. 450–454.
End, 1069. 1070. 474. 2487–2489.
Endeavor, 1071. 1072. 1046–1048.
End of the World, 1073–1077. 40–42. 642. 643. 910. 911. 1007. 2870.
Endurance, 1078. 1079. 1363–1366. 1067. 1068. 1754. 2147 2487–2489.

Enemies, 1080. 1081. 1345. 1357–1361.
Energy, 1082. 1083. 1097. 273.
England, 1084–1088. 1836.
Enjoyment, 1089–1093. 1650–1668. 2042–2046. 2525–2528.
Ennui, 1094–1096. 893–896. 2712. 2713.
Enterprise, 1097. 910. 1873. 1082. 1083.
Envy, 1098. 1105. 2351. 2017–2019.
Epicure, 1106. 1180. 13. 1812.
Epitaph, 1107. 2122.
Equality, 1108–1111. 690. 691. 704. 2496. 332.
Erring, 1112. 759. 1041.
Error, 1113–1117. 1151–1161. 1910–1912.
Esteem, 456. 39. 1201. 2735. 118. 2228–2231.
Eternity, 1118–1129. 2965. 1490. 2054. 1921–1935.
Etiquette, 1454. 1455. 1820. 552–554.
Evanescence, 1130–1134. 2113. 2114. 325–329. 2364–2367.
Eve, 1135–1138. 33–36.
Evening, 1139–1150. 636. 640.
Evil, 1151–1161. 286. 754. 1113–1117. 1392. 1540. 1910–1912. 2751–2754.
Examination, 1162. 640. 2422. 2677.
Example, 1162–1170. 1402. 1789. 1609. 1551. 1968–1980. 20. 2474.
Excellence, 1172. 1173. 1602–1617. 291–294. 2277.
Excelsior, 1171. 153–158.
Excess, 1174. 1175. 2510. 1195. 1196.
Excitement, 1176. 1177. 1061. 1062. 2912.
Excuse, 887. 942. 1047.
Exercise, 1178. 1179. 18–32. 1063–1065.
Exile, 201. 710. 1025. 1240.
Existence, 1180. 219. 220. 2109–2150.
Expectation, 1181–1184. 318. 853–863.
Expediency, 1185. 1186. 1564. 1465. 913.
Expenditure, 1187. 1194. 1427.
Experience, 1188–1193. 385. 451. 403. 1228. 2020. 2447.
Extravagance, 1194. 1187. 1427. 930. 1282.
Extremes, 1195. 1196. 1665. 1174. 1175.
Eyes, 1197–1200.

Failure, 1201. 1605. 178. 179. 2814. 2815. 1941.
Faith, 1202–1232. 7. 580. 581. 1667. 1154. 1858. 2903. 2904. 478. 479.
Faithfulness, 1233–1236. 145. 1407. 1164. 1078. 1079.
Fall of Man, 1237–1241. 34–36. 201. 619. 667. 1137. 1138. 787–796.
Falsehood, 1242–1244. 1840. 2929.
Fame, 1245–1258. 75. 943. 98–111. 1060. 2055. 1026. 1602–1617.
Family, 1259–1267. 1817–1836. 1874–1876. 2071.
Family Worship, 1268. 1269.
Famine, 1270. 1271. 1346–1348.
Fanaticism, 1272. 579. 251–253. 1783.
Fancy, 1273. 1274. 1916–1919.
Farewell, 1275–1279. 38. 964. 965. 1542.
Fashion, 1280–1285. 431. 924–930. 620–623. 2797.
Fasting, 1286–1290. 2101.
Fate, 1291–1293. 582. 583. 693. 829. 830. 1367–1377.
Father, 1294–1299. 59. 752. 1866. 2071. 1492. 2449–2452.
Faults, 1300–1302. 1382. 1603.
Favor, 1303. 1304. 22. 1612. 1566–1576.
Fear, 1305–1311. 723. 134. 410. 480–490. 2457. 562. 563.
Feast, 1312. 1313. 1180. 1106. 2092. 2093. 2338.
Fellowship, 1314–1318. 425. 440. 457–460. 2827.
Fidelity, 1319–1323. 945. 1233–1236. 2487–2489.
Fight, 1324. 839. 881–883. 2956–2964.
Firmness, 1325. 833. 752. 1841. 2618. 2619.
Flattery, 1326–1332. 472.
Flesh, 1333. 1334. 272. 2667–2673.
Flood, 1335. 1336. 772–778.
Flowers, 1337–1344. 1471. 2091.
Foes, 1345. 1080. 1081. 1357–1361.
Food, 1346–1348. 452. 2239.
Fool, 1349–1351. 978. 2152.
Forbearance, 1352. 1353. 2755. 2278–2283.
Foreordination, 1354. 753.
Forest, 1355. 1356.
Forgetfulness, 695. 2402. 1790. 815. 979. 2153.
Forgiveness, 1357–1361. 2447. 2448. 1985. 1986.
Formality, 1362. 323. 324. 2544.
Fortitude, 1363–1366. 1073. 1079.
Fortune, 1367–1377. 91. 92. 1291–1293. 2601–2605.
Foundations, 1378. 1379. 1726. 2690. 2691. 2497.
Fountain of Life, 1380. 306. 1568. 2705. 2750.
Frailty, 1381–1384. 2334–2339.
Fraternity, 1385. 1386. 286–290. 1423.
Freedom, 1387–1394. 112–115. 286. 1086. 1228. 2104–2108.
Free Grace, 1395. 432. 759. 1228. 2263. 1051. 1566–1576.
Free Will, 1396–1398. 78. 379. 1239. 1089. 2883.
Fruitfulness, 1399. 469–471. 1399.
Friends, 1400–1416. 666. 2827.
Friendship, 1417–1426. 504. 2598. 1727.
Frugality, 1427. 1187, 1194. 1427.
Fruitfulness, 1428. 1429. 1669–1671. 2263.
Funeral, 1430. 297–300. 2347–2350.
Future, 1431–1441. 1781. 1782. 2889. 2890.

Gain, 1442. 1443. 967. 1522.
Gambling, 1444. 1445.
Gayety, 1446. 854–856. 823. 2312.
Generosity, 1447. 2103. 221–224. 337–346.
Genius, 1448–1453. 1996–2000.
Gentleman, 1454. 1455. 552–554.
Gentleness, 1456. 2847. 2069–2075.
Geology, 1457. 567. 1017.
Gethsemane, 1458–1463. 1035. 2155
Ghosts, 1474. 2803–2806. 754.
Gifts, 1465–1467. 337–346. 407.
Giving, 1468–1472. 97. 221–224. 337–346. 97. 908
Glory, 1473–1478. 650. 685. 690. 1495. 1570. 1729. 1026. 1245–1258.
God, 1479–1521. 757. 760–765. 1730. 1942. 1473. 1611. 578. — 2900. 2901. 2423–2426.
Godliness, 1522. 1523. 405–416. 2124. 2496–2500.
Gold, 1525–1538. 188–194. 676. 1878. 2217–2219. 2328.
Golden Rule, 1539. 939–955.
Good, 1540. 1541. 904–908.
Good-by, 1542. 38. 1275–1279.
Good Deeds, 1543. 754–756. 1550. 2063.
Good Name, 1544. 1545. 2654.
Goodness, 1546–1551. 1523. 1524. 1604. 1605. 1872.
Goodness of God, 1552. 568. 1547.
Good Works, 1553. 2284–2286. 2688. 2689.
Gospel, 1554–1562. 424. 1566–1575.
Government, 1563–1565. 1615. 1186. 2809. 2810. 2457.
Grace, 1566–1576. 1913. 1995. 2278–2283.
Graces, 1577. 337–346. 1851–1873. 2174–2205.
Gratitude, 1578–1582. 2859. 1961–1964.
Grave, 1583–1600. 297–301. 1261. 1926.
Graveyard, 1601. 442–444.
Great Men, 1602–1606. 1014.
Greatness, 1607–1617. 1235. 1236. 1497.
Grief, 1618–1633. 225–231. 651. 2347–2350. 64–73. 1682.
Ground, 1634. 1660. 1663. 2094.
Growth, 1635. 1636. 2639. 1420. 791. 2467.
Grumbling, 468–471. 1399. 2854.
Guidance, 1637–1641. 2571. 2601–2605.
Guilt, 1642–1644. 34–36. 1237–1241. 703. 2751–2754. 2323.

Habit, 1645. 13. 1151. 1115.
Habits, 1646–1649. 1117.
Happiness, 1650–1668. 1089–1093. 2042–2046.
Harvest. 1669–1672. 1428. 1429.
Hatred, 1673–1676. 127.
Health, 1178. 1179.
Hearing, 1677–1679. 337. 429.
Heart, 1680–1702. 2789–2798.
Heathenism, 1703. 1704. 699. 1059. 2411. 1902–1905.
Heaven, 1705–1765. 751. 1059. 2023. 646–666. 2021–2023.
Heaven and Earth, 1766–1768. 1436. 1024. 1025.
Heavens, 1769. 166. 2922. 2395.
Hell, 1770–1779. 782. 837. 1934. 2011. 2609–2613.
Help, 1780. 904–908. 944. 2827.
Hereafter, 1781. 1782. 1431–1441.
Heresy, 1783. 1272. 251–253.
Heritage, 1784. 1595. 1021.
Hermit Life, 1785. 505. 1355. 2779. 2780
Heroes, 1786–1794. 1060. 1245–1258.
Heroine, 1795.
Heroism, 1796. 1797. 1602–1617.
High Priest, 1798. 1. 2
Hindrances, 1172. 845. 1844. 2703.
History, 1799. 264–270.
Holiness, 1800–1805. 928. 1649. 491–496.
Holy Spirit, 1806–1816. 2548.
Home, 1817–1836. 543. 1783. 1259–1267. 1774–1776. 2071. 1657. 1695. 1733. 2473.
Honesty, 1837–1841. 1255. 2527. 2232.
Honor, 1842–1850. 407. 415. 674. 1026. 1245–1258. 1414.
Hope, 1851–1873. 50. 969. 970. 1734. 2457. 1437.
Household, 1874–1876. 1259–1267. 1817–1836. 2249–2251.
Humanity, 1877–1879. 2316–2318. 2220–2238. 2490–2492.
Humility, 1880–1889. 2924. 1812. 1236. 2326.
Husband, 1890. 10. 2987–2992.
Hypochondria, 1891. 809–819. 2267–2269.
Hypocrisy, 1892–1898. 746–751. 1952. 2309. 2484.

Ideas, 1899. 2294–2303. 2863–2866.
Idleness, 1900. 1901. 1194–1196. 1945–1948. 2773. 2096.
Idolatry, 1902–1905. 840. 1524. 1703. 1704.
Idols, 1906. 1907.

IGNORANCE, 1908. 1909. 2078 2080. 1997. 1070. 1431. 1435. 1441.
ILLNESS, 1910. 667. 669. 673. 2744–2747. 2440.
ILLS, 1911–1913. 1151–1161. 2440. 2744–2747. 2319–2320.
ILLUSION, 1914. 779. 780. 746–751.
ILLUSTRATION, 1915. 1043. 2516–2519.
IMAGINATION, 1916–1919. 1273. 1274. 780.
IMMANUEL, 1920. 1940. 902. 380–404.
IMMORTALITY, 1921–1935. 130–132. 1118–1129. 705. 1705–1779. 2789–2798.
IMPARTIALITY, 704. 2064–2068. 1108–1111.
IMPATIENCE, 1936–1938. 2464–2468. 2949–2953.
IMPENITENCE, 2327. 2386. 2417.
IMPRESSIONS, 1627. 1061. 1062.
IMPRISONMENT, 1939. 2227. 1018. 201. 2296.
INCARNATION, 1940. 257–260. 1578.
INCOMPLETENESS, 1941. 2085. 2115. 1201.
INCOMPREHENSIBLE, 1942. 1498–1500. 1519. 2368. 2369.
INCONSISTENCY, 334. 497. 1609.
INCONSTANCY, 1943. 1944. 1185. 325–329. 1130–1134. 2364–2367.
INCORRUPTIBILITY, 1735. 505.
INDECISION, 2013. 334. 1948. 913.
INDEPENDENCE, 2298. 2301. 1325.
INDOLENCE, 1945–1948. 133. 542. 1900. 1901. 1083. 2773.
INDUSTRY, 1949–1954. 18–28. 1063–1065.
INFANTS, 1955–1964. 196–199. 671. 2973. 999.
INFIDELITY, 1965. 167–172. 130–132. 2915. 2916.
INFIDELS, 1966. 1967. 1151. 171. 172.
INFLUENCE, 1968–1980. 1695. 1607. 1162–1170. 2297. 2917.
INGRATITUDE, 1981–1984. 2282. 1443. 2747.
INHERITANCE, 1538. 1593. 1594. 1784.
INHUMANITY, 2764. 1535. 2074. 2237. 1168.
INJURIES, 1985. 1986. 1357–1361.
INNOCENCE, 1987. 1988. 1446. 350–353.
INQUIRIES, 1989. 1663. 1638.
INSANITY, 1990. 2043. 779. 780. 2236.
INSPIRATION, 249. 240. 2719–2723.
INSTINCT, 1991. 1992. 2379. 2373. 1565.
INSTRUCTION, 1993–1995. 1039–1045. 999. 1000. 2836–2841.
INTEGRITY, 1235. 1454. 505. 1837–1841. 2284.
INTELLECT, 1996–2000. 1448–1453. 2294–2303.
INTEMPERANCE, 2001–2003. 931–938. 2993–2995. 2693.
INTENTION, 2004. 26. 798–800. 89. 2346. 2618. 2619.
INTERCESSION, 2005. 2006. 1798. 1.
INTERMEDIATE STATE, 2007. 2011.
INVENTION, 2717. 2374.
INVITATION, 2008–2012. 770. 1737. 2755. 1504. 1895.
IRRESOLUTION, 2013. 334.
ISOLATION, 2014. 809–811. 1250. 1409. 2073. 2779. 2780.

JACOB, 2015. 2016. 1225.
JEALOUSY, 2017–2019. 2458. 1098–1105.
JEHOVAH, 2020. 760–765. 1479–1521.
JERUSALEM, 2021–2023. 2372.
JESUS, 2024–2037. 1855. 380–404. 617–616. 2742. 2743.
JEWS, 2038–2040. 175. 2021. 2022. 2290. 1501.
JOHN, 2041.
JOY, 2042–2046. 972. 1089–1093. 1650–1658. 2448. 2458. 1541. 1488. 1765. 2375.
JUDAS, 2047.
JUDGING, 2048. 321. 322. 336. 2520. 1613. 1616. 2058. 2346.
JUDGMENT, 2049–2061. 6. 642. 643. 1073–1077. 2741.
JUST, 2062. 2063. 2688. 2689. 2303.
JUSTICE, 2064–2068. 1169. 2053. 2048–2061.

KINDNESS, 2069–2075. 1080. 1081. 1456. 2847.
KING, 2396.
KINGDOM OF CHRIST, 389. 390. 2287–2293. 2023.
KISSES, 2076. 2077.
KNOWLEDGE, 2078–2083. 1039–1045. 2099. 2100. 2999–3003.

LABOR, 2084–2090. 18–81. 1063–1065. 1949–1954. 3026–3033.
LADIES, 2091. 2215. 2216. 3009–3020.
LAMB, 2092. 2093.
LAND, 2094. 1634. 1663.
LANGUAGE, 2095. 522. 523. 1054–1058. 2801. 2802.
LAUGHTER, 2312. 823. 1446.
LAW, 2096. 2097. 455. 2064–2068.
LAZINESS, 2098. 1900. 1901. 1945–1948. 2773.
LEARNING, 2099. 2100. 1039–1045. 2078–2083.
LENT, 2101. 1286–1290.
LEPER, 2102. 2370. 2035. 927.
LIBERALITY, 2103. 221–224. 1468–1472.
LIBERTY, 2104–2108. 1387–1394. 2589–2595.
LIFE, 2109–2150. 20. 24. 1013. 1180. 706. 219. 2220–2235.
LIGHT, 2151. 2152. 269. 413. 433. 1190. 2917. 2944.
LIMBO, 2153. 1349–1351.
LITANY, 2154. 1811. 2155. 398. 612.
LITTLE CHILDREN, 2156. 196–199. 1955–1964.
LITTLE THINGS, 2157–2162. 1236. 2898. 2899.
LONGING, 2163. 2164. 666. 801–808. 153–158.
LORD'S PRAYER, 2165. 2166. 850.
LORD'S SUPPER, 2167. 2168.
LOSSES, 2169–2171. 639. 644. 2247. 853.
LOST, 2172. 1574. 1770–1779. 2797.
LOT, 2173. 1616. 91. 92. 2601–2605. 663.
LOVE, 2174–2210. 54–63. 858. 1502. 337–346. 2480. 2490–2492.
LOVE OF CHRIST, 2209. 2200.
LOVE OF GOD, 2182. 1396. 1486. 1502. 1520. 1693. 2012.
LUST, 2211. 2212. 2512.
LUXURY, 2213. 2214. 2682. 2683. 2973–2978. 2450.
LYING, 1242–1244. 1840. 2929.

MAIDEN, 2215. 2216.
MADNESS, 1349–1351. 2152. 1990.
MAGNANIMITY, 337–346. 1447. 1357–1361.
MALEVOLENCE, 1098–1105. 1673–1676. 127.
MALICE, 1673–1676. 127.
MAMMON, 2217–2219. 188–194. 557–561. 1525–1538. 2682. 2683. 2973–2978.
MAN, 2220–2235. 565. 1507. 1877–1879.
MANIAC, 2236. 1282. 2043. 1990.
MANKIND, 2237. 2238. 1877–1879. 2277.
MANNA, 2239. 783.
MARRIAGE, 2240–2251. 33–35. 1890. 1874–1876. 2987–2992.
MARTYRDOM, 2252–2255. 2702.
MARTYRS, 2256–2262. 945. 1476.
MARY MAGDALEN, 2263. 1200.
MATURITY, 1742. 1635. 1636. 1171–1173. 2484–2486.
MEANNESS, 1610. 2299. 2736. 2737.
MEDIATION, 506. 507. 2015. 1126. 1461. 1462. 1756. 1761. 2005. 2006.
MEEKNESS, 1236. 1473. 1880–1889.
MEETING, 2264–2266. 1744. 2678. 2679.
MELANCHOLY, 2267–2269. 2457. 809–819.
MEMORY, 2270–2276. 285. 1774. 2645. 2804. 2577.
MEN, 2277. 2220–2235. 2237. 2238.
MERCIES, 1578. 1579. 264.
MERCY, 2278–2283. 740. 741. 1518. 1395. 1566–1576. 2629–2632.
MERIT, 2284–2286. 604. 1172. 1173. 1602–1617.
MESSIAH, 2287.
MILLENNIUM, 2288–2293. 436. 2023.
MIND, 2294–2303. 31. 1603. 1996–2000. 2682.
MINISTER, 2304–2309. 1. 53. 145. 146. 273. 1745. 2482. 2463. 2608. 1249.
MIRACLES, 2310. 2311. 135. 267. 2102. 2314.
MIRTH, 2312. 542. 823. 1446.
MISER, 2313–2315. 188–194.
MISERY, 2316–2318. 809–819. 1877–1879. 2237.
MISFORTUNE, 2319. 2320. 1911–1913. 2169–2171. 2227.
MISSIONS, 2321–2325. 409. 437. 2287–2293. 1703. 1704.
MODERATION, 542. 946. 1174. 1176.
MODESTY, 2326. 552–554. 1880–1889.
MOMENTS, 2327. 2867–2884.
MONEY, 2328. 188–194. 557–561. 1525–1538.
MONUMENTS, 2275. 2284.
MORALITY, 455. 611.
MORNING, 2329–2333. 634. 636.
MORTALITY, 2334–2339. 1020. 1021. 2131. 646–736. 956–986.
MOSES, 2340. 2341. 2383.
MOTHER, 2342–2345. 57–63. 658. 2071. 2191. 2449–2452.
MOTIVES, 2346. 192. 2004. 180. 181.
MOURNING, 2347–2350. 8. 225–231. 368. 373. 1506. 1964.
MURDER, 2351–2353. 919. 2820. 2047.
MURMURING, 2354. 468–471.
MUSIC, 2355–2363. 123. 1356. 1732. 2782. 2803.
MUTABILITY, 2364–2367. 325–329. 1130–1134. 1941.
MYSTERY, 2368. 2369. 614. 1928. 2642. 1431. 1435. 1573. 1942.

NAAMAN, 2370.
NAME, 2371. 1544. 1545. 112. 1476. 2654. 2910.
NATIONS, 2372. 112–115. 582. 1084–1088.
NATURE, 2373–2384. 460. 1006–1023. 1355. 1356. 564–577. 3036–3041. 2960.
NEED, 1664. 1538. 1014. 2032. 2954. 2955. 2270.
NEGLECT, 2385. 2386. 294. 947. 766–771. 1466. 1772. 2585–2587.
NEIGHBOR, 2387. 1002. 1166.
NEW YEAR, 2388–2390. 2421. 2422. 3054. 3055.
NIGHT, 2391–2395. 625–629. 1749.
NOAH, 772–778.
NOBILITY, 2396. 1548. 2228. 851. 852. 1602–1617. 2624.
NOVELS, 2397. 2398. 276–280.
NOW, 2399. 2567–2570. 2867–2888.

OATHS, 2400. 1249. 836. 2825.
OBEDIENCE, 2401. 459. 752. 845. 889. 948.

OBLIGATION, 989-995. 2659. 1396-1398.
OBLIVION, 2402. 695. 979. 2153.
OBSERVATION, 2403. 2404. 981. 1162. 2846. 2878. 898.
OBSTINACY, 2405. 251-253. 1116. 1188.
OCCASION, 2406. 582-584. 2429-2434.
OCEAN, 2407-2409. 1088. 2724-2727.
OFFERINGS, 2410-2412. 7. 192. 1701. 491-496. 2948. 2551.
OLD AGE. 2413-2420. 74-85. 187. 2111. 1179.
OLD YEAR, 2421. 2422. 2388-2390. 3054. 3055.
OMNIPOTENCE, 2423. 1479-1521. 2552.
OMNIPRESENCE, 2424. 2425. 1491. 1509. 2376. 1511. 2033. 2376.
OMNISCIENCE, 2426.
ONWARD, 2427. 2428. 2110. 2061.
OPINIONS, 1186. 2403. 2134.
OPPORTUNITY, 2429-2434. 582-584. 2406. 2522. 2523. 2321.
ORDER, 2435. 2436. 2096. 2097. 2692.
ORIGINAL SIN, 2437. 34-36. 1237-1241.
ORPHANS, 2438. 2439. 1737.

PAIN, 2440. 1903. 1062. 1911-1913.
PALESTINE, 2441.
PARADISE, 2442-2446. 1032-1038. 2021-2028.
PARDON, 2447. 2448. 740. 1357-1361.
PARENTS, 2449-2452. 57-63. 2342-2345. 1294-1299.
PARTING, 2453. 2454. 38. 1275-1279. 1413. 1419. 1542. 2741. 2263-2266.
PASSION, 2455. 2456. 127. 1151.
PASSIONS, 2457-2459. 1700.
PAST, 2460. 2461. 3056. 2421. 2422. 2867-2884.
PASTOR, 2462. 2463. 2558-2566. 2304-2309.
PATIENCE, 2464-2468. 2398. 227. 1936-1938. 2949-2953. 2399.
PATRIOTISM, 2469-2473. 1085. 1087. 1186. 2810.
PATTERN, 2474. 1162-1170.
PAUPER, 2475. 2476. 340. 2524-2529.
PAYMENT, 221. 224. 465-467. 2675. 2676.
PEACE, 2477-2481. 406. 1752. 1732. 2660-2665.
PEEVISHNESS, 468-471. 1399.
PENITENCE, 2482. 2483. 516-521. 2008. 834. 2651-2653.
PERFECTION, 2484-2486. 1493. 1800-1805.
PERSEVERANCE, 2487-2489. 1078. 1079. 2081. 1067. 1068.
PHILANTHROPY, 2490-2492. 286-290. 2764. 1877-1879.
PHILOSOPHY, 2493-2495. 1942. 2695. 2717. 2718.
PIETY, 2496-2500. 405-416. 2637-2640.
PILGRIM, 2501-2505. 1015. 1023.
PITY, 2506. 2507. 1878. 1493.
PLEASURE, 2508-2515. 444. 748. 1016. 683. 1446.
POETRY, 2516-2519. 1918. 2582. 1167. 1766.
POLITENESS, 552-554. 1454. 1455. 1283. 1892.
POSITION, 2520. 91. 92. 1060. 1607-1617. 2525.
POSSESSION, 2521. 2169.
POSSIBILITY, 2522. 2523. 2429-2434.
POVERTY, 2524-2529. 2232. 2475. 2476. 91. 896.
POWER, 2202. 1968-1980. 2423. 2997.
PRAISE, 2530-2535. 91. 1510. 764. 1521. 1482. 1496. 1505. 2859. 2860.
PRAYER, 2536-2557. 375. 377. 756. 1146. 1225. 1461. 2016. 1001. 1575. 2165. 2166.
PREACHER, 2558-2562. 1. 53. 2462. 2463. 2304-2309.
PREACHING, 2563-2566. 2608. 2801. 2802.
PRESENT, 2567-2570. 2398. 2864-2887.
PRESENTIMENT, 2571. 2572. 2404. 919. 923. 2965.
PRESS, 2573. 274-280. 2589.
PRIDE, 2574-2581. 444. 2450. 2515.
PRINCIPLES, 1186. 2403. 2134.
PRISON, 1939. 2227. 1018. 201.
PRIVACY, 2582. 2674. 383. 2779. 2780.
PRIZE, 2583. 606. 465-467.
PROBATION, 2584. 1396-1398. 2230. 1998. 1137.
PROCRASTINATION, 2585-2587. 766-771. 1574. 2511. 719.
PROFANITY, 836. 1249. 2400. 2825.
PROFESSION, 2588. 1226. 2598. 1897.
PROGRESS, 2589-2595. 1114. 1386. 2460. 2634. 2388. 2963.
PROMISE, 2596. 2424.
PROPOSAL, 2597. 556.
PROSPERITY, 2598. 2599. 1652.
PROTECTION, 2600. 757. 758. 144-146. 920.
PROVIDENCE, 2601-2605. 310-316. 722. 753. 2015. 2136. 2852. 1631-1641.
PROVOCATIONS, 2606.
PRUDENCE, 2607. 320. 133. 1187. 2999-3003.
PULPIT, 2608. 2558-2566. 2304-2309.
PUNISHMENT, 2609-2613. 480-490. 1934. 947. 1770-1779.
PURITY, 2614-2617. 928. 350-353. 1800-1805. 2500.
PURPOSE, 2618. 2619. 68. 474. 798-800. 204.

QUARRELS, 1416. 1418. 2244. 1628.
QUESTIONS, 1989. 1663.
QUIETNESS, 842. 2127. 2782. 1147. 1655. 2477-2481. 2660-2665.

RAIN, 2620. 2621. 641. 449.
RAINBOW, 2622. 587. 1989.
RATIONALISM, 2623. 1965-1967.
READING, 2624. 276-280. 2719. 2997. 2998.
READINESS, 723. 730. 396. 1123. 679. 715.
REASON, 2625. 1227. 1942. 1996-2000. 1489. 1992.
RECOGNITION, 2626. 2627. 2670.
RECONCILIATION, 2628. 516-521. 1357-1361.
RECORD, 755. 2421. 3056.
RECOVERY, 673. 1363.
REDEMPTION, 2629-2632. 173. 174. 2642. 2049. 399. 740. 741.
REFLECTION, 2677. 1139. 1763. 506. 507. 2863-2866.
REFORM, 2633. 2634. 14.
REFUGE, 2635. 2600. 870.
REGENERATION, 2651. 524-530. 1646. 2020.
REJOICING, 2636. 2042-2046. 2641.
RELIGION, 2637-2644. 405-416. 1523. 1524. 1202-1239. 2496-2505.
REMEMBRANCE, 2645. 2270-2276.
REMORSE, 2646-2649. 480-490. 812-819. 971. 1643.
RENOWN, 2650. 2654. 1249-1258.
REPENTANCE, 2651-2653. 2041. 1286. 516-521. 2482. 2483.
REPROOF, 47. 1403.
REPUTATION, 2654. 674. 1544. 1545. 2371. 1245-1258.
RESENTMENT, 2655. 1985. 1986. 1357-1361.
RESIGNATION, 2656-2658. 16. 17. 450-453. 228-231. 2812. 2813. 2401.
RESOLUTION, 2618. 2619. 833. 834. 764. 752.
RESPONSIBILITY, 2659. 1239. 73. 1396-1398. 2584.
REST, 2660-2665. 16. 17. 310-316. 1757. 1597. 1600. 2477 2481.
RESTLESSNESS, 2666. 891. 892. 1709. 1094-1096.
RESULTS, 667. 951. 1069. 1070. 2799. 2800. 3056.
RESURRECTION, 2667-2673. 707. 1594. 2726. 2310.
RESURRECTION OF CHRIST, 684. 1028-1030.
RETALIATION, 1157. 1674. 1676. 1985. 1986.
RETIREMENT, 2674. 383. 2582. 2779. 2780.
RETRIBUTION, 2675. 2676. 343. 2004. 703. 2609-2613.
RETROSPECTION, 2677. 1162. 2272-2276.
REUNION, 2678. 2679. 700. 1719. 1727. 2264-2266.
REVENGE, 2680. 2681. 2457. 1985. 1986. 1357-1361. 2933.
REWARD, 2253. 2945. 221. 224. 465-467. 952. 1432. 1438. 1705-1765.
RICHES, 2682. 2683. 444. 91. 896. 905. 2213. 2214.
RIDICULE, 2684. 2685.
RIGHT, 2686. 2687. 951. 2589. 19. 281. 2460.
RIGHTEOUSNESS, 2688. 2689. 399. 971. 2020. 2303.
ROCK OF AGES, 2690. 2691.
ROMANISM, 441. 477.
RUIN, 743. 744. 831.
RULES, 2692. 2435. 2436. 2096. 2097.
RULING PASSION, 2456. 1117. 2703.
RUM, 2693. 2001-2003. 2868-2885. 2914.
RUMOR, 2694. 2695. 2758-2763.

SABBATH, 2696-2701. 1758. 2821. 2822.
SACRAMENTS, 202-204. 2167. 2168.
SACRIFICE, 2702. 1476. 7. 2252-2262. 3046.
SAFETY, 920. 1076. 2301. 2600-2606. 2946.
SAILORS, 2703. 920. 718. 2341.
SAINTS, 2704. 2050. 1759. 1736. 1980. 899-901. 2252-2262.
SALVATION, 2705-2708. 2370. 1193. 2020. 2629-2632.
SANCTIFICATION, 526. 2616. 1800-1805.
SATAN, 2709-2711. 836-840. 2895. 1038. 1127. 1138.
SATIETY, 2712. 2713. 893-896. 1094-1096.
SAVIOUR, 2714. 380-404.
SCANDAL, 2715. 2694. 2695. 2759-2763.
SCEPTICISM, 167-172. 1965-1967. 2915. 2916.
SCHOLAR, 111. 992-998. 2836-2841. 2277.
SCHOOL, 2716. 1029-1045.
SCIENCE, 2717. 2718. 166. 567. 844. 2493-2495. 1039-1045.
SCRIPTURES, 2719-2723, 233-250. 2744.
SEA, 2724-2727. 2407-2409.
SEASONS, 2728. 186. 187. 2807. 2996-2998.
SECRETS, 2729. 2582.
SECTS, 2730. 251-253. 781. 782.
SEEKING GOD, 834. 2703. 1512. 1513. 1516.
SELF, 2731-2733. 524.
SELF-CONTROL, 2732. 1615. 1792. 2457.
SELF-DENIAL, 2734. 1850. 2788.
SELF-ESTEEM, 2735. 53. 118.
SELF-EXAMINATION, 610. 1162. 2422.
SELFISHNESS, 2736. 2737. 1422. 2731-2733.
SELF-KNOWLEDGE, 2738. 2731.
SELF-LOVE, 2739. 2174.
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS, 971. 1352. 1359. 2703.
SELF-SACRIFICE, 1476. 2702. 2252-2262.
SENSIBILITY, 2740. 2000. 2835. 1061. 1062.
SEPARATION, 2741. 9-11. 1419. 2453. 2454.
SHAME, 888. 2025. 2947.
SHEPHERD, 2742. 2743.
SHROUD, 2744. 2615.

Sickness, 2744–2747. 673. 1916. 2449.
Silence, 2748. 2749. 473.
Siloam, 2750. 1380. 2705.
Sin, 2751–2754. 435. 1113–1117. 1151–1161. 1642–1644. 1461. 1462. 2984. 2985. 2431.
Sinner, 2755–2757. 1440.
Sister, 657. 2071.
Sky, 2758. 1769.
Slander, 2759–2763. 2694. 2695. 703. 835. 2715.
Slavery, 2764. 2913. 2957. 1387–1394.
Sleep, 2765–2772. 272. 980. 2016.
Sluggard, 2773, 1900. 1901. 1945–1948. 2098.
Society, 2774. 2775. 159–164. 461–464.
Sodom, 2776.
Soldier, 2777. 2778. 425. 1001. 2956–2964.
Solitude, 2779. 2780. 460. 809–811. 2014. 1785. 2582.
Son, 2781. 1784.
Songs, 2782. 2516–2519. 2355–2363. 848.
Sorrow, 2783–2788. 43–52. 64–72. 1832. 2896–2897. 2250.
Soul, 2789–2798. 583. 137. 1514. 1600. 128. 129. 1680–1702. 1118–1129. 584–606.
Sowing, 2799. 2800. 1980. 1669–1672. 2262.
Speech, 2801. 2802. 1054–1058. 1456. 2832–2834. 2300.
Spirit, 2803–2806. 662. 2789–2798.
Spiritual-Mindedness, 16. 17. 269. 400. 450. 457–459.
Spring, 2807. 2728. 2996–2998. 841.
Star, 2808. 2917.
State, 2809. 2810. 1186.
Stewardship, 2584. 2830. 2831.
Strength, 2811. 1566. 382.
Submission, 2812. 2813. 16. 17. 2554. 501. 1190. 2656–2658.
Success, 2814. 2815. 2829. 853. 3034. 3035. 2489.
Suffering, 2816–2819. 43–52. 64–72. 206.
Suicide, 2820. 814. 819. 2047.
Sunday, 2821. 2822. 2696–2701. 1758.
Surrender, 2823. 491–496. 533.
Suspicion, 2824. 914–917. 2916. 1160.
Swearing, 2825. 836. 1249. 2400.
Sympathy, 2826–2828. 286. 460. 1633. 1879. 2143. 2507.

Tact, 2829. 37. 320. 1194. 1186.
Tale-Bearing, 2694. 2695. 303. 2758–2763.
Talents, 2830. 2831. 3–6. 376. 2284. 910.
Talking, 2832–2834. 522. 523.
Taste, 2835. 2740. 2518.
Teacher, 2836–2839.
Teaching, 2840. 2841. 378. 1915. 999. 1000. 1993–1995.
Tears, 2842–2846. 520. 1199.
Temper, 2847. 1399.
Temperance, 2848–2850. 13–15. 447. 931–938.
Temptation, 2851–2856. 836–840. 2709–2711. 2431.
Test, 2857. 2858. 231. 2162.
Thankfulness, 2859. 1578–1582.
Thanksgiving, 2860. 1669. 1771. 2530–2535.
Theatre, 2861. 2862.
Thought, 2863–2866. 460. 1694. 1763. 1899. 2297. 2294–2303.
Time, 2867–2884. 26. 582–584. 2388–2390. 2421. 2327. 2885–2890. 3056. 2567–2570. 2585–2587.
To-Day, 2885–2888. 1747. 2398. 2567–2570.
To-Morrow, 2889. 2890. 1160. 2010. 1431–1441. 2511. 2585–2587.
Transformation, 1138. 1394. 2673.
Transmigration, 2891. 2892. 2595.
Travel, 2893. 1023. 1177. 2738.
Treachery, 2894. 434. 918. 2047.
Treason, 434. 918. 2894.
Tree of Life, 2895.
Trials, 2896. 2897. 64–72. 225–231. 347–349. 863–873. 1232.
Trifles, 2898. 2899. 1422. 897. 954. 2157–2162.
Trinity, 2900. 2901. 760–765. 1578.
Triumph, 981. 2940. 2941. 1786–1797.
Trouble, 2902. 43–52. 64–72. 2783–2788.
Trust in God, 2903. 2904. 310–316. 29. 1190. 1202–1232.
Truth, 2905–2911. 217. 1793. 2406.
Tumult, 2912. 1176. 1177. 882.
Tyranny, 2913. 2764. 2452.
Type, 2914.

Unbelief, 2915. 2916. 1217. 914–917. 167–172. 1965–1967.
Unfaithfulness, 2917. 905. 2830. 2309.
Unfruitfulness, 2918. 1063. 1670.
Unhappiness, 2919. 1659. 874–880. 891–896. 1094–1096.
Union, 2920. 2921. 404. 1084.
Unity, 425. 440. 1421. 1425. 1654. 2238. 2963.
Universe, 2922. 564–577. 1769. 2373–2384.
Unreadiness, 1574. 2109. 701.
Unthankfulness, 2923. 1981–1984. 1443.
Unworthiness, 2924. 1802. 1880–1889. 2535.
Usefulness, 2925. 2926. 956. 1650. 2399. 2702.
Uselessness, 1180. 1690. 1947. 24.

Vacillation, 913. 2013. 1185. 1943. 1944. 334.
Valor, 2927. 1786–1797. 1544–1551. 281. 273.
Vanity, 2928–2931. 445. 853–863. 1008. 2234. 2603.
Variety, 2932. 5. 91. 332. 2149.
Vengeance, 2933. 2934. 919. 2049–2061. 2776. 2966.
Veracity, 494.
Vice, 2935–2939. 1113–1117. 1642–1644. 2751–2754. 4984. 2985.
Vicissitude, 325–329. 2364–2367. 1130–1134.
Victory, 2940. 2941. 734. 984. 706. 1786–1797.
Vigilance, 441. 434. 1077. 2967–2970.
Virtue, 2942–2947. 1668. 2686. 2687. 2506. 2284.
Voluptuousness, 2213. 2214. 2682. 2683. 2973–2978.
Vows, 2948. 2747. 2410–2412. 491–496.

Waiting, 2949–2953. 447. 2420. 1067. 1068. 1078. 1079. 1518.
Wants, 2954. 2955. 1014. 1538. 1664. 2218. 3052.
War, 2956–2960. 206. 1394. 1878. 2351. 1476–1478.
Warfare, 2961–2964. 207. 1688. 1324.
Warning, 2965. 624. 922. 919. 1934. 715. 1075. 1600.
Watchcare of God, 2966. 1487. 1579. 2119.
Watchfulness, 2967–2970. 441. 1077. 434. 2429–2434.
Water, 2971.
Way, 396. 1645. 1800. 1975. 831. 2504.
Weakness, 2972. 951. 1225. 1540. 1702. 1791. 2601.
Wealth, 2973–2978. 905. 2213. 2214. 2682. 2683. 2000.
Wedding, 2979–2981. 2092. 2093.
Weeping, 665. 2982. 2983. 2842–2846. 2347–2350.
Wickedness, 2984. 2985. 2052. 2935–2939. 1113. 1114. 1642–1644. 2351–2353.
Widowhood, 2986. 225–231.
Wife, 2987–2992. 1890. 1029.
Wilfulness, 1116. 1188. 2405.
Will, 73. 1396–1398.
Wine, 2993–2995. 2001–2003. 931–938. 12–15.
Winter, 2996–2998. 2728. 2280.
Wisdom, 2999–3003. 2233. 1192. 885. 2078–2083. 37.
Wisdom of God, 2999. 873. 1507.
Wishes, 3004. 801–808. 3005. 153–158. 2163. 2164.
Wit, 3006. 3007. 1996–2000. 2498.
Witness, 3008. 1188–1193.
Woe, 2756. 2757.
Woman, 3009–3020. 1285. 2208. 2500. 1135–1137. 2091.
Wonder, 1769. 1928. 1940. 176. 2368. 2369.
Words, 3021–3025. 986. 2069. 2801. 2802. 2095. 2833–2834.
Work, 3026–3033. 18–31. 1063–1065. 2084–2090.
Works, 3034. 3035. 1069. 1553. 2814. 2815. 2275.
World, 3036–3041. 1073–1077. 1768. 564–567. 2373–2384.
Worldliness, 3042. 93–96. 430. 913. 188–194. 1280–1285.
Worldling, 3043–3045. 2131.
Worship, 3046–3051. 393. 566. 765. 1521. 841–850. 2530–2557. 2380.
Worth, 3052. 509. 1426. 1616. 1171–1173. 2284–2286.
Wrath, 3053. 911. 947. 2933. 2934. 2776.
Wrong, 951. 1113–1117. 1151–1161. 2751–2754.

Year, 3054. 3055. 2388–2390. 2421. 2422.
Yesterday, 3056. 2460. 2461.
Young Lady, 2215. 2216.
Youth, 3057–3065. 81. 327. 885. 955. 1132. 1192.

Zeal, 3066–3068. 145. 742. 885. 1001–1005. 342. 1032. 1083.
Zion, 3069–3071. 424–441. 2021–2023. 2283–2293. 2525.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND AUTHORS.

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
A babe in a house is a well-spring	*Tupper*	999
A babe in glory is a babe forever	*Bickersteth*	1963
A barking sound the shepherd	*Wordsworth*	1234
A beggar asked an alms	*R. Browning*	224
A beggar of Shiraz once had a	*Oriental, tr.*	1331
Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee	*H. B. Stowe*	380
Abide with me; fast falls the	*Lyte*	381
A boat at midnight sent	*Moore*	11
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe	*Hunt*	2491
About the joys and pleasures of	*Pollok*	1522
Above all things raillery decline	*Stillingfleet*	554
Above the seas of gold and glass	*Howe*	67
A bright or dark eternity in view	*Wilcox*	2109
Absurd longevity! More, more it	*Young*	82
A callow bird of not so many days	*Aldrich*	602
A change from woe to joy, from	*Nicoll*	700
A Christian is the highest style	*Young*	1842
A creature of a more exalted kind	*Ovid, tr.*	2226
A critic was of old a glorious name	*Churchill*	586
A day, a day of glory	*Tr. by Neale*	417
A deadly paleness in her cheeks	*Tooke*	1105
A Deity believed, is joy begun	*Young*	765
Adieu! adieu! what means adieu	*Montgomery*	38
Admire the goodness of	*Pollok*	2659
A dreary place would be this earth		365
Ae fond kiss and then we sever	*Burns*	1277
A faithless heart, how despicably	*Young*	1608
A few days may—a few years must	*Burns*	1433
A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the	*Shakespeare*	1351
A fount-o'ershadowing tree stands	*Oriental, tr.*	94
A fragrant piece of earth salutes	*Tr. by Alger*	160
After the Christian's tears		1439
After the joys of earth		1440
A furloughed soldier, here I	*Tr. by Alger*	1599
A good that never satisfies	*Drummond*	2089
A government on freedom's basis	*Hale*	1564
Ah! child! the stream that brings	*Barnes*	908
Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling		2413
Ah! dying sinner, think on death		2965
Ah! five-and-twenty years ago	*Tr. by Alger*	3063
Ah! how unjust to nature and	*Young*	1096
Ah! hush now your mournful	*Prudentius, tr.*	1589
Ah! look thou largely with lenient	*Mrs. Whitney*	321
Ah me! this is a sad and silent	*Bethune*	1601
A home in heaven! what a joyful	*Hunter*	1733
A host of angels flying	*D. Smith, tr.*	671
Ah! silly man, who dream'st	*Fletcher*	2732
A husband who many years		2953
Ah! what would the world be to	*Longfellow*	374
Ah! whence yon glare	*Shelley*	2959
Aim at the highest prize	*Mant*	89
A jewel is a jewel still, though	*Tr. by Alger*	2286
A just man cannot fear	*Jonson*	1987
A king, who by the public mouth	*Oriental, tr.*	1611
Alas! how light a cause may move	*Moore*	897
Alas! how neglectful	*Swain*	769
Alas! I have nor hope nor health	*Shelley*	895

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Alas! our young affections run	*Byron*	2459
Alas! they had been friends in	*Coleridge*	1418
Alas! what differs more than man	*Wordsworth*	5
A life of honor and of worth	*Manrique, tr*	2123
A little bird I am	*Guyon, tr.*	1939
A living, breathing Bible	*Woodbridge*	233
A little flock! Yes, even so	*Bonar*	436
A little learning is a dangerous	*Pope*	1089
A little longer still—patience		1079
A little theft, a small deceit		2935
A little while, and He shall come		2949
A little word in kindness	*Whittier*	2069
All are architects of Fate	*Longfellow*	291
All are but parts of one	*Pope*	220
All are not taken! there are left	*E. B. Browning*	2656
Alleluia, alleluia!	*Tr. by Bonar*	90
All evils natural and moral	*Young*	1912
All hail! thou noble land	*Allston*	1084
All hail! Thou noblest Guest	*Luther, tr.*	260
All hope on earth forever fled	*Dale*	1863
All is dying; hearts are breaking	*Spitta, tr.*	2036
All is of God; if He but wave His	*Lowell*	2603
All is vanity which is not honesty	*Tupper*	1839
All knowledge is not nourishment	*Willis*	1040
All may be heroes: "The man	*Hale*	1792
All nature a sermon may	*Spegel, tr.*	315
All nature seems at work	*Coleridge*	3029
All night the lonely suppliant	*Tr. by Trench*	519
All-potent Flattery, universal lord	*Pope*	1329
All powerful is the penitential	*Hayes*	517
All praise to Thee, my God	*Ken*	636
All's for the best; be sanguine	*Tupper*	2136
All that in this wide world we	*Bryant*	1504
All that I *was*—my sin—my guilt	*Bonar*	2285
All that's brightest must fade	*Moore*	1134
All the world's a stage	*Shakespeare*	2135
All things are altered, nothing is	*Ovid, tr.*	2366
All things are big with	*Herbert*	3006
All things that are on earth	*Tr. by Bryant*	2132
All things that we ordained	*Shakespeare*	2320
All thought—They once were	*Pollok*	880
All truth is calm	*Bonar*	2905
All vice to which man yields	*Tr. by Alger*	2613
Almighty God, Thy piercing eye	*Watts*	794
Almighty, hear Thy children raise	*Bryant*	1019
Almighty Judge, how shall	*Herbert*	2049
Alone, amid life's griefs and perils		907
Alone I walked the ocean strand	*Gould*	2402
Alone to land upon that shore	*Faber*	956
Alone with Thee! alone with Thee	*R. Palmer*	888
A Lord I had; to Him I brought	*Herbert*	526
A lowly man—He takes my sins	*Robertson*	882
A man I knew who lived upon a	*Young*	1327
A man in his carriage was riding		893
A man may cry church! church!	*Hood*	1862
A man once sat with his good wife	*Tr. by Alger*	343
A man there came, whence none	*Allingham*	2858

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
A man through Syria's deserts	*Rückert, tr.*	2131
A man to-day the glory of his	*Pollok*	2236
Ambition is the vice of noble souls	*Mant*	100
Am I a coward	*Shakespeare*	562
Amid all life's quests	*Bailey*	2238
A mighty realm is the land of	*Bryant*	921
A million beats of man's united	*Tr. by Alger*	1493
A millstone and the human	*Von Logau, tr.*	1680
A moaning cry as the world rolls		1071
Among the beautiful pictures	*A. Cary*	285
Among the sons of men how few	*Churchill*	2017
A monk, when his rites sacerdotal	*Jane Taylor*	336
Amy died—Dear little Amy	*Ingelow*	357
A mystic cup was mixed of	*Tr. by Alger*	2437
An aged Sultan placed before his	*Tr. by Alger*	1495
An atheist is ever the most	*Tupper*	2915
And all these lines are underscored	*Greenwell*	1163
And all you men, whom greatness	*Cowley*	2338
And art Thou grieved, sweet and	*Herbert*	1808
And as the waxing moon can take	*Ingelow*	1483
And at Oriel's signal came	*Bickersteth*	1732
And can it be, that I should	*C. Wesley*	1228
And can then true philosophy	*Ragg*	245
And could we choose the time	*Chaucer*	674
And did He rise	*Young*	152
And first of dying friends	*Young*	225
And freedom thus, of old, so often	*Percival*	1390
And greedy avarice by him did ride	*Spenser*	191
And have I measured half my	*C. Wesley*	1513
And how I bless night's consecrating	*Young*	2395
And is there care in heaven	*Spenser*	122
And is this the prime	*Coleridge*	2731
And lo! the glories of the	*Louth*	631
And lo! upon the extreme verge	*Bickersteth*	1706
And may I still get there	*Hunter*	828
And messages from shipwrecked	*Ingelow*	1818
And next to him malicious Envy	*Spenser*	1103
And Noah went up into the ship	*Ingelow*	772
And now, unveiled, the toilet	*Pope*	1280
And oh! what changes we all	*Barnes*	2367
And O! if perchance there should	*W. A. Butler*	926
And on the throne	*Bickersteth*	2052
Androcles from his injured	*Cowper*	2075
And shall I e'er again thy features	*Mant*	2670
And since in God's recording book	*Alexander*	475
And slight withal may be the	*Byron*	2270
And sometimes in my house	*P. Cary*	2972
And so the Word had breath	*Tennyson*	1556
And still from Him we turn away	*Clinch*	1902
And thou, gray voyager to the	*Whittier*	3055
And there lives not a victim of	*Dewart*	1437
And there were hypocrites	*Bickersteth*	1771
And these vicissitudes tell best in	*Byron*	1189
And we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd!	*E. B. Browning*	522
And what art thou, thou idol	*Shakespeare*	323
And whence, then, came these		439
And when the fadeless crown	*Bickersteth*	2259
And when Time sweet opiates	*Clinch*	502
And who, that walks where men of	*Wordsworth*	162
And wilt thou now, that God	*Mant*	2847
And yet, fair brow, no fabling	*Campbell*	2622
And yet the fate of all extremes	*Pope*	2403
And yet, what god-like gifts	*Willis*	1466
An Eastern prince his vizirs once		3010
Angels are men of a superior kind	*Young*	121
An honest man is still an	*Davenport*	1841
An orphan, through the world	*P. Cary*	2438
Another feature in the ways of God	*Pollok*	91
Another hand is beckoning us	*Whittier*	1402
A novel was a book	*Pollok*	2397
Answer me, burning stars of night	*Hemans*	663
Anywhere with Jesus, says the		2024
A parent ask'd a priest his boy to		477
A pen to register; a key	*Wordsworth*	2276
A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, quite	*Tr. by Alger*	470
A pining sceptic towards a	*Oriental, tr.*	2499
A present Deity in all	*Grahame*	2376
A priest by Heaven ordained	*Dewart*	2516
A plague upon them! wherefore	*Shakespeare*	618
Apollyon, Baalim, Beelzebub	*Bickersteth*	1704
A rare thing is faith, and friendship	*Tupper*	1409
Are old people bow'd by weak'ning	*Barnes*	1742
Are there on earth (let me not call	*Young*	131
Are virtue, then, and piety	*Young*	2497
Are we not brothers	*Shakespeare*	1110
Are we not creatures of one hand	*Manzoni, tr.*	288
Art may tell a truth	*R. Browning*	147
Art thou weary, art thou languid	*Stephen, tr.*	397
As Adi, with the youthful	*Tr. by Alger*	1596
As a girl with ready smile	*Howe*	2246
As a thief bent to unhoard the	*Milton*	2895
As by the churchyard yew my	*Mant*	443
As by the shore, at break of day	*Moore*	2105
Ascend, beloved, to the joy	*Bonar*	2092
As custom arbitrates, whose	*Byron*	622
As felt the gross Material	*Pollok*	2647
As frost to the bud, and blight to	*Tupper*	1422
A shipwrecked sailor on a desert	*Dewart*	2417
Ask what prevailing, pleasing	*Moore*	2932
Asleep in Jesus! Blessèd sleep	*M. Mackay*	980
As 'mid the ever-rolling sea		2063
A smith at the loom and a weaver	*Tupper*	37
As one in days of old would fly	*Townsend*	3049
As 'plains the homesick ocean	*Osgood*	2163
As precious gums are not for	*Dryden*	723
A sprout of evil, ere it has struck	*Tr. by Alger*	1158
As some of us, in trust, have made	*Butler*	540
As some rare perfume in a vase	*Stowe*	1686
As the heart-strings only render	*Adam of St. Victor, tr.*	867
As the rose doth its fragrance	*Tr. by Alger*	164
As through the artist's intervening	*Prior*	1751
As through the land at eve	*Tennyson*	2628
As 't pleases God, so it pleases me	*J. Friedrich*	501
A strong and mailèd angel		1078
A strong tower is the Lord our God	*Luther, tr.*	757
As two embracing palms, whose	*Ken*	2990
As we do turn our backs	*Shakespeare*	1410
As wrapt and hidden in the stone's	*Mant*	1042
A tender mother lives	*More*	2191
At evening to myself I say	*C. Wesley*	640
At every motion of our breath	*Montgomery*	584
Atheist, forbear: no more	*Watts*	171
A thing of beauty is a joy forever	*Keats*	212
A thought lay like a flower	*E. B. Browning*	2864
A thousand gnats make up	*R. Browning*	2606
A thousand years, and years on	*Coxe*	1125
A thousand years a poor man	*Tr. by Alger*	2434
At midnight, in his guarded tent	*Halleck*	1476
A traveller through a dusty road	*C. Mackay*	2161
A true good man there was	*Chaucer*	2462
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer	*Young*	2142
At summer eve, when Heaven's	*Campbell*	898
Auspicious hope! in thy sweet	*Campbell*	1863
Authority intoxicates,	*Butler*	185
Avaunt thee, horrid War	*Bickersteth*	2958
Ave Maria! blessed be the hour	*Byron*	1144
Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd	*Milton*	2262
A very little goodness goes for much		1549

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
A vintner at the point of death	*Bürger, tr.*	88
A voice from the desert comes	*Drummond*	396
Avoid a villain as you would a	*Oriental, tr.*	464
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	*Ken*	2330
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes	*Barbauld*	345
Awake, my soul! not only	*Coleridge*	1505
Away from his home and the	*Hunter*	1321
Away, then, causeless doubts and	*Lyte*	940
Away with custom! 'tis the plea	*Layard*	623
Away with death—away	*White*	1927
Away with my fears	*C. Wesley*	254
A weaver sat one day at his loom	*P. Cary*	2474
A wife's a man's best piece; who	*Shirley*	2992
A wind came up out of the sea	*Longfellow*	637
A wretched thing it were to have	*Trench*	1694
A year has ended—let the good	*Percival*	2676
Ay, Justice, who evades her	*Hale*	2053
Ay, thou art for the grave	*Bryant*	2845
A young maiden's heart	*Kemble*	1692
A youngster at school, more sedate	*Cowper*	887
Bear Thou my burden, Lord, who	*Bonar*	827
Beats there a heart within that	*Tr. by Falconer*	1701
Beautiful, beautiful childhood	*Willis*	361
Beautiful, sublime, and glorious	*Barton*	2724
Beautiful Zion, built above	*Gill*	1709
Beauty and Truth, though never	*Buchanan*	158
Beauty is but vain and doubtful	*Shakespeare*	213
Beauty—may that of holiness be	*Gould*	808
Be calm in arguing: for fierceness	*Herbert*	142
Be firm! one constant element	*Holmes*	1325
Before Elisha's gate	*Newton*	2370
Before the seas, and this terrestrial	*Ovid, tr.*	569
Before us now it rose, builded	*Bickersteth*	1717
Begin the day with God	*Bonar*	635
Be great in act as you have	*Shakespeare*	1609
Behold an emblem of our human	*Wordsworth*	891
Behold a patriarch of years, who	*Tupper*	85
Behold, fond man	*Thomson*	2996
Behold that daughter of the world	*Tupper*	1284
Behold the bed of death		676
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh	*Tr. by Moultrie*	40
Behold the child, by Nature's	*Pope*	116
Behold the happy man, his face	*Tupper*	2915
Behold the inexorable hour at	*Young*	695
Behold! the mountain of the	*Bruce*	2325
Behold the sun, that seem'd but	*Wither*	1145
Behold the world—Rests, and her	*White*	2394
Behold where yon pellucid	*Smart*	2494
Be kind to each other	*Swain*	2072
Be kind to thy father, for when		2071
Believe me, if all those endearing	*Moore*	2184
Beloved, it is well		1209
Beneath Moriah's rocky side	*M'Cheyne*	2850
Beneath this stony roof reclined	*Warton*	1785
Be not afraid to pray	*Coleridge*	2550
Be not proud, but now incline	*Herrick*	327
Be patient! oh, be patient!		2467
Best unbar the doors	*E. B. Browning*	2103
Be thou clad in russet weed	*Burns*	2527
Be thrifty but not covetous	*Herbert*	1187
Better than gold is a thinking		2866
Better through life barefooted	*Tr. by Alger*	2988
Between a wise magician	*Oriental, tr.*	2598
Between broad fields of wheat	*Read*	1830
Between divine and human life	*Tr. by Alger*	1524
Between the acting of a dreadful	*Shakespeare*	1996
Between the dark and the daylight	*Longfellow*	59
Between two breaths what	*Holmes*	2113
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies	*Ovid, tr.*	1252
Be useful where thou livest	*Herbert*	2926
Beware of doubt—faith is the	*E. O. Smith*	2638
Beware of too sublime a sense	*Cowper*	2835
Beyond life's raging fever		957
Beyond these chilling winds	*Priest*	1728
Beyond the smiling and the	*Bonar*	1754
Bikásur had of penance	*Tr. by Alger*	2004
Bitter, indeed, the waters are	*Newton*	592
Black horror! speed we to the	*Southey*	671
"Blessed are they that mourn	*Mant*	64
Blessed Bible! how I love it	*P. Palmer*	224
Blest Charity! the grace long-	*Ken*	341
Blessed credulity, thou great	*Machen*	579
Blessed, yet sinful one, and	*Bryant*	2263
Blest are the pure in heart	*Dana*	2614
Blest be the God of love	*Herbert*	1150
Blind, poor, and helpless, Bartimeus	*Graham*	267
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	*Shakespeare*	1984
Blue bends the sky above		1698
Blynde obstynacye	*Huntingdon*	1783
Bold spirit! who art free to rove	*Wordsworth*	1097
Boast not the titles of your	*Jonson*	117
Bound upon the accursèd tree	*Milman*	612
Break Oblivion's sleep	*Sigourney*	1995
Breathes there the man with soul	*Scott*	2471
Brethren, arise	*Bonar*	1010
Bright as the pillar rose at	*Campbell*	1448
Bright as the skies that cover thee	*Willis*	630
"Bright portals of the sky	*Drummond*	151
Bring then these blessings to a	*Pope*	1610
Bring the thrilling scene	*Sigourney*	1463
Bring us the higher example	*E. B. Browning*	446
Brittle beauty, that Nature	*Earl of Surrey*	211
Brutus and Cæsar, what	*Shakespeare*	2371
Build'st thou on Wealth? its		1379
But all in vain: no fort can be	*Spenser*	2856
But all our praises why should	*Pope*	223
But as his joys are double	*Herbert*	2902
But as I mused, there crowded	*Bickersteth*	2956
But as it sometimes chanceth	*Wordsworth*	826
But conscience, in some awful	*Cowper*	490
But deem not thou some	*Southey*	2372
But despite as their doom whom	*Beattie*	812
But dream not helm and harness	*Whittier*	1786
But first Messiah spake	*Bickersteth*	2672
But happy they, the happiest of	*Thomson*	1876
But if there be who follow Paul	*Keble*	1319
But man He made of angel form	*Pollok*	2223
But me, not destined such delights	*Goldsmith*	1177
But mightiest of the mighty	*Bowring*	2573
But never more than once	*Euripides, tr.*	303
But no, alas! we've never seen	*Moore*	2242
But not even pleasure to excess	*Thomson*	2510
But now the fourth day	*Bickersteth*	564
But one of our household number	*P. Cary*	2453
But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell	*Byron*	1066
But scarce observ'd the knowing	*Johnson*	2217
But see where, in the clear	*Follen*	2391
But soft, my friend; arrest the	*Cotton*	2569
But strange indeed the distribution	*Pollok*	1997
But there was one in folly father	*Pollok*	2314
But these young scholars	*Emerson*	566
But the unfaithful priest	*Pollok*	2309
But 'tis some justice to ascribe	*Davenant*	1908
But to my mind—though I am	*Shakespeare*	620
But true religion, sprung from	*Henry More*	2637
But what of all the joys of earth	*Pollok*	1541
But what or who are we, alas!	*Wither*	1469
But when good Saturn, banish'd	*Ovid, tr.*	79

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
But when I go—to my lone bed	*Sigourney*	658
But when the silence and the	*Willis*	1998
But when we in our viciousness	*Shakespeare*	2936
But where to find the happiest	*Goldsmith*	2470
By all means use sometime to	*Herbert*	1162
By ceaseless action all that is	*Cowper*	1179
By day she woos me, soft	*C. G. Rossetti*	3041
By myself walking	*Lamb*	1891
By nature peaceable and frail	*Southey*	1428
By nature's law what may be	*Young*	768
By Nebo's lonely mountain	*Alexander*	2340
By no means run in debt	*Herbert*	1427
By Satan's subtlety beguiled	*C. Wesley*	2450
By the poor widow's oil and meal	*Newton*	1348
By trifles, in our common ways	*Punshon*	292
By weakest ministers, the Almighty	*Jenner*	2565
Call back the dew	*Dickens*	2180
Call now to mind what high	*Akenside*	4
Can I not sin, but Thou wilt be	*Herrick*	3008
Can I see another's woe	*Blake*	2507
Canst thou tell me what is	*Oriental, tr.*	190
Canst thou thy body on thy bed	*Mant*	2542
Careful without care I am	*C. Wesley*	813
Careless seems the great Avenger	*Lowell*	2966
"Carry me across!"	*Cratk*	906
Ceaselessly the weaver, Time	*Burleigh*	2883
Cease, ye tearful mourners	*Clemens, tr.*	299
Chains of my heart, avaunt, I say	*Keble*	181
Cheerful, O Lord! at Thy		2501
Child, amidst the flowers at play	*Hemans*	2539
Child, by God's sweet mercy given	*Syrus, tr.*	229
Child of day, thou knowest not	*Landor*	1961
Child of my love, "LEAN HARD"		295
Child of sin and sorrow	*Hastings*	2282
Children are what the mothers are	*Landor*	2343
Children of wealth or want	*Holmes*	1111
Children, that lay their pretty	*Cratk*	2658
Christian, to arms! behold in sight	*P. Palmer*	144
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	*C. Wesley*	1027
Cities have been, and vanished	*Percival*	743
Cities of proud hotels	*Emerson*	793
Clad in a robe of pure and spotless	*Neale*	428
Cleon hath a million acres	*Mackay*	2525
Clime of the unforgotten brave	*Byron*	1387
Cling to the Crucified	*Bonar*	2027
Close the door lightly		721
Close up the Ledger, Time		2421
Columbia, Columbia, to glory	*Dwight*	114
Come and deck the grave with	*Monsell*	1590
Come and sit by me	*Byron*	815
Come away	*Herbert*	912
Come, be happy! sit near me	*Shelley*	2316
Come, blessed of my Heavenly		221
Come, bring thy gift. If blessings	*Herbert*	494
Come, disappointment, come!	*White*	860
Come forth! come on, with	*Sach, tr.*	1430
Come hither, ye faithful		418
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire		1814
Come labor on		2487
Come! let us arise, and press to		904
Come, Lord, and tarry not	*Bonar*	41
Come, O come! in pious lays	*Wither*	764
Come, O my soul, thy certain ruin		1934
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown	*C. Wesley*	1225
Come then, Affliction, if my	*Swain*	72
Come, then, tell me, sage divine	*Akenside*	1477
Come to Calvary's holy mountain,	*Montgomery*	306
Come to the land of peace		1737
Come, ye faithful, raise the	*John of Damascus, tr.*	1928
Come, ye thankful people	*Alford*	1663
Companion none is like	*Vaux*	2865
Compared with this amazing	*Montgomery*	3035
Composed of many thoughts	*Pollok*	276
Congenial HOPE! thy passion	*Campbell*	3060
Conscience, what art thou? thou	*Young*	487
Consider, man, weigh well thy	*J. Gray*	1109
Corruption is a tree, whose	*Beaumont*	536
Could I command with voice or	*Montgomery*	1467
Could I, from heaven inspired	*Cowper*	2390
Could not that wisdom which	*Herbert*	2644
Could the wine-cup tell its story		2994
Could we with ink the ocean fill		1486
Countless chords of heavenly	*Mackay*	157
Courage, O faithful heart	*Littlewood*	2980
Crabbed age and youth	*Shakespeare*	2240
Creation, which had groan'd	*Bickersteth*	2290
Creator! let Thy Spirit shine	*Burleigh*	2525
Cross, most adored, to thee I give	*Tr.*	1689
Custom does often reason overrule	*Earl of Rochester*	622
Custom forms us all	*Gill*	622
Custom, 'tis true, a venerable	*Thomson*	622
Cyrus, the dreaded arbiter, a		1617
Dare to do right	*G. L. Taylor*	19
Dare to think though others frown		281
Dark is the night, and fitful	*Duryea*	1825
Daughter of Jove, relentless	*T. Gray*	51
Day and night my toils	*Wordsworth*	2666
Day by day the manna fell	*Conder*	783
Day dawned; within a curtained	*Procter*	2123
Day divine, when in the temple	*Gill*	1807
Day of vengeance, without	*Thomas of Celano, tr.*	643
Days come and go	*Bonar*	1129
Day-stars! that ope your eyes at	*Smith*	1341
Dead. There's an answer to	*E. B. Browning*	647
Deal gently with us, ye who read	*Holmes*	1941
Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd	*Cotton*	1821
Death have we hated, not	*Morris*	2117
Death in the pot! 'tis always	*C. Wesley*	1347
Death is a fearful thing	*Shakespeare*	694
Death is here in spirit, watcher	*Tupper*	717
Death is short and life is long	*C. G. Rossetti*	958
Deathless principle, arise	*Toplady*	672
Death opens her sweet white	*Bailey*	705
Death's at my door, walks to my	*Zwingli, tr.*	673
Death, the old serpent's son	*Taylor*	2337
Death, thou wast once an uncouth	*Herbert*	663
Death worketh	*Bonar*	1953
Deem not that they are blest alone	*Bryant*	65
Deep is the sea, and deep is hell	*Tupper*	2579
Delay not, delay not, O sinner	*Hastings*	770
Delightful task! to rear the tender	*Thomson*	878
Desire himself runs out of breath	*Raleigh*	805
Desire of every land! The nations	*Pollok*	3069
Despair not, Virtue, who in	*Prince*	818
Detraction 's a bold monster, and	*Massinger*	835
Dim as the borrow'd beams of	*Dryden*	2623
Ding dong! ding dong	*Holmes*	2912
Disappointment rather seemed	*Pollok*	854
Discord, a sleepless hag, who never	*Wolcot*	881
Dismissed to glory with a kiss of		668
Does the dark and soundless river	*Cooper*	660
Does the road wind up-hill	*C. G. Rossetti*	2147
Domestic happiness, thou only	*Cowper*	1657
Domestic Love! not in proud palace	*Croly*	1827
Do no sinful action	*Alexander*	364
Do not, as some ungracious	*Shakespeare*	2463
Don't catch the fidgets; you have	*Holmes*	1176
Dost thou not know—That of all	*Mere*	1308

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Do thou thy precious secrets	*Oriental, tr.*	2729
Doubt is the eternal shade by	*Harris*	916
Dread is the leisure up above	*Ingelow*	1518
Dream on! Though Heaven may	*Holmes*	1914
Dream'st thou of heaven	*Hemans*	1719
Drop, drop, slow tears	*Fletcher*	520
Drop follows drop, and swells		1973
Drums and battle-cries	*E. B. Browning*	2478
Dust receive thy kindred	*Bonar*	1583
Dust to dust, it mingleth well	*Tupper*	2671
Duty, like a strict preceptor	*Wordsworth*	955
Duty! Religion! These, our duty	*Young*	132
Each creature holds an insular	*E. B. Browning*	2143
Each day his face grew thinner	*Massey*	1235
Each day its duty brings		941
Each day you have is but a steed	*Alger*	2138
Each night we die	*Young*	2327
Each petty hand—Can steer a	*Jonson*	1563
Early from heaven it was revealed	*Pollok*	287
Earth fainted at her children's	*Bickersteth*	1336
Earth has nothing sweet or fair	*Silesius, tr.*	401
Earth hath its gems around	*Bowring*	573
Earthly things—Are but the	*White*	2365
Earth's children cleave to Earth	*Bryant*	1006
Earth's cup—Is poisoned	*Pollok*	1008
Earth shall be ocean	*Byron*	776
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust	*Croly*	1594
Earth, what a sorrow lies before	*Bonar*	1007
Easier to smite with Peter's	*Whittier*	1889
Eating of the Tree forbidden	*Fortunatus, tr.*	594
E'ene all religious courses to be	*Herrick*	2974
"England, with all thy faults I love	*Cowper*	1087
England, with all thy faults I love	*Byron*	1085
Envy at last crawls forth from	*Cowley*	1100
Ere last year's moon had left the	*Judson*	1957
Erewhile, on England's pleasant	*Bryant*	1584
Error is a hardy plant; it	*Tupper*	1243
Essential honor must be in a	*Phillips*	1414
Eternal Hope! when yonder	*Campbell*	1857
Eternal troubles haunt thy	*Lucretius, tr.*	892
Eternity! eternity! how long	*Wulffer, tr.*	1118
Eternity! eternity! Thou	*Montgomery*	1127
Eternity's vast ocean lies before	*Young*	1128
Eternity, the various sentence	*Young*	2054
Even I—But I can laugh and	*Wesley, Jr.*	513
Even in a palace, life may be led	*Arnold*	1173
Even in the happiest choice	*Lytton*	2247
Even to the best, the wise, and	*Tupper*	725
Ever complaining	*Swain*	468
Ever-eating, never cloying	*Swift*	2876
Ever let the fancy roam	*Keats*	1274
Ever with Thee, Almighty Love	*Paulin*	2424
Every end is happiness, the	*Tupper*	1069
Every one that flatters thee	*Barnfield*	2319
Existence may be borne, and the	*Byron*	1364
Eye hath not seen	*Hayes*	1725
Faint, and worn, and aged		529
Fair girl! by whose simplicity	*Clark*	2615
Fair is the sight, by Israel's	*Mant*	1267
Fair shines the moon, Jerusalem	*Bayard Taylor*	2022
Fair wert thou, in the dreams	*Hemans*	1059
Faith, firmness, confidence	*Tupper*	2927
Faithful cross! above all other	*Fortunatus, tr.*	597
Faith, Hope, and Love were		1474
Faith is a living power from		1232
Faith lights us through the	*Davenant*	1219
Faith like a mustard-seed	*Tupper*	3030
Faith, like an unsuspecting child	*Fry*	1204
Faith of our fathers! living still	*Faber*	1223
False friends, like insects in a		1408
False world, thou ly'st	*Quarles*	2929
Fame is the spur that the clear	*Milton*	1257
Fame, the great ill, from small	*Tooke*	1253
Farewell, a long farewell, to all	*Shakespeare*	1613
Farewell, farewell! is often heard	*Cook*	1542
Farewell! if ever fondest prayer	*Byron*	1278
Farewell, ye gilded follies	*Quarles*	180
Far from these narrow scenes of	*Steele*	1716
Fashion, leader of a chattering	*Cowper*	1281
Fate is a hand—It lays two fingers	*Tr. by Alger*	693
Father of all! in every age	*Pope*	2557
Father of heaven and earth	*Hemans*	1149
Fathers alone a father's heart can	*Young*	1294
Father, who to us hast given	*Farningham*	1413
Faults in the life breed errors in	*Cowper*	1302
Fear no more the heat o' the sun	*Shakespeare*	648
Fear ye the festal hour	*Hemans*	2312
Few are the clear, strong spirits	*Percival*	1050
Fierce was the wild willow	*Anatolius, tr.*	2477
Fight thou with shafts of	*Herrick*	2328
First appetite enlists him	*Cowper*	1116
First Envy, eldest born of hell	*Porteus*	2351
First, mightiest Deity! Eternal	*Melendez, tr.*	1498
First offer incense; then thy field	*Herrick*	87
First seek an object worthy	*Tr. by Dryden*	2201
First time he kissed me	*E. B. Browning*	2076
First, what is true ambition	*Young*	110
Five hundred princely guests	*Tr. by Trench*	1312
Flattery sticketh like a burr	*Tupper*	1330
Fling out the banner! let it float	*Doane*	2322
Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom	*Montgomery*	1089
Flung to the heedless winds	*Luther, tr.*	2256
Fly drunkenness, whose vile	*Randolph*	931
Fly, envious Time, till thou run	*Milton*	2680
Foiled by our fellow-men	*Arnold*	1432
Fool, again the dream, the fancy	*Tennyson*	2592
For all that God in mercy sends	*E. I. Tupper*	2859
For aught that ever I could read	*Shakespeare*	2178
For beauty hideth everywhere	*Tupper*	215
For Destiny does not like	*Emerson*	2590
Foremost Old Age, his natural	*Porteus*	669
Forever with the Lord	*Montgomery*	1923
For forms of government let fools	*Pope*	2857
Forget them not: though now	*Hemans*	649
For I dip into the future, far as	*Tennyson*	2292
For look again on the past years	*Bryant*	1114
For me He left His home on high		386
For right of freedom when man	*Tr. by Alger*	1794
For shamefast harm of great and	*Wyatt*	814
For thee was a house built	*Longfellow*	1593
For them the fulness of His might	*Jenner*	135
For though the judge, Conscience	*Davenant*	483
For to-day the lists are set, and	*Tupper*	2887
Fortunes are made, if I the facts	*Crabbe*	1377
Fortune the great commandress of	*Chapman*	1371
For when I feel my virtue fail	*Watts*	109
For within the hollow crown	*Shakespeare*	687
Fountain of song, its prayer	*Hogg*	1858
Four infernal rivers, that disgorge	*Milton*	1779
Frail art thou, O man	*Tupper*	2552
Frail creatures are we all	*Coleridge*	1382
Fresh glides the brook and blows	*Lytton*	2700
Friend after friend departs	*Montgomery*	1412
Friends counsel quick dismission	*Young*	1623
Friendship is no plant of hasty	*Baillie*	1426
Friends, I have breathed	*Bickersteth*	2212
From Adam to his youngest	*Montgomery*	2066
From a dark cloud a drop of rain	*Oriental, tr.*	1882

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
From desolated hearths, from		1823
From his brimstone bed	*Coleridge*	838
From lips divine, like healing		1625
From Nature's constant or	*Prior*	762
From realm to realm, with cross	*Darwin*	2492
From that day forth no place	*Wordsworth*	2353
From the bough	*Milton*	36
From the eternal shadow	*Whittier*	654
From the recesses of a lowly spirit	*Bowring*	2546
From the throne of the highest	*Knox*	577
From this hour the pledge is	*Moore*	2248
From thy false tears I did distil	*Byron*	1675
Full many mischiefs follow	*Spenser*	127
Full of vows and full of labor		1002
Full short his journey was	*Lowell*	667
Gather up, O earth! thy dead	*Bowring*	298
Gather ye rose-buds while ye may	*Herrick*	3064
Genius! thou gift of Heaven	*Crabbe*	1449
Gentle pilgrim, tell me why	*Barbauld*	2504
Gently I took that which ungently	*Coleridge*	1300
Gird Thy sword on, mighty		389
Give! as the morning that flows		1468
Give me enough, saith Wisdom	*Tupper*	2976
Give me—Leave to enjoy myself	*Fletcher*	280
Give me honors, what are these	*Herrick*	1844
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet	*Raleigh*	2502
Give me the lowest place	*C. G. Rossetti*	1887
Give me the panoply of war	*Talbot*	2964
Give me three grains of corn	*Mrs. Edwards*	1270
Give thy thoughts no tongue	*Shakespeare*	1416
Glory and praise to Jehovah on	*Lyte*	2530
Glory of God! thou stranger	*Guyon, tr.*	1473
Go and dig my grave to-day	*Arndt, tr.*	666
Go boldly on. Do what is right	*Upham*	2686
Go, buy thee new lands	*Hunter*	2683
Go, climb the rugged Alps	*Juvenal, tr*	99
Go count the sands that form	*Upham*	2189
God and the soul are two birds free	*Tr. by Alger*	1514
God beholds thee, wretch, though	*Scott*	1894
God entrusts to all	*Edmeston*	376
God fashioned man from out	*Aldrich*	3015
God gives us men. A time like		3052
God hath a voice that ever is	*Cook*	1517
God, in the Gospel of His Son	*Beddom*	1571
God is a name my soul adores	*Watts*	1503
God is Good! Each perfumed		1552
God keeps a niche	*E. B. Browning*	1907
God-like shapes, and forms	*Milton*	840
God liveth ever	*Zehn, tr.*	1490
God loves from whole to parts	*Pope*	2203
God might have made the earth	*Howitt*	1343
God moves in a mysterious	*Cowper*	2604
God of mercy, God of grace	*Jane Taylor*	476
God of the thunder! from whose	*Milman*	1501
God's boundless mercy	*Herrick*	2279
God sends His teachers into every	*Lowell*	1993
God's ways seem dark, but, soon	*Whittier*	2051
Go, feel what I have felt		2002
Go from me. Yet I feel that I	*E. B. Browning*	2177
Gold! gold! gold! gold	*Hood*	1527
Gold! gold! in all ages the curse	*Benjamin*	1526
Gold is the greatest god	*Juvenal, tr.*	1529
Gold is the woman's only theme	*Anacreon, tr.*	1535
Gold many hunted—sweat	*Pollok*	1536
Go, let me weep—there's bliss	*Moore*	2482
Go, little Book! from this my	*Southey*	274
Good-by, proud world! I'm going	*Emerson*	543
Good deeds in this world done	*Tr. by Alger*	1543
Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted	*Shakespeare*	1622

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Good name in man and	*Shakespeare*	1545
Good name was dear to all	*Pollok*	1544
Good striving	*Oriental*	32
Go, silly worm, drudge, trudge	*Sylvester*	21
Go, soul, the body's guest	*Raleigh*	749
Go thou in life's fair morning		994
Go to thy rest, my child	*Sigourney*	989
Go when the morning shineth	*Bell*	2553
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet	*Watts*	1920
Grace 'tis a charming sound	*Doddridge*	1576
Grace, triumphant on the throne	*Cowper*	2689
Great day! for which all other	*Young*	2056
Great honors are great burdens	*Jonson*	851
Great man! the nations gazed	*Pollok*	2712
Great prophet of our God	*Watts*	894
Great system of perfections	*Young*	1492
Great truths are dearly bought	*Bonar*	2908
Great truths are portions of the	*Lowell*	1969
Green be the turf above the	*Halleck*	1426
Guard thy faith with holy care	*Whitman*	1216
Guilt is the source of sorrow	*Rowe*	1644
Habitual evils change not	*Rowe*	1646
Had he lived and fallen	*D. Gray*	988
"Had I a thousand hearts I'd	*Von Plettenbaus, tr.*	1687
Had not the milder hand	*Quarles*	2283
Had the cat wings, no sparrow	*Tr. by Alger*	3005
Had this effulgence disappeared	*Wordsworth*	1148
Hail, friendship; since the world	*Holford*	1417
Hail, heavenly voice, once heard	*Mant*	664
Hail, holy love! thou word that	*Pollok*	2190
Hail, thou head! so bruised	*Bernard of Clarvaux, tr.*	738
Hail to the day, which He	*Mant*	2698
Hail to the Lord's anointed	*Montgomery*	1560
Half a league, half a league	*Tennyson*	550
Half mankind maintain	*Cowper*	2631
Hallelujah! I believe	*Mowes, tr.*	1207
Happy soul! thy days are ended	*C. Wesley*	960
Happy the child whose youngest	*Watts*	992
Happy the man, and happy	*Horace, tr.*	2568
Happy the man who wisdom can		3003
Happy the man whose wish and	*Pope*	2137
Happy the spirit released from	*Hunter*	984
"Hard by Truth's temple		2907
Hark, how the watchmen cry	*C. Wesley*	896
Hark, my soul, how everything	*Austin*	2532
Hark! the faint bells of the sunken	*Mueller, tr.*	2271
Hark the rustle of a dress	*Lowell*	2576
Harps of eternity! begin the song	*Pollok*	1482
Haste, my spirit, fly away		677
Haste not: the flying courser	*Oriental, tr.*	2468
Haste, traveller, haste! the night	*Collyer*	624
Hast thou attempted greatness	*Herrick*	2489
Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad	*Bowring*	1699
Hast thou named all the birds	*Emerson*	1353
Hast thou not seen, impatient	*Watts*	1016
Has virtue charms? I grant her	*Young*	2942
Have you never felt the pleasure of		1361
Have you not heard the poets tell	*Aldrich*	196
Have you not seen how pent	*Mant*	2669
Have you read in the Talmud	*Longfellow*	2005
Ha! yon burst of crystal splendor	*Bonar*	1761
Heap on more wood! the wind is	*Scott*	420
Heard you that knell		2869
Hear, Father! hear and aid	*Hemans*	1903
Hear, Gracious God	*Medley*	2706
Hearken unto a verser	*Herrick*	2517
Heart gazing mournfully		25
Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heaven	*Pope*	1196
Hear, then, what faith	*Pollok*	1208

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Hear thou, in brief	*Pollok*	2577
Heaven from all creatures hides	*Pope*	1431
Heavenly Father, I would wear	*Larcom*	928
Heavier the cross, the nearer	*Schmolk, tr.*	605
Heav'n has to all allotted, soon	*Dryden*	1375
He came a leper, all unclean and	*Bonar*	2055
He foreknew—That arch-imperial	*Bickersteth*	1241
He gave me back the bond		740
He had a two-fold nature	*Percival*	1606
He hath built up, glorious	*Tupper*	182
He is a good divine that follows	*Shakespeare*	1994
He is a noble gentleman withal	*Ford*	1455
He is a path, if any be misled	*Fletcher*	400
He is a poor warder of his	*Tupper*	2654
He is the freeman whom the truth	*Cowper*	1388
He is the happy man whose life	*Cowper*	1658
He lives who lives to God alone	*Cowper*	2124
He liveth long who liveth well	*Bonar*	2127
He loves this world of strife	*Baxter*	3043
Hence, all you vain delights		2269
He prayeth well who loveth well	*Coleridge*	2538
He sends of creation! cry	*Montgomery*	575
Here are the prude, severe, and gay	*Blair*	1588
Here, as her home, from morn to	*Smart*	1581
Here bliss is short, imperfect	*More*	1025
Here in Thy royal presence, Lord	*Bonar.*	1802
Here is no bootless quest		1721
Here is one that wishes to live	*Jonson*	84
Here is the free spirit of mankind	*Bryant*	2108
Here is the spring where waters		2720
Here, like a shepherd gazing from	*Young*	103
Here may the band that now	*Fletcher*	1731
"Here," might they say, "shall	*T. Moore*	113
Her suffering ended with the	*J. Aldrich*	982
He sat within a silent cave	*Croley*	507
He's Christ's embassador	*Mant*	2306
He sleeps, forgetful of his once	*Percival*	1453
He slept beneath the desert skies		2016
He that from dross would win the	*Montgomery*	68
He that has nature in him must	*Madan*	1580
He that is proud eats up himself	*Shakespeare*	2581
He that negotiates between God	*Cowper*	2562
He that of greatest work is finisher	*Shakespeare*	318
He that shall rail against his	*Cresch*	2715
He to His own a comforter will	*Milton*	1809
He took—Some handfuls of the	*Bickersteth*	2221
He transgresseth yet again	*Tupper*	2984
He was a man—Who stole the	*Pollok*	1898
He was of that stubborn crew	*Butler*	252
Hew Atlas for my monument	*D. Gray*	106
He who ascends to mountain-tops	*Byron*	1250
He who flies, In war or peace	*Thomson*	2489
He who once sins, like him	*Juvenal, tr.*	1642
He who once wept with Mary	*Willis*	62
Higher, yet, and higher	*Buchanan*	156
High on the world, see where	*Holmes*	2643
High walls and huge the *body*	*Garrison*	2296
Him God beholding from His	*Milton*	1239
Him there they found	*Milton*	1138
His courtiers of the caliph crave	*Tr. by Trench*	1323
His eloquence is classic in its style	*Hale*	1058
His eye no more looked onward	*Lytton*	2649
His lecture to the sad young	*E. Rowe*	1052
His name was Doubt, that had a	*Spenser*	917
His nature is too noble for the	*Shakespeare*	1837
His real habitude gave life and	*Shakespeare*	330
His youth was innocent	*Bryant*	2415
Ho, all who labor, all who strive	*Orne*	1949
Holy Bible! book divine		2719

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God	*Heber*	2901
Home's not merely four square	*Swain*	1817
Honey in the lion's mouth	*Trench*	2167
Honor and shame from no	*Pope*	1616
Honor's a sacred tie—the law of	*Addison*	1849
Hope, eager hope, the assassin	*Young*	1868
Hope evermore and believe	*Clough*	1061
Hope humbly, then, with	*Pope*	1859
Hope leads the child to plant the	*Adams*	1869
Hope, of all ill that men endure	*Crowley*	1870
Hope of all passions most befriends	*Young*	1864
Hope sets the stamp of vanity on	*Cowper*	1861
Ho, sailor of the sea!	*Dobell*	2342
How awful is that hour, when	*Percival*	489
How backward man himself	*C. Wesley*	261
How beautiful is genius when		1452
How beautiful it is for man to die	*Willis*	2307
How blest the sacred tie that binds	*Barbauld*	1315
How cheap—is genuine happiness	*Barker*	1664
Howe'er it be, it seems to me	*Tennyson*	1548
Howe'er 'tis well, that while	*Wyatt*	2511
How false are men, both in their	*Crown*	1242
How false is found, as on in life	*Jane Taylor*	1188
How goes the fight with thee	*Bonar*	207
How great the task to guard thee	*Ingelow*	2185
How great (while yet we tread	*Young*	506
How idly of the human heart	*Willis*	2079
How is it o'er the strongest mind	*Swain*	2898
Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish	*B. Taylor*	2914
How, like a mounting devil in	*Willis*	102
How many feel, this very moment	*Thomson*	2317
How meanly dwells the immortal	*Watts*	1334
How oft that virtue, which some	*Froude*	779
How poor, how rich, how abject	*Young*	2220
How proud we are! how fond of	*Watts*	929
How sad a sight is human	*Young*	1652
How seldom, friend, a good	*Coleridge*	1604
How shall I describe	*Pollok*	2611
How shall I speak thee, or thy	*Cowper*	2573
How shall my cold and lifeless	*Ariosto, tr.*	532
How shalt thou bear the cross that	*Faber*	1126
How shocking must thy summons	*Blair*	701
How sleep the brave, who sink to	*Collins*	2472
How speaks the present hour		3028
How sweet it were, if without	*Hunt*	1874
"How sweetly," said the trembling	*Moore*	858
How sweet the days we yearn for	*Lytton*	856
How vain a thing is man	*Dryden*	585
How wisely Nature did decree	*Marvel*	1199
Humble we must be, if to heaven	*Herrick*	1884
Humility is the softening shadow	*Tupper*	1886
Hurrying on, hurrying on		2428
Husband and wife! no converse	*Dana*	1996
Hush the loud cannon's roar	*Johns*	1877
Hypocrisy, the only evil that	*Milton*	1895
"I am almost there!"		991
I am he!—It is enough to	*Bailey*	836
I am not old—I cannot be old	*Tupper*	2414
I am old and blind	*Lloyd*	269
I am waiting by the river		735
I asked an aged man, with hoary	*Marsden*	2884
I asked of Time from whom those		2877
I asked the heavens, "What foe to	*Montgomery*	608
I ask—What He would have this	*Holland*	44
I believe in God the Father		580
I bring fresh showers for the	*Shelley*	449
I came and saw, and hoped to	*Bonar*	1324
I cannot, cannot say		231
I cannot coldly pass him by	*Montgomery*	1106

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
I cannot find Thee! Still on	*Scudder*	1516
I cannot make him dead	*Pierpont*	360
I charge thee, fling away ambition	*Shakespeare*	107
I count the hope no day-dream	*Mant*	2626
Idle causes, noised a while	*Tupper*	2694
I do believe, you think what now	*Shakespeare*	799
I do confess that I abhor and	*Hood*	2496
I fain would be thy pupil	*Stgourney*	2727
If apostolic gravity be free	*Cowper*	1165
If dead, we cease to be; if total	*Coleridge*	1922
I feel the mighty current sweep	*Bryant*	1434
I feel within me unsubdued	*C. Wesley*	787
If, gracious God, in life's green	*Bembo, tr.*	516
If hoarded gold possess'd the	*Anacreon, tr.*	676
If in thy heart no sunlight lingers	*Dewart*	629
If it must be; if it must be, O God	*D. Gray*	726
If little labor, little are our	*Herrick*	2088
If loftier posts superior state	*Mant*	1715
If mean or costly dresses through	*Tr. by Alger*	924
If men of good lives	*Middleton*	1170
If the celestials daily fly	*Ingelow*	2572
If there is happiness below	*Fitzarthur*	1266
If the wanderer his mistake	*Cowper*	596
If this great world of joy and	*Wordsworth*	2064
If this mute earth—Of what it	*Wordsworth*	178
If thou art merry, here are airs	*Heylyn*	235
If thou, O Death, a being art	*Tr. by Alger*	985
If thou wert by my side, my	*Heber*	2987
If thou wouldst have thy charms	*Moore*	2176
If to-day thou turn'st aside	*Lynch*	398
If we cannot have all we wish	*Swain*	509
If we knew the woe and heartache		1936
If well I knew the tuneful art	*C. Wesley*	2359
If we with earnest efforts could	*Trench*	843
If what I wish is good	*C. Wesley*	264
If when the Lord of Glory is in	*Keble*	1904
If ye tell of the sadness and evil	*Cook*	2422
If yet the Holy Spirit deigns	*Jenner*	1816
If yon bright stars, which gem	*Leggett*	2678
If you cannot on the ocean	*Gates*	2321
I gave my life for thee		909
I gazing up, a glorious pile beheld	*Pope*	1258
"I give and I devise" (Old Euclio	*Pope*	189
I go to life and not to death	*Bonar*	697
I had a dream. A narrow		831
I had a friend that lov'd me	*Dryden*	1425
I had a seeming friend	*Tupper*	1472
I have a fancy ladies are like	*Hale*	2091
I have a never-failing bank		1203
I have learned—This doctrine	*Coxe*	1930
I have neither the scholar's	*Shakespeare*	2268
I have seen—A curious child	*Wordsworth*	213
I have seen the objects of	*Tupper*	1826
I have ships that went to sea	*B. Gray*	1873
I hate dependence on another's will	*Crown*	785
I heard a bell:—There is a	*Ingelow*	373
I hear it singing, singing sweetly		2940
"I hear thee speak of the better	*Hemans*	2094
I hold the sceptre in my hand	*Upham*	2202
I knew that age was enriched	*Tupper*	1192
I know He is Almighty	*Bickersteth*	2709
I know myself now, and	*Shakespeare*	852
I know not if the dark or bright	*Dean of Canterbury*	478
I know not what the future	*Whittier*	2605
I know not what will befall me		16
I know that my Redeemer lives	*Medley*	479
I know that thou hast gone to	*Hervey*	698
I lay me down to sleep		814
I like the ancient Saxon phrase	*Longfellow*	301

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
I live among the cold, the false	*Chandler*	748
I'll carve our passion on the bar	*Watts*	2030
I'll do my best to win, whene'er	*Herrick*	2210
I'll give my heart to Jesus	*Pollard*	533
I'll go to Jesus, though my sin	*Jones*	834
I'll introduce thee to a single	*Pollok*	1688
I'll tell thee what is hell	*Starkey*	1774
I look to Thee in every need, and		1515
I love and have some cause to love	*Quarles*	1488
I love to muse when none are	*Barton*	1598
I love to tell the story		403
I'm a lonely traveller here		1023
I may not hope from outward	*Coleridge*	1093
I'm fading away to the land of	*Hunter*	981
Immortal Love, forever full	*Whittier*	393
Immortal were we, or else mortal	*Young*	1445
I'm not too young to sin	*Noel*	998
I mourn no more my vanished	*Whittier*	356
Impelled with steps unceasing	*Goldsmith*	859
In age and feebleness extreme	*C. Wesley*	83
In all men, from the monarch	*Tupper*	1251
In all my wanderings round	*Goldsmith*	1822
In all our way through life the		1557
In alms regard thy means, and	*Herbert*	97
In amaze I asked what meant such	*Bickersteth*	1745
In ancient records it is stated	*Longfellow*	754
In ancient times, the sacred plough	*Thomson*	86
In bower and garden rich	*Doane*	504
In colleges and halls in ancient	*Cowper*	1045
In days of old, on Sinai, the Lord	*Cosmas, tr.*	1494
In days of old, when holy prophets	*Tr. by Trench*	1352
Induce not precocity of intellect	*Tupper*	1043
In due observance of an ancient	*Wordsworth*	1955
I need a cleansing change within	*Coleridge*	528
I need not follow the similitude	*Willis*	1115
I need Thee, precious Jesus	*Whitefield*	2032
In either hand the hastening	*Milton*	1033
In every object here I see	*Newton*	2725
In evil long I took delight		615
In good King Charles's golden		1185
In his furrowed fields around us	*Allis*	3027
In hope of that immortal	*C. Wesley*	226
In man or woman, but far most in	*Cowper*	53
In May, when sea-winds pierced	*Emerson*	209
In mind, in matter, much was	*Pollok*	1942
In my boy's loud laughter ringing	*Craik*	68
In nature there's no blemish	*Shakespeare*	1543
In paths unknown we hear	*Whittier*	795
In proud humility a pious	*Tr. by Alger*	1880
Inquirer cease! petitions	*Johnson*	2543
In restless pain we heave and	*Punshon*	1037
In science, learning, all	*Pollok*	2642
In seasons of grief to my God		2690
In Shiraz grows a tree, within	*Tr. by Alger*	3037
In silence wise men oft	*Oriental, tr.*	2849
In slumbers of midnight the	*Dimond*	920
Inspiring thought of rapture	*Campbell*	1871
In that home was joy and sorrow	*Craig*	675
In the beginning was the Word	*Longfellow*	3022
In the bonds of Death He lay	*Luther, tr.*	684
In the corrupted currents of	*Shakespeare*	2066
In the cross of Christ I glory	*Bowring*	595
In the dark winter of affliction's	*Jewsbury*	71
In Thee my powers, my treasures	*Scudder*	1712
In the floods of tribulation	*Pearce*	499
In the good man's breast	*Layard*	549
In the hour of trial	*Montgomery*	2155
In the hours of my distress	*Herrick*	1811
In their midst I saw	*Bickersteth*	2261

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
In them, we—Who, but for them	*Lytton*	279
In the nine heavens are eight	*Oriental, tr.*	263
In the quiet nursery chambers		375
In the silent midnight	*Coxe*	531
In the still air music lies unheard		869
In this one passion man can	*Pope*	2456
In thy discourse, if thou desire to	*Herbert*	523
In thy fair brow there's such a	*Dryden*	350
In time of service seal up both	*Herbert*	1677
In token that thou shalt not fear	*Alford*	203
In vain do men	*Spenser*	515
In vain doth the assassin dark	*C. Wesley*	758
In vain the sage, with	*Pope*	2346
In weariness and pain	*C. Wesley*	308
I often say my prayers	*Burton*	2544
I once was a stranger to grace	*McCheyne*	2020
I place an offering at Thy shrine	*Guyon, tr.*	495
I praised the earth, in beauty	*Heber*	1024
I pray thee, cease thy counsel	*Shakespeare*	1633
I remember the days when my	*Cook*	1819
I said to sorrow's awful storm	*Stoddard*	544
Is all the counsel that two have	*Shakespeare*	1421
I sat, and gazed upon my sunny		905
I saw a Moslem work upon	*Oriental, tr.*	2844
I saw, and lo! a countless throng	*Toplady*	1049
I saw one man, armed simply	*Norton*	2566
I saw two maids at the kirk	*Stoddard*	2979
I say to thee, do thou repeat	*Trench*	1395
I see the crowd in Pilate's hall	*Bonar*	610
I see through the gathering	*A. Cary*	1167
Is fasting then the thing that God	*Quarles*	1286
Is he not sailing	*Tegner*	1673
"I should be happy," with a look	*Ingelow*	2241
Is it indeed so? If I lay here	*E. B. Browning*	60
Is it in words to paint you	*Young*	1966
Is it not strange, the darkest	*Keble*	453
Is it well to wish thee happy	*Tennyson*	2243
Is not the way to heavenly gain	*Lyte*	2896
I sought Thee round about	*Heywood*	1512
I sought to do some mighty act of		954
Is sparkling wit the world's	*Cowper*	2498
I stand like one has lost his way	*Howard*	1639
I stand without here in the porch	*Longfellow*	781
Is the Bridegroom absent still	*Bonar*	441
Is there a brilliant fondling	*Wordsworth*	2106
Is there a little orphan child	*Alexander*	2439
Is there for honest poverty	*Burns*	2232
Is this a fast—to keep	*Herrick*	1288
Is this a time to be cloudy and	*Bryant*	2375
Is this the way, my Father? 'Tis		1638
Is this thy place, sad city, this	*Heber*	2021
Is thy cruse of comfort failing	*Mrs. Charles*	338
I stood outside the gate	*Pollard*	527
I stood within the grave's	*Clive*	1591
It addeth immortality to dying	*Tupper*	183
It came upon the midnight clear	*Sears*	423
It came upon us by degrees	*Aldrich*	198
I tell you hopeless grief is	*E. B. Browning*	1629
It fortifies my soul to know	*Clough*	2906
I thank Thee, Lord, for using	*Bonar*	2308
It happened on a solemn	*Cowper*	458
It happen'd when a plague	*Swift*	6
It hath pleas'd the devil	*Shakespeare*	936
I think of thee! my thoughts do	*E. B. Browning*	56
I think that a little bird will sing	*Craik*	692
I think we are too ready with	*E. B. Browning*	469
I think when I read that sweet	*Luke*	367
It is a dang'rous thing	*Shakespeare*	480
It is a monitory truth, I ween	*Tr. by Alger*	691

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
It is a weary hill	*Trench*	824
It is in one choice handful	*Crashaw*	2555
It is in vain,—I see, to argue	*Butler*	143
It is my natal day! Another year	*Mant*	256
It is not, as you conceive, a	*Ford*	2267
It is not death to die	*Malan, tr.*	680
It is not from his form, in which	*Cowper*	1999
It is not growing like a tree	*Jonson*	1636
It is not they who idly dwell		910
It is not well to brood	*Dinnies*	877
It is the constant revolution	*Cowper*	1094
It must be so. Plato, thou	*Addison*	1931
It needs not guards in front and	*Oriental, tr.*	195
I too have poised the heart of	*Bickersteth*	1530
It opened the niggard's purse	*Pollok*	111
I travell'd once a rocky road	*Upham*	948
Its bitterness the heart alone	*Percival*	1682
It's my honest conviction	*White*	334
It's not the martial host	*Mackintosh*	1797
It travels onward, this old world	*Bonar*	1077
I turned to thee, to thousands, of	*Byron*	1632
It was a brave attempt	*Watts*	1123
It was a golden eventide. The sun	*Bickersteth*	150
It was a time of sadness—and my		591
It was good, it was kind, in the	*Cook*	1441
It was, his own, the subject of	*Pollok*	1089
It was noon	*Willis*	7
It was withal a highly polished	*Pollok*	1892
It were a goodly and glorious sight	*Mant*	426
I've a mighty part within	*Watts*	2682
I've been thinking of home	*Kirby*	1763
I've found a joy in sorrow	*Crewdson*	451
I've known the pregnant thinkers	*E. B. Browning*	1054
I venerate the man whose heart	*Cowper*	2561
I walk as one who knows that he is	*Bonar*	1015
I want to be an angel		996
I was no stranger in a strange	*Bickersteth*	1750
I waste no more in idle dreams	*Osgood*	1945
I watch the circle of the eternal	*Lowell*	1392
I wear not the purple of earth-born	*Cook*	2872
I weep but do not yield	*Bonar*	347
I weigh not fortune's frown or	*Sylvester*	512
I will not dream in vain despair	*Whittier*	2950
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God		2401
I would have gone; God bade me	*C. G. Rossetti*	872
I would not enter on my list	*Cowper*	2074
Jesu is in my heart, His sacred	*Herbert*	70
Jesu, lover of my soul	*C. Wesley*	2714
Jesu—name all names above	*Theoctistus, tr.*	2031
Jesus, and shall it ever be	*Grigg*	2025
Jesu, Saviour, Son of God	*Bonar*	2029
Jesus' holy Cross and dying	*Bonaventura, tr*	599
Jesus, I my cross have taken	*Lyte*	600
Jesus is God! the solid earth	*Faber*	902
Jesus is our Shepherd	*Stowell*	2842
Jesus lives, and so shall I	*Gellert, tr.*	1855
Jesus, my all, to heaven has gone	*Cennick*	1800
Jesus, still lead on	*Zinzendorf, tr.*	1637
Jesus, the friend of human	*Barbauld*	2037
Jesus, while He dwelt below	*Hart*	1461
Jesu, whither shall I go	*J. Wesley*	200
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move	*Hunter*	727
Joyful words—we meet again	*Montgomery*	2265
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	*Newton*	2045
Joy is a goblet that soon is	*Bayard Taylor*	2278
Joyous and far shall our	*Hemans*	565
Just, and strong, and opportune	*Tupper*	466
Just as I am—without one plea	*Elliott*	2008
Justice herself, that sitteth	*Lilly*	538

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Justice, when equal scales she	*Denham*	2067
Just such is the Christian; his	*Watts*	405
Keep your undrest, familiar style		1820
Kneel down by the dying sinner's	*Ware, Jr.*	959
Know, he that—Foretells his	*Davenant*	304
Knowledge and wisdom	*Cowper*	2083
Knowledge holdeth by the hilt	*Tupper*	2078
Knowledge is not happiness	*Byron*	2080
Know that Holiness keeps her	*Welthem, tr.*	1803
Know then this truth (enough for	*Pope*	1668
Know well, my soul	*Whittier*	2119
Labor in the path of duty	*Cranch*	214
Labor with what zeal we will	*Longfellow*	2085
Lamb of God, I look to Thee	*C. Wesley*	370
Land of the West, though passing	*Cook*	112
Last night I drew up my account	*Herrick*	2629
Last night, on coughing slightly	*D. Gray*	689
Late, late, so late! and dark the	*Tennyson*	767
Late to our town there came a	*Perkins*	1968
Launch thy bark, mariner	*Southey*	2703
Laws, as we read in ancient	*Beattie*	2097
Lay down thy burden here	*Bonar*	296
Lead, kindly Light, amid	*Newman*	1640
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce	*Young*	1012
Learn from yon orient shell	*Hafiz, tr.*	1985
Learn more reverence, not for	*E. B. Browning*	2231
Leaves have their time to fall	*Hemans*	702
Lemira's sick; make haste; the	*Young*	3018
Let Baalim his empire	*Bickersteth*	537
Let come what will, I mean to	*Shakespeare*	833
Let falsehood be a stranger to thy	*Havard*	1244
Let him that will ascend the	*Seneca, tr.*	2582
Let me go where saints are	*Hartsough*	1718
Let me not to the marriage of	*Shakespeare*	2186
Let no man trust the first false	*Young*	1642
Let not your heart be faint	*Latrobe*	406
Let others boast them as they	*Coe, Jr.*	1404
Let pensive memory trace	*Jane Taylor*	1264
Letters joined make words		2158
Let them that would build	*Harvey*	1378
"Let there be light!" O'er	*Hoffman*	1558
"Let there be light!" The	*Hoffman*	2152
Let the wind blow, and billows	*C. Wesley*	1851
Let to-morrow take care of	*Swain*	1160
Let us be content to work	*E. B. Browning*	2157
Let us love while life is young	*Percival*	2183
Lie down, frail body, here	*Bonar*	1597
Lie in the lap of sin, and not	*Shakespeare*	2855
Life, believe, is not a dream	*Brontë*	354
Life, death, and hell, and worlds	*Watts*	753
Life! I know not what thou art	*Barbauld*	2132
Life is much flatter'd, death is	*Young*	706
Life is onward: use it		2010
Life is coming, Death is going	*Bonar*	2591
Life is too short to waste	*Emerson*	23
Life's cares are comforts; such by	*Young*	1065
Life's gayest scenes speak	*Young*	2336
Life's mystery—deep, restless	*Stowe*	2368
Life's sunniest hours are not	*Whittier*	914
Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul	*Montgomery*	230
Light for the Persian sky	*Sigourney*	2324
Light human nature is too lightly	*E. B. Browning*	875
Like as the culver on the	*Spenser*	9
Like as the damask rose you see	*Wastell*	2335
Like a toad within a stone	*D. G. Rossetti*	2211
Like a vessel at sea, amid	*Hervey*	141
Like doctors too, when much	*Pope*	143
Likeness of heaven	*Shea*	2408
Like one, who doom'd o'er distant		861
Like other tyrants, Death delights	*Young*	3058
Like to a bride, come forth, my	*Herrick*	275
Like to the falling of a star	*King*	2114
Linger not long, Home is not home		1890
Listed into the cause of sin	*C. Wesley*	2355
Listen! the Master beseecheth	*Punshon*	3026
List to the dreamy tone that	*Cook*	850
"Little by little," the tempter said		2162
Little children, young and aged		363
Little drops of water		2159
Little I ask; my wants are few	*Holmes*	2954
Little of all we value here	*Holmes*	1132
Live for something; be not idle		1064
"Live while you live," the	*Doddridge*	2144
Lo! a hundred proud pagodas	*Trench*	1906
Lo! here spread out the plains	*W. Holmes*	3045
Lo, I am watching quietly every		2951
Long did I toil, and knew no	*Lyte*	1654
Long pored St. Austin o'er the		761
Long while I sought to what I	*Spenser*	1200
Look aside to lack of faith, the	*Tupper*	1217
Look at the selfish man	*Holmes*	2836
Look humbly upward, see His	*Dryden*	177
Look in my face; my name	*D. G. Rossetti*	2523
Look Nature through: 'tis	*Young*	1924
Look not upon the wine when	*Willis*	2993
Look on this beautiful world	*Bryant*	2593
Look on this edifice of marble	*Benjamin*	431
Look round our world; behold	*Pope*	568
Look up, my soul, pant toward	*Watts*	1741
Lord! come away	*J. Taylor*	42
Lord, how could'st Thou so much	*Herbert*	1205
Lord, how I am all ague, when I	*Herbert*	788
Lord, I believe thy precious blood	*J. Wesley*	174
Lord, I have lain	*Quarles*	1429
Lord, I have shut my door	*Atkinson*	448
Lord, in my silence how do I	*Herbert*	1381
Lord, in the strength of grace	*C. Wesley*	496
Lord, many times I am a	*Trench*	2924
Lord of the harvest! Thee we	*Gurney*	1671
Lord, the lights are gleaming from		665
"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry	*Seidel, tr.*	1497
Lord, what am I, that with	*De Vega, tr.*	2010
Lord, when we search the human	*Montgomery*	1691
Lord! who art merciful as well as	*Southey*	2551
Lord, with what bounty and rare	*Herbert*	1578
Lord, with what care hast Thou	*Herbert*	232
Lost in darkness, girt with	*Tersteegen, tr.*	625
Lost! lost! forever lost	*Longfellow*	2047
Lost! lost! lost	*Sigourney*	639
Lo! the feast is spread to-day	*Alford*	2168
Lo the poor Indian, whose	*Pope*	1762
Love and Time with reverence	*Dryden*	2205
Love God, love truth, love virtue	*Pollok*	1656
Love has neither past nor future	*Howe*	2197
Love is not to be bought	*Swain*	2207
Love is the root of creation	*Longfellow*	2179
Love me if I live	*Procter*	2199
Love not the world	*Bonar*	3038
Love strong as death, nay	*Bonar*	2200
Love thou thy land, with love far	*Tennyson*	1166
Love! what a volume in a word	*Tupper*	2175
Lower the sails of pride, rash	*Tupper*	3059
Lo! when the boatman stems	*Holmes*	1210
Lo! when the buds expand	*Crabbe*	218
Lo, where the Stage, the poor	*Sprague*	2861
Lo! where yon cottage whitens	*Dawes*	1831
Madam, withouten many words	*Wyatt*	2597
Made of dust—And thus allied	*Bickersteth*	2236

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Make haste, O man, to live	*Bonar*	30
Man at home, within himself	*Smart*	849
Man hard of heart to man	*Young*	2933
Man hath a weary pilgrimage	*Southey*	874
Man hath two attendant angels	*Prince*	126
Man (ingenious to contrive his woe	*Bally*	1396
Man is an animal unfledged	*Montgomery*	2222
Man is a watch, wound up	*Herrick*	2235
Man is no star, but a quick coal	*Herbert*	1063
Man is responsible for *ills* received	*Young*	1913
Mankind is mad	*Young*	2043
Mankind's a monster, and the	*Ovid, tr.*	778
Manna to Israel well supplied	*Newton*	2239
Man of conscience—man of reason	*Brontë*	1247
Man's greatest strength is shown	*Young*	1655
Man shall be blessed, as far as man	*Young*	73
Man's home is everywhere	*Sigourney*	1829
Man's life's a book of history	*Masson*	2112
Man's plea to man is, that he	*Quarles*	2536
Man's work—how much the word	*Hale*	3034
Man, the caged bird that owned	*Trench*	2227
"Man wants but little here below	*Adams*	2955
Man with raging drink inflam'd	*Butler*	935
Many believed; but more the	*Pollok*	242
Man yields to custom as he	*Crabbe*	622
Many there are and dry		430
Many things having full reference	*Shakespeare*	474
Mark the soft-falling snow	*Doddridge*	1554
Matron! the children of whose	*Bryant*	2172
Meanwhile on earth the quick	*Bickersteth*	3036
Meanwhile the earth increased	*Pollok*	2985
Meanwhile the Son	*Milton*	571
Medals, ranks, ribands, lace	*Byron*	1475
Meeting with Time, "Slack thing,"	*Herbert*	410
Men—Can counsel, and speak	*Shakespeare*	1621
"Men may live fools, but fools	*Pollok*	678
Mercy for all Thy hands have	*C. Wesley*	1051
Men said at vespers: All is well	*Whittier*	1879
Methinks, if ye would know	*Southey*	305
Methinks it is good to be here	*Knowles*	444
'Mid pleasures and palaces though	*Payne*	1833
'Mid pleasure, plenty, and success	*Cook*	45
'Mid visions of eternal light		2006
Mild as the glances of angel eyes		186
Mind is as the quicksilver, which	*Tupper*	1899
Mind of nobler stamp	*Tupper*	2298
Mine and yours	*Emerson*	1021
Mine eyes have seen the glory	*Howe*	206
Mine eyes He closed, but open	*Milton*	1185
Mine!—what rays of glory bright		2596
Moderate tasks and moderate	*Arnold*	1174
Money, thou bane of bliss, and	*Herbert*	560
More strange than true	*Shakespeare*	1918
More sweet than odors caught	*Wordsworth*	1317
More things are wrought by	*Tennyson*	2540
Morn came: but the broad light	*Procter*	774
Morn is the time to act	*Embury*	1142
Mother Earth, are the heroes dead	*Proctor*	1789
Much beautiful and excellent and	*Pollok*	1407
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	*White*	2962
Must I not do all I can	*C. Wesley*	1202
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	*Allen*	588
My author and disposer	*Milton*	1136
My conscience is my crown	*Southwell*	510
My crimes awake, and hideous fear	*Watts*	534
My days pass pleasantly away	*Saxe*	2419
My dear Redeemer and my God	*C. Wesley*	173
My drunkenness is not a fault of	*Tr. by Alger*	934
My dwelling had been situate	*Bickersteth*	125
My fairest child, I have no song to	*Kingsley*	358
My faith looks up to Thee	*R. Palmer*	392
My friend is shipwreck'd on the	*Perstus, tr.*	342
My God, how wonderful Thou	*Faber*	1520
My God, I heard this day	*Herbert*	2224
My God, is any hour so sweet	*Elliott*	2545
My God once mixed a harsh cup	*Tr. by Alger*	48
My hair was black, but white	*Tr. by Alger*	329
My heart leaps up when I	*Wordsworth*	2146
My Jesus has gone up to heaven	*Mason*	1746
My latest sun is sinking fast	*Haskell*	2941
My life is like the summer rose	*Wilde*	1384
My life's a shade, my days	*Crossman*	681
Mylo, forbear to call him blest	*Watts*	1613
My mother! when I learned that	*Cowper*	2344
My native land! 'mid thy cabin	*Burleigh*	2003
My rest is in heaven, my rest is	*Lyte*	69
My sins, my sins, my Saviour	*Monsell*	521
My son, thou wilt dream the	*Hale*	1826
My soul, amid this stormy world	*R. C. Chapman*	1120
My soul forecasts	*Bickersteth*	427
My soul is growing sick	*Gould*	1356
My soul, there is a country	*Vaughan*	1752
My spirit lost all consciousness of	*Bickersteth*	1293
My stock lies dead, and no	*Herbert*	1573
My sweet wee nurseling	*Richardson*	57
My trust is in the cross; there	*Quarles*	592
My whole though broken heart	*Baxter*	492
Napoleon, Frederic, Charles, and	*Percival*	105
Nature and Nature's laws lay	*Pope*	2374
Nature has placed thee on a	*Holmes*	484
Nature hath framed strange	*Shakespeare*	335
Naught of merit, or of price		2630
Nay deem not thus—no	*Holmes*	1112
Nay, shrink not from the word	*Barton*	1276
Nay, stoop not thus! Thou	*Judson*	2304
Nay, 'tis not that we fancied it	*Bonar*	855
Nearer, my God, to Thee	*S. F. Adams*	847
Never go gloomily, man with a	*Tupper*	822
Nevertheless, O sinner, harden	*Tupper*	152
Never was a marvel done upon	*Tupper*	1211
Never with blast of trumpets		2848
New occasions teach new duties	*Lowell*	2406
Next him was Fear, all arm'd	*Spenser*	1307
Next him went Grief and Fury	*Spenser*	1630
Night is the time for rest	*Montgomery*	2292
Nobody's healthful without	*Aleyn*	1178
No fearing, no doubting, Thy	*T. Gray, Jr.*	551
No gain, but by its price	*Tupper*	3032
"No God! no God!" the simplest	*Sigourney*	168
"No, I cannot, cannot yet	*Hunter*	1574
No joy is true save that which	*Bonar*	1735
No matter whether 'twas a sharp	*Watts*	1739
No more a charnel-house, to fence	*Keble*	1587
No more at Delos or at Delphi	*Bethune*	1905
No more to hear, no more to see	*Ingelow*	2986
None are so surely caught when	*Shakespeare*	1350
None sends his arrow to the mark	*Cowper*	2013
No night shall be in heaven		1749
No, no, it is not dying	*Malan, tr.*	674
No pause, no rest, no visual line	*Burleigh*	2054
No radiant pearl, which crested	*Darwin*	2628
Nor custom, nor example, nor	*Massinger*	2612
Nor exile I, nor prison, fear	*Guyon, tr.*	1567
Nor happiness, nor majesty	*Shelley*	1615
Nor riches boast superior worth	*Cotton*	2218
Nor time, nor place, nor chance	*Quarles*	899
Nor was the general aspect	*Pollok*	2289
No shadows yonder	*Bonar*	1713

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
No single virtue we could most	*Dryden*	3014
No stern recluse	*Bickersteth*	391
Not all at once—He yielded to	*Pollok*	1948
Not all in vain do sorrows	*Dewart*	1619
Not at once—In men or angels	*Bickersteth*	790
Not at the battle front—writ of in	*Craik*	1787
Not from his head was woman took	*C. Wesley*	3011
Not from the flowers of earth	*Cooper*	1781
Not from the dust my sorrows	*Watts*	165
Nothing but may be better, and	*Tupper*	1301
Nothing comes free-cost here	*Herrick*	467
Nothing fails of its end. Out of	*Whittier*	1976
Nothing is dead but that which	*Young*	1932
"Nothing to do!" in this world		942
No; 'tis the tale which angry	*Churchill*	481
Not myself, but the truth	*Bonar*	2275
Not now, my child—a little more		2399
Not on a prayerless bed, not on a	*Mercer*	1146
Not on the gory field of fame	*Dewart*	1791
Not so quickly, fretted spirit	*Bonar*	542
Not to the ensanguined field	*Smollett*	548
Not to the swift nor to the strong	*Whittier*	2687
"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto	*G. L. Taylor*	2535
No war, or battle's sound	*Milton*	259
Not with the light and vain	*Bonar*	461
Not words alone it cost the Lord	*Cowper*	1226
Now came still evening on	*Milton*	2090
Now I feel—Of what coarse metal	*Shakespeare*	1101
"Now I lay me"—say it, darling		377
Now let us repose from our care	*Edmeston*	2699
Now shall the mangled stump	*Tupper*	3056
Now sober industry, illustrious	*Bruce*	1954
Now starting up among the	*Pollok*	2668
Now that the sun is gleaming		2333
Now the sun	*Bowring*	1141
Now the third and fatal conflict	*Tr. by Trench*	1229
Now Thou, by whom the world	*Gerhardt, tr.*	388
Now was the sun in western	*Milton*	619
Now with the cross, as with the	*Herbert*	409
No wrath of men or rage	*Herrick*	2619
Number the grains of sand		659
O Antioch, thou teacher of the	*Chester*	414
Oaths terminate, as Paul observes	*Cowper*	2400
O birds from out the east		2660
O blest of heaven, whom not the	*Akenside*	1917
O blest repentance, in thy	*Mitchell*	2652
Observe the dying father speak	*Swift*	2920
Observe the rising lily's snowy	*Thomson*	1337
O child! O new-born denizen	*Longfellow*	1959
O come in life's gay morning		993
O could I hope the wise and	*Bryant*	703
O *could* thy grave at home	*Arnold*	297
O day of rest and gladness	*C. Wordsworth*	2696
O Death! thou great invisible	*Colton*	709
O Death! with what an eye of	*Pollok*	728
O'er life's humblest duties throwing	*Whittier*	1191
O'er the rocks we climb		879
O ever-earnest sun	*Bonar*	1003
Of age's avarice I cannot see	*Denham*	188
O fairest of creation	*Milton*	35
O faith, thou workest miracles	*Faber*	1215
Of all antagonists, most charity	*Davenant*	1104
"Of all good works of men	*Tr. by Alger*	1553
Of all the causes which conspire	*Pope*	2575
Of all the creatures both in sea and	*Herbert*	2531
Of all the notable things on earth	*Saxe*	118
Of all the phantoms fleeting in	*Pollok*	1249
Of comely form she was	*Pollok*	2512
O fear not thou to die		1809

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
O fierce desire, the spring of sighs	*Brandon*	802
Of its own beauty is the mind	*Byron*	1916
Of lunacy—Innumerous were the	*Pollok*	1996
Of man immortal! hear the lofty	*Young*	1921
Of oil and cassia one the	*Persius, tr.*	2411
Of olden times, the fashion was	*Tupper*	1044
Of old sat Freedom on the	*Tennyson*	1086
O for the coming of the end		3071
O for the peace which floweth	*Crewdson*	1068
Of pleasure next the final	*Young*	2513
O Freedom!—thou art not as poets	*Bryant*	1891
Of all the trees that in earth's	*Pollok*	1804
Oft expectations fail, and most	*Shakespeare*	1183
Oft have I wished a traveller	*Harvey*	2838
Of the deep learning in the schools	*Little*	2560
Oft in my mansion would	*Bickersteth*	1714
Oft in the stilly night	*Moore*	2274
Oft weeping memory sits alone		1727
O gather roses while they blow	*Gleim, tr.*	771
O glorious paradise! O lovely	*Theophanes, tr.*	2445
O glorious world! thou art deck'd		670
O God! how beautiful the	*Cook*	1569
O God! methinks it were a	*Shakespeare*	1661
O God! my sins are manifold	*Heber*	1357
O God, thou bottomless abyss	*Breithaupt, tr.*	1484
O great bard!—Ere yet that	*Coleridge*	1607
O happiness of blindness! now	*Denham*	265
O happiness! our being's end and	*Pope*	1665
O happy house! Where thou art	*Spitta, tr.*	1875
O happy soul that lives on high	*Watts*	1666
O, have you not heard of a		1561
Oh! be thou zealous in thy youth	*Tr. by Alger*	3065
Oh! bring us home at last		1755
Oh, cursed, cursed Sin	*Pollok*	2854
O hearts that break and give no	*Holmes*	2318
O hearts that never cease to yearn		651
Oh! extravagance saileth in	*Swain*	1194
Oh for the robes of whiteness	*Smith*	673
Oh, happy once in Heaven's	*Heber*	2441
Oh happy they who reach that		2448
Oh happy you! who blessed with	*Tighe*	1653
Oh! have ye not marked on		2688
Oh! how impatience gains upon	*Tighe*	1184
O how portentous is prosperity	*Young*	2599
Oh, how the thought of God	*Faber*	2486
Oh, how will crime engender	*Colman*	1155
Oh, how wondrous is the story	*More*	1940
Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule	*Cook*	2529
Oh, if we are not bitterly deceived	*Willis*	1333
Oh, is it not a noble thing to die	*Willis*	145
Oh it is excellent	*Shakespeare*	184
Oh, it is very sweet to live	*Judson*	1918
Oh! it is worse than mockery to	*Whittier*	1232
Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air	*Strode*	2358
Oh! my offence is rank	*Shakespeare*	2346
Oh! never wear a brow of care		823
Oh, no—not even when first we	*Moore*	2192
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen	*Elliott*	384
O how happy are they	*C. Wesley*	530
O how weak—Is mortal man	*White*	2650
Oh, Paradise must fairer be	*Rückert, tr.*	2446
Oh, say not thou art left of God	*Newman*	797
Oh! selling of rum is the best	*Burleigh*	2693
Oh, that I could but mate him	*Maturin*	1676
Oh! the brave and the good	*Bailey*	1605
Oh! the world is but a word;	*Shakespeare*	1447
Oh think, my son, how wild	*Dale*	1066
Oh Thou who dry'st the mourner's	*Moore*	1626
Oh! timely happy, timely wise	*Keble*	2331

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Oh troubled soul, why thus	*Upham*	2600
Oh! weep for those that wept by	*Byron*	2038
Oh, weep not for the dead	*M. E. Brooks*	666
Oh what stupendous mercy shines	*Rippon*	1359
Oh, what terror in thy forethought	*P. Damiani, tr.*	732
Oh! who can strive	*White*	1119
Oh! who shall lightly say that	*Baillie*	1254
Oh, who would cease to love	*Judson*	2204
Oh! who would cherish life	*White*	893
Oh, why should the spirit of	*Knox*	2334
Oh, yet we trust that somehow	*Tennyson*	1540
O, I have passed a miserable	*Shakespeare*	918
O Imperial Babylon! where is the	*Tr. by Alger*	1130
O innocence, the sacred amulet	*Chapman*	1988
O jealousy—Thou ugliest fiend	*More*	2019
O King of earth, and air, and sea	*Heber*	1346
"O lady fair, these silks of mine	*Whittier*	250
Old friends and true friends	*Scrantom*	1411
Old Ironsides at anchor lay	*Morris*	752
Old men that on their staff	*Pollok*	2673
O! learn that it is only by the		1881
O, life and all its charms decay	*Percival*	2130
O, life is not pertect with	*Massey*	2250
O life misspent! O foulest waste	*Ward*	561
O Life! without thy checkered	*Wordsworth*	1237
O little feet! that such long years	*Longfellow*	372
O! lives there, heaven! beneath	*Campbell*	169
O loss of sight, of thee I most	*Milton*	266
O love-destroying, cursèd Bigotry	*Pollok*	253
O luxury—Bane of elated life	*Dyer*	2213
O man, forget not thou earth's		2837
O man, while in thy early years	*Burns*	2348
O momentary grace of mortal man	*Shakespeare*	1304
On a fair ship, borne swiftly	*Tr. by Trench*	201
On Alpine heights the love of God	*Krummacher, tr.*	1479
O Nature! what had'st thou to do	*Shakespeare*	1893
Once in the light of ages past	*Montgomery*	2173
Once more in the matter of	*Tupper*	1201
Once (says an author, when I need	*Pope*	2096
Once staggering blind with folly	*Oriental, tr.*	2281
Once Sultan Nushirvan the Just	*Oriental, tr.*	1169
Once the demon enters	*Chellis*	2001
Once this soft turf, this rivulet's	*Bryant*	2911
Once to every man and nation	*Lowell*	582
One adequate support	*Wordsworth*	503
One cross the less remains for me	*Bonar*	604
One day a blind man chanced to	*Gellert, tr.*	1780
One family we dwell in Him	*C. Wesley*	440
One Father, God, we own	*Frothingham*	782
One foot on earth, and one on sea	*Dale*	2870
One more unfortunate	*Hood*	819
One said, "Better a single drop	*Tr. by Alger*	2515
One sole baptismal sign	*Robinson*	1314
One struggle of might, and the		633
One sun by day, by night ten	*Young*	166
One sweetly solemn thought	*P. Cary*	1747
One sweet word of holy meaning	*Newbury*	2903
O, never from thy tempted heart		1365
On every human soul there lies	*Tr. by Alger*	791
One year among the angels	*Larcom*	1708
On high, where no hoarse winds	*Garth*	1373
On his pale brow the drops are	*Dale*	1458
On Horeb's rock the Prophet stood		1053
Only a few more burdens must we	*Ormsby*	1067
Only a tomb, no more	*Bonar*	1595
Only to Satan true	*Baxter*	789
Only waiting till the shadows		2420
O North, with all thy vales of		390
On Truth's substantial rock	*W. Holmes*	1852

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Onward, Christian soldiers	*Baring-Gould*	425
On what foundations stand the	*Johnson*	104
On what strange grounds we	*Dryden*	1292
O opportunity! thy guilt is	*Shakespeare*	2431
O Paradise! O Paradise	*Faber*	2444
Opening the map of God's	*Cowper*	2126
Open thine arms, O death, thou		708
O poverty of pride! O foul	*More*	2574
Oppressed with noonday's	*Bonar*	601
Order is Heaven's first law	*Milton*	2436
Orpheus, with his lute, made	*Shakespeare*	2361
O sacred Head! now wounded	*Gerhardt, tr.*	609
O safe at home, where the dark	*Bonar*	646
O Saviour! whose mercy severe in	*Grant*	886
O send me down a draught of l ve	*Erskine*	1860
O serpent heart, hid with a	*Shakespeare*	750
Or shall I say, Vain word	*Clough*	1048
O shame to man! Devil with Devil	*Milton*	883
O sometimes gleams upon our	*Whittier*	2460
O streams of earthly love and joy	*Bonar*	93
O that estates, degrees, and	*Shakespeare*	541
O that mine eye might closed be	*Ellwood*	803
O the burdens of the dreams that	*Alger*	2523
O there are gardens of the	*Watts*	2442
O! there is one affection which no	*Percival*	54
O, the wrath of the Lord is a	*Knox*	2352
O thou child of many prayers	*Longfellow*	2216
O Thou eternal One: whose	*Derzhavin, tr.*	1507
O Thou great Power! in whom I	*Wotton*	2616
O Thou most terrible, most	*Tighe*	682
O Thou Patron God	*Young*	628
O, Thou so weary of Thy self-		2967
O thou sweet king-killer, and	*Shakespeare*	1528
O Thou unutterable Potentate	*Borov, tr.*	763
O Thou! whose balance does the	*Young*	760
O thou world, great nurse of		1328
O Time! who know'st a lenient	*Bowles*	2867
O treacherous conscience! while	*Young*	485
O unexpected stroke, worse than	*Milton*	1036
O universal mother, who dost	*Shelley*	1011
O unseen Spirit! now a calm	*Sterling*	634
Our aim is happiness	*Armstrong*	1051
Our blest Redeemer, ere He	*Auber*	1813
Our Father	*Bernard*	2166
Our Father, God, who art in	*A. Judson*	2165
Our funeral tears from different	*Young*	2356
Our habits, costlier than Lucullus	*Cowper*	930
Our life is two-fold; sleep hath its	*Byron*	923
Our lives are rivers gliding free	*Manrique, tr.*	2150
Our many deeds, the thoughts that	*Faber*	1977
Our purses shall be proud, our	*Shakespeare*	138
Our remedies oft in ourselves do	*Shakespeare*	1083
Our waking dreams are fatal	*Young*	271
Our youth is like the opening day	*Loud*	2133
Out of shadow into sunlight	*Chellis*	622
Out of the fertile ground He caus'd	*Milton*	1034
Out of the shadows of sadness	*Ryan*	983
Over the river they beckon to me	*Priest*	1744
O watch and pray! for thou hast		2968
O what a patrimony this	*Young*	1929
O what a thing is man! how far	*Herbert*	1944
O what a treasure is a virtuous	*Chapman*	2989
O what is man, great Maker	*Davies*	2228
O, what is woman—what her smile		3012
O where are kings and empires now	*Coxe*	438
O, when will death	*Young*	710
O, who can hold a fire in his hand	*Shakespeare*	782
O world, O life, O time	*Shelley*	1090
O world thy slippery turns	*Shakespeare*	1415

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
O worship the King	*Grant*	1521
O worthy gift of heavenly love	*Selwyn*	1562
O years gone down into the past	*P. Cary*	511
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel'	*Burns*	322
O ye, whose hearts in secret	*Sigourney*	2465
Pain and sin are convicts, and toil	*Tupper*	1153
Pain, my old companion, pain	*C. Wesley*	2440
Pain's furnace-heat within me	*Sturm, tr.*	66
Passion, when deep, is still	*Percival*	2455
Patiently received from Thee	*C. Wesley*	1156
Patriots have toil'd and in their	*Cowper*	2254
Pause not to dream of the	*Osgood*	2084
Peace be to this habitation	*C. Wesley*	1263
Peace, peace; it is not so. Thou	*Vaughan*	864
Peace upon peace, like wave	*Bonar*	2479
Peace! what can tears avail	*Procter*	2454
Pearls before swine: this is an old	*Tupper*	950
Perceiv'st thou not the process of	*Ovid, tr.*	2141
Perhaps thou dost but try me	*Lillo*	2853
Perishing splendors, pass away	*Hastings*	745
Perseverance, dear my Lord	*Shakespeare*	1846
Perseverance is a virtue	*Havard*	2489
Persuade them then	*Wither*	1311
Philosophy—Did much	*Pollok*	2495
Physician of my sin-sick soul	*Newton*	792
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin		2503
"Pity" thee! So I do	*Willis*	2506
Placed for his trial on this	*Cowper*	2584
Place me on some desert shore	*Tupper*	2301
Pleasantly comest Thou	*Gallagher*	1140
Pleasure admitted in undue	*Cowper*	1117
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal	*Young*	2509
Poet and seer that question caught	*Brown*	2293
Pointing to such well might	*Rogers*	871
Policy counselleth a gift, given	*Tupper*	1465
Poor frighted men at sea	*Howard*	1850
Poor heart, lament	*Herbert*	845
Poor indeed thou must be	*List*	1974
Poor in my youth, and in	*Cowper*	2975
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful	*Shakespeare*	137
Power above powers! O	*Daniel*	1057
Praise a fool, and slay him; for	*Tupper*	456
Praise my soul, the King of	*Lyte*	1510
Praise the Lord of Heaven, praise	*Browne*	2534
Praise to God, immortal praise	*Barbauld*	2860
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	*Montgomery*	2548
Prayer surpasses human	*Barton*	2537
Prayer, the Church's banquet	*Herbert*	2541
Present example gets within our	*Young*	1168
Press to the mark (the Spirit	*Shakespeare*	2484
Primeval Hope, the Aönian muses	*Campbell*	1865
Productive was the world	*Pollok*	278
Profounder, profounder	*Emerson*	328
Prudence, thou virtue of the	*Nabb*	2670
Pupil, genuine wisdom learn	*Tr. by Alger*	2383
Quevedo, as he tells his sober	*Cowper*	3007
Rabia, sick upon her bed	*Oriental, tr.*	349
Rashly, nor ofttimes truly	*Tupper*	2048
Receive thy scourge by others	*Earl of Surrey*	348
Redeem we time	*Young*	26
Regard no vice as small	*Tr. by Alger*	2160
Rejoice for a brother deceased	*C. Wesley*	667
Rejoice though storms assail thee		2636
Religion, first, be made your	*S. Wesley, Jr.*	2893
Religion's all. Descending from	*Young*	2640
Rent were at once the floodgates	*Mant*	424
Repent! repent! repent	*Longfellow*	2041
Reserve will wound it; and	*Young*	1400
Rest of the weary	*Monsell*	387
Rest, weary dust, lie here an hour	*Bonar*	1586
Rest, weary soul		2669
Return, my soul, unto thy rest	*Montgomery*	2664
Ridicule is a weak weapon	*Tupper*	2684
Right from the hand of God	*Lowell*	2500
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild	*Tennyson*	2488
Rise from your dreams of the		3067
Rise, my soul! and stretch thy	*Seagrave*	416
Rise, said the Master, come	*Alford*	2011
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep	*Willard*	2407
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	*Toplady*	2692
Roll on, thou sun, forever roll	*Goethe*	2922
Roll round, strange years	*Craik*	2871
Rome, whose majesty	*May*	1709
"Room for the leper! room	*Willis*	2102
Rude was his garment, and to	*Spenser*	312
Sabbaths are threefold	*Herrick*	2701
Sad is our youth, for it is ever	*De Vere, tr.*	2140
Said I not so—that I would sin	*Herbert*	2048
Saint Augustine! well hast thou	*Longfellow*	1172
Salvation! oh the joyful	*Watts*	2707
Satan is busy in planting	*Quarles*	2711
Saviour, is there anything	*Kimball*	2410
Saviour! when, in dust, to Thee	*Grant*	2154
Say, is your lamp burning		2917
Say, my soul, what preparation	*Spitta, tr.*	1029
Say thou not sadly, "never," and	*Kemble*	1856
Say, what is gospel-preaching	*Mant*	2564
Say what is honor	*Wordsworth*	1843
Say, where full instinct is the	*Pope*	1999
Say, who can mourn	*Sigourney*	661
Say why was man so eminently	*Akenside*	2302
Scattered o'er various fields by	*Bowring*	1265
Sceptic, whoe'er thou art, tell, if	*Glynn*	486
Science moves, but slowly, slowly	*Tennyson*	2594
Scorn not the slightest word or		1046
Searching those edges of the	*Ingelow*	1457
Search starry mysteries overhead	*Allingham*	1435
Securely cabined in the ship	*Lynch*	2904
See Aaron, God's anointed priest	*Newton*	1
See before us in our journey	*Bryant*	712
See, high in air the sportive	*Young*	1372
See its power expand	*Sprague*	617
See Judah's promised king, bereft	*Cowper*	628
Seekest thou rest, O mortal	*Tupper*	2663
Seemeth not Love at times	*Trench*	2209
See the professor laboring	*Holmes*	913
See the rivers flowing	*Procter*	1471
See the shining dew-drops		1547
See where the tree its richest	*Holmes*	2854
See yonder cloud along the west	*Beecher*	1131
"Servant of God, well done	*Montgomery*	730
Serve not thy belly with such	*Tr. by Alger*	1136
Service, there is rest	*Bickersteth*	1780
Shall I be slave to every noble	*Ingelow*	2134
Shall I desert him now	*Hents*	2181
Shall man alone, whose fate	*Young*	2061
Shallow artifice begets suspicion	*Congreve*	149
She had seen—All of earth's year	*Bickersteth*	197
Sheik Schubli, taken sick, was	*Tr. by Alger*	1424
She is coming, my own, my sweet	*Tennyson*	2194
She saw; she took; she ate	*C. Wesley*	1197
She stood outside the gate of		2490
She taught us how to live	*Burleigh*	1551
Should the well-meant songs	*Ken*	2357
Should you ever be one of a	*Cook*	2971
Shrink not from suffering	*Upham*	871
Shun delays, they breed remorse	*Southwell*	766
Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever	*Hood*	2578

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Shun such as lounge through	*Holmes*	2879
Sickness is a school severe	*Elliott*	2846
Silence! though the flames	*Cratk*	2252
Since Adam's family, from first	*Young*	2055
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth	*Shakespeare*	210
Since o'er Thy footstool here	*Mühlenberg*	1729
Six years had passed, and forty ere	*Crabbe*	74
Slight those who say amidst	*Herbert*	2692
Slowly fashioned, link by link	*Davis*	1649
Smiling, a bright-eyed seraph		1958
Smite on! It doth not hurt me	*Upham*	2897
So artists melt the sullen ore of		1081
So build we up the being that we	*Wordsworth*	331
So, Christian! though gloomy	*Patterson*	500
So dear to heaven is saintly	*Milton*	351
So dying men receive vain	*Davenant*	454
So fair is man, that death	*Quarles*	2234
So fallen! so lost! the light	*Whittier*	2894
So from the heights of will	*Holmes*	1398
Softly!—she is lying	*Eastman*	662
Softly, softly falleth the snow	*Chapman*	2280
Softly the penitent		2483
Soldiers of Christ, arise	*C. Wesley*	1001
Solemnly, mournfully	*Longfellow*	2393
Solemn praise—And prayers	*Lettice*	1559
So live that when the mighty		1124
So many good lessons	*Skelton*	645
So many worlds, so much to do	*Tennyson*	120
Some angel guide my pencil	*Young*	1523
Some are serving, some	*Horne*	2149
Some deluded minds	*Hayes*	816
Some dreams were useless—moved	*Pollok*	922
Some fretful tempers wince at	*Cowper*	1399
Some go to church, proud humbly	*Young*	435
Some love the glow of outward	*Swain*	463
Some of their chiefs were princes	*Dryden*	1943
Some of your hurts you have cured	*Tr. by Emerson*	1159
Some other kind of wits must	*Dryden*	2098
Some play for gain; to pass	*Heath*	1444
Some say that kissing 's a sin		2077
Some seem to live—Whose hearts	*Bailey*	1690
Some spot there is, some cherished	*Bowring*	1828
Something light as air—a look	*Moore*	2244
Sometime, O Lord! at least in	*Wither*	1443
Sometimes a light surprises	*Newton*	452
Sometimes I upward lift mine	*Upham*	1801
Sometimes we feel the wish across	*Bailey*	1009
Son of the carpenter, receive	*C. Wesley*	2086
Soon and forever	*Monsell*	498
Soon as himself man knows	*Tr. by Alger*	1349
Sore was the famine throughout	*Grahame*	1271
Sorrows humanize our race		2169
Sorrow, suspense, desire	*Oriental, tr.*	2873
Sorrow was a ship, I found	*Ingelow*	1062
So said, he raised, according to	*Ingelow*	2151
Soul of the world, All-seeing Eye	*Peter*	2426
Souls of men! why will ye scatter	*Faber*	2012
Sounds the trumpet from afar	*Bonar*	2961
Sour discontent, that quarrels	*Blackmore*	877
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	*Ryland*	1354
So when of old the Almighty	*Dryden*	2632
So willingly doth God remit	*Milton*	557
Sow on in faith		1971
So work the honey-bees	*Shakespeare*	1565
Spake full well in language quaint	*Longfellow*	1339
Speak not of vengeance	*Layard*	2681
Speak the height of honor	*Massinger*	1848
Speak gently! it is better far	*Bates*	1456
Spirit! whose life-sustaining	*Hemans*	3048

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Spite of all the fools that pride	*Stillingfleet*	2580
Sporting through the forest wide	*Howitt*	2156
Stand but your ground, your	*Ken*	545
Stand the omnipotent decree	*C. Wesley*	1076
Stand up for the cold-water	*G. L. Taylor*	1?
Stars are of mighty use: the night	*Vaughan*	41?
Stay, mortal, stay; nor heedless		93?
"Stay till I bring the cup which	*Homer, tr.*	2995
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God	*Wordsworth*	949
Stern Duty rose, and frowning	*Wolfe*	939
Still hope! still act! Be sure	*Sterling*	1953
Still shines the light of holy	*Whittier*	1164
Still seems it strange that thou	*Young*	1928
Still, still without ceasing	*Guyon, tr.*	1230
Strange glory streams through	*Massey*	736
Stronger than thunder's winged	*Horace, tr.*	152?
Study with care, politeness	*Stillingfleet*	552
Such dupes are men to custom	*Cowper*	621
"Suffer that little children come	*Grahame*	266
Summer ebbs; each day that	*Longfellow*	2118
Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour	*Keble*	1143
Surely, yon heaven, where	*Bonar*	1748
Survey the magnet's sympathetic	*Smart*	2493
Suspended on the cross! On His	*Layard*	607
Sweet are the joys of Home	*Bowring*	1824
Sweet are the thoughts that	*Greene*	2295
Sweet babe!—She glanced	*Cunningham*	199
Sweet baby, sleep! what ails	*Wither*	1962
Sweet Eden was the arbor of	*Fletcher*	1038
Sweet is the pleasure	*Dwight*	2666
Sweet peace, where dost thou dwell	*Herbert*	2481
Sweet Sensibility! thou keen	*More*	2840
Sweet stream, that winds through	*Cowper*	2215
Sweet the moments, rich in	*Shirley*	602
Swiftly and straight each tongue	*Keble*	1806
Take of some bitter tree a shoot	*Oriental, tr.*	2873
Talents angel-bright	*Young*	2284
Tauler, the preacher, walked one	*Whittier*	1218
Tears are not always fruitful	*Bonar*	2928
Tell him that his very longing	*Dscheladeddin, tr.*	153
Tell me not in mournful numbers	*Longfellow*	20
Tell me, some god! my guardian	*Young*	719
Tell me the old, old story		895
Tell me the song of the beautiful	*Massey*	2427
Tell me, where is fancy bred	*Shakespeare*	1273
Tell me why the ant	*Prior*	1991
Tell me, ye wingèd winds	*Mackay*	1662
Ten poor men sleep in peace on	*Oriental, tr.*	508
Thank God for little children		2973
That awful, that tremendous day	*Hodgson*	672
That fair female troop thou saw'st	*Milton*	3020
That Garden, where of old our		1469
That glorious burst of winged	*Tupper*	3023
That great Day of wrath and	*Tr. by Neal*	642
That mighty faith on me bestow	*C. Wesley*	1222
That monster, Custom	*Shakespeare*	13
The abuse of greatness is, when	*Shakespeare*	108
The advocate for him who offered	*Pollok*	284
The Almighty King	*Hayes*	2423
The angry word suppressed, the	*More*	1634
The animals as once in Eden	*Pollok*	2288
The appearance, instantaneously	*Wordsworth*	1705
The ark received her freightage	*Bickersteth*	1335
The Assyrian came down like	*Byron*	2934
The Author God Himself	*Pollok*	249
The Autumn is old	*Hood*	187
The band of thy resolve is a fine	*Tr. by Alger*	806
The Banyan of the Indian isle		437

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
The bell strikes one. We take no	*Young*	2874
The bigot theologian in minute	*Pollok*	251
The bird, let loose in eastern skies	*T. Moore*	155
The birds, against the April wind	*Whittier*	2957
The bird that soars on highest	*Montgomery*	1888
The bird that to the evening sings	*Swain*	1970
The black camel, Death, kneeleth	*Tr. by Alger*	733
The blessings which the poor and	*Taifourd*	346
The Book is opened and the seal	*Bally*	2059
The book of God! And is there a	*Mant*	246
The boy stood on the burning deck	*Hemans*	1320
The branch is stooping to thy hand	*Smedley*	748
The brave man is not he who feels	*Batllie*	546
The breaking waves dashed	*Hemans*	2505
The bright, black eye, the melting	*Holmes*	1198
The brightest blossom soonest	*Percival*	990
The brooks rush downward to the	*Upham*	901
The business of the world is child's	*Trench*	302
The chariot! the chariot	*Milman*	2057
The charms of eloquence	*Embury*	1056
The cheerful supper done	*Burns*	1269
The child leans on its parents	*Williams*	1206
The child-like faith, that asks	*Keble*	1231
The Christian's faith hath many	*Pollok*	408
The churl who holds it heresy	*Sprague*	558
The clock is on the stroke of six	*Howitt*	1298
The cloud-capt towers, the	*Shakespeare*	744
The cocoa-palm leaves infidels	*Tr. by Alger*	799
The cows are lowing along the		362
The crisis of man's destiny is now	*Tupper*	2385
The cross it standeth fast	*Bonar*	598
The curfew tolls the knell of	*T. Gay*	442
The daily labor of the bee	*J. Gray*	2379
The day is cold, and dark, and	*Longfellow*	641
The death-bed of the just! is yet	*Young*	679
The deeds of reasonable men	*Pollok*	755
The deeds which selfish hearts	*Dewart*	1236
The deed ye do is the prayer ye	*Burleigh*	756
The distaff, needle, all domestic	*Pollok*	1285
The distant prospects always seem	*White*	1181
The doors, that knew no shrill	*Thomson*	1946
The dust instead of water drank	*Bickersteth*	1073
The earth gave symptoms of	*Pollok*	1075
The earth is full of discords, for		882
The earth is full of life	*Dana*	2129
The earth sad-sweet is deeply		1014
Thee have thousands sought in	*Trench*	1895
The epoch ends, the world is still	*Arnold*	75
Thee we adore, eternal Name	*Watts*	678
The fairest action of our human	*Carew*	1986
The fairest pearls that northern		2198
The Fallen looked on the world	*Carmichael*	1532
The family is a little book		1259
The feeble sea-bird, blinded	*Holmes*	2718
The fine and noble way to kill a foe	*Aleyn*	1080
The fire of God is soon to fall	*Keble*	911
The first time that the sun rose on	*E. B. Browning*	61
The flags of war-like storm-birds	*Whittier*	2960
The flying rumors gather'd	*Pope*	2695
The foe behind, the deep before	*Neale*	1030
The foolish camel begged of Allah	*Tr. by Alger*	1102
The fountain of my heart dried up	*Maturin*	809
The gift to King Amphion	*Wordsworth*	2360
The glories of our birth and state	*Shirley*	685
The glorious sun is gone	*Ware, Jr.*	626
The God of Abraham praise	*Olivers*	1480
The God of nature and of Grace	*Montgomery*	574
The golden age was first: when	*Tr. by Dryden*	76
The golden opportunity		1450

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
The good man's hope is laid	*White*	1872
The good man suffers but to gain	*Goldsmith*	49
The gospel's glorious hope	*Sigourney*	1555
The great human whirlpool	*Craik*	2931
The Greeks said grandly, in	*E. B. Browning*	1659
The groves were God's first temples	*Bryant*	1355
The hand that rounded Peter's	*Emerson*	293
The happy Christmas comes once	*Tr. by Krauth*	422
The harp at Nature's advent	*Whittier*	2380
The harvest dawn is near	*Burgess*	1672
The harvest of the earth is fully	*Pollok*	1074
The heart has tendrils like a vine	*J. Bowring*	1041
The heart is like the sky	*Byron*	1685
The heart—the heart! oh! let it	*Cook*	1316
The heavenly home is bright and	*Hunter*	1743
The heavens are a point from	*Jones*	572
The highest glory is not where	*Punshon*	2702
The husbandman, who sluggishly	*Pollok*	2386
The ills that darken life	*Eastburn*	1700
The immortal gods	*Massinger*	846
Their glory faded, and their race	*Cowper*	2039
Their lost they have, they hold	*Ingelow*	2042
The keenest pangs the wretched	*Byron*	1900
The king was on his throne	*Byron*	829
The lady lay in her bed	*Hood*	340
The lamp of revelation only shows	*Cowper*	243
The latter rain—it falls	*Very*	2620
The leaves around me falling	*S. F. Smith*	2111
The Life above, the Life on high	*St. Teresa, tr.*	661
The light-house founded on a rock	*Montgomery*	433
The lion craved the fox's art	*J. Gay*	878
The lion's feet, the lion's lips	*Buchanan*	2258
The little children on the stairway	*Larcom*	944
The lopped tree in time may grow	*Southwell*	326
The Lord our God is clothed with	*White*	1508
The Lord will grace and glory	*Montgomery*	1570
The lost days of my life until	*D. G. Rossetti*	644
The love of praise, howe'er	*Young*	2533
The man, perhaps	*Bally*	46
The marriage supper of the	*Bickersteth*	2093
The master came one evening	*Oriental, tr.*	2026
The man that doth wed a	*Skelton*	2245
The melancholy days are come	*Bryant*	1338
The mightier man, the mightier	*Shakespeare*	1609
The might of one fair face	*J. E. Taylor*	3009
"The mighty power that formed	*Watts*	2251
The mind has no *to-day*	*Hervey*	2294
The mind that broods o'er guilty	*Byron*	488
The miser must make up his	*Prior*	894
The mistakes of my life are many	*Locke*	1883
The moon was shining yet	*Willis*	1459
The Moor's abused by some	*Shakespeare*	2810
The morning flowers display their	*S. Wesley, Jr.*	869
The mother in her office holds the		2345
The multitude of angels with a	*Milton*	122
The muse disgusted at an age	*Berkeley*	115
Then before all they stand	*Rogers*	2991
Then ceremony leads her bigots	*Cowper*	324
Then is the time—For those	*Thomson*	1337
The noble heart that harbors	*Spenser*	515
Then straight to Envy's cell she	*Tooke*	1099
Then to side with Truth is noble	*Lowell*	1793
Then why this ceaseless, vain	*Horace, tr.*	2315
The oak-tree's boughs once touched		1655
The ocean looketh up to heaven	*Whittier*	2409
The old Scythians—Painted blind	*Chapman*	1876
The oracles are dumb	*Milton*	258
The outworn rite, the old	*Whittier*	2634
The owlet Atheism	*Coleridge*	170

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
The pah was settled	*Willis*	8
The Paradise below, well named	*Bickersteth*	2443
The parlor spaniel, when he	*Southey*	2313
The past is a dream	*Tr. by Alger*	2145
The path of sorrow, and that path	*Cowper*	865
The pilgrim and the stranger, who	*E. J. Whittier*	222
The pious man—In this bad	*White*	1214
The Poet sees	*Longfellow*	2621
The poor man counteth not the	*Tupper*	465
The potter must have his day	*Tupper*	2717
The preacher's merit rate not by	*Brown*	2559
The present! what is it?		2570
The Prophet once, sitting in	*Bayard Taylor*	3001
The pulpit, therefore (and I name	*Cowper*	2608
The pure, the bright, the beautiful	*Dickens*	1972
The quality of mercy is not	*Shakespeare*	2278
The rascal, thinking from his	*Tr. by Alger*	333
There are a number of us creep	*Watts*	1180
There are a sort of men, whose	*Shakespeare*	473
There are dark hours of sadness	*Novalis, tr.*	817
There are gains for all our losses	*Stoddard*	3062
There are hopes—Promising well	*Willis*	179
There are in this loud, stunning	*Keble*	1696
There are moments in life	*Percival*	2677
There are points from which we	*Bailey*	2404
There are three lessons I would	*Schiller, tr.*	1577
There are who fondly call upon	*Bickersteth*	653
There are who sigh that no fond	*Keble*	311
There be three grand principles	*Tupper*	2900
There be who have made themselves	*Tupper*	2219
There breathes no being but	*Holmes*	2518
There came a little child, with		670
Therefore, love and believe	*Longfellow*	1221
Therefore, now a last good-night	*Arndt, tr.*	664
Therefore, their latter journey	*Morris*	2418
There hand in hand, firm	*Bonar*	2983
There in her den, lay pompous	*May*	2214
There is a book, who runs may	*Keble*	1485
There is a bird who, by his coat	*Bourne, tr.*	2713
There is a calm for those	*Montgomery*	1600
There is a dungeon in whose dim	*Byron*	55
There is a fairy skiff	*Tupper*	2890
There is a family on earth	*Kelly*	415
There is a fire-fly	*P. J. Bailey*	81
There is a fire that has its birth	*Percival*	1614
There is a fountain fill'd	*Cowper*	2705
"There is a God," all nature cries	*Montgomery*	1965
There is a heaven yet to rest my	*Shirley*	450
There is a holy city		1736
There is a land, of every land the	*Montgomery*	2473
There is a land of pure delight	*Watts*	1765
There is a lamp whose steady light	*Betts*	239
There is an eye that never sleeps		2547
There is an hour of peaceful rest	*Tappan*	1757
There is a joy, which angels well	*Mant*	3050
There is a place in a black and	*Ford*	1776
There is a place where my *hopes*	*Hunter*	1726
There is a power—Mightier than	*Bickersteth*	1643
There is a power—Unseen, that	*Thomson*	2601
There is a precious day	*Montgomery*	638
There is a pure and tranquil wave	*Ball*	2139
There is a Reaper, whose name is	*Longfellow*	368
There is a River, deep and broad	*Hurn*	1815
There is a solemn hymn goes up		2384
There is a spot of consecrated	*Elliott*	1575
There is a story told	*Whittier*	2480
There is a stream, which issues	*Mason*	1810
There is a stream whose narrow tide		729
There is a tide in the affairs of	*Shakespeare*	2429
There is a time, we know not when	*Alexander*	582
There is a twilight dawning	*Percival*	2107
There is no death! The stars go	*Lytton*	714
There is no flock, however watched	*Longfellow*	227
"There is no God," the foolish saith	*E. B. Browning*	1878
There is no greater evil among	*Tupper*	2977
There is no joy unmixed with	*Dewart*	2044
There is no pause in the vast		2362
There is no power in holy men	*Byron*	482
There is no spot, or high or low	*Bowring*	1832
There is to whom all things	*Tupper*	2299
There is some soul of goodness	*Shakespeare*	1161
The rich man's son inherits lands	*Lowell*	1784
The roots of fairest bloom lie	*Bickersteth*	2255
The roseate hues of early dawn	*Alexander*	1767
The rout is Folly's circle, which	*Cowper*	1282
There's a charm in deliv'ry	*Welby*	1055
There's a fount about to stream	*Mackay*	2589
There's a good time coming, boys	*Mackay*	447
There's a grim one-horse hearse	*Noel*	2476
There's music ever in the kindly	*McKellar*	2363
There's no dearth of kindness	*Massey*	2073
There's not a star the heaven can	*Keble*	821
There's naught so monstrous but	*Lillo*	2938
There's winter on the hills	*Punshon*	2101
There wanted yet the master-work	*Milton*	2221
There was a people once by wisest	*Oriental, tr.*	1847
There was a time when meadow	*Wordsworth*	1925
The sacred book, its value	*Cowper*	2257
The saints on earth, when sweetly	*Ken*	1738
The saints should never be	*Cowper*	1306
The scale—of being is a graduated	*Willis*	332
These are the crowns that we	*Bonar*	1734
The seas are quiet when the winds	*Waller*	80
These are Thy glorious works	*Milton*	578
The seasons came and went	*Pollok*	2382
These, as they change, Almighty	*Thomson*	2723
The seed, the insentient seed	*Thomas*	2667
The seraph Abdiel, faithful found	*Milton*	1233
These stars though unbeheld	*Milton*	120
These violent delights have	*Shakespeare*	1195
The sexton tolling his bell at	*Emerson*	1166
The shades of night were falling	*Longfellow*	1171
The sick in body call for aid	*Young*	796
The sickliest leaf	*Sigourney*	1340
The silent volume listeneth	*Tupper*	2624
The sixth, and of creation last	*Milton*	128
The slaves of custom and	*Cowper*	1645
The smallest bark on life's	*Bolton*	1978
The solemn hymn, to ancient	*Bogart*	2356
The solemn mountain lifts its		1967
The space of sev'n continued	*Milton*	1038
The spacious firmament on high	*Addison*	576
The Spirit of God	*Hey*	1812
The spirits I have raised	*Byron*	810
The spring-tide hour	*Monsell*	841
The stall-fed ox, that is grown fat	*Quarles*	1981
The star is not extinguished when	*Bonar*	707
The stately homes of England	*Hemans*	1836
The stoutest armor of defense is	*Tupper*	355
The strong right arm is only		2639
The sun gives ever; so the earth		1470
The sun of justice may withdraw	*Bally*	2065
The tempting stream, with	*Milton*	1775
The theatre was from the very first	*Pollok*	2362
The thing we long for, that we are	*Lowell*	2164
The thirsty rivers drink their	*A. Brontë*	2930
The time for toil has passed	*Akers*	1670
The tongue is the key of the	*Tr. by Alger*	2300

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
The tongues of dying men	*Shakespeare*	986
The trodden worm will turn again	*C. Wesley*	1157
The true friend is not he who holds	*Tr. by Alger*	1403
The trump of God by Michael	*Bickersteth*	3047
The unbeliever—Despising reason	*Pollok*	172
The valley stream is frozen	*B. Taylor*	2998
The value of a thought can	*P. J. Bailey*	24
The venom clamors of a jealous	*Shakespeare*	2019
The very elements, though each be	*Cowper*	832
The voice of free grace cries	*Thornby*	1568
The waking cock, that early	*Gascoigne*	2332
The wall said to the nail	*Tr. by Alger*	317
The weakness we lament	*Johnson*	1305
The wheels of fortune, rapid in its	*Warren*	1374
The wicked giant, Bali, had	*Tr. by Alger*	139
The wild woods are my chosen	*Percival*	460
The winds that played, now brisk	*Barnes*	1853
The winter being over	*Collins*	2997
The winter night of the world		2963
The wise and active conquer	*N. Rowe*	1082
The wise man, said the Bible	*Pollok*	2233
The Wise (minstrel or sage), out	*Lytton*	277
The witnesses are heard: the	*Young*	1933
The woman singeth at her	*E. B. Browning*	848
The word of the Lord by night	*Emerson*	1389
The world can neither give nor	*Mason*	868
The world for sale, hang out the	*Hoyt*	3040
The world goes up and the world	*Kingsley*	325
The world in all its boasted	*Hayes*	1026
The world is full of poetry	*Percival*	2519
The world is still deceived with	*Shakespeare*	140
The world is too much with us	*Wordsworth*	3042
The world is very evil	*Bernard of Morlaix, tr.*	2023
The world is wise, for the world	*Faber*	2919
The worldling first of all	*Pollok*	3044
The world's a room of sickness	*Keble*	2070
The world wants men—large		2277
The world with stones instead		2928
The wounded heart is prone	*Southey*	2354
They, and they only, amongst all	*Cowper*	2040
They are all gone into the world	*Vaughan*	650
They are gathering homeward	*Leslie*	675
They are God's minst'ring spirits	*Mant*	124
They are mockery all—these skies	*Hoffman*	1095
They came on—Bearing a body	*Willis*	2310
They eat—Their daily bread and	*Lamb*	167
They err who measure life by	*Procter*	2128
They gave to Thee	*Jeremy Taylor*	2412
They grew in beauty, side by side	*Hemans*	1261
They hear His voice	*Bonar*	2843
They know, who thus oppress me	*Guyon, tr.*	457
They love their blessed Leader	*Upham*	404
They say that esteem is a diamond	*Percival*	39
They say this life is but a wreath	*Judson*	2125
They say, who know the life divine	*Keble*	2253
They talk of short-lived pleasure	*Bryant*	2364
They tell me a solemn story, but it		715
They tell me I am shrewd with	*Howe*	1406
They that have power to hurt	*Shakespeare*	535
Thick as billows of the seas	*Bungay*	938
Th' infernal serpent; he it was	*Milton*	837
Think, and be careful what thou	*Byron*	807
Think deeply, then, O man	*Young*	2225
Think not too meanly of thy low	*Holmes*	379
Think'st thou there are no serpents	*Baillie*	1896
Think'st thou there is no tyranny	*Byron*	2913
Think'st thou to be concealed	*Sigourney*	2645
Think you, indeed, Fate is unkind		2526
This book is all that's left me now	*Morris*	241
This Book unfolds Jehovah's mind		3091
This holy book I'd rather own		238
This is not my place of resting	*Bonar*	2661
This is the desert, this the	*Young*	1020
This is the hour when memory	*Wilson*	1139
This is the slowest, yet the	*Davies*	1679
This man of half a million	*Southey*	344
This pretty bird, oh! how she flies	*Bunyan*	915
This world is all a fleeting show	*Moore*	751
This world is but the rugged	*Manrique, tr.*	2148
This world that we so highly prize	*Raffles*	445
Those evening bells! those	*T. Moore*	161
Those that fly may fight again	*Butler*	563
Those we love can never perish	*Bedell*	2266
Thou art gone to the grave	*Heber*	1592
Thou art in heaven, and I am	*Bonar*	652
Thou askest why Christ, so lenient	*Lytton*	1212
Thou blind man's mark; thou	*Sidney*	801
Thou cam'st not to thy place by	*Trench*	92
Though all our violets, sweet	*Craik*	2416
Though all the precious	*C. Wesley*	2588
Though earth has still many a	*Barton*	1707
Though hearts brood o'er the	*Massey*	256
Though history on her	*Montgomery*	27
Though its inhabitants	*Bickersteth*	2007
Though the mills of God grind	*Tr. by Longfellow*	2675
Though they, each tome of human		442
Thought is deeper than all speech	*Cranch*	2014
Thou hast a charmed cup	*Hemans*	1256
Thou hast a mind; intellect	*Tupper*	2229
Thou hast seen many sorrows	*Tupper*	134
Thou hop'st with sacrifice of	*Persius, tr.*	192
"Thou know'st the words, King	*Aytoun*	1683
Thou, Lord! art all in all, and	*Bowring*	1500
Thou, Lord, who rear'st the	*Sterling*	1481
Thou must be true thyself		497
Thou must chain thy passions	*Cook*	2457
Thou palsied earth, with noonday	*Heber*	613
Thou 'rt passing hence, my	*Hemans*	657
Thou sail'st with others in this	*Herrick*	2046
Thou shalt have no gods	*Watts*	455
Thou shalt have one God only	*Clough*	742
Thou sparkling bowl	*Pierpont*	15
Thou, too, O Church! which here		432
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of	*Longfellow*	2921
Thou to whom the world unknown	*Collins*	1310
Thou that would'st find	*Tr. by Alger*	2733
Thou unrelenting Past	*Bryant*	2461
Three hungry travellers found a	*Oriental, tr.*	1533
Threescore and ten, by common	*Planché*	2116
Thrice blessed is the man with	*Hood*	2303
Thrice happy nation! Favorite	*Hodson*	2040
Thrice happy! thrice blest the	*Pollok*	2291
"Through me, ye go into the	*Dante, tr.*	1777
Through night to light! And	*Kosegarten, tr.*	603
Throughout the world if it were	*Wyatt*	473
Through the blue immense	*E. B. Browning*	28
Through the love of God our	*Bowly*	1667
Thundering and bursting	*Arnold*	78
Thus began—Outrage from lifeless	*Milton*	1238
Thus came—The day that many	*Pollok*	2050
Thus did a choking wanderer	*Tr. by Alger*	2978
Thus ever in the steps of grief	*Woodbridge*	1628
Thus far did I come laden with	*Bunyan*	2447
"Thus it is written." Where?	*Allingham*	903
Thus runs Death's dread	*Young*	683
Thus said Jesus: "Go and do	*Roscoe*	1539
Thus some retire to nourish	*Cowper*	2674
Thus stood they mixed	*Pollok*	2841

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Thus then to man the voice	*Pope*	2378
Thus they the representative of	*Pollok*	1032
Thus was beauty sent from	*Akenside*	217
Thy functions are ethereal	*Wordsworth*	1678
Thy great name—In all its	*Bailey*	1516
Thy life's a warfare, thou a	*Quarles*	547
Thy mother's joy, thy father's	*Dobell*	359
Thy neighbor? It is he whom		2387
Thyself and thy belongings	*Shakespeare*	2944
Thyself first know—then love	*Young*	2839
Thy thoughts are here, my God	*Bonar*	237
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	*Bonar*	2657
Thy word is like a garden, Lord	*Hodder*	248
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	*Bonar*	399
Till love appear, we live in	*Waller*	2196
Time hath a wallet at his back	*Shakespeare*	1983
Time is earnest, passing by		1004
Time is like a fashionable host	*Shakespeare*	1279
Time is weeping on the earth for	*Burleigh*	724
Time's glory is to calm contending	*Shakespeare*	2878
'Tis a blessing to live, but a	*Mitchell*	1585
'Tis a fearful building upon	*Smith*	2851
'Tis but in that *which doth create*	*Lytton*	2863
'Tis but one family—the sound is	*Edmeston*	1262
'Tis coming up the steep of time	*Massey*	1386
'Tis education forms the common	*Pope*	1043
'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus		856
'Tis first the true and then the	*Bonar*	2435
'Tis from high life high	*Pope*	2520
'Tis granted, and no plainer truth	*Cowper*	1000
'Tis heaven begun below	*Swain*	1316
'Tis her privilege	*Wordsworth*	2377
'Tis home where'er the heart is		1695
'Tis just, that God should not be	*Guyon, tr.*	2174
'Tis night, and the landscape is	*Beattie*	844
'Tis night: behold, as if by death	*Mant*	272
'Tis not because I sprung from	*S. Wesley, Jr.*	1882
'Tis not for man to trifle	*Bonar*	2121
'Tis not the food, but the content	*Herrick*	1313
'Tis not the infant's feeble grasp		2028
'Tis not the stoic's lesson got by	*Rowe*	731
'Tis not the want of time, nor		3053
'Tis not the wealth that makes	*Seneca, tr.*	2396
'Tis not to cry God mercy	*Quarles*	2633
'Tis past—the sultry tyrant of the	*Barbauld*	1769
'Tis pleasant purchasing our	*Byron*	539
'Tis religion that can give	*Masters*	2641
'Tis said that a lion will turn	*Byron*	2617
'Tis sweet to think when	*Curry*	1782
'Tis the last rose of summer	*Moore*	462
'Tis the sublime of man	*Coleridge*	1385
'Tis thus we gain by losing	*Bonar*	2170
'Tis time this heart should be	*Byron*	813
'Tis with our judgments as	*Pope*	2058
'Tis woman's to nourish affection's		3017
'Tis your office, spirits bright	*Rist, tr.*	119
To aim at thy own happiness	*Tupper*	1650
To be or not to be, that is the	*Shakespeare*	663
To cheer, to help us, children of	*Bayard Taylor*	2464
To close the eyes on earth	*Mant*	1773
To critic cold and sly God never	*Tr. by Alger*	1489
To-day is added to our time	*Montgomery*	2888
To-day while the sun shines	*Clark*	2886
To do or not to do; to have	*C. Wesley*	17
To gild refined gold, to paint	*Shakespeare*	2485
To heaven approached a	*Tr. by Alger*	2704
To him who, in the love of Nature	*Bryant*	2339
Toil, and be glad! let Industry	*Thomson*	1950
Toil on, faint not, keep watch	*Bonar*	2488
Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral	*Sigourney*	1951
To Jehovah, God of might	*Bonar*	1496
To keep the lamp alive	*Cowper*	786
To languish for his native air	*C. Wesley*	688
To live in darkness—in despair	*Colton*	1740
Toll for the fair	*Percival*	208
To me remains nor place nor time	*Guyon, tr.*	900
To mortal men great loads	*Herrick*	2524
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and	*Shakespeare*	2585
To-morrow, did'st thou say?	*Cotton*	2586
To-morrow, whispereth weakness	*Tupper*	2889
Too late I stayed—forgive the	*Spencer*	2881
To other sight of horrible dismay	*Pollok*	947
To overcome in battle, and subdue	*Milton*	1796
To picture that cold pride so harsh	*Hood*	1897
To purchase heaven, has gold the	*Johnson*	1537
Torches were blazing clear	*Hemans*	939
Tossed with rough winds, and		2033
To see what gems lie hidden	*Massey*	1938
To tell the Saviour all my wants	*Cowper*	385
To tell thy mis'ries will no	*Randolph*	471
To the sound of timbrels sweet	*Milman*	2081
To think for aye! to breathe	*Allston*	1935
To thy heart take faith	*Hooper*	1220
To weary hearts, to mourning	*Whittier*	2466
To what am I reserved? Great	*C. Wesley*	1641
To what gulf—A single deviation	*Byron*	1643
To whom do lions cast their	*Baillie*	2655
To whom thus Michael: "Death	*Milton*	668
To whom thus Michael with	*Milton*	1509
To you, your father should be as a	*Shakespeare*	1299
Tread softly—bow the head	*Bowles*	2475
Trembling before Thine awful	*Hillhouse*	1358
Trip lightly over trouble		820
Triumphant faith	*Tatham*	1224
Trouble, and loss, and grief, and	*C. Wesley*	853
True faith and reason are the	*Quarles*	1227
True faith nor biddeth nor	*Bailey*	3051
True happiness had no localities	*Pollok*	1660
True happiness is not the	*Sheridan*	1662
True liberty was Christian	*Pollok*	2104
True love is but a humble	*Lowell*	2206
True modesty is a discerning	*Cowper*	2326
Trust is great in either world	*Tupper*	2916
Trust not these seas again	*Bonar*	862
Trust payeth homage unto truth	*Tupper*	1838
Truth is eternal, but her effluence	*Lowell*	2909
Truth is in each flower	*Bacon*	2910
Truth, Modesty, and Shame	*Tr. by Dryden*	77
Tumble me down, and I will sit	*Herrick*	1869
Turn thou thine eyes from each	*Tr. by Alger*	95
Turn to the prudent ant thy	*Jonson*	133
'Twas a lovely thought to mark	*Hemans*	1342
'Twas in the prime of summer	*Hood*	919
'Twas when the sea's tremendous		1295
Two altars are upreared in	*Churchill*	3046
Two barks met on the deep mid-sea	*Hemans*	1419
Two birds within one nest		1835
Two faithful needles, from the	*Akenside*	163
Two hands upon the breast	*Craik*	884
Two of far nobler shape	*Milton*	33
Two spirits met	*P. Palmer*	2305
Two went to pray? O, rather say	*Crashaw*	2556
Two worlds there are. To one our		1768
Tyme is a thing that no man	*Skelton*	2432
Types of eternal rest, fair buds	*Barton*	2697
Ulysses, sailing by the Siren's isle	*Trench*	96
Unconfined—By shroud or coffin	*Aldrich*	1464
Under a spreading chestnut-tree	*Longfellow*	2081

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Unfading Hope! when life's last	*Campbell*	669
Unfathonable sea! whose waves	*Shelley*	2868
Unhappy he who does his	*Persius, tr.*	2587
Unhappy he! who from the first	*Thomson*	811
Unto fair conclusions argueth	*Tupper*	885
Unwelcome insight	*Wordsworth*	2571
Up above the thoughts that know		1766
Up and down his gardens paced	*Trench*	987
Up from the meadows rich	*Whittier*	2469
Upheaving pillars, on whose tops	*A. Cary*	1450
Up hither like aërial vapors	*Milton*	2153
Upon that burning wall	*Pollok*	1772
Upon the white sea sand	*Brown*	2171
Up! 'tis no dreaming time	*Sigourney*	3068
Up! up, my friend! and	*Wordsworth*	2381
Upward they toiled the mountain	*Studley*	775
Varia, there's nothing here that's	*Watts*	876
Vast chain of being! which from	*Pope*	219
Verily, there is nothing so true	*Tupper*	2710
Verily, they are all thine; freely	*Tupper*	129
Vice is a monster of so frightful	*Pope*	2937
Vilest of the sinful race	*C. Wesley*	493
Violent fires soon burn out	*Shakespeare*	1175
Virtue alone can give true joy		2046
Virtue! how many, as a lowly	*M. Brooks*	2947
Vishnu asked Bal to take his choice	*Tr. by Alger*	3002
Vital spark of heavenly flame	*Pope*	734
Virtue distressed to Faith applied		345
Virtue, like God, whose excellent	*Pollok*	2943
Voices familiar as my mother	*Bickersteth*	2627
Voracious learning, often	*Young*	2099
Wait, Abstainers, every year		14
Wait, for the day is breaking	*Townsend*	2952
Wait thou for time: the slow	*Hooper*	1937
Want sense, and the world will	*Swain*	1538
War, famine, pest, volcano	*Young*	2237
Warp'd by the world in	*Byron*	1674
Warriors and statesmen have their	*Norton*	3016
Watch, for the time is short		2969
Watch! watch! the subtle peril	*Punshon*	434
Watch, ye saints, with eyelids	*P. Palmer*	2970
Weak and irresolute is man	*Cowper*	1383
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven	*Pope*	2945
Weak is the will of man, his	*Wordsworth*	1919
We all are children in our strife	*Hale*	1092
We are living, we are dwelling	*Bp. Coxe*	1005
We are not worst at once		1643
We are standing on the threshold		2389
Wearied and worn with earthly		606
We clutch our joys as children do	*Craik*	228
We come not with a costly store		421
We drive the furrow with the	*A. Cary*	1397
Weep for the dead! God bids you	*Mant*	2347
Weep not for them! it is no cause		1964
We find the fiercest things that	*Cook*	1982
We gather up with pious care	*C. Wesley*	655
We grant although he had	*Butler*	3
Weigh me the fire: or canst thou	*Herrick*	1519
Welcome, dear book, soul's joy	*Vaughan*	2721
Welcome, dear feast of Lent	*Herbert*	1287
We leave now behind us	*Bonar*	411
Well does Jacob's ladder suit		2015
We look at man, and wonder at	*Cowley*	704
We must behold no object	*Byron*	2260
We overstate the ills of life	*E. B. Browning*	1911
We're drawing near to Jesus	*Farmer*	3033
We're going home, we've had		1710
Were I as base as is the lowly	*Sylvester*	1322
Were we as rich in charity of deed	*Lytton*	339
We sat by Babel's waters; and our	*Hervey*	309
We scatter seed with careless hand	*Keble*	1980
We see but half the causes of our	*Lowell*	319
We shape ourselves the joy or fear	*Whittier*	1438
We sing the praise of Him who	*Kelley*	589
We speak of the realms of the blest	*Mills*	1724
We strive with earthly imaginings	*Curry*	1124
We tread one path to glory	*Spitta, tr*	1404
We've no abiding city here	*Kelly*	1024
We wait beneath the furnace-blast	*Whittier*	1394
We watched her breathing through	*Hood*	677
We wear the chains of pleasure	*Young*	2514
We weep when we are born	*Aldrich*	2593
What a poor value do men set on	*Shirley*	1723
What are these in bright array	*Montgomery*	1759
What are we set on earth for	*E. B. Browning*	18
What art Thou, mighty One?	*White*	1511
What blest examples do I find	*Watts*	995
What boots the oft-repeated tale	*Byron*	1478
What different dooms our	*Hood*	1370
Whate'er I ask, I surely know	*C. Wesley*	2554
Whate'er man's destiny may be	*Tr. by Alger*	83
Whate'er my God ordains is right	*Rodigast, tr.*	873
Whate'er our thoughts or purpose	*Upham*	953
Whate'er the anguish of my	*Baron von Canitz, tr.*	2034
Whate'er the passion, knowledge	*Pope*	514
Whate'er thou purposest to do	*Tr. by Bowring*	294
What equal torment to the grief	*Spenser*	1631
Whatever hypocrite austerely	*Milton*	2249
Whatever lies—In earth, or flits in	*Ovid, tr.*	2891
Whatever sceptic could inquire for	*Butler*	890
What feels the body when the soul	*Ovid, tr.*	2892
What has this bugbear death to	*Lucretius, tr.*	699
"What hast thou for thy scattered	*Howe*	1072
What hid'st thou in thy	*Hemans*	2726
What horror seest thou in that	*Lucretius, tr.*	1778
What household thoughts	*Hemans*	238
What if the little rain should	*Cutter*	1047
What is Ambition? 'Tis a glorious	*Willis*	98
What is a trifle? a thoughtless		2899
What is death? oh! what is death		713
What is death? 'Tis to be free	*Croly*	690
What is death—To him who meets	*Hurdis*	716
What is eternity? Can aught	*Gibbons*	1121
What is fanatic phrenzy scorn'd	*Cowper*	1272
What is genius? 'Tis a flame		1451
What is hallow'd ground	*Campbell*	1634
What is hope? The beauteous sun	*Swain*	1854
What is its earthly victory	*Willis*	2081
What is man—If his chief good	*Shakespeare*	1901
What is it that you would	*Shakespeare*	1845
What is that which I should turn to	*Tennyson*	282
What is the existence of man's	*King*	2120
What is the good man and the wise	*Oriental, tr.*	2385
What is the greatness of a fallen	*Trench*	1240
What! is the jay more precious than	*Shakespeare*	925
What is the little one thinking	*Holland*	1956
What is there like a father to a son	*Knowles*	1297
What if the sinner's magazines	*Blackmore*	2938
What is the world? tell, worldling	*Sylvester*	3039
"What is thy creed?" a hundred	*Holmes*	581
What is thy worship but a vain	*Trench*	148
What is true knowledge	*Mant*	2082
What laws, my blessed Saviour	*Heermann, tr.*	176
What made the man of envy what	*Pollok*	1098
What man so wise, what earthly	*Spenser*	747
What may this mean	*Milton*	1137
What makes a hero?—not success	*H. Taylor*	1788
What men gain fairly—that they	*Shelley*	2521

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
What might be done if men were	*Mackay*	1423
What multitudes the curse shall	*C. Wesley*	1947
What no human eye hath seen	*Lange, tr.*	1764
What place can be for us	*Milton*	1760
What's fame? a fancied life in	*Pope*	1255
What shall I do to be forever	*Schiller, tr.*	943
What shall I do with all the days	*Kemble*	10
What! since the prætor did my	*Persius, tr.*	1393
What then? Why, then another	*Crewdson*	310
What though before me it is dark		1100
What though the ancient dragon	*C. Wesley*	759
What use the preacher's truth and	*Oriental, tr.*	337
What 'vaileth them to skip	*Wyatt*	1091
When a deed is done for Freedom	*Lowell*	286
When adversities flow	*Lilly*	1401
When adverse winds and waves	*Sigourney*	2811
When all the year our fields	*Wither*	2602
When all Thy mercies, O my God	*Addison*	1579
When Amruzail describes	*Tr. by Alger*	2095
When another life is added		1070
When at first from virtue's	*Scott*	1647
When by the bed of languishment	*Young*	679
Whence, but from Heaven, could	*Dryden*	240
When clouds are seen wise men put	*Shakespeare*	320
When cruel deeds are done	*Tr. by Alger*	2648
When Death strikes down the	*Dickens*	606
When doom'd to poverty's	*Campbell*	1866
When every scene, this side the		43
When fain to learn, we lean	*Ingelow*	2369
When first my soul enlisted	*Newton*	146
When first thou camest, gentle	*Norton*	58
When first thy eyes unveil, give	*Vaughan*	2329
When first, to make my heart His	*Newton*	524
When flowing garments I behold	*Herrick*	927
When Fortune smiles and looks		1367
When fumes of wine do once the	*Lucretius, tr*	932
When gathering clouds around I	*Grant*	866
When God came down from	*Milman*	2311
When gratitude o'erflows the	*Lillo*	1582
When haughty expectations	*Wordsworth*	1182
When I consider how my life is	*Milton*	268
When I gaze on the light of yon		1756
When I survey the wondrous cross	*Watts*	590
When I was young! Ah, woful	*Coleridge*	81
When Jordan hushed his waters	*Campbell*	257
When languor and disease	*Toplady*	1910
When lovely woman stoops to	*Goldsmith*	353
When man in error gropes	*Tr. by Alger*	1154
When man is born anew	*Grinfield*	2651
When man is waxing frail	*Brown*	2208
When, marshalled on the nightly	*White*	402
When mortal man resigns his	*C. Wesley*	722
When Moses waved his mystic	*Newton*	2341
When Music, heavenly maid	*Collins*	2458
When nursed with skill what	*Shenstone*	2716
When o'er earth is breaking		2425
When on a day, the gates of	*Tr. by Alger*	2188
When once thy foot enters the	*Herbert*	429
When one is past, another care	*Herrick*	316
When one that holds communion	*Cowper*	1979
When on my new-fledged wings I		1711
When on Sinai's top I see	*Montgomery*	307
When on the fragrant sandal-tree	*Edmeston*	1360
When other things are broken	*Tr. by Alger*	1681
When prayer delights the least	*Trench*	2549
When remedies are past the griefs	*Shakespeare*	1624
When rising wind and		2635
When shall Thy love constrain	*C. Wesley*	491
When shall we meet again		2264

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
When the black-lettered list to	*W. R. Spencer*	1260
When the dang'rous rocks are		718
When the first larvæ on the	*Holmes*	2297
When the frantic raptures in your	*Armstrong*	937
When the hours of day are numbered		656
When these brief trial-days are	*Gellert, tr.*	1436
When the sky is black and	*Luther, tr.*	825
When the sun sets, shadows that	*Lee*	1308
When this passing world is done	*McCheyne*	741
When those we love on earth	*Montgomery*	2349
When thou a fast would'st keep	*Barton*	1289
When Thou dost favor any action	*Herbert*	22
When thou dost purpose aught	*Herbert*	2618
When thou hast drained	*Tr. by Alger*	2609
When thou wouldst take a lazy	*Persius, tr.*	194
When through the deep waters		1566
When time seems short and death	*Bethune*	1193
When to the common rest that	*Bryant*	2062
When urged by strong temptation	*Baillie*	47
When we are young, this year we	*Morris*	52
When we hear the music ringing		1755
When wounded sore the	*Alexander*	2708
When young, and full of sanguine	*C. Wesley*	273
Where are the heroes of the ages	*White*	1790
Where art Thou? Thou! Source	*Townsend*	1499
Where'er a human heart doth wear	*Lowell*	289
Where'er I turn my restless eye	*Melendez, tr.*	1491
Where'er the power of ridicule	*Akenside*	2685
Wherefore, it is wise and well	*Tupper*	1915
Where high the heavenly temple	*Logan*	1798
Where is comfort? in division	*Tennyson*	2272
Where is the fame—Which the	*Shelley*	1246
Where is the fire which once	*Herbert*	136
Where is the troubled heart	*Campbell*	5.
Where is your heathen brother	*Sigourney*	2326
Where no shadow shall bewilder	*Bonar*	2679
Where pilgrims seek the Prophet's	*Lynch*	2115
Where shall we bury our shame	*Moore*	888
Where that innumerable throng	*Grinfield*	1758
Where the fair valley spread her	*Rolls*	777
Where, thy true treasure	*Young*	2000
Which is the weakest thing	*E. B. Browning*	1702
While in this sacred rite of thine	*Smith*	204
While thirst of praise and vain	*Montague*	353
While this immortal spark of	*Blacklock*	2923
Whither leads the path	*Lowell*	205
Who after wisdom flies must guard	*Oriental, tr.*	2506
Who are the bless'd	*Prince*	263
Who art thou so wondrous fair		1248
Who calleth thee, Heart	*E. B. Browning*	1684
Who can believe with common	*Swift*	1226
Who can forget, never to be	*Fletcher*	419
Whoever fights, whoever falls	*Emerson*	2068
Whoever thinks a faultless piece	*Pope*	587
Who feels that God and Heaven's	*Lowell*	290
Who has good deeds brought well	*Tr. by Alger*	1550
Who has this Book and reads it not		2723
Who is as the Christian great	*C. Wesley*	401
Who is the Creator love, created	*Coleridge*	413
Who is the honest man	*Herbert*	505
Who learns and learns	*Oriental, tr.*	2100
Whole houses, of their whole	*Juvenal, tr.*	804
Whom call we gay? That honor	*Cowper*	1446
Whom do we dub as gentleman	*Cook*	1454
Whom first we love, you know	*Lytton*	2187
Whom God hath made the heads		1268
Who shall guess what I may be	*Tupper*	2057
"Who shall be greatest in Thy		997
Who that a watcher doth remain	*Trench*	1631

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Who that has feelings would	*Clare*	2449
Who, that surveys this span	*Moore*	1245
Who, think'st thou, in the courts	*Mant*	159
Who, when the pilot warns	*Mant*	2433
Who would be cleansed from every	*Allis*	1805
Who would rely upon these	*Webster*	784
Who wrapt destruction up in	*Young*	553
Why art thou cast down, my	*Sachs, tr.*	2528
Why comes this fragrance on the	*Davies*	1502
Why life, a moment? infinite	*Young*	130
Why should I fear the darkest	*Newton*	870
Why should immortal bow to	*Judson*	1133
Why should we count our life	*Hale*	255
Why this longing, this forever	*Winslow*	2925
Why this—Will lug your priests	*Shakespeare*	1534
Why thus longing, thus forever	*Winslow*	952
Will Fortune never come with	*Shakespeare*	1368
Wisdom divine! who tells the	*C. Wesley*	3000
Wisdom, whose fruits are purity	*Moore*	2999
Wise men ne'er sit and wail their	*Shakespeare*	363
Wise in his day, the heathen	*D. Gray*	711
Wishing, of all employments	*Young*	3004
With blood—but not his own	*Conder*	175
With caution taste the sweet	*Cowper*	1151
With creeping, crooked pace forth	*Spenser*	1909
With eloquence innate his tongue	*Dryden*	2563
With equal foot, rich friend	*Horace, tr.*	1291
With fatal and disastrous	*Bickersteth*	34
With God 'tis one	*Baillie*	1693
With him went Hope in rank	*Spenser*	1867
Within the gates of hell sat Sin	*Milton*	1770
Within the heart of ev'ry man	*Tr. by Alger*	1697
Within the old cathedral dim		2722
Within this ample volume lies	*Scott*	244
Within this lowly grave a	*Bryant*	1795
With joy—with grief, that healing	*Young*	611
With notions fraught, the	*C. Wesley*	2452
Without haste! without rest	*Goethe, tr.*	946
With scanty line shall reason	*Bally*	2625
With scrupulous care exact, he	*Pollok*	283
With silence only as their	*Whittier*	1618
With the year—Seasons return	*Milton*	270
With trembling hand	*Sigourney*	2
With what an awful world	*Thomson*	570
With what clear guile of gracious	*Wilkinson*	459
With what unknown delight	*Jane Taylor*	1960
Woe came to man in Eden		202
Woe to thee, wild Ambition! I	*M. A. Brooks*	101
Woe to the worldly man, who	*King*	559
Women are angels wooing	*Shakespeare*	555
Woman's heart and gentle hand	*Hale*	3013
Wonder of wonders! On the	*K. Palmer*	614
Words are mighty, words are		3025
Words are things of little cost		3024
Work for time is flying	*Bowes*	3031
Would I describe a preacher	*Cowper*	1758

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Wouldst the honey still taste	*Tr. by Alger*	2583
Wouldst thou from sorrow	*Wilcox*	29
Wouldst thou hear what man	*Jonson*	1107
Wouldst thou inherit life	*Dach*	2834
Wouldst thou learn the depths of	*Monsell*	1462
Wouldst thou the mansions	*Mant*	3066
Wrapt in a Christless shroud	*Bonar*	300
Wrapt in impervious mists	*Bickersteth*	1017
Wretched, helpless, and distressed	*C. Wesley*	518
Ye are stars of the night, ye are	*Moore*	3019
Ye bold to explain, describe	*C. Wesley*	1572
Ye golden lamps of heaven	*Doddridge*	665
"Ye have a land of mist and	*Sigourney*	2009
Ye mariners of England	*Campbell*	1088
Ye mindful merchants, that with	*Spenser*	216
Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the	*Pope*	2287
Ye paint me old! and why	*Withius, tr.*	2875
Ye powers who rule the tongue	*Cowper*	739
Ye quietists in homage to the	*Young*	842
Yes, better 'tis to die		945
Yet send—Ev'n then, in silent	*Hemans*	1275
Yes—flowers have tones—God	*Mrs. Esling*	1344
Yes! I answered you last night	*E. B. Browning*	556
Yes, it was the mountain echo	*Wordsworth*	1031
Yes—loving is a painful thrill	*Tr. by Moore*	2195
Yes! rather than be poor	*Horace, tr.*	1531
Yes, Thou didst die for me, O Son		737
Yes, thou mayest weep, for Jesus		1620
Yes, 'tis a mine of precious	*Mant*	247
Yes, 'tis God's presence gives	*Mant*	1730
Yes, 'tis the hand—Of death I feel	*White*	686
Yes, we do differ when we most	*Coleridge*	2730
Yet cease I not to struggle	*Wordsworth*	154
Yet be not surety if thou be a	*Herbert*	1296
Yet disappointed joys are woes	*Byron*	863
Yet do thy work; it shall	*Whittier*	951
Yet grieve thou not, nor think	*Bryant*	3061
Yet heaven hath angels watching	*Whittier*	1703
Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt	*Herbert*	193
Yet is there one more cursed than	*Spenser*	2018
Yet man, fool man! here buries	*Young*	1018
Yet not with man His Holiness	*Weld*	616
Yet, O! the thought that thou art	*Cowper*	2451
Yet there be others, that will	*Tupper*	1840
Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the	*Byron*	1366
Yet within thy human bosom		1975
Ye writers of what none with	*Cowper*	2398
You have already gone too far	*Prior*	1113
You may as well go stand upon	*Shakespeare*	2405
Your hoards are great, your	*Whittier*	1442
Your voiceless lips, flowers	*Longfellow*	567
You satisfy your angel	*Massinger*	2680
You say to me—wards your affection	*Herrick*	2193
Youth is not rich in time; it may	*Young*	2883
Zion is our home	*Bickersteth*	1722

PARTIAL LIST OF WORKS QUOTED.

BRITISH POETS, published by J. R. OSGOOD & Co., Boston, 130 volumes, including—

Akenside,	*Poetical*	*Works.*	1 vol.
Beattie,	"	"	1 vol.
Butler,	"	"	2 vols.
Burns,	"	"	3 vols.
Byron,	"	"	10 vols.
Campbell,	"	"	1 vol.
Chatterton,	"	"	2 vols.
Churchill,	"	"	3 vols.
Coleridge,	"	"	3 vols.
Collins,	"	"	1 vol.
Cowper,	"	"	3 vols.
Donne,	"	"	1 vol.
Dryden,	"	"	5 vols.
Falconer,	"	"	1 vol.
Gay,	"	"	2 vols.
Goldsmith,	"	"	1 vol.
Gray,	"	"	1 vol.
Herbert,	"	"	1 vol.
Herrick	"	"	2 vols.
Hood,	"	"	5 vols.
Keats,	"	"	1 vol.
Marvell,	"	"	1 vol.
Milton,	"	"	3 vols.
Montgomery,	"	"	5 vols.
Moore,	"	"	6 vols.
Parnell & Tickell,	*Poetical*	*Works.*	1 vol.
Pope,	"	"	3 vols.
Prior,	"	"	2 vols.
Scott,	"	"	9 vols.
Shakespeare,	"	"	1 vol.
Shelley,	"	"	4 vols.
Skelton,	"	"	3 vols.
Southey,	"	"	10 vols.
Spenser,	"	"	5 vols.
Surrey,	"	"	1 vol.
Swift,	"	"	3 vols.
Thomson,	"	"	2 vols.
Vaughan,	"	"	1 vol.
Watts,	"	"	1 vol.
White,	"	"	1 vol.
Wordsworth,	"	"	7 vols.
Wyatt,	"	"	1 vol.
Young,	"	"	2 vols.

Aldrich's (T. B.) *Poems*, J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Allingham's (William) *Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Arnold's (Matthew) *Complete Works*, 2 vols. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Macmillan & Co., London.

Browning's (E. B.) *Complete Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Macmillan & Co., London.

Browning's (Robert) *Complete Works*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Macmillan & Co., London.

Emerson's (R. W.) *Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Craik's (Dinah Maria Muloch) *Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Hervey's (Tho. K.) *Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Holmes' (O. W.) *Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Hymns of the Ages, 1*st*, 2*d*, & 3*d Series*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Horace's Odes. Translated by Theodore Martin. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Longfellow's (H. W.) *Complete Poetical Works*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Lowell's (J. R.) *Complete Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Massey's (Gerald) *Complete Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Strahan & Co., London.

Percival's (J. G.) *Complete Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Taylor's (Bayard) *Complete Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Tennyson's (Alfred) *Complete Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Strahan & Co., London.

Whittier's (John G.) *Complete Poems*. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Alger's (W. R.) *Oriental Poetry*. Roberts Bros., Boston.

Barnes' (William) *Rural Poems*. Roberts Bros., Boston.

Ingelow's (Jean) *Poems*. Roberts Bros., Boston. Longmans & Co., London.

Morris' (William) *Earthly Paradise*, 3 vols. Roberts Bros., Boston. F. S. Ellis, London.

Rossetti's (C. G.) *Poems*. Roberts Bros., Boston. F. S. Ellis, London.

Rossetti's (D. G.) *Poems*. Roberts Bros., Boston. F. S. Ellis, London.

Buchanan's (Robert) *Poems*. Roberts Bros., Boston. Strahan & Co., London.

Gray's (David) *Poems*. Roberts Bros., Boston.

Bickersteth's *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*. Robert Carter & Bro., New York. Rivingtons, London.

Bickersteth's *Two Brothers*. Robert Carter & Brother, New York. Rivingtons, London.

Bonar's (H.) *Hymns of Faith and Hope, 1st, 2d, & 3d Series*. Robert Carter & Bro., New York. James Nisbet & Co., London.

Mant's (Bp.) *Happiness of the Blessed*. Rivingtons, London.

Lyte's (H. F.) *Miscellaneous Poems*. Rivingtons, London.

Brontë, *Poems* of Charlotte, Anne, and Emily. Smith, Elder & Co., London.

Dewart's (E. H.) *Songs of Life*. Dudley & Burns, Toronto.

Schaff's (P.) *Christ in Song*. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

Winkworth's (C.) *Lyra Germanica*, Longmans & Co., London.

Neale's (J. M.) *Medieval Hymns and Sequences*. Joseph Masters, London.

Palmer's (Roundell) *Book of Praise*. Macmillan & Co., London.

Trench's (R. C.) *Poems*. Macmillan & Co., London.

Punshon's (W. M.) *Sabbath Chimes*. James Nisbet & Co., London.

Neale's (J. M.) *Hymns of the Eastern Church*. J. T. Hayes, London.

Bailey's (P. J.) *Festus*. Bell & Daldy, London.

Monsell's (Jno. S. B.) *Poetical Works*. Bell & Daldy, London.

Mackay's (Charles) *Poems and Songs*. Strahan & Co., London.

Keble's *Christian Year*. James Parker & Co., London.

Bryant's (W. C.) *Poems*. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Tupper (M. F.) *Poems*. Maxon & Sons, London.

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE
BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.

1315

REFERENCE BOOK
Use in library
only

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE
BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.